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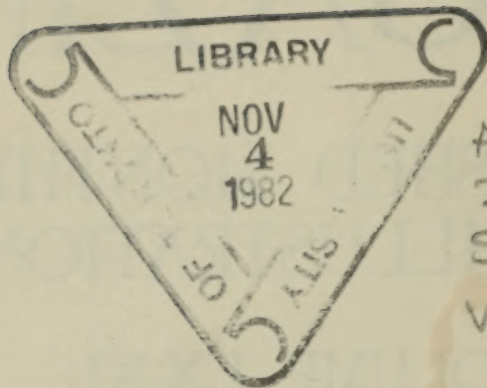
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From a painting by C. A. Slade.

A BEDOUIN.

(One of a series of Tunisian Types painted by C. A. Slade.)

The Bedouin is the real toiler of the race, for on him falls the work of cultivating wheat, caring for the herds in the mountains, and making charcoal for fuel. The French drafted many of these during the war; it was, in most cases, their first opportunity to see other countries. The Bedouin is very different from the town Arab and easy to pick out when he mingles with his brothers who weave or make jewelry or shoes in the "souks."

—"Tunisian Types," page 16.

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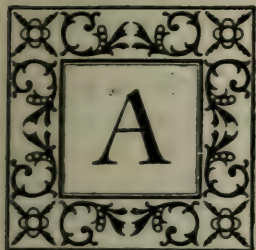
VOL. LXXI

JANUARY, 1922

NO. 1

The Still Small Voice of Russia

BY JULIA CANTACUZÈNE SPÉRANSKY (NÉE GRANT)



AT this time there are Red propagandists paid to shout on the housetops of a false Utopia, in that land where their companions in crime are grinding a nation under heel, while they lie about it to us, talking of idealism misunderstood. There are speculators, with little or nothing to lose, who cynically seek the money of vague investors with which to fish in troubled waters for their own ends, and who talk of concessions, gains, and practicability of trade. There are those who in ignorance hold up a mirror to the pink paradise described to them, and who reflect this camouflage in loud enthusiasm.

Whether it is Trotzky-Bronstein from New York, or Vanderlip from California, or France from Maryland, the noise is great as they speak of Russia, and our American public reads or listens and grows ever more mystified. Why, with all they have, do the Russian people starve, and why does the benign Bolshevik government not prosperously administer the natural riches they have in their hands?

From Russia has come to me direct a still small voice with no press-agent in attendance. It tells the truth, and nothing but the truth. Perhaps hardly all the truth, however, for there is too much to tell, and it is all too horrid! Besides, terrible punishment is waiting for those who report the misery and cruel acts they see about them—not only punishment to men themselves who speak, but to women and children they love, and whom they

still try to keep alive in the Hades where they live.

The martyrs generally do not know to whom they may address their stories. They are not seeking notoriety, but are merely stretching a hand out of the darkness which envelops them, into our civilized world beyond. They grope for a little sympathy, a little understanding, of their woes. Some of these tales have come to me either directly, in letters from men or women whom I knew in olden days, or have been passed to me by recipients of letters, when it was thought the descriptions were interesting or held a message for me.

The following story is a composite of a number of these communications. Because of the dire danger to the senders I have changed all names, all indications of exact surroundings and time, which might lead to the discovery of identities, and I have been content to offer only the facts. For the truth of these I vouch.

Most of the correspondents are still at the mercy of the Soviet authorities. They are marvellously patient and uncomplaining, while their resignation is only equalled by their faith, their hope, their courage, and their gentle charity to one another.

By way of introduction let me add one more detail, so that the pro-Bolshevik may not claim my news comes from some one group, whose view-point I espouse in prejudice. The material of these incidents and descriptions which I have knit together was gathered from sources ranging wide. I count peasants, clerks, professionals, officers, soldiers, servants, and landowners among my suppliers of

details, and when Red terrorism in Russia shall have passed away I am convinced all my assertions will be proved correct.

At Petrograd, late in September of 1920, as dusk fell one afternoon, with a mixture of drizzle and snow in the air, and the thermometer lowering to the point of man's discomfort, two figures emerged from a building which in old days had been a scientific institution of the imperial government. Now the fine walls held a Soviet government office, and, work hours being over, the officials and the clerks were free for the evening and came wandering out in groups.

These two in whom I was interested stood aside, to let the crowd pass them; then they, with slow, lagging steps, turned into the narrow, slippery street. They held on to one another and moved with caution, as do those who know they are being watched; yet their drawn white faces bore no trace of fear, and their two pairs of eyes looked calmly out upon the world. One was a man of fifty-five and the other was considerably older, but both looked ten years more than their years, and worn-out health showed in their parchment skins and shrunken features, their meagre bodies and drooping shoulders, on which shabby clothes hung loosely.

The older man had snow-white hair and delicate high-bred features, and when he spoke 'twas with a soft and cultivated voice. The other, tall and of a coarser build, showed more strength and vitality; one felt him sturdier to face the slow torture of his life, in spite of lack of food and constant strain of worry.

"Are you not weary, Boris?" he said. "I've not been ill like you, and for to-day you'd better take my arm and let me help you. This icy rain has made the stones slippery, and the dull twilight prevents our seeing well where the paving-blocks are up."

Boris, the elder, straightened himself with a movement of pride, and answered: "I'm no longer ill, only somewhat depressed with never hearing—knowing nothing. Of course, we all lack nourishment, and perhaps 'tis but that which weighs down our spirits. The waiting is so long, and one can never be sure of anything in this hideous system of suffering

and bribery. But all my letters have gone; time and time again I've tried writing, first to one, then to another, and no reply has ever come back to me in three long years."

"It is hard," was the sympathetic comment of the younger man.

Boris continued: "I'm always thinking they are worrying about me, as I do over them. I know nothing of their circumstances, or whether they found shelter abroad and a welcome from our allied friends with means of livelihood; so they may believe that I am dead—three years is a long time!"

A silence, and he added with a gentle smile: "How nice it would be to go to bed some night in a warm room, with the open fire burning as in old days, and dream of all one's books and little treasures round one again. It would be so agreeable if just once, after the hideous misery of these winters that are passed, this could happen and if one's soul might drift away before morning, and one needn't wake up again to all this." And he waved his arm about, including all the scene which lay before them as they emerged into the Palace Square.

Bound by the once magnificent buildings of the Winter Palace and the General Staff Building, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Admiralty, the noble square, even in the waning light, had an air of shame and tragedy. It had not been cleaned for three years, and here and there grass, now dried and rotted, had grown or large holes stood open, while refuse lay wherever chance or carelessness had left it. The disfiguring stains and cracks caused by cold weather and machine-guns were barely discernible on the façades in the dimness, but there was a consciousness of these in the two men's minds as they looked about, as of the windows with their glass lacking, or of the architectural ornaments torn off the stucco walls. Disintegration and decay were everywhere.

Both men shivered, and the younger one spoke with force and bitterness: "Perhaps you are right, Boris, and that would be the easiest way out. I sometimes envy those who, having fought in our good cause, first against the Boche, then in the volunteer armies against these

criminals, were killed in battle, or even executed by the Soviet's murderous orders. At least they seem heroic; whereas we merely face slow death by famine here. Yet for my part I have not given up hope that by great care and circumspection I may live to strike a blow for freedom yet, and to kill some of these swine in a grand uprising. I would even now join Wrangel, were it not for the wife and children. I cannot leave them here as hostages in such foul hands, and the long trip across Russia on foot, to their delicate bodies, is impossible. We would all be recognized, caught, and punished. Also we have no money to move about. That held me in the beginning; then it was too late, so I worked and waited, plotted and hoped for the uprising which must surely come. When Youdénitch was at our doors up here, I thought we were all saved. But he was too poor in ammunition, and we had long since been disarmed. When our plot to aid him from inside was discovered there were the usual shootings. Once more we wait, now without knowing at what hour will be our call to vengeance; but when that call comes I personally mean to shed the blood of several tyrants. There are those whose deaths I saw and must revenge. So I stay now, and will not run away. I wait in patience. Meantime I work, and, because I'm strong of brain and body still, I get some extra rations and can just keep the wife and children all alive. I'm not a maker of history nor a martyr, Boris, like those who have died, but I am a Christian and a Russian; and till I've proved both, against these aliens of race and creed who hold the power, I mean to live. . . . Let me see you home now, for we have stood talking here and if we are noticed we may be arrested by some bloodhound of a Bolshevik."

The older man, after a slight protest that he was taking his companion's time, consented to being accompanied, because the latter said: "No, that part doesn't matter. Mania will feed the children first; and it is better thus, there is so little food. When I'm late I can say I've had some, and I take less from their small stores. Besides, the walk will do me good after the long day in our close workroom. I'm glad to have the air."

They went down the Millionaia slowly, past the Ermitage and the other shabby palaces, then turned into a side street. In the once crowded thoroughfares almost no one passed. Only occasionally some woman, with rags held close about her meagreness, against the wind and damp, drew into the wall's shadow with fear in her wide eyes; or now and then a man, in shabby clothes grown much too loose, slunk by in haste, his head down and his gait uncertain. Once a noisy motor-truck, tooting its horn, went by, carrying a party of armed soldiers who were singing and shouting. In their midst were prisoners, some women, who swayed and lurched about as the huge car jerked over the broken asphalt street. They were pushed roughly into place by the Bolsheviks, amid ribald insults and laughter. Our two men looked up from their place on the sidewalk, and Boris's gentle eyes were full of tears. "Poor things," he said; "God help them!"

"The Bolshevik tumbrils!" muttered the younger man, and clinched his fists. "Some day, please God, I'll see the Apfelbaums and Bronsteins, and all the others of their ilk, ride in them to a finish worthy of their crimes! My friend, have courage, for you and I must live to carry out our later duties; while those prisoners, men and women, will sleep in paradise to-night. Their work is done, their martyrdom nearly complete! God rest their souls!"

Once also, after the noise of the motor had quieted, a woman approached and touched Boris on the arm. He turned and looked at her with suspicion at first, then with pity, but without recognition in his eyes. She, after gazing at him for a few moments, said: "Do you not remember me? I am Mary B."

Whereupon the elderly man's face lighted up, and he exclaimed with pleasure: "But I thought you were dead, you disappeared so many months ago."

She sighed and answered: "Yes—when they set my husband free from prison and he fled across the frontier they seized me, and as a hostage shut me in the fortress, where I have been for eighteen months; and months that counted double!"

"I see," said Boris, "your hair is white and you have grown so thin there is no

possibility of recognition. Have you shelter and food?"

"Yes," answered Mary. "I have both in sufficient quantity to give me strength to wait. I am with —, who kindly took me in, but I am still watched and I have no news from my husband. I have been wondering what is happening abroad over the frontier, and if the wars are over, and if I might escape? Should my husband see me he would not know me now, with my white hair. Even you, who know the circumstances of life here, and are used to seeing rapid changes, showed no recognition when I spoke to you. But one must have patience! Perhaps the Bolsheviks may fall? There are many plots against them. If I were not still being spied upon and regarded as a hostage, I would throw myself into whatever plotting against them there is going on; but I would be a hindrance more than an aid, just now, to any group I seemed to be in contact with. So I avoid such friends as I have, and only speak to them as I did with you to-night, on a dark street or in the line of those who wait for food at the distribution points."

"Will you not come on with my friend and me, and share my evening meal?" asked Boris, with hospitality still untouched by his lack of supplies in these days of hardship. But Mary shook her head and answered: "Thank you, I had better not. It would be much worse for you, were you seen with me, or were it rumored that I went to your home, than if you received almost any one else from among your old friends, because I am fresh from the prison; and, while I was put there for nothing I had done, the mere fact of the long confinement and of my old traditions would throw suspicion on you. It would be ingratitude for your generosity if I went, but I am glad to have seen you, and to know that you are still alive; and it has been a real pleasure to speak with you for a moment, and to hear your friendly voice answering me. If you write to those who are beyond the frontier, give them my warm remembrance." They shook hands and she turned and disappeared into the night, a ghost of her old brilliant self.

Talking, Boris and his companions had arrived in front of a shabby house with a

well-barricaded gateway to its courtyard. One panel opened to his knock and pass-word. He and the younger man stepped inside, and helped a lodger on duty to fasten down the iron bars again and make their home safe for the night. In these wild times each house was guarded as much as possible against surprises, whether from the Red soldiers sent on official errands by the commissars (to search, arrest, and confiscate) or from the casual criminal, who, in the absence of all law and order, harvested when and where he could either provisions to stay his hunger or valuables to satisfy his greed. Turn and turn about, one member of the population in these houses served as a sentinel, and this watcher gave a safer feeling to the others who slept, though he could do but little except give an alarm or waste a few minutes in opening the door if ordered. Arms had long ago been confiscated, and there was no resistance possible therefore to depredations.

Across the dirty courtyard the pair of friends went, waded through cesspools, and scrambled over piles of half-frozen rubbish to a back-stairs entrance. The older and more fragile man slipped and missed his footing frequently, but the other's ready hand steadied him and he did not fall. At the first landing of the stairs they stopped, knocked gently, and the door, after a question, was thrown open. Boris turned to his companion. "Will you not come in and share my soup to-night?"

The other said: "No, Boris, you will need it all, for you look cold and tired, my friend, and I must get some exercise and then go home, or the wife will be anxious. She will think one of those motor-trucks has carried me away. I'll see you though, as usual, to-morrow. Good night and God protect you!"

"The same to you and yours. Good night, my son!" And Boris turned in the door and locked it.

It was a fairly large apartment he entered in the entresol of a small palace of ancient days, well built, with solid walls; and now it had been used to harbor a number of the friends of its erstwhile owners. Boris turned into a small room, which was his share of the apartment's

space, and as he did so he spoke to his middle-aged woman servant, who had opened the door for him. "Good evening, Katia; have you something to eat?"

"Surely, barin,* there is soup from the bones of that duck Véra Mihailovna sent us up from the village two or three days ago—a full cup of it, and there might have been two had I not given one cupful to the poor woman who is so ill next door, whom they say is even dying. In her delirium she asked for some broth, which would be of old days. Of course, this isn't anything like old-days' soup, but 'tis real bones and strained water boiled, and it has a pinch of salt—a rare treat surely. When I took it in her daughter wept with gratitude, and I knew you would be glad, barin!"

"Yes, of course, you did right, Katia. If there is need we can always spare half our provisions, and we will divide the other half between us and be content."

Katia bustled about, first taking the old man's worn boots, which he had removed at once to save their soles. After wiping them she opened a panel in the wall and hid them—as far behind the woodwork as she could reach; then she gave him his slippers of old carpet, probably of her own making. "The barin must not wear his boots more than he can possibly help. It is the last pair, and winter is on us soon," she said under her breath.

His room was neat, crowded with the few modest belongings of an elderly bachelor, things left him after numerous raids. A small deal table had upon it the cheapest of utensils for writing purposes, but in sufficient quantity to show their owner spent much time working there.

Left alone, he removed his outside clothing and got into a dressing-gown patched and darned in many places, the mending evidently faithful Katia's work. She returned. "Barin has drunk his soup? Then here is half a big potato. I used the extra-big one to-night, for the cold sleet I thought would make you hungrier than usual, and you came late. Also I warmed both this room and my own, barin, and it took three of our precious little boards, although the stove

is good, as are, thank God, also our walls and windows against this storm. Now the lamp is lighted, the fire may be allowed to go out, for that real kerosene will heat enough, and I can put the blanket across your knees, barin, as you write."

"Thanks, Katia; you are a good woman to save our small provisions as you do. Now have your soup also, and your half potato with it, so it won't seem too dry; and then go get your work or cards, and sit here also near the lamp to keep warm."

Katia returned soon with a cup full of water. "I boiled and passed it through a cloth, barin, at the same time I made our soup; so it is safe, should you be thirsty." Then she sat down and drew from a basket some small bits of material, from which she unravelled threads, winding these on an old empty spool. "I found these pieces of cloth on the Palace Place to-day, blowing from a pile of rubbish, and I caught them and brought them home. When I shall unravel them, I shall have threads to mend with," she said with a shade of triumph in her voice; and then, with the gentle friendly familiarity of the devoted Russian servant: "What shall you write to-night, barin—the book?"

"No, to-night I'm weary, and besides I heard to-day from a friendly clerk in our office that there is a chance to smuggle another letter out into the live world beyond our frontiers; so I thought I would try again to reach our people—the sisters and their little children—the other men too, who have gone out into Europe. I know they worry, and are as hungry for my news as I for theirs; yet I have sent many letters and doubtless so have they. Nothing has ever come into my hands in spite of all the trouble. . . . One almost gives up hope!"

"Nay, barin, the priest says we must never give up hope, and indeed I haven't done so; though the times are very hard. But God is good, and one must pray to him and have great faith. Who knows? 'Tis when we least expect it the miracle occurs. I well remember how in old days, for a long month once before Christmas, I was looking daily as I went to market into a window of the Gostinii-Dwor Bazaar at a beautiful red shawl with flowers on it and white fringe all around its edges.

* "Barin," the equivalent of the French "seigneur" or the English "sir."

And I never hoped to own it; but all the same I thought I'd say a prayer and put a taper for it in front of the Madonna's icon at the bazaar shrine. I was late from waiting in the crowd to get my taper that day, and when I came back home with the provisions for dinner old Mascha scolded me, and accused me of talking too long with Ivan the butcher boy. So then I told her of the shawl, and how I prayed for it to the Madonna, and she then still scolded me, but more gently, for my vanity, and said the icon would not care if I had finery or not. But I knew this was not so; and when Christmas came 'twas proved that I was right, for you, the barin, had chosen from all the presents in the whole world for me that very shawl I craved. I could scarcely believe it; and next day the Madonna received from me another taper, put before her shrine. So now I always believe and hope the end of our troubles will come, if we only pray, barin, and hope."

"That is right, Katia—and where is your shawl now—is it nationalized?"

"Oh, no, I have it; and it is so well hidden that, in spite of all the raids which we have suffered here, the villains have not guessed my hiding-place for that dear shawl nor for my earrings. These were my mother's, and when the storm of madness passes here, and we may go again in peace to hear our mass in proper clothes, I will wear them all. Meanwhile I save them. I would not walk with these Chinese or other foreign soldiers, anyhow. Dirty crew!"

Boris Michailovitch smiled kindly. "You are a good girl, Katia! You go on hoping and praying, believing and working, and I too will have faith that some day you shall go to mass wearing all your finery again. I am grateful to you that you make me so comfortable since old Mascha died, and that you stay with me. We are neither of us young, but your devotion makes the misery of these days much easier to bear, and if the few provisions I get help you to keep alive, it is but a fair exchange for all you do to aid me."

Then silence fell, and Katia went on pulling and winding threads, while the ancient "Excellency" drew his chair up to the work-table and began to write a

letter. Should we lean over his shoulder we would see the cultivated handwriting which had been quite famous for its beauty, just as its owner had been famous for his talents before the revolution. He wrote:

"My friend—dear dear friend so far away—" But he got no further then, for at the outside hall door there was a knock, the gentle knock of a habitual visitor, not of the rough inquisitors who came to requisition and to arrest.

Katia, prudent from much experience, however, looked about to make certain everything they prized was hidden away—shoes, clothes, etc., and as she moved to the door the telltale sheet of foolscap was also put out of sight by the hand which had dared to write "so far away." Such words might mean sure death if this night visitor were a spy.

It wasn't. Katia reported that a man in soldier clothes, a Russian, "one of our own race and a Christian," had put a finger on his lips when she opened, and said: "Give this to Boris Michailovitch—he will be glad. And say, to-morrow I will call at night in case of a reply—you understand?" "So I took the packet, barin; possibly some one has sent you a piece of chocolate to eat. Only be careful it isn't poisoned!"

Boris took the package, removed the outside covering of dirty newspaper, and found in it a flat, thick envelope with merely his initials on it. Evidently directions to the mysterious bearer were verbal, for nowhere did the three missives inside carry his family name, nor his father's Christian name. There was nothing, should the package be lost, to incriminate him, nor rouse suspicions; but there was no mistaking the writings. Boris's eyes filled with tears, and then his trembling hands failed him and the letters dropped on the table near the lamp. Seating himself, he tried again to unfold their sheets. But suddenly his head went down on the pages, and sobs shook the thin shoulders for a while, as his tears flowed over these first messages from civilization after nearly three long years. Soon, with calm regained, and a tender smile playing on his pale face, Boris was able to read the long epistles. Twice he read them, then he called to Katia.

"Letters," he told her, "wonderful letters—the family are all alive and well, and say they are able to live out there; and that the war is over, the Great War against Germany. And they want me to go to them, but that of course I can't do now. . . . Stay, Katia, fill the lamp; for I must answer these to-night, even if I use up the kerosene supply of two evenings. My reply must be ready when the stranger comes to-morrow. They say he is trustworthy and will surely take my letters back."

Feverishly he drew the sheet he had begun to write on, from out its hiding-place, and following that first line written earlier and with such different feelings, he scribbled rapidly:

"This evening, in a letter from your wife from G, which came to me smuggled, I had the great joy of knowing that you were both still alive. Having news of you, of her and of our other sister and her children who are in France, is wonderful indeed! At last I know something of you all, of whose fate I was completely ignorant since more than two years past. I feel consequently younger by twenty at least, and again I'm full of hope and gratitude. Even at the risk that this letter should never reach you, I would try to give you the pleasure of receiving it, and some knowledge of what is around me here.

"Perhaps you are living in a land, or city, where I was when thirty years ago I went to America? For certain it has not changed there like this city has from which I write you. Thank God that by some extraordinary chance the efforts which I have been making since two years to enter into relations with you and our sister in France have finally been crowned with success. For I have also a letter now from her, and one from the children, brought in by the same person who smuggled yours. They are not only well, but seem to be getting on better than I had hoped or thought possible. The only thing now that is lacking is a direct word from you, from America. This news comes through your wife, and it would make me very happy to see your handwriting soon again. I do not despair of this happening if you will send a letter to — now. If that should ever arrive

I will have all the correspondence that can make me most happy. Even if my letters do not reach you, however, you will hear from your wife that we are alive and fairly well, going on better perhaps than most others about us, because my special scientific work brought me a position which gives me sufficient food.

"Considering the general situation here and other people's plight, I should not complain, especially now when it is still fairly warm; but the past winter was a nightmare, my lodging thermometer marked two degrees below freezing! I lived alone with the little old maid, who has remained so faithful. We were in our great house, which had emptied itself of tenants long ago; and we did without any water. Everything here is broken down. I finally gave up the idea of trying to remain in our old home. I cleared out our house as far as my furniture went, sold what I could and hid a few things which belonged to the family or which I love, and installed myself for this winter in one room of another house—in the ex-room of an old friend of mine. His whole apartment is now inhabited by various other acquaintances, some of whom are working in the same institution where I am. At least by this arrangement I may manage to keep warm through the coming winter. You know how I suffer from the cold. That is really the only thing which frightens me, for I can get on while eating very little.

"As far as the rest is concerned I have no right to complain, I suppose. Since the month of April, thanks to my scientific work, I have received a special ration which consists of a portion once a week of ten pounds of bread, a few potatoes, some cereals, with sometimes a little her-ring, or a little butter or other grease, a small portion of salt, and from time to time far removed, a little bit of sugar or even a little bit of chocolate. This is enough to keep one alive, which other people do not have around us, and none of these things can be bought in shops. They are difficult to find in any way, though some few manage to get them on the side through smugglers. Every kind of shop, except — are closed. People simply get cards, and have to go and stand for hours on the chance of getting food, which

frequently they do not get; whereas we get our ration regularly once a week. It is a great satisfaction not actually to have to think of where each meal is to come from, and my devoted old woman-servant tries to take care of me; we divide my provisions. The distance we have to go for them is not great. I also get a somewhat vague lunch, which is given me and my comrades at a public table not far distant from where I work.

"Consequently, my life is more or less organized, and with such historical writing as I can do outside (but when it will be published, God only knows), I manage to make time pass, without counting it too much, or thinking much of all that is happening around us. My health seems to hold out against this régime, the sciatica and the rheumatism notwithstanding. I have regained my thin figure of schoolboy days, and though sometimes I notice my strength is not the same, I try to feel it is my fifty-seven years that count and not the conditions in which we live. My age, however, did not prevent me the other day from walking from here to the canal at the other end of town and back from there again, and also during the summer did not prevent me from taking part in the unloading of a boat where we could get some boards and a little firewood for our own use.

"With the proceeds from the sale of my collections, I have been able to supplement the rations by a few cigarettes at 20 roubles apiece. We live as if this were Portugal, where everything is counted in milreis (thousands of reis). So much for me!

"I can't imagine you alone in America. I would have had misgivings if I did not know that you are of those who realized what you were doing when you went there, and that you are also of those who generally manage to handle yourself and the situation, wherever you are. There is another thing which is a comfort to me, and it is that that old friend of ours who is really the friend of her friends, both good and charming, is on the same continent with you, and you probably see her. Give her my best and warmest regards, and all of their family, and tell her that I never pass before their little yellow palace without thinking of her; and I

often pass there! Hearts are heavy here—mine among them—and life for all of us has made its weight felt. Happy are those who remember this world as it was in other days, or have died in time. One must be grateful for them—and yet in spite of this, our poor dear N., I cannot think of him without deep sorrow at his death, for he escaped nothing in his martyrdom here lately. The rest of his family we have no knowledge of, whether they escaped or not, and we live in a dark cloud of mystery and persecution.

"Dear friend, if we met how much I would have to tell you; but at present, since I have found you, at least I am beginning again to hope a little. A day will come when we may meet, and perhaps some time I may be able to leave this land? I would not do that now, however, leaving the sister still in our village, where she is very helpless. Besides I could never reach the far land where you are. You are not on this same continent with me, I know now.

"God be with you always and everywhere. What shall I tell you of our old friends who are still here? O. I see from time to time. D. and his wife have become completely demented, and are so vague in their minds that they live almost like animals in one cellar room in the courtyard of their great house. They sell little by little everything that was theirs, and when the end of that comes, I don't know what will happen. I know nothing of O—s. Olga is well, lives somehow, doing as everybody else does. She is about the only one who has managed to stay in her own apartment, but all her family is scattered, and she has no news of them. Another friend and his wife are hidden away in two rooms of their cellar, without any help from outside, and she does everything, all their heavy work, but they have not been molested a single time so far.

"As a curious experience, S. was arrested for a short time, by chance or a misunderstanding. Fell into an ambush, was held for five days without food, except such as the companions of his misery in the same room gave him of their small shares. Theirs was smuggled in to them from outside. Then S. was freed, probably also by misunderstanding or thanks

to his lucky star, instead of being sent as a hostage to — or killed, like so many others who have disappeared or died of late.

"Dear friend, did we ever think what a struggle for life was reserved for us, without any preparation to face it, and that we should have to prove by ourselves the truth of Darwin's theory? However, we will prove it to the end, and will be among the strongest, I think—at least those of us who survive. I even hope that we may meet some day. So work out the problem of your life and fight your battle without flinching or weakness. If this letter reaches you it will be one step forward—if I have your answer it will be another. God keep you meanwhile.

"I am adding a postscript to say that for a month I have carried this around, having no opportunity to send it. The messenger did not come back and probably he was arrested and executed for carrying papers.

"Do not be anxious, for I will not make any effort to run away or risk the danger of being caught at the frontier and shot, unless I know that you have come back to Europe and that I might have the chance of meeting you somewhere, where we could make our life together.

"I regret you have not found work in France or England, but are making such a hard living in far America. Have you heard from any one of your old correspondents in the days when you did intellectual work here? Some of them might be of use to you now in foreign countries.

"I met M. who talked to me about the old life, as we stood with our baskets waiting for rations during two and a half hours the other day. The more I think of you the more I feel happy that you are safe and abroad, even alone. At least you have a normal life in more or less normal surroundings, and the more one sees here of things, the more one realizes that very little is really of importance or necessary to live. Tell me if you can some details of your present occupations—also what plans you make, if any, for the future?"

This first letter finally sent in Novem-

ber was followed by another from the same source, and I give it without other changes than the one above has suffered, this as before to protect the writer and his people from the fierce danger of Bolshevik anger at having real life under their rule exposed to view.

It must be remembered that our correspondent was in particularly favorable circumstances, better fed, housed, and cared for than those about him, since he had accepted work at the Soviet's government offices, either to keep from starvation or for other reasons which can be read between his lines, or perhaps because he was forcibly mobilized to serve his turn of the general slow martyrdom. This letter is of midwinter. It said:

"MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND:

"A few days ago a messenger who was unknown to me brought me a little packet from beyond the frontier, with these words written on it: 'This is the equivalent of \$100, which your people, refugees in America, have sent you in case I could smuggle the money through.' In an unsealed envelope were 38,500 marks, and at the present rate of exchange here (40 marks to 1,000 roubles) it makes nearly the sum of one million roubles, which I could immediately realize. If I wait it will become more advantageous, however, as the exchange for outside money sends our worthless currency down daily. These figures, which are those of this actual moment, give you an idea what you have done for me, and make expressions of enthusiastic gratitude seem superfluous! Naturally I will not change this money, nor touch it, without an absolute necessity arising. That might come any time, for always here one must count with the unexpected.

"I would like to escape and join you refugees, if the possibility of making my flight a success offered. One reason, though, for remaining is the fact that some of the family are still on the estate—our sister and the child. I have not been able to see her for two years, because such as we have no permission to travel with the knowledge of our rulers, and neither she nor I are allowed to move about freely. But I can be useful to her in

small things occasionally, and to know I am here seems to give her some vague moral support. I have been able once or twice to send her a little money, the savings of my salary, and I hold some money of hers here hidden in safety, the result of pawning and selling her jewels early in the time of this régime, when she fancied (alas mistakenly) the money to have more value than her ornaments. In the transaction, she had to sacrifice at least half her jewels' value, but she needed money to live at home, as she pays the peasants for everything they sell her from her own estate, grain, vegetables, etc. However, life there among the peasants is safer and much cheaper than here, also more comfortable, I make out from her messages—so I could desire nothing better for her, and have not encouraged her to move as long as I had no hope of further flight for any of us. She would not think of going abroad—you know how devoted she has always been to the old place and the people there. I feel I ought not to think of abandoning her to go abroad myself. With what you have sent us we can now wait quietly for what fate may have in store for us all.

"You have no idea what it means to have a reserve like this you have sent. One hundred dollars gives one a tranquil spirit to face the future, and I will certainly keep the foreign marks intact and unexchanged as long as that is possible. There is much talk of abolishing money completely in Russia, and you can imagine in case of such a measure by the Soviet government, roubles from their present low value would go to zero. So far my salary, plus little by little the proceeds from selling my things, have enabled me to keep alive. All those we know live this same way, unless they are in prison or starving. Many had everything burned or looted or requisitioned at once, and they have rarely survived.

"I have had better luck, and have even managed not to touch the things we were most fond of. The ancient family portraits are safe, hidden away; also certain of our finest books, a few volumes are hidden. But I had to sacrifice our Grandfather's library! Certain of my collections of rare small things are still safe too, but bulky objects one must separate one-

self from, and be resigned to their sale or their loss.

"What makes me anxious is to think you have given up this \$100 for me. It is a large sum of which I have deprived you, and I know how terrible was the cost of living in America even in old days. I imagine the sacrifice made by you, to supply me with what seems a fortune here! I try to console myself with faith in your strength. You always knew what you were doing, and what I have written above proves that your goal is attained, for we are now definitely protected from any eventuality that one can foresee in these times through which we are living.

"This is the third letter which I have written to you since I know you are in America. It will go by the same messenger who brought me your packet—consequently a reliable man. The other two letters left by different ways I had considered certain, and I hoped you may have received them too? I have nothing in the way of letters from you as yet, and do not know whether yours are lost or whether you have feared to write. Perhaps you could write to me through Véra. I wrote to her about various details of the tragi-comedy of our existence here, and I will try and send her a letter by the same messenger who carries this, asking her to forward it on to you. I am also telling her how she may by chance be able to communicate with me from time to time. Please be kind and write her as many details as you can on your life, the work you are doing and what your projects are for the future; especially about your health, how your respiration is after your heavy wounds. In one little message, which I got from her your health was not mentioned, so I am hoping that you are no worse than you were.

"It seems extraordinary that three years have passed since I saw you; that is longer than your whole trip into — when you went exploring. What would I not do, or give, or risk, to join you, if I thought we were free from all duties other than to one another? but I do not feel I have the right to run away and leave our sister. At any rate I would not undertake anything without knowing that you were near enough to me in Europe for me to have a fair chance of

reaching you. Tell me, if you can, what you think of the general world situation, of which I can get no news here. Perhaps such knowledge of events will open new horizons to me and help me plan. In total ignorance as we are, we can judge of nothing, for we know nothing of the real condition of affairs outside this country; nor inside of it for that matter!

"A great many people think that when all the treaties are signed and commercial relations established, which we know to be impossible, the frontiers may be opened. Perhaps then whoever wants to leave can do so freely? I personally do not believe that this would be allowed, because in the first place so many people of us, the brains of the country, would make a mad rush out of it, and the authorities would find themselves without the least semblance of any element sufficiently intellectual to carry on any kind of organization, or get anything done. They, the Bolsheviki, would consequently, to my mind, immediately take measures to prevent their being caught in such a situation. Secondly, the foreign powers who would be absolutely invaded by these refugees, would be forced to put restrictions on our entering freely into their countries. I think consequently our captivity has no chance of ending.

"I have never believed in the success of any of the efforts to liberate us, except for a moment last year during the advance of Youdénitch's army. He was at Tzarskoe-Célo, which seemed too close to fail, and another group of the same army had reached Gatchina; but even then one felt their movement was not organized with any surety—they had neither provisions nor munitions, and were beaten, naturally.

"Wrangel's effort, from what we heard of it, must have been even less made for success, having less materials. According to my idea, any outside attack of that kind could have been a success only by an enormous and serious intervention of the Allies' armed forces on every side at once, all working together—but there is no hope of their ever doing that. Momentarily, during the winter, there is little possibility of an interior uprising that is co-ordinated, though one can scarcely tell what may come, and there is

much doing which is kept quiet by the different elements, both the Bolsheviki and the anti-Bolsheviki. There is always evolution, and it has already begun among certain small groups, but it will be very long if one depends upon it entirely for saving Russia.

"As far as I am personally concerned, suppose I managed to run away? What would I do and where would I live? At my age it would not be easy for me to find employment, and if I found a position it would be so difficult, weak as I am, to fill it, that I would not succeed probably in being independent of you; and the consciousness of this would hardly balance the infinite delight of finding myself again in civilization and in a normal life. For a year, or a year and a half perhaps, I might manage to live by the help of friends who are abroad, and perhaps I might have enough money not to be suffering very much financially. But what would come afterward?

"My work of the past five or six years, editing of historical documents, I have almost finished. I even have the illustrations prepared for two big volumes. It makes a large box of manuscripts, and you know my dream was always to have it printed, half in Russian, half in French. It would be wonderful if I could get these books out of the country and have the thing done in Paris or elsewhere—and get work and live from that for a year or two. It might really pay me—but I would only go abroad in case in some way it could be arranged that I might come back again, if the sister needed me—and that is impossible under present conditions. It is merely a dream and the reality is very different! Here many years will pass before one can ever think of publishing an edition which would be worth while. Momentarily I am not working at the manuscript—am merely existing, trying to wait as patiently as possible and not to think of a complete expatriation—but to hold on to the hope that something may happen.

"I am too happy now to know that you at least are out of here and still alive, and to know that our sister is in better conditions than I had dared to hope, for since three or four years ago I have not been able to send her any money. With

this knowledge I can very well tolerate a great many things, of which the worst one is our atmosphere of general uncertainty, and our having nothing to look for in the immediate future. However, there is nothing one can do about this.

"Thank you again and again. Whatever happens, you have placed us in a position which relieves us of great strain and simplifies our gravest problem of the moment. To have this security, of a little money which is foreign, renews my energy, and proves to me again how easily we react to the least hope! It is strange what a remarkable rôle the unexpected takes in our existence, whether it is good or bad, in such times as these.

"This letter and the one to Véra, if they get out, should give you a tableau more or less exact of me as I am—old, dirty, with a long beard, but still able to move about, and with my mind still lucid enough to write a letter and to say what I mean.

"Do you see J. C.? Where is that family? Have you travelled at all? Write to me.

"P. S. I am adding a few words to tell you that I met M., who served here in the Museum, and O., whom I meet quite often at what was the old W.'s palace, where he is installed for his work. They always speak of you, and tell me, if I have the occasion, to send you their regards, and to say how much they envy you that you are not here. . . . O. is the most energetic of us all, but the other is more down than I am. He serves in the Oriental Department of his Museum, but as the museum is not heated, with the climate here, nobody goes in winter. The collections which were evacuated in 1914 and 1917—900 boxes with pictures, sculptures, silver, porcelains, etc.—have been brought back and are to be unpacked and reinstalled. There was a moment when they thought all these things would be spread around among the provinces. What an opportunity to steal! It was difficult to persuade those in command that this was a bad plan, but finally they have been dissuaded.

"In the evening I work at my manuscripts, and I hardly ever go out; sometimes on a Sunday I manage to go and see the Z—s. He is well comparatively,

and they manage somehow, as does every one else who must live here. They live in a part of their lodging and try to preserve what they can intact, though they have several people occupying most of their flat. However, they have been left two small back rooms. He (Z) has aged terribly and lost ground, but he has discovered in himself a new talent for working metal. Sometimes he has managed to make at this craft 80,000 roubles a month paid by Bolshevik clients, who bring him their metals to work; but of course the money has almost no buying power. His wife does everything else—cooks, washes, goes out and fetches wood which she brings in, cutting it with an axe and making their modest fires. She does the heaviest work. Without her, I do not know what he would do, he is so broken down? But her courage, resourcefulness, and energy are wonderful!

"I think I have told you everything now that could interest you, so I finish this long letter. I hardly hope to get as long a one from you, but still I hope you will write and try to send one through.

"God keep you; write to me sometimes, and at any rate think of me. We will meet again—see if we don't!"

We heard no more after this, save from a refugee who sent us word the writer of the above was still well at the end of March. Somewhat later came another message: he was alive in the late spring. Whether because he was watched and could not write then, or because the carriers were captured and perhaps shot, no more letters have come from this correspondent, but from another source I received a message from Petrograd within the past month, which I am glad to give my readers as an ending.

The churches long closed have been thrown open again. Whereas till recently the Orthodox Russian priests were persecuted by the Soviets, now services are celebrated and the congregations as well as the clergy are left in peace. The Bolsheviks found they were rousing the population's ire by their persecution of religion, and the threatened serious uprisings of a city unarmed but desperate forced the frightened tyrants to allow Christian worship to progress according to Rus-

sia's faith. My information concerned this, and gave some further curious and sympathetic details.

Through the main streets of Petrograd in open day, recently a great procession started—poor people praying loudly, singing anthems and psalms, with priests chanting, carrying banners and such icons as had not been stolen from their shrines in three years of bloody misrule. Slowly the procession wound its way about the city, slowly it gathered force, as group after group of passers-by joined themselves to the original members of the celebration. Finally, on one of the main streets it attracted the attention of the Bolshevik officials, always alert to spy. Astonished, they stared! They could scarcely believe their eyes! What was it being carried by the crowd there in its midst? The litany they chanted, too, had not been heard for many, many moons. The officials rubbed their eyes and looked again—they saw a bust of Nicolas II, emperor of all the Russias, with a crown of thorns upon his head, occupying the centre of this procession, all honor being paid to it as to the image of a saint and martyr! It seemed hard to believe what was spread out before them. They saw a people who were so thoroughly in hand, the Soviet thought; who had been beaten, intimidated, starved, and bled, whose belongings had long since been taken from them; who besides had been fed on the lying propaganda of a false idealism and false promises, with a millennium, which never came, constantly announced as being just around the next turn in their road of martyrdom; a people who had accepted all this (disarmed as they had been in the beginning) with only feeble struggles, on the whole seemingly resigned and patient, docile and believing, till they were thought to be completely in hand, from lack of nourishment and blows; so far they had asked persistently but for one thing—leave to pray; and this ridiculous desire in the Soviets' eyes had been grant-

ed. And here, now, these people, after three years of the heavy yoke, were suddenly marching through the street of Apfelbaum's own capital, openly carrying the statue of their murdered sovereign, acclaiming him as if he were a saint. But they should pay for it.

Quickly Bolshevik soldiers were called and ordered to "Clear the streets!" But to the surprise of all they joined the procession. Their own ruler, their own religion—it appealed to their race and to their souls. They were of Russian blood and Orthodox creed, and for three years they had seen the one flow and the other treated with contempt, by these swarthy foreign aliens, who had been such hard masters. The authorities called more troops, with a dawning awe of what this meant: Chinese and other foreign mercenaries were needed to quell a church procession, it would seem; and the "commissars" must themselves lead and encourage their henchmen. The movement was revolt and must be crushed at any cost.

No news of this event has been allowed to pass the censor, but on that day quite recently in Petrograd there were some of Bolshevism's bullying commissars who were most roughly handled by the crowd, and many of their picked and well-paid soldiers received wounds, some of which were mortal, doubtless. In the disorder of the skirmish the statue which had caused it disappeared; or so thought the onlooker who was my kind informant.

So it seems that Russia, in spite of much trampling through three long years of agony, still breathes in her faith and pity! These people, who in silence bore material destitution, even starvation, still rise to the touch of spiritual things!

A good sign to those outside, who through all its woes have believed in their nation's future greatness. Also a warning to the bastard tyrants, who thought that by their red terror they could conquer Russia's soul as they could crush her body.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

An Arab boy.

TUNISIAN TYPES: EIGHT PAINTINGS BY C. A. SLADE

Memorizing the Koran is the first and foremost duty in the education of the Arab boy. Under a master's directions he repeats lines from it, at the full strength of his lungs, until it is indelibly impressed upon his memory. A room full of his little friends doing the same thing but not in unison does not seem to detract from his power of concentration. It is a strange babble that reaches the ears of the passer-by. (See also Frontispiece.)



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

An Arab girl.

Shyness of foreigners together with an almost fanatic superstition is common to the children of Tunis. Offers of money or trinkets seldom will induce one of them to pose for an artist. This may be accomplished sometimes through the influence of an elder brother, as was done in the case of the Arab girl on this page.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

One of the most picturesque types.

The bronze face enshrouded in the pure-white burnoose is one of the most picturesque types. The Arabs range in color from nearly white to the ebony of the darkest negro. Color seems to carry with it no class distinction; the strains of Nubian blood from Central Africa account for the difference.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

Our so-called "advanced civilization" is an unknown quantity among the Arabs of Tunis.

Camels and "burricos" furnish the power for his antiquated agricultural implements, and the selection of his wife is not governed by sentiment but depends upon position and the settlement of satisfactory pecuniary arrangements with the prospective father-in-law.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

The child that is born simple or deficient is well cared for by all.

He need never worry as to the source of his food; the gentle Arabs seem to put themselves out for such unfortunates. The girl above was a traveller in many villages but always found shelter and nourishment.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

At thirteen or fourteen the Arab girl of Tunis commences to veil her face.

She is never seen unveiled except in the privacy of her own home, which has no outside windows, but opens on a courtyard. She is always very careful that her hair is well "henna'd"; also her finger-nails and toe-nails. Watching the "fêtes" and marriages from her roof-top are her only diversions.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

Young Arab girl.

Until the age of fourteen the life of the Arab girl is even more care-free than that of her Western sister, for such a matter as education means nothing to her and the rudiments of simple Arab housekeeping are the only distractions she has from her small Arab doll-babies.

The Ethics of Nelson Cole

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA



DURING the twenty years I had known the Madison Springs, the band attached to the quaint old Virginia hostelry had experienced many changes. For several seasons there was an orchestra composed of three aged gentlemen, and it required all of our youth and enthusiasm to dance to their offerings at all. These patriarchs were succeeded by four boys from an orphan asylum, who were as incompetent, owing to their youth, as the old men had been on account of their extreme old age. Then came all kinds of bands—bands composed of decayed Southern ladies, too proud to play or to meet the hotel guests, and one lady band in particular from the Middle West which was altogether too friendly with the male guests. And then to the curious (and most of the habitués of the Madison Springs were naturally curious) it was announced that the new band had been selected from the students of a conservatory of music in the Far South. We were assured that the three young ladies had been most carefully culled from this particular bed of beauties not only on account of their pulchritude and superior musical ability, but also owing to their high moral and social qualifications. True to the oldest traditions of the Springs, the band arrived just in time for the Fourth of July ball, and, as usual, the guests hung over the porch railing and, with an ill-concealed curiosity, drank in every detail of the faces, forms, and dress of the newcomers.

Impressions as to the members of the new band no doubt varied, but I know that mine were very distinct—that is, they were distinctly composite. One was short with brown hair, another was blonde and of medium height, and the third was tall and of a distinctly brunette

type. All as different as different could be, and yet all so lacking in definite facial characteristics that my first impression and the one I carried for several days was no more distinct than a composite photograph of the graduating class of a girls' high school. However, as the days passed and I learned their names and which one played the piano, which the violin, and which the clarinet, to a certain extent the class photograph disintegrated, and in a rather vague way I recognized certain differences of face and manner if not in character. I think this vagueness must have been due to the fact that so far as I could judge all of the three were wholly lacking in personality, temperament, a sense of humor, or superlative good looks. Not that any one of them was ill-favored; in fact, they were all rather pretty girls—the prettiness common to small towns, where beauty must stand on its own and with no assistance from the adorning but expensive dressmaker or the beauty doctor, who for an extortionate price corrects the faults of nature. The scope of their minds seemed to be that of a very young girl who had been shut in continuously and extended no farther than the musical conservatory and their home town. To say that they were unsophisticated would be idle; the word could have no more place in a description of their character than it probably had in their simple vocabulary. I very much doubt if any of them knew whether Caruso was a violin-player or a trombone soloist, or if Farrar sang or played the harp. After I had become fairly well acquainted with the three young ladies, I found that their ambitions were apparently limited to a teacher's diploma and an engagement with a one-night-stand Chautauqua troupe. The cynical musical conversation of the casual visitor to the Metropolitan or to the concerts at Carnegie Hall would

have fallen on their pretty ears with no more meaning than a prose poem in ancient Hebrew.

However, in spite of this overwhelming ignorance of the pessimistic chatter common to the members of their chosen profession, the social success of the band was instant and unquestioned. Their very naïveté was a delight, and I have never known an instance when it was possible to give so much pleasure at so small an outlay. Of nature they seemed to know nothing, and they discovered it and abandoned themselves to its wondrous mountain beauties with the joyous zest of little children who for the first time had been suddenly transferred from a sweltering tenement to a field of sweet-smelling, new-mown hay. The sight of an isolated wild flower was greeted with cries of wonder and happiness, and all three girls would race for it over mossy banks and shelving rocks, and fight for its possession as if it had been a black pearl. It was small wonder that the guests vied with each other in giving the band picnics, and made the three musicians the especial guests on numerous excursions to the various neighboring grottos and rival resorts. But I noticed that these parties were always given to the band and never to any particular member of it. Not even the oldest male flirt at the Springs seemed to have any inclination to lead one of the young musicians into a dark corner of the long galleries. Had he done so, I am sure it would have been necessary to instruct her in the very A B C's of polite flirtation.

Of the hotel instrumentalists, it was the short, stout one, Flora Jenkins, the clarionet-player, who was perhaps the most popular. She was the youngest of the trio, and as she stood by the piano in the corner of the ballroom blowing lustily on her clarionet, she looked like a pretty child with the mumps. As was the case with her two fellow sisters in art, Flora could also play the piano, and had an extreme confidence in a light soprano voice; but confidence in her all-around ability was one of the clarionet-player's greatest assets.

"When I left my home town—that's Laury, Alabama"—she once said to me, "my friends down there didn't give me a chance—didn't think I'd ever amount

to anything. But when they heard I'd been appointed clarionet-player of the Madison Springs orchestra, they were knocked all of a heap. Would you believe it, a committee of the Laury Musical Club asked me down there to play for them."

"And of course you accepted?" I said.

At the very suggestion, Miss Jenkins smiled condescendingly and slowly shook her head. "Not much, I didn't," she gurgled. "I went back to visit my folks but I didn't take my instrument. My playing would have been way over their heads."

This confidence of the clarionet-player was to a large extent shared by Harriet Nash, the pianist, and Rita Grinnell, who played the violin. There was nothing objectionable in this particular kind of vanity, and it was due solely to the fact that the musical conservatory, whose judgment was the only one they knew and which they regarded so highly, had granted each of them a teacher's diploma.

As to the music produced every night in the hotel ballroom by the combined efforts of the three certified students, opinion seemed to vary considerably. Personally, I should have said that they played with precision and correctness, but wholly without personality or the rhythm that impels the casual dancer to stop idle chatter and join in the merry whirl. Of the many guests, there was probably only one, Henry Ongley, who really knew much about music, and as Ongley knew pretty nearly everything about it, he preferred talking about anything else, especially to people like myself who were wholly ignorant of the subject. Ongley was an old man and during the evening preferred the pleasures of the whist-table to the ballroom. However, several days after the arrival of the band, I found him standing at an open window and, apparently with much interest, regarding the ladies of the orchestra, who at the moment were banging out a popular one-step.

"How good are they, Henry?" I asked.

Ongley turned from the window and smilingly blew a cloud of tobacco smoke from his cigar up toward the rafters of the piazza roof. "Morally," he said, taking my arm and moving away from the window, "I should say they were all very



Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

As she stood by the piano . . . blowing lustily on her clarinet, she looked like a pretty child with the mumps.—Page 24.

good, but if you mean musically, I don't really know. I'm afraid my interest was only that of an old man who is not so old that he has lost the power to admire three pretty girls. One hardly looks for a Kreisler or a Hofman in a hotel orchestra."

Ongley's words, especially coming from Ongley, assumed a significance that they probably did not deserve. As every one, at least every one in Boston and New York and the larger centres, knows, Henry Ongley has three hobbies—winter cruising among the tropical islands, the Madison Springs, and paying for the education of poor but promising musical students.

"But there is no particular reason," I suggested, still hoping, I imagine, to get some kind of criticism of the band from an expert, "why a Kreisler or a Hofman should not start in a hotel orchestra?"

"There's every reason," Ongley chuckled, "why they shouldn't start in a *ladies'* hotel orchestra, if only on account of their sex." Then the old man dropped my arm and, half turning, faced me.

"But why are you so keen on the lady band?" he asked.

For the moment I confess that I was somewhat confused and unprepared with an answer. However, at last I frankly said: "I am interested in them as a type I've never met, and I'll further admit that their very commonplaceness and naïveté intrigues me. I've never met three women before who apparently had no early advantage of environment or education, and whose knowledge of life began and ended in the four walls of a small-town musical conservatory. To me it's an entirely new specimen and I should like to know from some one who ought to know if they are any better or worse than any other three-piece hotel band."

Ongley smiled at my interest in the three ladies and shook his head. "I don't really know," he said; "when I was at the window just now I was using my eyes and my eyes only. It wouldn't be fair to do anything else when they were playing that rag stuff. But so long as you are so interested I'll tell you what I will do, and, believe me, it's considerable of a sacrifice. I'll go with you to one of

those damned sacred concerts they give on Sunday nights, and we can sit there with the rest of the boarders and hear them play their solos and do their stunts and probably hear one of them sing 'The Palms.' And after I've suffered for you, I'll tell you my honest opinion for whatever it's worth. More I can do for no man."

True to his word, Ongley joined me after the next Sunday-night dinner, and arm in arm we solemnly entered the big drawing-room, and in an inconspicuous corner patiently awaited for the ladies to begin. To more worldly artists the mere presence of Henry Ongley might have caused a certain amount of trepidation or stage-fright, but to these three charming instrumentalists it meant no more than that of the old lady with the knitted shawl and the ear-trumpet who had moved her chair to within a few feet of the clarionet. The concert was long and, perhaps on account of the sacred character of the music, particularly monotonous. Flora Jenkins blew on the clarionet until the women in the room wondered how any girl could so disfigure her pretty face by deliberately adopting such an instrument as her life-work. Harriet Nash played the piano without a technical fault, and Rita Grinnell scraped the bow across her violin with a sure and confident touch. As the evening wore on its dreary course the young ladies, just as Ongley had anticipated, showed us various examples of their several accomplishments. Flora put away her clarionet and turned to the piano, while Harriet and Rita both played violins. Flora and Harriet sang a duet, and Rita obliged with a vocal solo. I understood that the young ladies had three ukaleles concealed in their bedroom, but beyond this accomplishment I am sure that before the sacred concert had reached its end the trio had thoroughly and ruthlessly shown us all their wares. When it was over and the rest of the audience had gathered about the band to express its gratitude, Ongley and I stole away to a corner of the piazza, and for several moments inhaled long drafts of the pure night air.

"Well," I asked at last, "how about it? Quite hopeless, I should say."

"That would be very brash of you,"

Ongley said, "and not quite fair. I suppose you were hoping to discover a phenomenon, but phenomena are very scarce in any craft. And then you must remember that most phenomena are the children of superlative artists. I don't mean that they inherit their talent, but they have had exceptional opportunities of environment. These girls have in all probability come of very plain people without any imagination, and the only opportunity they have ever had is to take a short course in a small-town musical conservatory, which is scarcely any opportunity at all. Their whole lives have no doubt been shut in, and there has been no chance to develop the big things that may be lying dormant."

"Do you mean to contend," I said, "that a musical course, even as meagre as these girls have had, would not develop the spark or personality or temperament, or whatever you choose to call it, that is essential to raising the true artist above her fellows?"

"Bosh," laughed Ongley. "The woman best known on the operatic stage to-day, and particularly famous for her personality and her excessive temperament, was the rather dull, phlegmatic daughter of a baseball player. It is as natural for most women to take on temperament as it is for them to slip into a sable coat. Give any one of those three girls a few years in the musical colony of Florence or Paris, and she is liable to develop more temperament than any impresario could deal with, and also there is no particular reason why she should not become a great artist."

However, still suffering from the sacred concert, I was not convinced. "As a layman," I said, "I can't follow you at all. With every advantage in the world, I don't believe any one of those girls could ever gain even a mild success. They are all, at least to me, hopelessly mediocre."

Ongley smiled and shook his head. "Mediocre, now, they may be," he admitted, "but not hopeless."

"Can you honestly say," I went on, "that you have ever backed a student for a musical education who could show no more ability than one of these girls?"

"Several," Ongley said, "and one or

two of them won out. Of course you must remember that very few women or men ever become great artists, or, for that matter, great anything else." For a few moments he hesitated and then went on. "I can only afford to send one student abroad this fall, and I've got an even half-dozen applicants already, and for the life of me I can't make up my mind which one to send. Just to convince you and to side-step making a choice from the six, I've a great mind to send one of these girls—that is, if any of them happens to want the 'chance.'"

"I should imagine any one of them would jump at it," I said, "but I'd hate to make the choice."

"So would I," Ongley echoed; "but the very idea of giving one of these three babes in the wood the opportunity that so many thousands of others are fighting and scheming for, rather appeals to me." For a few moments he was silent. "I suppose the best way to find out the most deserving," he went on, "would be to consult the head of this conservatory where they were educated."

"Of course," I agreed, and the scheme, once presented, seemed to be the only logical one. "Why don't you write him?"

"I will," said Ongley; "and in the meantime don't say anything about it to any one. We ought to get a little innocent pleasure out of it, whatever happens."

The answer of the head of the conservatory to Ongley's letter was a good deal of a surprise to both Ongley and myself. Nelson Cole, which was the man's name, was sincerely appreciative and grateful, but what surprised us was the fact that he said he would himself come on and discuss the matter. It was a long and expensive trip to the Madison Springs, and we did not imagine that Cole's position could be a very lucrative one, but both Ongley and I were glad that he had decided to make the journey. It shifted the responsibilities largely from our own shoulders, and the results of the visit could hardly fail to be of advantage in making a choice.

"I suppose he wants to lay all the facts before you," I said to Ongley, "so that all three of the girls will have a fair chance."

"On the contrary," Ongley objected smilingly, "I'll wager you a dozen golf-balls that he is coming to plead for a particular girl. He probably won't admit it, but watch carefully and see if I'm not right. It's very difficult to eliminate the human element, and Cole, who is no doubt a musician of sorts, is probably human, and is going to try to put something over on us."

During the few days that intervened before the arrival of Cole, I tried to learn something of him from his three students, but I was not particularly successful. Apparently they all had the kind of hero-ownership that most girls have for their teacher, especially when he is a bachelor and retains a certain aloofness. But beyond the facts that Nelson Cole was unmarried, held strictly to the reserve due his position, and played no favorites amongst his women pupils, I learned really nothing, and was forced to retain my curiosity until the arrival of the man himself.

When Cole did make his unexpected appearance—that is, unexpected to the lady orchestra—the enthusiasm of their greeting knew no bounds. They fairly thrilled at the sight of him, and their cries of delight echoed far up and down the valley. I had never met the director of a small-town musical conservatory before, but Cole was a much younger man than I had pictured him. He was of medium height and narrow build, with stooping shoulders. The features of his rather pale, bloodless face were finely modelled, and there was something in his big dark eyes that was very appealing. He had a trick of staring curiously at you through his round horn glasses which was apparently not at all impertinent but rather gave one the impression that the man's mind was trying to thoroughly grasp the last remark it had received, and doing its utmost to frame a proper and worthy reply. Indeed, Cole's whole manner was tentative and shy and invited one's confidence. When his riotous greeting by the young ladies was over, and he had washed away the stains of his long journey, he at once sought out Henry Ongley and, in a somewhat diffident manner, made himself known. I was with Ongley at the time, and there was

a striking contrast between the two men—Ongley, suave, immaculate in his flannels as in his manner, and the younger man, very sincere but a trifle nervous in the presence of a man of much power and a unique position in the world of music.

The hour was just before luncheon, and Ongley began the interview by asking us to adjourn to the casino porch and open our conference with a mint julep. I do not believe Cole wanted the julep, but I rather imagine he felt that it would make him appear unworldly if he refused, so he promptly accepted the invitation.

When we were seated at a small round table with the frosted glasses before us, Ongley came quickly to the purpose of his talk. "Mr. Cole," he said, "I greatly appreciate your interest in this matter which you have certainly shown in taking this long trip. To save time I am going to ask you frankly if you believe any one of the three young ladies is particularly worthy of this opportunity. I mean worthy in a musical way and—well, in every other way. Her record at your conservatory and her record at her home, of which you probably know something, is of course of inestimable value."

Cole gazed steadily at Ongley in his tentative and unimpertinent way, and the confidence which Ongley had so readily placed in him brought the suggestion of a blush to the young man's colorless face.

"That's very kind of you," Cole said, speaking very slowly, "but I came up here to talk it over with you rather than settle the question by correspondence." For a moment he hesitated and then went on. "Above all, I wanted to be fair. The chance would mean so very much to any one of these young ladies—it would mean—everything. Everything to them personally and to their families. They are all poor, very poor, and it is not possible that any one of them could obtain such an opportunity except it came from a philanthropist like yourself, which is really very much as if it had come straight from Heaven."

"You flatter me, Mr. Cole," Ongley laughed.

But Cole was in no mood for laughter. This was, indeed, a most serious matter to the young man, and he evidently re-

garded Ongley's altruistic offer as little less than inspired.

"But suppose Mr. Ongley had not made his very generous proposal?" I asked. "What would have been the probable fate of the young lady, and, as a matter of fact, what is probably going

a humdrum, narrow existence, and—and yet——"

"And yet," Ongley repeated, "you mean it has its advantages even in contrast to the life of a successful artist?"

In his shy, nervous way, Cole smiled at us in turn. "Why, yes, Mr. Ongley,"



The enthusiasm of their greeting knew no bounds.—Page 28.

to become of the two who do not go abroad?"

Again Cole hesitated, and then slightly shrugged his narrow shoulders as if to imply that the situation was rather hopeless for the two unsuccessful candidates. "They would probably become music-teachers in a small way, or they might marry and give up their music. Most of the girls who marry in a small town like ours have to devote their time to looking after their children and to taking care of their home. Few of our young men have any money—it is rather

he said; "surely, sir, there are worse fates for woman than motherhood and a home and a husband to care for her. And then suppose the girl doesn't succeed—what then? She has had her one golden opportunity and she has failed. It is not easy for her to return to a small-town life and all the drudgery and the limitations that go with it. For a few years she has lived. Of course the girl should be thankful for those years and be content. But—well, I doubt if it often works out that way. The chances are, so far as her happiness is con-

cerned, that her whole life will be a failure."

"And even suppose she succeeds," Ongley said, "there is still no guarantee that she will be happy. From my experience with successful artists, I shouldn't say that they were a particularly contented lot. The life usually makes them self-centred and selfish. But from my standpoint it doesn't make much difference what it does to the individual. I'm supposed to be a benefactor to struggling artists. As a matter of fact, I only consider the public. A great singer or a great musician gives pleasure to thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of people. It makes a lot of them better, helps them to forget their troubles. What is the life of any artist compared to the happiness their work spreads broadcast over the world? If I wanted to really help one of the three young ladies, I should build her a pretty bungalow in a commuter's paradise and set her young man up in some modest business. But I don't do that. I send her abroad and pay for her education, exactly as some men commission a great sculptor or a great artist to create a statue or a picture that would belong to the world, so that the world would be the gainer from its existence. It's the soul and the heart of the world that interests me and for which I'm willing to gamble my money; the soul and the heart of the artist whom I back is no more to me than that of the lifeless statue or the picture that the other man commissions to be moulded or painted." Ongley stopped talking and smiled somewhat apologetically at Cole. "I think that's all," he added. "You must forgive my long-winded dissertation, but I just wanted you to know where I stood."

"Thank you, Mr. Ongley," Cole said simply. "I understand you perfectly, sir, and I'm sure that that's the big way to look at it, but——"

Ongley finished his julep and, suddenly, as if intentionally interrupting Cole, got up from the table, and the talk was at an end. On our way to the hotel he put his arm through Cole's, and it was quite evident that he had already taken a distinct liking to the young man.

"Think it over," he said when we left

him; "there's no hurry; that is, so far as I'm concerned."

At Ongley's suggestion, when luncheon was over we avoided Cole, and left him to his own devices and to reach a decision in his own way. Late that afternoon Ongley and I, as was our custom, took a long walk over one of the mountain roads but little used by the guests of the hotel—pleasant strolls, principally given over to long spaces of silent admiration of the gray-green hills covered with pine and chestnut and the nile-green meadows and pastures that lay below us and stretched as far as one could see up and down this lovely valley of peace.

"What do you think of the professor?" I asked bluntly.

"I suppose you mean Cole. Fine chap. I'm sorry for him, very sorry."

"Sorry, why?" I asked.

"Why?" Ongley repeated; "because he's up against it. When I got that letter from him I supposed he was coming to plead for a particular girl's happiness; now I know he's here to protect his own happiness. I suppose every man and every woman, too, runs into a cross-roads sooner or later, but generally we have plenty of warning and we approach it deliberately and slowly. This poor devil finds himself at the sign-post without any warning at all. He's suddenly asked to choose at once between happiness and heroism, and that's a hard one to put up to any man."

"Pardon me," I said, "but——"

"Surely, man, you can see he's in love with one of these girls," Ongley interrupted me rather testily. "Didn't you hear him raving about motherhood and a home and a devoted husband? Of course he's in love with one of them, and he had it all fixed in his own mind to marry her, when suddenly along comes a complete outsider who offers her a chance to be a great artist, which Cole, being quite blinded by his love for the girl, believes to be a sure thing. Fine for the girl, but it's the end of Cole. His love, the home he had planned, happiness, children, all the other dreams about to be realized, suddenly tossed into the scrap-heap!"

"Supposing you are right, and perhaps



From the girl's expression I could not venture any kind of a guess as to the thoughts that filled her mind.

you are right," I said, "which one of the girls do you think it is?"

"Ah, there you have me," Ongley smiled; and then, stopping suddenly and lowering his voice to a whisper, added: "No, you haven't. Look there."

Seated on a flat rock, perhaps a hundred feet from the road, we saw Rita Grinnell and, at her feet, the professor. Both of them were looking across the valley at the endless circle of hills that seemed to shut in our valley of peace and content from the rest of the world. So far as I could tell, they were for the moment quite silent. From the girl's expression I could not venture any kind of a guess as to the thoughts that filled her mind, but although Cole's face was partially hidden from me, it was not difficult to imagine of what he was thinking. Here at his side was the girl he loved, and in a few words he could offer her his pro-

tection and care and a simple home and children, perhaps. And it was fair to suppose that the girl would be delighted to accept all of this and consider herself blessed. But Cole also knew that almost within his grasp he held the key to this girl's paradise—the key that could open the gates to the great world that lay beyond the narrow cramped life that now bound them in. It was evident that Cole and the girl had not seen us, and from a sign from Ongley we turned and silently retraced our steps down the mountain road.

At the request of Cole, Ongley and I met him that night in the ballroom at eleven o'clock, the hour when the band ceased its efforts and the dancers vanished into the darkened recesses of the porches. He wanted us to hear his students perform their musical stunts, assisted on this occasion by their beloved instructor.

Flora Jenkins played her favorite selection on the clarinet and, with many flatted notes of which she was apparently wholly unconscious, sang a sentimental ballad. Harriet Nash played a soulless but technically correct nocturne on the piano, and, with Cole as her accompanist, Rita Grinnell performed on the violin. When the ordeal was over—that is, ordeal so far as Ongley and I were concerned, the ladies being quite unconscious of what it was all about—we men once more adjourned to the casino porch. Once more we sat about a round table and, while waiting for some one to begin the fateful conversation, consciously played with our straws rising from the frosted glasses. It was Cole who took the initiative.

"Well, gentlemen," he asked, "did our little concert bring you any nearer a decision?"

Being a mere onlooker, I remained silent, but Ongley shook his head and smiled genially at Cole. "I'm afraid not," he said; "I'm perfectly willing to look after the young lady's education but I don't feel up to taking on the responsibility of making the choice. Surely, Mr. Cole, you must know which one of the three has the greater possibilities?"

For a few moments Cole remained silent, and even in the darkness we could see the mental struggle going on in the man's mind. And then, throwing all his habitual reserve to the winds, he stared steadily across the table at Ongley. "Yes," he said, "there is one of the young ladies who, I believe, has a great talent and who would easily justify the chance you offer, but"—again he hesitated and then went on—"but I will be quite frank, gentlemen; I fear I am greatly prejudiced. I fear the personal equation is too strong with me to be fair to the other two." The professor drew his thin lips into a straight line and in a confused way glanced nervously at Ongley, then at me, and then back to Ongley again. "When a man's in love with a woman, sir," he went on doggedly, "his judgment isn't worth very much. Don't you agree with me, gentlemen?"

"I do," said Ongley; "quite useless, I should say. However, so long as you have been so good, Mr. Cole, to honor us with your confidence, I am going to be

equally frank in asking you if your personal regard for this young lady would in any way affect a decision once reached?"

"In no way," Cole said quickly; "the young lady is quite ignorant of my regard. I fear the affection has been only on my side."

"Good," said Ongley; "then I am going to make a suggestion that will probably appeal to you gentlemen as quite absurd and altogether cowardly, especially after all the trouble Mr. Cole has taken in coming here. I propose we draw lots to see which of the young ladies is going to be sacrificed on the high altar of art."

There was nothing in the expression of Cole that would intimate what his feelings were in regard to this preposterous idea of Ongley, but Ongley's attitude had been so preposterous throughout the whole matter that I, too, remained silent. After all, it was Ongley's own money, to do with as he chose.

By the dim light of a kerosene-lamp that swung in a bracket against the wall of the casino, Ongley tore an envelope into three strips, and as he wrote the name of a girl on each slip, he folded the piece of paper, announced the name, and dropped it into the professor's straw hat.

"There we are," he said; "and may the best one win. Mr. Cole, I'm going to ask you to draw. The first name drawn is the winner."

Now that the fate of a human being had been taken out of Cole's hands, it would be natural to suppose that he would show some relief, but, on the contrary, his face went quite white and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. His long, tapering fingers trembled perceptibly as they groped about the upturned hat, and finally closed tightly on one of the three slips of paper. Through his horn glasses he looked steadily at the smiling, calm features of Ongley. Slowly and mechanically he opened the slip of paper and held it close to his face. Then his glance moved from Ongley to the writing on the paper.

"Rita Grinnell," he said.

In the momentary silence that followed the announcement, Cole took the two remaining pieces of paper from the hat and, placing them with the one he already held in his hand, tore them into small

pieces, tossed them over the porch railing, and watched them flutter to the lawn below. It was the kind of action that a man might take to conceal his emotions.

"That's fine," said Ongley; "there's a great opening for a woman violinist." He raised his half-finished glass, hesitated, and put it down. "I've an idea," he said; "that is, if Mr. Cole approves. Why not ask the young lady over here now and tell her of her good fortune? Think of what happy dreams she would have to-night and what a good excuse for us to have another julep and drink to her success."

His mind apparently in a complete daze, Cole nodded his assent, and, as I was only too glad to be in at the finish of Ongley's comedy or tragedy, whichever it was, I, too, promptly approved of the suggestion.

"And I further propose," Ongley said, "that Mr. Cole be appointed a committee of one to fetch Miss Grinnell to us."

Cole got up from the table and, with no more words, left us. Even after he had disappeared in the darkness we could hear his unsteady steps stumbling along the boardwalk that led to the hotel.

Ongley moved his shoulders in a manner that rather suggested a shudder, and in one long gulp finished his julep. "Poor devil," he said; "and it wasn't very pleasant for me to see a man sign his own death-warrant, even if I don't know the man very well."

"It was your own fault," I laughed. "Why in the name of all conscience did you make him do the drawing? Seemed to me the refinement of cruelty."

"That's easy," Ongley said. "Just as an acid test to his heroism. None of those slips of paper contained the name of Miss Grinnell. I wrote the name of Miss Jenkins on two of them, and Miss Nash on the other."

"Then the man's a liar," I said.

"Sure, he's a liar," Ongley agreed; "but he lied like a gentleman for the woman he loved—didn't he? And in doing it he gave up every vestige of hope for his own happiness, and scrapped his future like a man."

Before I could gather my somewhat confused thoughts, and had started to

express my views on the ethics of the case of Cole, we heard the steps of the professor and Miss Grinnell approaching us along the boardwalk. When we were all seated about the round table, our faces barely showing to each other in the dim light of the solitary kerosene-lamp, Ongley arose and formally addressed Miss Grinnell, who was seated just opposite to him. Ongley had a wonderful old-time manner of courtesy and deference, and on this occasion it was particularly impressive not only to myself but, I am sure, to the other two guests who sat at his table.

"Miss Grinnell," he began, "through the inheritance of a good deal of money, for which I did nothing and no doubt but ill deserved, I have nevertheless been able to help those who were really deserving. The only question has been to choose those who were worthy of confidence. With the assistance of my two good friends here we have decided that you are particularly worthy of such confidence, and it has been arranged between us that, if agreeable to you, you shall go abroad and be trained to become a great artist in your chosen profession. No opportunity shall be denied you—that is, no opportunity that money and influence can buy—to become a world figure—that is, in the world of music, and that is a very big world and a very fine world to dwell in. The result will, of course, depend on your own untiring efforts, but at least I can say that we who are here to-night have every confidence in your ultimate triumph."

Ongley bowed and smiled at Miss Grinnell, sat down, and waited. The girl's eyes were extended wide with the wonder of the new world to which the door had so suddenly and so unexpectedly been opened to her. Even in the dim light one could see the scarlet blood rush to her face, diffusing her cheeks and temples, and as we looked at her, we saw a pretty girl transformed to a superb woman. It seemed as if even only the thought of this golden future had in a moment clad her in the rare personality which Ongley claimed needed only opportunity. I had never had the slightest confidence in Rita Grinnell's power to succeed, but now I had every confidence.

How long the silence lasted I do not know, but I know it seemed like many minutes. Miss Grinnell smiled at Ongley as if she were apologizing for her blushes, and then she looked at Cole, and in answer to his nod, evidently of approval and congratulation, she, too, nodded and smiled again.

"It's quite impossible," she began at last, "to even attempt to thank you, Mr. Ongley, for your kindness—quite impossible."

If the girl's words were conventional, even bromidic, there was a certain sureness and a confidence in her manner that impressed me greatly with the fact that she had herself well in hand. "It's a wonderful opportunity for any girl," she went on. "I know that. But strange as it may seem to you all, it is so different from the life I had planned, that I am going to be so ungrateful as to refuse."

For a few moments Miss Grinnell hesitated while she glanced about the table at the three certainly surprised and probably rather crestfallen faces. "Ever since I started to play the violin, and that is practically the time when I began to live," she went on, "I have depended on Mr. Cole. He has been my teacher and the best friend I have ever had, or any girl ever had, and I owe him—well,

pretty much everything. Before I came up here, we had arranged that in the fall I should return to the conservatory and—and so I think I shall return to the conservatory and—and to Mr. Cole."

Miss Grinnell slowly turned her eyes and let them rest calmly and unafraid on those of Cole, and if any of us had harbored the thought that the girl was acting from a sense of duty or gratitude, the look of her eyes—the look that shows how greatly a woman can sometimes love a man—dispelled it at once and for all time.

I suppose that after the revelations of the past few moments Rita Grinnell and Cole had much to say to each other. In any case, I know that without any unnecessary excuses they got up from the table and left us, and Ongley and I watched them—watched them, hand in hand, like two happy children, disappear in the darkness.

For some time we remained silent, and then in the general direction of Ongley I directed a broad grin. "That was a sort of a body blow to art and philanthropy, wasn't it?" I asked.

Ongley stifled an ostentatious yawn and smiled grimly. "I suppose so," he agreed; "but when she turned those big eyes of hers on Cole, it was the jolt she handed bachelorhood that made me wince."

Trails

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

WHEN I have passed the last, far hill-blue turning
Of life's long trail against the sunset burning,
If some can say: "I saw his camp-fire's flame
Gleam through the dark as up the trail I came,
Foot-weary, and discouraged,—and found rest.
He never thought to ask me for my name,
But filled the coffee-pot, and swiftly spread
Fresh-gathered balsam branches for my bed.
We talked until the low moon notched the west.
He said not much. But somehow when he spoke
Within my weary heart new courage woke.
Forgotten was the aching muscle-strain
Of plodding feet and lagging paddle-stroke.
The sullen Future turned a comrade-face,
The grim world seemed a kindly camping-place
The trail-end grew a gladder thing to gain!"
Then can I face the coming night with laughter
Till dawn-light gilds the trails of the Hereafter.

Leaves from My Autobiography

THE UNITED STATES SENATE—AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[THIRD PAPER]

THE UNITED STATES SENATE



Y twelve years in the Senate were among the happiest of my life. The Senate has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best club in the world, but it is more than that. My old friend, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, often said that he preferred the position of senator to that of either president or Chief Justice of the United States. There is independence in a term of six years which is of enormous value to the legislative work of the senator. The member of the House, who is compelled to go before his district every two years, must spend most of his time looking after his re-election. Then, the Senate being a smaller body, the associations are very close and intimate. I do not intend to go into discussion of the measures which occupied the attention of the Senate during my time. They are a part of the history of the world. The value of a work of this kind, if it has any value, is in personal incidents.

One of the most delightful associations of a lifetime, personally and politically, was that with Vice-President James S. Sherman. During the twenty-two years he was in the House of Representatives he rarely was in the City of New York without coming to see me. He became the best parliamentarian in Congress, and was generally called to the chair when the House met in committee of the whole. He was intimately familiar with every political movement in Washington, and he had a rare talent for discriminatory description, both of events and analysis, of the leading characters in the Washington drama. He was one of the wisest of

the advisers of the organization of his party, both national and State.

When President Roosevelt had selected Mr. Taft as his successor he made no indication as to the vice-presidency. Of course, the nomination of Mr. Taft under such conditions was a foregone conclusion, and when the convention met it was practically unanimous for Roosevelt's choice. Who was the best man to nominate for vice-president in order to strengthen the ticket embarrassed the managers of the Taft campaign. The Republican congressmen who were at the convention were practically unanimous for Sherman, and their leader was Uncle Joe Cannon. We from New York found the Taft managers discussing candidates from every doubtful State. We finally convinced them that New York was the most important, but they had gone so far with State candidates that it became a serious question how to get rid of them without offending their States.

The method adopted by one of the leading managers was both adroit and hazardous. He would call up a candidate on the telephone and say to him: "The friends of Mr. Taft are very favorable to you for vice-president. Will you accept the nomination?" The candidate would hesitate and begin to explain his ambitions, his career and its possibilities, and the matter which he would have to consider. Before the prospective candidate had finished, the manager would say, "Very sorry, deeply regret," and put up the telephone.

When the nomination was made these gentlemen who might have succeeded would come around to the manager and say impatiently and indignantly: "I was all right. Why did you cut me off?" However, those gentlemen have had their compensation. Whenever you meet one

of them he will say to you: "I was offered the vice-presidency with Taft but was so situated that I could not accept."

One evening during the convention a wind and rain storm drove everybody indoors. The great lobby of Congress Hall was crowded, and most of those present were delegates. Suddenly there was a loud call for a speech, and some husky and athletic citizen seized and lifted me on to a chair. After a story and a joke, which put the crowd into a receptive mood, I made what was practically a nominating speech for Sherman. The response was intense and unanimous. When I came down from a high flight as to the ability and popularity to the human qualities of "Sunny Jim," I found "Sunny Jim" such a taking characterization that it was echoed and re-echoed. I do not claim that speech nominated Sherman, only that nearly everybody who was present became a most vociferous advocate for Sherman for vice-president.

The position of vice-president is one of the most difficult in our government. Unless the president requests his advice or assistance, he has no public function except presiding over the Senate. No president ever called the vice-president into his councils. McKinley came nearest to it during his administration, with Hobart, but did not keep it up.

President Harding has made a precedent for the future by inviting Vice-President Coolidge to attend all Cabinet meetings. The vice-president has accepted and meets regularly with the Cabinet.

Sherman had one advantage over other vice-presidents in having been for nearly a quarter of a century a leader in Congress. Few, if any, who ever held that office have been so popular with the Senate and so tactful and so effective when he undertook the very difficult task of influencing the action of a Senate, very jealous of its prerogatives and easily made resentful and hostile.

Among my colleagues in the Senate were several remarkable men. They had great ability, extraordinary capacity for legislation, and, though not great orators, possessed the rare faculty of pressing their points home in short and effective speeches. Among them was Senator

Frye, of Maine. He was for many years chairman of the great committee on commerce. Whatever we had of a merchant marine was largely due to his persistent efforts. He saved the government scores of millions in that most difficult task of pruning the River and Harbor Bill. He possessed the absolute confidence of both parties, and was the only senator who could generally carry the Senate with him for or against a measure. While wise and the possessor of the largest measure of common sense, yet he was one of the most simple-minded of men. I mean by this that he had no guile and suspected none in others. Whatever was uppermost in his mind came out. These characteristics made him one of the most delightful of companions and one of the most harmonious men to work with on a committee.

Clement A. Griscom, the most prominent American ship owner and director, was very fond of Senator Frye. Griscom entertained delightfully at his country home near Philadelphia. He told me that at one time Senator Frye was his guest over a week-end. He had, to meet him at dinner on Saturday evening, great bankers, lawyers, and captains of industry of Philadelphia. Their conversation ran from enterprises and combinations involving successful industries and exploitations to individual fortunes and how they were accumulated. The atmosphere was heavy with millions and billions. Suddenly Griscom turned to Senator Frye and said: "I know that our successful friends here would not only be glad to hear but would learn much if you would tell us of your career." "It is not much to tell," said Senator Frye, "especially after these stories which are like chapters from the 'Arabian Nights.' I was very successful as a young lawyer and rising to a leading practice and head of the bar of my State when I was offered an election to the House of Representatives. I felt that it would be a permanent career and that there was no money in it. I consulted my wife and told her that it meant giving up all prospects of accumulating a fortune or independence even, but it was my ambition, and I believed I could perform valuable service to the public, and that as a career its general

usefulness would far surpass any success at the bar. My wife agreed with me cordially and said that she would economize on her part to any extent required.

"So," the senator continued, "I have been nearly thirty years in Congress, part of this time in the House and the rest in the Senate. I have been able on my salary to meet our modest requirements and educate our children. I have never been in debt but once. Of course, we had to calculate closely and set aside sufficient to meet our extra expenses in Washington and our ordinary ones at home. We came out a little ahead every year but one. That year the president very unexpectedly called an extra session, and for the first time in twenty years I was in debt to our landlord in Washington."

Griscom told me that this simple narrative of a statesman of national reputation seemed to make the monumental achievements of his millionaire guests of little account.

Senator Frye's genial personality and vivid conversation made him a welcome guest at all entertainments in Washington. There was a lady at the capital at that time who entertained a great deal and was very popular on her own account, but she always began the conversation with the gentleman who took her out by narrating how she won her husband. I said one day to Senator Frye: "There will be a notable gathering at So-and-So's dinner to-night. Are you going?" He answered: "Yes, I will be there; but it has been my lot to escort to dinner this lady"—naming her—"thirteen times this winter. She has told me thirteen times the story of her courtship. If it is my luck to be assigned to her to-night, and she starts that story, I shall leave the table and the house and go home."

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, was once called by Senator Quay the school-master of the Senate. As the head of the finance committee he had commanding influence, and with his skill in legislation and intimate knowledge of the rules he was the leader whenever he chose to lead. This he always did when the policy he desired or the measure he was promoting had a majority, and the opposition resorted to obstructive tactics. As there is no restriction on debate in the Senate, or

was none at my time, the only way the minority could defeat the majority was by talking the bill to death. I never knew this method to be used successfully but once, because in the trial of endurance the greater number wins. The only successful talk against time was by Senator Carter, of Montana. Carter was a capital debater. He was invaluable at periods when the discussion had become very bitter and personal. Then in his most suave way he would soothe the angry elements and bring the Senate back to a calm consideration of the question.

When he arose on such occasions, the usual remark among those who still kept their heads was: "Carter will now bring out his oil can and pour oil upon the troubled waters"—and it usually proved effective.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, seemed to be a revival of what we pictured in imagination as the statesman who framed the Constitution of the United States, or the senators who sat with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. He was a man of lofty ideals and devotion to public service. He gave to each subject on which he spoke an elevation and dignity that lifted it out of ordinary senatorial discussions. [He had met and knew intimately most of the historical characters in our public life for fifty years, and was one of the most entertaining and instructive conversationalists whom I ever met.

On the other hand, Senator Benjamin Tillman, of South Carolina, who was an ardent admirer of Senator Hoar, was his opposite in every way. Tillman and I became very good friends, though at first he was exceedingly hostile. He hated everything which I represented. With all his roughness, and at the beginning of his brutality, he had a singular streak of sentiment.

I addressed the first dinner of the Gridiron Club at its organization and have been their guest many times since. The Gridiron Club is an association of the newspaper correspondents at Washington, and their dinners several times a year are looked forward to with the utmost interest and enjoyed by everybody privileged to attend.

The Gridiron Club planned an excursion

sion to Charleston, S. C., that city having extended to them an invitation. They invited me to go with them and also Senator Tillman. Tillman refused to be introduced to me because I was chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad, and he hated my associations and associates. We had a wonderful welcome from the most hospitable of cities, the most beautifully located City of Charleston. On the many excursions, luncheons, and gatherings, I was put forward to do the speaking, which amounted to several efforts a day during our three days' visit. The Gridiron stunt for Charleston was very audacious. There were many speakers, of course, including Senator Tillman, who hated Charleston and the Charlestonians, because he regarded them as aristocrats and told them so. There were many invited to speak who left their dinners untasted while they devoted themselves to looking over their manuscripts, and whose names were read in the list at the end of the dinner, but their speeches were never called for.

On our way home we stopped for luncheon at a place outside of Charleston. During the luncheon an earthquake shook the table and rattled the plates. I was called upon to make the farewell address for the Gridiron Club to the State of South Carolina. Of course the earthquake and its possibilities gave an opportunity for pathos as well as humor, and Tillman was deeply affected. When we were on the train he came to me and with great emotion grasped my hand and said: "Chauncey Depew, I was mistaken about you. You are a damn good fellow." And we were good friends until he died.

I asked Tillman to what he owed his phenomenal rise and strength in the conservative State of South Carolina. He answered: "We in our State were governed by a class during the colonial period and afterward until the end of the Civil War. They owned large plantations, hundreds of thousands of negroes, were educated for public life, represented our State admirably, and did great service to the country. They were aristocrats and paid little attention to us poor farmers, who constituted the majority of

the people. The only difference between us was that they had been colonels or generals in the Revolutionary War, or delegates to the Continental Congress or the Constitutional Convention, while we had been privates, corporals, or sergeants. They generally owned a thousand slaves, and we had from ten to thirty. I made up my mind that we should have a share of the honors, and they laughed at me. I organized the majority and put the old families out of business, and we became and are the rulers of the State."

Among the most brilliant debaters of any legislative body were Senators Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, and John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin. They would have adorned and given distinction to any legislative body in the world. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, and Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, were speakers of a very high type. The Senate still has the statesmanship, eloquence, scholarship, vision, and culture of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

One of the wonders of the Senate was Senator M. W. Crane, of Massachusetts. He never made a speech. I do not remember that he ever made a motion. Yet he was the most influential member of that body. His wisdom, tact, his sound judgment, his encyclopædic knowledge of public affairs and of public men made him an authority.

Senator Hanna, who was a business man pure and simple, and wholly unfamiliar with legislative ways, developed into a speaker of remarkable force and influence. At the same time, on the social side, with his frequent entertainments, he did more for the measures in which he was interested. They were mainly, of course, of a financial and economic character.

One of the characters of the Senate, and one of the upheavals of the populist movement, was Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas. Davis was loudly, vociferously, and clamorously a friend of the people. Precisely what he did to benefit the people was never very clear, but if we must take his word for it, he was the only friend the people had. Among his efforts to help the people was to denounce big business of all kinds and anything which gave large employment or had

great capital. I think that in his own mind the ideal State would have been made of small landowners and an occasional lawyer. He himself was a lawyer.

One day he attacked me, as I was sitting there listening to him, in a most vicious way, as the representative of big corporations, especially railroads, and one of the leading men in the worst city in the world, New York, and as the associate of bankers and capitalists. When he finished Senator Crane went over to his seat and told him that he had made a great mistake, warned him that he had gone so far that I might be dangerous to him personally, but in addition to that, with my ridicule and humor, I would make him the laughing-stock of the Senate and of the country. Jeff, greatly alarmed, waddled over to my seat and said: "Senator Depew, I hope you did not take seriously what I said. I did not mean anything against you. I won't do it again, but I thought that you would not care, because it won't hurt you, and it does help me out in Arkansas." I replied: "Jeff, old man, if it helps you, do it as often as you like." Needless to say, he did not repeat.

I have always been deeply interested in the preservation of the forests and a warm advocate of forest preservers. I made a study of the situation in the Appalachian Mountains, where the lumberman was doing his worst, and millions of acres of fertile soil from the denuded hills were being swept by the floods into the ocean every year. I made a report from my committee for the purchase of this preserve, affecting, as it did, eight States, and supported it in a speech. Senator Eugene Hale, a Senate leader of controlling influence, had been generally opposed to this legislation. He became interested, and, when I had finished my speech, came over to me and said: "I never gave much attention to this subject. You have convinced me and this bill should be passed at once, and I will make the motion." Several senators from the States affected asked for delay in order that they might deliver speeches for local consumption. The psychological moment passed and that legislation could not be revived until ten years afterward, and then in a seriously modified form.

I worked very hard for the American mercantile marine. A subsidy of four million dollars a year in mail contracts would have been sufficient, in addition to the earnings of the ships, to have given us lines to South and Central America, Australia, and Asia.

A river and harbor bill of from thirty to fifty millions of dollars was eagerly anticipated and enthusiastically supported. It was known to be a give and take, a swap and exchange, where a few indispensable improvements had to carry a large number of dredgings of streams, creeks, and bayous, which never could be made navigable. Many millions a year were thrown away in these river and harbor bills, but four millions a year to restore the American mercantile marine aroused a flood of indignant eloquence, fierce protest, and wild denunciation of capitalists, who would build and own ships, and it was always fatal to the mercantile marine.

Happily the war has, among its benefits, demonstrated to the interior and mountain States that a merchant marine is as necessary to the United States as its navy, and that we cannot hope to expand and retain our trade unless we have the ships.

The country does not appreciate the tremendous power of the committees, as legislative business constantly increases with almost geometrical progression. The legislation of the country is handled almost entirely in committees. It requires a possible revolution to overcome the hostility of a committee, even if the House and the country are otherwise minded. Some men whose names do not appear at all in the *Congressional Record*, and seldom in the newspapers, have a certain talent for drudgery and detail which is very rare and, when added to shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, makes a senator or a representative a force to be reckoned with on committees. Such a man is able to hold up almost anything.

I found during my Washington life the enormous importance of its social side. Here are several hundred men in the two Houses of Congress, far above the average in intelligence, force of character, and ability to accomplish things. Otherwise

they would not have been elected. They are very isolated and enjoy far beyond those who have the opportunity of club life, social attentions. At dinner the real character of the guest comes out, and he is most responsive to these attentions. Mrs. Depew and I gave a great many dinners, to our intense enjoyment and, I might say, education. By this method I learned to know in a way more intimate than otherwise would have been possible many of the most interesting characters I have ever met.

Something must be done, and that speedily, to bridge the widening chasm between the Executive and the Congress. Our experience with President Wilson has demonstrated this. As a self-centred autocrat, confident of himself and suspicious of others, hostile to advice or discussion, he became the absolute master of the Congress while his party was in the majority.

The Congress, instead of being a co-ordinate branch, was really in session only to accept, adopt, and put into laws the imperious will of the president. When, however, the majority changed, there being no confidence between the executive and the legislative branch of the government, the necessary procedure was almost paralyzed. The president was unyielding and the Congress insisted upon the recognition of its constitutional rights. Even if the president is, as McKinley was, in close and frequent touch with the Senate and the House of Representatives, the relation is temporary and unequal, and not what it ought to be, automatic.

Happily we have started a budget system, which is a step in the right direction. But more is needed. The Cabinet should have seats on the floor of the Houses, and authority to answer questions and participate in debates. Unless our system was radically changed, we could not adopt the English plan of selecting the members of the Cabinet entirely from the Senate and the House. But we could have an administration always in close touch with the Congress if the Cabinet members were in attendance when matters affecting their several departments were under discussion and action.

I heard Senator Aldrich, who was one of the shrewdest and ablest legislators of

our generation, say that if business methods were applied to the business of the government in a way which he could do it, there would be an annual saving of three hundred millions of dollars a year. We are, since the Great War, facing appropriations of five or six billions of dollars a year. I think the saving of three hundred millions suggested by Senator Aldrich could be increased in proportion to the vast increase in appropriations.

There has been much discussion about restricting unlimited debates in the Senate and adopting a rigid closure rule. My own recollection is that during my twelve years unlimited discussion defeated no good measure, but talked many bad ones to death. There is a curious feature in legislative discussion, and that is the way in which senators who have accustomed themselves to speak every day on each question apparently increase their vocabulary as their ideas evaporate. Two senators in my time, who could be relied upon to talk smoothly as the placid waters of a running brook for an hour or more every day, had the singular faculty of apparently saying much of importance while really developing no ideas. In order to understand them, while the Senate would become empty by its members going to their committee rooms, I would be a patient listener. I finally gave that up because, though endowed with reasonable intelligence and an intense desire for knowledge, I never could grasp what they were driving at.

AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS

The United States has always been admirably represented at the Court of St. James. I consider it as a rare privilege and a delightful memory that I have known well these distinguished ambassadors and ministers who served during my time. I was not in England while Charles Francis Adams was a minister, but his work during the Civil War created intense interest in America. It is admitted that he prevented Great Britain from taking such action as would have prolonged the war and endangered the purposes which Mr. Lincoln was trying to accomplish, namely, the preservation of the Union. His curt answer to Lord John Russell, "This means war," changed the policy of the British Government.

James Russell Lowell met every requirement of the position, but, more than that, his works had been read and admired in England before his appointment. Literary England welcomed him with open arms, and official England soon became impressed with his diplomatic ability. He was one of the finest after-dinner speakers, and that brought him in contact with the best of English public life. He told me an amusing instance. As soon as he was appointed, everybody who expected to meet him sent to the book stores and purchased his works. Among them, of course, was the "Biglow Papers." One lady asked him if he had brought Mrs. Biglow with him.

The secretary of the embassy, William J. Hoppin, was a very accomplished gentleman. He had been president of the Union League Club, and I knew him very well. I called one day at the embassy with an American living in Europe to ask for a favor for this fellow countryman. The embassy was overwhelmed with Americans asking favors, so Hoppin, without looking at me or waiting for the request, at once brought out his formula for sliding his visitors on an inclined plane into the street. He said: "Every American—and there are thousands of them—who comes to London visits the embassy. They all want to be invited to Buckingham Palace or to have cards to the House of Lords or the House of Commons. Our privileges in that respect are very few, so few that we can satisfy hardly anybody. Why Americans, when there is so much to see in this old country from which our ancestry came, and with whose literature we are so familiar, should want to try to get into Buckingham Palace or the Houses of Parliament is incomprehensible. There is a very admirable cattle show at Reading. I have a few tickets and will give them to you, gentlemen, gladly. You will find the show exceedingly interesting."

I took the tickets, but if there is anything of which I am not a qualified judge, it is prize cattle. That night, at a large dinner given by a well-known English host, my friend Hoppin was present, and at once greeted me with warm cordiality. Of course, he had no recollections of the morning meeting. Our host, as usual when a new American is present, wanted

to know if I had any fresh American stories, and I told with some exaggeration and embroidery the story of the Reading cattle show. Dear old Hoppin was considerably embarrassed at the chafing he received, but took it in good part, and thereafter the embassy was entirely at my service.

Mr. Edward J. Phelps was an extraordinary success. He was a great lawyer, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States told me that there was no one who appeared before that Court whose arguments were more satisfactory and convincing than those of Mr. Phelps. He had the rare distinction of being a frequent guest at the Benchers' dinners in London. One of the English judges told me that at a Benchers' dinner the judges were discussing a novel point which had arisen in one of the cases recently before them. He said that in the discussion, in which Mr. Phelps was asked to participate, the view which the United States minister presented was so forcible that the decision, which had been practically agreed upon, was changed to meet Mr. Phelps's view. I was at several of Mr. Phelps's dinners. They were remarkable gatherings of the best in almost every department of English life.

At one of his dinners I had a delightful talk with Browning, the poet. Browning told me that as a young man he was several times a guest at the famous breakfasts of the poet and banker, Samuel Rogers. Rogers, he said, was most arbitrary at these breakfasts with his guests, and rebuked him severely for venturing beyond the limits within which he thought a young poet should be confined.

Mr. Browning said that nothing gratified him so much as the popularity of his works in the United States. He was especially pleased and also embarrassed by our Browning societies, of which there seemed to be a great many over here. They sent him papers which were read by members of the societies, interpreting his poems. These American friends discovered meanings which had never occurred to him, and were to him an entirely novel view of his own productions. He also mentioned that every one sent him presents and souvenirs, all of them as appreciations and some as suggestions

and help. Among these were several cases of American wine. He appreciated the purpose of the gifts, but the fluid did not appeal to him.

He told me he was a guest at one time at the dinners given to the Shah of Persia. This monarch was a barbarian, but the British Foreign Office had asked and extended to him every possible courtesy, because of the struggle then going on as to whether Great Britain or France or Russia should have the better part of Persia. France and Russia had entertained him with lavish military displays and other governmental functions, which a democratic country like Great Britain could not duplicate. So the Foreign Office asked all who had great houses in London or in the country, and were lavish entertainers, to do everything they could for the Shah.

Browning was present at a great dinner given for the Shah at Stafford House, the home of the Duke of Sutherland, and the finest palace in London. Every guest was asked, in order to impress the Shah, to come in all the decorating to which they were entitled. The result was that the peers came in robes, which they would not have thought of wearing on such an occasion, and everybody else in any costume of honor possessed. Browning said he had received a degree at Oxford and that entitled him to a scarlet cloak. He was so outranked, because the guests were placed according to rank, that he sat at the foot of the table. The Shah said to his host: "Who is that distinguished gentleman in the scarlet cloak at the other end of the table?" The host answered: "That is one of our greatest poets." "That is no place for a poet," remarked the Shah; "bring him up here and let him sit next to me." So at the royal command the poet took the seat of honor. The Shah said to Browning: "I am mighty glad to have you near me, for I am a poet myself."

It was at this dinner that Browning heard the Shah say to the Prince of Wales, who sat at the right of the Shah: "This is a wonderful palace. Is it royal?" The Prince answered: "No, it belongs to one of our great noblemen, the Duke of Sutherland." "Well," said the Shah, "let me give you a point. When one of my noblemen or subjects gets rich enough

to own a palace like this, I cut off his head and take his fortune."

A very beautiful English lady told me that she was at Ferdinand Rothschild's, where the Shah was being entertained. In order to minimize his acquisitive talents, the wonderful treasures of Mr. Rothschild's house had been hidden. The Shah asked for an introduction to this lady and said to her: "You are the most beautiful woman I have seen since I have been in England. I must take you home with me." "But," she said, "Your Majesty, I am married." "Well," he replied, "bring your husband along. When we get to Teheran, my capital, I will take care of him."

Mr. Phelps's talent as a speaker was quite unknown to his countrymen before he went abroad. While he was a minister he made several notable addresses, which aroused a great deal of interest and admiration in Great Britain. He was equally happy in formal orations and in the field of after-dinner speeches. Mrs. Phelps had such a phenomenal success socially that when her husband was recalled and they left England, the ladies of both the great parties united, and through Lady Rosebery, the leader of the Liberal, and Lady Salisbury, of the Conservative women, paid her a very unusual and complimentary tribute.

During John Hay's term as United States minister to Great Britain, my visits to England were very delightful. Hay was one of the most charming men in public life of his period. He had won great success in journalism, as an author, and in public service. At his house in London one would meet almost everybody worth while in English literary, public, and social life.

In the hours of conversation with him, when I was posting him on the latest developments in America, his comment upon the leading characters of the time were most racy and witty. Many of them would have embalmed a statesman, if the epigram had been preserved, like a fly in amber. He had officially a very difficult task during the Spanish War. The sympathies of all European governments were with Spain. This was especially true of the Kaiser and the German Government. It was Mr. Hay's task to keep Great Britain neutral and prevent

her joining the general alliance to help Spain, which some of the continental governments were fomenting.

Happily, Mr. Balfour, the British foreign minister, was cordially and openly our friend. He prevented this combination against the United States.

During part of my term as a senator John Hay was secretary of state. To visit his office and have a discussion on current affairs was an event to be remembered. He made a prediction, which was the result of his own difficulties with the Senate, that on account of the two-thirds majority necessary for the ratification of a treaty, no important treaty sent to the Senate by the president would ever again be ratified. Happily this gloomy view has not turned out to be entirely correct.

Mr. Hay saved China, in the settlement of the indemnities arising out of the Boxer trouble, from the greed of the great powers of Europe. One of his greatest achievements was in proclaiming the open door for China and securing the acquiescence of the great powers. It was a bluff on his part, because he never could have had the active support of the United States, but he made his proposition with a confidence which carried the belief that he had no doubt on that subject. He was fortunately dealing with governments who did not understand the United States and do not now. With them, when a foreign minister makes a serious statement of policy, it is understood that he has behind him the whole military, naval, and financial support of his government. But with us it is a long road and a very rocky one, before action so serious, with consequences so great, can receive the approval of the war-making power in Congress.

I called on Hay one morning just as Cassini, the Russian ambassador, was leaving. Cassini was one of the shrewdest and ablest of diplomats in the Russian service. It was said that for twelve years he had got the better of all the delegations at Peking and controlled that extraordinary ruler of China, the dowager queen. Cassini told me that from his intimate associations with her he had formed the opinion that she was quite equal to Catherine of Russia, whom he regarded as the greatest woman sovereign who ever lived.

Hay said to me: "I have just had a very long and very remarkable discussion with

Cassini. He is a revelation in the way of secret diplomacy. He brought to me the voluminous instructions to him of his government on our open-door policy. After we had gone over them carefully, he closed his portfolio and, pushing it aside, said: 'Now, Mr. Secretary, listen to Cassini.' He immediately presented an exactly opposite policy from the one in the instructions, and a policy entirely favorable to us, and said: 'That is what my government will do.'" It was a great loss to Russian diplomacy when he died so early.

As senator I did all in my power to bring about the appointment of Whitelaw Reid as ambassador to Great Britain. He and I had been friends ever since his beginning in journalism in New York many years before. Reid was then the owner and editor of the *New York Tribune*, and one of the most brilliant journalists in the country. He was also an excellent public speaker. His long and intimate contact with public affairs and intimacy with public men ideally fitted him for the appointment. He had already served with great credit as ambassador to France.

The compensation of our representatives abroad always has been and still is entirely inadequate to enable them to maintain, in comparison with the representatives of other governments, the dignity of their own country. All the other great powers at the principal capitals maintain fine residences for their ambassadors, which also is the embassy. Our Congress, except within the last few years, has always refused to make this provision. The salary which we pay is scarcely ever more than one-third the amount paid by European governments in similar service.

I worked hard while in the Senate to improve this situation because of my intimate knowledge of the question. When I first began the effort I found there was a very strong belief that the whole foreign service was an unnecessary expense. When Mr. Roosevelt first became president, and I had to see him frequently about diplomatic appointments, I found that this was his view, but with this modification; he said to me: "This foreign business of the government, now that the cable is perfected, can be carried on between our State Department and the

chancellery of any government in the world. Nevertheless, I am in favor of keeping up the diplomatic service. All the old nations have various methods of rewarding distinguished public servants. The only one we have is the diplomatic service. So when I appoint a man ambassador or minister, I believe that I am giving him a decoration, and the reason I change ambassadors and ministers is that I want as many as possible to possess it."

The longer Mr. Roosevelt remained president, and the closer he came to our foreign relations, the more he appreciated the value of the personal contact and intimate knowledge on the spot of an American ambassador or minister.

Mr. Reid entertained more lavishly and hospitably than any ambassador in England ever had, both at his London house and at his estate in the country. He appreciated the growing necessity to the peace of the world and the progress of civilization of closer union of English-speaking peoples. At his beautiful and delightful entertainments Americans came in contact with Englishmen under conditions most favorable for the appreciation by each of the other. The charm of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's hospitality was so genuine, so cordial, and so universal, that to be their guest was an event for Americans visiting England. There is no capital in the world where hospitality counts for so much as in London, and no country where the house-party brings people together under such favorable conditions. Both the city and the country homes of Mr. and Mrs. Reid were universities of international good-feeling. Mr. Reid, on the official side, admirably represented his country and had the most intimate relations with the governing powers of Great Britain.

I recall with the keenest pleasure how much my old friend, Joseph H. Choate, did to make each one of my visits to London during his term full of the most charming and valuable recollections. His dinners felt the magnetism of his presence, and he showed especial skill in having, to meet his American guests, just the famous men in London life whom the American desired to know.

Choate was a fine conversationalist, a wit and a humorist of a high order. His audacity won great triumphs, but if exer-

cised by a man less endowed would have brought him continuously into trouble. He had the faculty, the art, of so directing conversation that at his entertainments everybody had a good time, and an invitation always was highly prized. He was appreciated most highly by the English bench and bar. They recognized him as the leader of his profession in the United States. They elected him a Bencher of the Middle Temple, the first American to receive that honor after an interval of one hundred and fifty years. Choate's witticisms and repartees became the social currency of dinner-tables in London and week-end parties in the country.

Choate paid little attention to conventionalities, which count for so much and are so rigidly enforced, especially in royal circles. I had frequently been at receptions, garden-parties, and other entertainments at Buckingham Palace in the time of Queen Victoria and also of King Edward. At an evening reception the diplomats representing all the countries in the world stand in a solemn row, according to rank and length of service. They are covered with decorations and gold lace. The weight of the gold lace on some of the uniforms of the minor powers is as great as if it were a coat of armor. Mr. Choate, under regulations of our diplomatic service, could only appear in an ordinary dress suit.

While the diplomats stand in solemn array, the king and queen go along the line and greet each one with appropriate remarks. Nobody but an ambassador and minister gets into that brilliant circle. On one occasion Mr. Choate saw me standing with the other guests outside the charmed circle and immediately left the diplomats, came to me, and said: "I am sure you would like to have a talk with the queen." He went up to Her Majesty, stated the case and who I was, and the proposition was most graciously received. I think the royalties were pleased to have a break in the formal etiquette. Mr. Choate treated the occasion, so far as I was concerned, as if it had been a reception in New York or Salem, and a distinguished guest wanted to meet the hosts. The gold-laced and bejewelled and highly decorated diplomatic circle was paralyzed.

Mr. Choate's delightful personality and

original conversational powers made him a favorite guest everywhere, but he also carried to the platform the distinction which had won for him the reputation of being one of the finest orators in the United States.

Choate asked at one time when I was almost nightly making speeches at some entertainment: "How do you do it?" I told him I was risking whatever reputation I had on account of very limited preparation, that I did not let these speeches interfere at all with my business, but that they were all prepared after I had arrived home from my office late in the afternoon. Sometimes they came easy, and I reached the dinner in time; at other times they were more difficult, and I did not arrive till the speaking had begun. Then he said: "I enjoy making these after-dinner addresses more than any other work. It is a perfect delight for me to speak to such an audience, but I have not the gift of quick and easy prepa-

ration. I accept comparatively few of the constant invitations I receive, because when I have to make such a speech I take a corner in the car in the morning going to my office, exclude all the intruding public with a newspaper and think all the way down. I continue the same process on my way home in the evening, and it takes about three days of this absorption and exclusiveness, with some time in the evenings, to get an address with which I am satisfied."

The delicious humor of these efforts of Mr. Choate and the wonderful way in which he could expose a current delusion, or what he thought was one, and produce an impression not only on his audience but on the whole community, when his speech was printed in the newspapers, was a kind of effort which necessarily required preparation. In all the many times I heard him, both at home and abroad, he never had a failure and sometimes made a sensation.

(To be continued.)

What Am I?

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING

Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University



It is an age of questions. The psychologists made out their list, and by examining the 1,700,000 men in the army that constituted a "fair sample" of our population, ranked us

all from age 10 to 19. Mr. Einstein came to America, and every one asked questions of him. The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, and we are still asking how it happened. Indeed, one is moved to ask: "What have we to-day that is not questioned, or concerning which questions are not asked?"

Some questions are of interest to some people, but not to others; some are perhaps interesting to all; but whether there are any questions that are interesting to no one may be doubted.

Now a question that might be supposed

to be of interest to all, though I know that it is not, is the query "What am I?" It would seem that this question would be of interest for the reason that every one is an "I." And yet I know not only that very few ever ask the question, but also that still fewer have an answer for it.

However, it is, fortunately, not necessary to know what the "I" is in order to be one. Also one may not answer the question and still be a successful professional or business man, make friends, have hobbies, grow old, and finally die. Nevertheless, upon giving an answer to this question may depend the answers that one gives to other important questions, such as the question as to what life means. And I am not sure but that upon the answer that is given there also depends much that one does and says in every-day affairs.

These are some of the reasons why the

question is of interest to me. But the chief reason is, perhaps, my intellectual curiosity. I confess that I should really like to know what I am, or what my "I" is.

If, now, having asked my question, I set about to find an answer to it, I am immediately inclined to appeal to science as a source of information. For, living in the twentieth century as I do, I find that perhaps the paramount characteristic of the intellectual spirit of the times is the claim of science to be the best source of answers for all the important questions that one can ask. In accordance, then, with the spirit of the times, I turn to natural science for information, and, first among the natural sciences, to biology.

Modern biology has centred around two theories, both based on observed facts. The one theory, evolution, is that present species of plants and animals have evolved from preceding species; the other, that individual living beings are made up of smaller parts called cells. The acceptance of the former theory is due, as is well known, chiefly to the influence of Darwin's "Origin of Species," first published in 1859, while the latter, the so-called "cell theory," was first propounded in 1838 by Schleiden and Schwann. The modern developments of each of these two theories give answers to our question.

Biology in general has established the fact that all the chemical elements, such as hydrogen and oxygen, and all the physical forces, such as electricity and heat, occurring in living beings, are also found in inorganic nature. What, then, is the difference between the living and the non-living? It is one of complexity and organization. The elements that are found in living beings are organized more complexly than they are in non-living nature. For example, organic molecules have many more atoms in them than have inorganic. But also, as a result of organization, living beings do certain things which inorganic things do not do. Thus, first, a living being, either plant or animal, grows, but only by transmuting the material which it ingests into such form as is suitable for its various tissues. Secondly, all living beings reproduce their kind, this process of reproduction being accompanied by development from youth to reproductive maturity, so that there

is a series of cycles of reproduction and development. All flowering plants well illustrate this. Thirdly, living beings are acted upon by natural objects and forces such as light, heat, and food, but they react toward these forces in that way which is advantageous. For example, even the simplest living beings, such as the *amœba*, discriminate between food and other objects. This fact has led some biologists to claim that all living beings have the analogue of consciousness. No inorganic thing presents at least this particular combination of characteristics, even though it may manifest some of them singly, so that it would seem that it is the fact of the combination that is at least one of the distinguishing features of all living beings.

But living beings consist of cells, and it is this fact that also distinguishes the living from the non-living. Cells are vital units, that is, they are very minute individuals that have a relatively independent life of their own. Cells are also highly specialized in structure and function—for example, there are nerve-cells and muscle-cells. It is, therefore, necessary for them to co-operate, but this they do without losing their individuality and independent life.

A cell, however, is not a static entity. It is dynamic. Many processes are taking place not only within it, but also between it and the environment. These cell processes are the basis for all other bodily processes, such as the passing of a nerve current and the contraction of a muscle.

But all processes, both in organs such as nerves and muscles, and in the cells that make up such organs, at the same time that they are vital processes, are also chemical, physical, and mechanical. This means that a living being consists not only of cells and of those vital parts, such as the nucleus, of which cells themselves are composed, but also of the molecules, the atoms, and the electrons that make up the substance or material of the cell itself. For, as is well known, a molecule consists of atoms, and an atom of electrical charges, both positive and negative. But it also means that a living being is completely determined in all that it is and does, just as are the machines which man constructs, and the rocks and

winds and seas, the electric and mechanical forces, the stars and suns that form the world in which he lives. Law holds supreme in the one as in the other, and in neither is there such a thing as chance. In both, the same cause under the same conditions always produces the same effect.

The appeal to that part of biological science which deals with cells shows, then, in answer to my question, that I am a complex of various kinds of entities existing as it were at different levels, and of the processes that take place at each of these levels. Accordingly I am a being that conforms absolutely to the laws of biology, chemistry, physics, and mechanics. But I am not merely a complex. I am also an organization. Electrical charges are organized, not merely summed or added, to make atoms; atoms, to make molecules; molecules, to make cells; cells, to make organs; and organs, to make the body. This is the rule—the law. I am complex, tremendously so, but I am an organized complex of organized complexes. And I am also a being that conforms rigorously to physical law.

But “evolutionary biology” also has its answers to the question, What am I? Thus it is generally recognized, whatever specific theory of evolution may be accepted, that every organ or function of a living being is characterized by usefulness, either past, present, or future. The usefulness may be in relation either to the life of the individual, or to the life of the species, or to both. I am, then, a complex of organs and functions that are for the most part useful here and now. Shall we go so far as to place the same interpretation on all functions, on all processes, even those that we call rational and ethical?

Perhaps, however, the most interesting answer that “evolutionary biology” gives is derived from the results of the modern study of heredity as this has been guided in recent years by the knowledge of the Mendelian Law. Mendel found in 1865 that, as a typical example, the tallness and dwarfness of peas act in inheritance as a pair of characters that are quite independent of the smoothness and wrinkledness of the seeds, just as, when dealt, the aces in a pack of cards fall

independently of the kings. Any one ace may, for example, in a hand at bridge, be in combination with any one of four kings, so that sixteen combinations of aces and kings are possible, the combination that occurs in any particular deal being entirely a matter of chance, or of the laws of probability. The case is not different in principle with the tallness and dwarfness, the smoothness and wrinkledness of the peas, and with a large number of other characters in both plants and animals which this example illustrates.

Into the elaborate details of recent discoveries in this field we cannot go, but there is no doubt that the modern science of genetics shows conclusively that the inheritance of all individuals of those species that reproduce sexually conforms to the Mendelian Law. Theory and observation both show, then, that a human being is a complex of unit characters, a combination—but a combination that is always so rare that it is never likely to be repeated. On the basis of the various factors involved, Conklin has made the computation that the number of differing human individuals that are possible is three hundred thousand billions. Any particular combination is likely to occur only once in that number of times.

The answer, then, which the modern study of heredity gives to my question is clear. What am I? I am an absolutely unique individual. My exact like probably will never occur again. Nature has dealt the cards, and I am one hand. I can play only with what I have drawn. It is useless to hope or wait for another deal, because, with that deal, I shall not be “I,” but there will be other human beings.

There is a strong tendency on the part of the biologist to insist that his science, together with chemistry, physics, and mechanics, tells the whole story as to what I am. But the claim cannot be admitted. Must one deny that there is a building because there are bricks, a tree because there are leaves and branches and a trunk? As well deny consciousness in its various forms because there are brain and nerve cells, reflex acts and other reactions to stimuli. Consciousness may be but a characteristic of an organized complex, but I am such a complex.

Water is not like hydrogen and oxygen, a building is not like bricks and supports. Consciousness is not like nerve cells and muscles, although it may depend on these. This is the orthodox view in psychology, and the biologists and behaviorists who oppose it have not made out their case.

Orthodox psychology has, as is well known, its own scientific lingo. Every teacher of psychology has written a textbook in which are discussed sensations, percepts, memory images, imagination, concepts, reasoning, ideomotor action, will, habit, reflexes, instincts, emotions, association, dissociation, and the like, and there is no doubt that particular processes of these different types do take place from moment to moment, many of them, indeed, at the same moment. I can, for example, coincidentally have sense-percepts, remember, reason, have emotions, and will to do something. I can also be conscious of myself—whatever the self may be—although it is evident that the consciousness of self does not disclose what the self is. But perceiving, remembering, thinking, and the like are processes, and a process is a change. There is a “stream of consciousness,” as William James said. My consciousness now is not what it was a minute ago, nor what it will be a minute hence.

What, then, am I? Am I the present consciousness? If I am, then I am not the same self that I was or will be. I am, rather, many selves. And if I am this, which one of the many is *the* self?

But if I am not the *present* consciousness, but some consciousness that is past, then is the “I” a conscious I? Is it not, rather, a consciousness become subconscious, and organized either alone by itself, or both by itself and also with my present consciousness? If the “I” is, however, this particular complex of both present and past consciousness, then it is not exclusively either conscious or subconscious, but, rather, the organization of the two.

This possible solution of the problem raises the further question, however, as to what the nature of “the subconscious” is. Is the subconscious one in kind with consciousness, only less in degree or intensity? Or is it a “coconsciousness” of the same intensity as consciousness, but

“split-off,” as is shown to be possible by the fact of the existence in certain individuals of two or more disconnected personalities? Or, finally, is it purely physiological and, therefore, physical? What happens to me, for example, when I am in a dreamless sleep, or under the influence of an anæsthetic? Is there then a total lack of consciousness, or am I conscious, but subsequently unable to recall the specific conscious processes that took place? In the former case, either there is no longer an “I,” or the “I” is purely physiological, and not in the least dependent upon or identical with consciousness. In the second case, while it is implied that the “I” is conscious, the “I” is nevertheless something that cannot be got at—something of which I cannot by volition be conscious.

Such considerations show that it is most difficult, if not impossible, to identify the “I” with a conscious being, and that in so far as orthodox psychology has endeavored to make this identification, the endeavor has failed.

For at least the time being, then, I leave the kind of psychology that deals with the conscious, and pass to the examination of that kind of evidence which shows that there is such a thing as the subconscious. This evidence is furnished by “abnormal psychology,” or by psychiatry and psychoanalysis.

That we are never at any period of time conscious of all that we can be conscious of will be granted by all. But that there are experiences that are registered and conserved, and that profoundly influence our consciousness without themselves ever being in the field of consciousness, indeed with it impossible volitionally to bring those experiences into that field, will not be so readily granted. Yet that there are such subconscious processes is the only conclusion that will account for a host of observable facts.

The types of evidence which demand this conclusion are as follows:

First, it is found that memories of certain experiences are revealed in automatic writing, either under normal or under hypnotic conditions, that cannot voluntarily be brought into the field of consciousness. Further, the more precise details and circumstances of the occurrence of these experiences are revealed by

the subject when in hypnotic condition. There is no doubt, then, that these experiences are conserved. The further study of these experiences by the disclosures of the subject when automatically writing or when hypnotized shows that they account for certain conscious processes, for example, for phobias, which the subject consciously cannot account for at all. As conserved, yet as not accessible to volitional control, these experiences must be subconscious, while as accounting for the occurrence and persistence of specific conscious states they are subconscious influences.

Secondly, hypnotized subjects are often able to recall dreams that cannot be remembered in normal consciousness. Dreams are themselves the effects of conserved experiences that are not in normal consciousness, and that in the majority of cases cannot be brought into that consciousness by volitional effort. This is true, whatever further interpretation be made of dreams, that is, whether they be regarded as symbols, as fantasies, or as realistic reproductions.

Thirdly, there are certain perceptions which seemingly never enter even the fringe of the normal consciousness, and which nevertheless are conserved. Both the occurrence of such perceptions and their conservation are demonstrated by the recall of the perceptive experiences by subjects both when hypnotized and when automatically writing. As examples of the kind of things that can be thus subconsciously perceived one may mention paragraphs in newspapers and minor details of dress. These experiences cannot be volitionally recalled, but if a subject is hypnotized, they can be reproduced in the consciousness of that subject.

Fourthly, post-hypnotic phenomena give rich evidence of the fact of the subconscious. For example, if it be suggested to a subject in hypnotic condition that a specific arithmetical problem be solved and the answer given at a specified later time, and if the subject be awakened from the hypnosis before there is opportunity to solve the problem, then, in successful experiments, the subject will automatically and absent-mindedly at the time specified give the answer to the problem. Frequent success in such ex-

periments shows that there are subconscious reasoning processes.

Fifthly, instances of so-called secondary personality demonstrate the reality of the subconscious, and of the possibility of its far-reaching influence on the conscious. But the subconscious in such instances tends to become what Doctor Morton Prince calls the "coconscious."

Doctor Prince says:

"A subconscious personality is a condition where complexes of subconscious processes have been constellated into a personal system, manifesting a secondary system of self-consciousness endowed with volition, intelligence, etc. Such a subconscious personality is capable of communicating with the experimenter and describing its own mental processes. It can, after repression of the primary personality, become the sole personality for the time being, and then remember its previous subconscious life. By making use of the testimony of a subconscious personality, we can not only establish the actuality of subconscious processes, but by prearrangement with this personality predetermine any particular process we desire and study the modes in which it influences conscious thought and conduct. For instance, we can prescribe a conflict between the subconsciousness and the personal consciousness, and observe the resultant mental and physical behavior. Subconscious personalities, therefore, afford a valuable means for studying the mechanism of the mind.

"The conclusion, then, seems compulsory that the subconscious processes in many conditions, particularly those that are artificially induced and those that are pathological, are *coconscious* processes."*

It has become the fashion in recent years, perhaps largely because of the influence of the Austrian psychoanalyst Freud and his school, to discourse on that development of the theory of the subconscious which has to do with all sorts of "complexes," suppressions, conflicts, and the like, and especially to regard the sex-complex as dominant. It lies, however, quite outside the purpose of this article either to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of Freud's views, or to dilate upon them. Basically, however, in their insistence

* "The Unconscious," pp. 159-160.

upon the rôle played by the subconscious, they are regarded as established. The subconscious has come to stay. In fact, it has always been with us.

Certain points stand out, however, as the result of the recent study of the subconscious that help us to answer the question with which we started:

First, in all automatic motor phenomena such as gesturing, playing a musical instrument, and speaking, it is the subconscious processes that are doing the work. The "I," when I think and speak, is very largely if it is not, indeed, solely the subconscious "I."

Secondly, ideas and experiences, both those that we get consciously and those that occur subconsciously, as in the case of subconscious perceptions, become organized into systems or complexes in which there may also be included emotions and feelings. Systems or complexes and their "elements" are, while in a state of conservation, and perhaps also as actively functioning complexes, subconscious. Yet that which makes "elements" into a system is "linkage," or organization, and a basis for this is found in the neurones, or nerve-fibres, that connect directly or indirectly practically all parts of the brain with all other parts. The systems that result differ in their characteristics. For example, some complexes include the conserved after-effects of strong emotions, and it is such emotional complexes that are the causes of certain specific emotional disturbances, such as hysteria. Other systems may in contrast be called "subject-systems," since they are relatively emotionless. Subject-systems constitute the conserved elements of the experiences that occur in those fields in which one is especially "interested" and active. Indeed, education may be defined as the process of organizing such specific complexes, so that, for example, in the case of a "liberally" educated person, there would be a "history complex," a "Greek complex," a "mathematical complex," and so on. But there might also be a "golf complex" and a "bridge complex."

Thirdly, subconscious complexes are themselves organized into still "higher" complexes, until the organization reaches in some cases such a degree or such an extent, one or both, that there is an emer-

gence of *personality*. This emergence is characterized by such phenomena as the taking on of a name, the showing of a different emotional disposition from that of the normal personality, the possession of certain "ideals," the ability to act voluntarily and intelligently, the communicating with other personalities, and, finally, the manifestation of a consciousness of self. "The subconscious" thus becomes a personality, but one from which there is shut off the normal consciousness of the primary personality. Such a personality is secondary, and conscious. If, however, the organization of the subconscious, for example, in the case of a hypnotized subject, does not reach that degree in which a secondary personality emerges, but stops short of this, then the questions arise: What has become of the normal personality? Is there any personality at all for the time being? Is not all personality in abeyance? This last question must seemingly be answered with "yes," and yet so to answer it has important consequences. For, on the one hand, that the self is not the present span of consciousness has already been shown, and, on the other hand, it has also been found that the subconscious need not reach the degree of being a personality. The conclusion seems forced upon us, therefore, that the primary personality normally is the organization of the two, that is, of the present span of consciousness and the much larger range of the subconscious, when this last is not itself a personality.

This brings us to a new stage in the answering of our question. What am I? Certainly all that biology, physics, chemistry, and mechanics show that I am, and also all that orthodox psychology discloses me to be. But abnormal psychology compels the further conclusion that I am also a subconsciousness, indeed that this part of me is even more important in some respects than is my consciousness. Yet I am not exclusively any one of these "things." The study of the subconscious shows that it does not always become a personality. A certain degree of organization is necessary in order that personality shall emerge. And, normally, when there is only one personality, only one "I," it is the sub-

conscious and the conscious that are organized together.

Indeed, if we retrace our steps and look for some one characteristic that is present at each step or level in the building up of the personality, we find that that constant is organization. I am "electronic," but not exclusively so; I am atomic, but, again, not exclusively so. Yet whatever I am, electronic, atomic, molecular, cellular, subconscious, conscious, I am in each one of these respects also an organization.

Since organization is, then, the one constant or invariant thus far discovered, we must inquire as to what the further bearing of this is on our problem. Can any laws or principles or corollaries of organization be found? I think there can be, and that one of these principles is this: At every "higher" level of organization there is something, some quality, that is not present at any lower level. There is something that is qualitatively new, something that is of a different order from the preceding "lower" levels, and that at the level of the new order acts as a unit. Molecules are qualitatively different from atoms, and act under certain circumstances in relation to other molecules as units. Cells also are qualitatively different from their components and act as units in relation to other cells. The same principle holds good for the human personality.

What am I? I am different kinds of entities, some of them existing in tremendous numbers. I am electrons, atoms, molecules, cells, organs, and a body. But I am also as certainly subconscious and conscious as I am physical, chemical, and biological. Yet I am not merely any one or all of these. I am the organization of all of them. And as an organization of entities at successive different levels, I am a hierarchy. I am more complex as regards the electrons that are "me" than as regards the atoms. I am complex even as regards my subconsciousness and my consciousness. But is my "I" a complex? Or is there at the summit of the hierarchy a singleness or numerical oneness?

My answer is: "Yes, there is." Not only is there a newness of quality at each succeeding higher level, but there is also a unitariness. This is the second principle of organization that I now discover.

Qualitative "newness" and "oneness" go together. That which is a "one" at each higher level is in some respects qualitatively new, and that which is "new" is a quality of that which is a "one" in relation to other things at that level, for example, molecules to molecules, cells to cells, personality to personality.

If, now, I apply these principles to the question, What am I? I am led to the important and rather unexpected conclusion that I am not only something more than electrons, molecules, cells, a body, but also something more than even a subconsciousness and a consciousness. There is an "I" that transcends all those different parts that are organized to make up the "I," and this "I" is not only *one*, but it is also qualitatively different, as regards some of its characteristics, from those parts. This "I" is as much my personality, my self, as are the constituents which make it up. Indeed, I conclude that it is much more my self than are they, since they as organized lead to it.

Practically all writers on the nature of the personality or of the self admit this argument, but do not draw the inevitable conclusion from it. For example, Professor E. G. Conklin in his recent book, "The Direction of Human Evolution," says: "New combinations give rise to *new* qualities. When hydrogen and oxygen combine, they produce *something which is different from either*." * And in an earlier book, "Heredity and Environment," the same author speaks repeatedly of "the essential unity of the entire organism." Similarly Doctor Stewart Paton in his excellent recent volume, entitled "Human Behavior," clearly distinguishes the unity from the complexity and finds that the latter does not preclude the former. As well deny the unity of the personality, he says, as "deny the existence of unity to an organic chemical compound because it is composed of many parts." † Explicit recognition is thus made by these authorities, who but express the conclusions of the majority of writers in this field, of the facts of synthesis, of "newness" and of unity. But these facts are not emphasized nor are their implications developed.

* P. 10. Italics mine.

† P. 115.

One implication in particular, in addition to those already indicated, remains to be stated. The implication is that if at each level of organization there is something new—a difference of kind and not of degree—then each level is *free* from the limitations of all the preceding levels. Each level is a new kind of fact in the universe, and cannot be reduced to other kinds of fact. And its freedom consists in acting in agreement with those very characteristics that constitute its “newness.”

Why, then, may not this “newness” in the case of the “I” that ultimately emerges as a result of organization, put this “I” into a realm of fact that the sciences cannot and do not deal with at all—a realm that is the ethical, the æsthetic, and the rational? My answer is that this is just what does happen. In other words, I find that as a personality I belong to a rational and to an ethical realm, and that as belonging to those realms I am free from the limitations of the other, the scientific realms to which I also belong. In the ethical and rational realms I am, however, not lawless. That is not the nature of my freedom. But law in those realms is a different kind of law from law in other realms, and so as a rational and ethical being I am free from the *limitations* of the laws of biology, chemistry, and physics. This is the third principle of organization.

In endeavoring to answer our initial question, we have traversed in brief the more important natural sciences, only to find that we are led ultimately beyond science. There is something that I am that natural science cannot disclose, and that there is this “something” is an implication of natural science itself. Only in an age, however, when natural science has developed so rapidly and become so efficient as to be induced to claim that it can solve all problems, would this result be doubted. In the periods of Greek and mediæval thought, when philosophy and religion were respectively the two dominant motives, it would not have been challenged.

Does our result mean, then, that we should return to that earlier attitude of

mind, and forego the teachings of science? Impossible, even if advisory. But it does mean that natural science cannot answer all questions, perhaps for the very simple reason that not everything is part of nature, and that there are some facts that are not compassed by the whole range of science from mechanics to psychology. The “I,” the personality at the apex of the hierarchy of the entities with which science does deal, is one of those facts.

What, then, am I at this level? The answer is that I am a unit, a personality, with characteristics different from those of all the parts of which I am composed. I am the kind of entity that, historically, religion, art, literature, ethics, politics, and philosophy have dealt with. I am not a thing, but a value, like goodness and beauty and truth. No “mechanical explanation” in terms of any science suffices to explain or even describe me. Much more, indeed, through those “bodies of knowledge” that deal with the lives, the successes and disappointments, the conflicts, the desires, the hopes, and ideals of men, do I discern what I am, what the human personality is.

I conclude, then, that it is to literature, art, ethics, religion, and philosophy that one must turn if one would find what the personality is. Personality is what personality does, and we do not find personality at any of those levels of which science treats. It is only at a higher, a non-scientific level, that personality exists, and at this level personality comes in contact with personality, with beauty, with the good, and with the immaterial, the ideal, and the spiritual.

Finally, if my argument is correct, this necessity is to be regarded as due, not to ignorance, which would allow one to say that in time, when science has progressed further, it will answer all questions, but to the nature of things. It is a necessity that is writ deep in the very structure of the universe. There are some things that can be measured, counted, correlated, and expressed in formulas according to the methods of science, but there are other quite as directly and as certainly experienced facts that do not submit to these methods. And personality is such a fact.

My Stevensons

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

WITH FACSIMILES FROM MR. ARNOLD'S COLLECTION



IN Edinburgh, a few years before the Great War, while chatting with a Scot with whom I had a bookish acquaintance, I made an allusion to Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Would you like to meet Cummy?" said my companion. I eagerly assented.

A few hours later, bearing a letter of introduction, my wife and I rang Alison Cunningham's door-bell. The old nurse gave us a glad greeting; she said she liked Americans. Conversation was difficult—Cummy was stone-deaf, so what we wished to say had to be written. Soon, in response to our messages, she became delightfully voluble.

One of the reminiscences of her "dear boy" was that at a time when he had been very, very naughty, Mrs. Stevenson gave directions to have him stand in a corner of the room. After half an hour Cummy successfully interceded for pardon. On telling Louis to come to her he said: "Sh-sh—don't talk to me; I'm telling myself a story."

Another tale was of the delicate child waking in the night after frightful dreams. He would cry, "Gie me the Bible! Gie me the Bible!" but with the coming of dawn his call was "Gie me the novel! Gie me the novel!"

Time and again the rigors of the Edinburgh winter impelled the boy's mother to take him to milder climes. In his fifteenth year, while at Torquay, he wrote a letter in rhyme to Cummy which, notwithstanding crudities, reveals incipient descriptive powers. I have never seen this letter in print, although several transcriptions have been made. My copy is the original that was sent to the beloved nurse. It seems quite worth while to give it here in full.

"This rhyming letter's writ to the (*sic*)
From Glen Villa at Torquay
It is raining plashing pouring
And without the wind is roaring
Among the cliffs that bound the sea
And through the boughs of every tree
With an untuneful melody
Not peculiar to Torquay
Oft I've heard it midst the shades
Of Drey Norns* lovely wooded glades
And now again we've got it here
Quite as bad as there I fear
Imagine to yourself a hill
And then another and one more still
Then mix together houses white
And cliffs of a stupendous height
And just as red as red can be
And then a landlocked bit of sea
Mix these together with each hill
And place three capes beyond that still
And then you'll have the fair Torquay
That is as near as near can be
But I've forgot the Port to add
Which really is a deal too bad
Our ill luck never seems to leave us
The weather here is quite as grievous
As it was in Edinburray
Which we left in such a hurry
For to try if we could find
A place more suited to Ma's mind
But now the lunch has been brought in
With bread and cheese and Burtons beer
So I must leave this preely letter
And occupation for a better
I being feasted take again
The Ink, the paper and the pen
So now you see I've writ to thee
A letter very long Ma'am
And as this rhyme took up much time
It needed patience strong Ma'am
Its I am ill and stay my fill
In Glen Villa Meadfoot Road
Which as you see will need to be
Till I get round again Ma'am.

ROBERT LEWIS BALFOUR STEVENSON
Glen Villa
Torquay March /65"

* A wood near Colinton

The superscription is "Mrs. Cunningham, Torryburn, from Lewis."

One of the most highly prized volumes in my collection is the little blue-cloth book "A Child's Garden of Verses" which, it will be remembered, was dedi-

cated by Stevenson to the woman who did so much to make his young life happy. Mine is the "Dedication Copy," for on the title-page is inscribed:

"To Alison Cunningham from R. L. S."

I have an unpublished letter, written by Stevenson to his mother when the book was in preparation, which contains a paragraph that marks most emphatically his sense of gratitude and loyalty.

"I stick to what I said about Cummy: which was that she was the person entitled to the dedication; if I said she was the *only* person who would understand, it was a fashion of speaking; but to Cummy the dedication is due because she has had the most trouble and the least thanks. Ecco! As for auntie, she is my aunt, and she is a lady, and I am often decently civil to her, and I don't think I ever insulted her: four advantages that could not be alleged for Cummy. That was why, out of the three of you, I chose Cummy; and that is why I think I chose right."

After several years of training in engineering, Stevenson, in his twenty-first year, told his father of his disinclination for the pursuit and his desire to enter the profession of literature. This request was reluctantly granted with the proviso that he should at once begin the study of law so that he might have another profession to turn to in the event of failure in the realm of letters. His biographer, Graham Balfour, has this to say of a short diary kept on a folio sheet of paper at the time the young man first entered the law office where he was to learn conveyancing.

"I have printed nearly the whole of it for the sake of the contrasts; the high spirits and the sentiment, the humour and the immaturity, make a remarkable conjunction. Already it would be difficult for any one to read it without recognizing the author, or else prognosticating for him a future which, at any rate, should be neither commonplace nor obscure."

This folio sheet, now in my possession, is so significant and is such a charming disclosure of the mind of the author *in esse* that I venture to print it here in full; the omissions and verbal changes of Mr.

Balfour are disregarded and the text of the manuscript meticulously adhered to.

"*Thursday May 9th.* Went to office for first time. Had to pass an old sailor and an idiot boy, who tried both to join company with me, lest I should be late for office. A fine sunny breezy morning, walking in. A small boy (about ten) calling out 'Flory' to a dog was very pretty. There was a quaint, little *tremolo* in his voice that gave it a *longing*, that was both laughable and touching. All the rest of the way in, this voice rang in my memory and made me very happy.

"*Friday May 10th.* Office work—copying, at least—is the easiest of labour. There is just enough mind-work necessary to keep you from thinking of anything else, so that one simply ceases to be a reasoning being and feels *stodged* and stupid about the head, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Miss Fairfoul—girl at Wilson's the tobacconist's—married to Montieth, a nephew of Lord Mar's, the day before yesterday. Miss F. was a good friend of mine and I do not think she will disgrace her new *whats-his-name*.

"*Sunday May 21st.* My father and I walked over to Glencaise to church. A fat ruddy farm wench showed us the way; for the church, although on the top of a hill, is so buried amg tree tops that one does not see it till one trips against the plate. It is a quaint old building and the minister, Mr. Torrance (his father and grandfather were here before him) is still more quaint and striking. He is about eighty; and he lamed himself last summer dancing a reel at a wedding. He wears black, thread gloves; and the whole manner of the man in the pulpit breathes of last century. After church, my father and I were taken to Woodhouselee to lunch by Professor Tytler. It is a very interesting old place, and the family is *charmante*.

"*Monday May 12th.* In all day at the office. In the evening dined with Bob. Met Catton, who was quite drunk and spent nigh an hour in describing his wife's last hours—an infliction which he lured us to support with sherry ad lib. Splendid moonlight night. Bob walked out to Fairmilehead with me. We were both rather better than good, and in a state of mind that only comes to (*sic*) seldom in

a lifetime. We danced and sang the whole way up the long hill, without sensible fatigue. I think there was no actual conversation—at least none has remained in my memory: I recollect nothing but ‘profuse bursts of unpremeditated song.’ Such a night was worth gold untold. *Ave! pia testa!* After we parted company at the toll, I walked on counting my money and I noticed that the moon shone upon each individual shilling as I dropped it from one hand to the other; which made me think of that splendid passage in Keats, winding up with the joke about the ‘poor, patient oyster.’

“*Wednesday 22nd.* At work all day at Court—work being periphrasis for sitting on my behind, taking three lunches and running two errands. In the evening, started in the rain alone and seeing a fellow in front I whistled him to wait till I came up. He proved to be a pit-worker from Mid Calder, and—faute de mieux—I bribed him by the promise of ale to keep me company as far as New Pentland Inn. I heard from him that the *Internationale* was already on foot at Mid-Calder, but was not making much progress. I acquitted myself as became a child of the *Proprietariat* and warned him, quite apostolically against all connexion (*sic*) with this Abomination of Desolation. He seemed much impressed, and more wearied. He told me some curious stories of body-snatching from the lonely little burying ground at old Pentland, and spoke with the exaggerated horror, that I have always observed in common people, of this very excusable misdemeanour. I was very tired of my friend before we got back again; and so I think he was of me. But I paid for the beer; so he had the best of it.

“*Friday July 5.* A very hot, sunny day. The Princess Street Gardens were full of girls and idle men, steeping themselves in the sunshine. A boy lay on the grass under a clump of gigantic hemlocks in flower, that looked quite tropical and gave the whole Garden a southern smack that was intensely charming in my eyes. He was more ragged than one could conceive possible. It occurred to me that I might here play *le dieu des pauvres* gens and repeat for him that pleasure that I so often try to acquire artificially

for myself by hiding money in odd corners and hopelessly trying to forget where I have laid it; so I slipped a halfpenny into his ragged waistcoat pocket. One might write whole essays about his delight at finding it.”

Books formerly owned by Stevenson are not easily obtained, and those that become available are quickly snatched up by collectors. In the catalogue of a New York dealer, sent to me about a year ago, I found one of these rarities thus described:

STEVENSON'S COPY WITH AUTOGRAPH

250. ANTONINUS. The Emperor Marcus Antoninus. His Conversation with Himself. Together with the preliminary Discourse of the learned Gataker. Translated by Jeremy Collier. *Portrait by Van der Gucht.* 8vo, old calf in a full green levant-morocco slip-case.

London, 1708 \$37.50

Inscribed on inside front cover: “R. L. Stevenson, Sept. 1869.” A large number of passages are marked in pencil and there are a few notes. From Stevenson's Library, with book label signed Isobel Strong.

Not less than a thousand collectors had received the catalogue as soon as I, so there was only a little chance that my order would be the first, especially as the price, in my estimation, was only a fraction of the value of this book of unusual association. I read the catalogue of an evening and telephoned early the next morning; the volume was in my hands before night. A day later I received a letter from the dealer asking whether I was satisfied to keep the book—he had “received another order”—doubtless many more.

In the essay “Books Which Have Influenced Me,” first published in his thirty-seventh year, Stevenson has this to say of the “Meditations.” He had then owned his copy for eighteen years.

“The dispassionate gravity, the noble forgetfulness of self, the tenderness of others, that are there expressed and were practiced on so great a scale in the life of its writer, make this book a book quite by itself. No one can read it and not be moved. Yet it scarcely or rarely appeals to the feelings—those very mobile, those not very trusty parts of man. Its address lies further back: its lesson comes more deeply home; when you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though you had

touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend; there is another bond on you thenceforward, binding you to life and to the love of virtue."

He carried the old tome with him to the South Seas; it bears the Vailima ticket inserted after his death in each volume of his library. The old calf binding still shines with the coat of varnish applied to the covers of all of the books Stevenson had with him in his tropic home to preserve them from the ravages of insects.

Stevenson and George Meredith first met in the spring of 1878. Notwithstanding the wide difference of ages the two men immediately established a sympathetic relation. I have in my collection a letter written by the older friend which in a few words discloses the thoughtful regard in which he held the aspiring young writer.

The year date should be 1879—the common January mistake.

"Box Hill, Dorking
January 14th 1878

"My dear Stevenson,

"I wish you all good things, and best of all, good heart for work, through the year. We were sorry to have missed seeing you, and supposed that Christmas would whirl you off to Edinborotown.

"The *Egoist* is not yet out of my hands, and when it is I doubt that those who care for my work will take to it. How much better it is always to work in the grooves. From not doing so, I find myself shunning the date of publication: the old dream of pleasure in it has long gone by.— I sent Kegan Paul a poem for the first number of his *N. Quarterly M.*— He tells me he is not sure when your story will be ready and binds me to produce him one. We can work in the same field, and I am well satisfied to think that we work together. A host of rubbishy applicants assails him already.

"Is the play finished? I should imagine Mr. Henley to be an excellent collaborateur; shall be glad to have the title, and more to sit on the banks and thrill with your great invention. Also I am very curious about the tour. My wife would fain hear what prisons you were

taken to, and the general bearing of officials toward you.

"By the way, if now you are at work on everything human, know that this is not to be done without record of an oath to take the Summer for idleness. I could do things had I yearly six months of inertness. What lights would not be seen in my vacancy! and you, bear in mind that you forfeit your richness by labouring it overmuch. At your age do nothing for ambition, nothing for money, so will your production be good and choice, while you now go on amassing treasure for the time when a man may reasonably write for ambition and will be too reasonable to do it. We claim you here to stay with us in the Spring. Present my compliments to your father & mother. My wife & the boy & girl are well. They often speak of you. As to my work, you shall hear of it when you come. Yours ever faithfully

GEORGE MEREDITH."

The "story" by Stevenson which was not yet ready was probably "The Story of a Lie," which appeared in the October number of the new magazine. The "play" was "Deacon Brodie," rewritten from many early experiments but not printed until 1880. The "tour" was "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes": the incidents of that unusual journey were doubtless related to amused listeners when Stevenson visited the Merediths in the following May. The book was not published until June.

No wonder Meredith was curious about the tour. In the previous autumn Stevenson had gone alone to the little mountain town of Monastier in central France. Here he spent nearly a month getting acquainted with the inhabitants, making preparations for the proposed journey, and writing articles with a view to publication. The deliberate object of the journey itself was the production of a book. The first chapter, as originally planned, was to be a description of Monastier and its people. Two separate manuscript drafts of this sketch each headed with the title adopted for the book are in my possession but neither of these trial efforts were included in the published volume. On second thought, the young

writer doubtless realized that as Monastier was not a part of the actual journey, it was scarcely pertinent to devote much space to what was merely the point of departure. The longer of these early drafts formed the major portion of an article entitled "A Mountain Town in France," first published in 1896 in the winter number of *The Studio*, accompanied by illustrations from drawings made by Stevenson himself during his sojourn.

I am fortunate in having three cheery little letters written from Monastier to the mother of the adventurous visitor. All three are hitherto unpublished.

"Sept. 1878.

Chez Marel
Monastier
Haute Loire

"My dear mother,

"I suppose you are now at Buxton, but as you have not sent me your address, I cannot address except to Swanston. I am much better, and in good spirits. The country is beautiful, rather too like the Highlands, but not so grand. The valley of the Gazeille below the village is my favorite spot; a winding dell of cliffs and firwoods with here and there green meadows. The Mézenc, highest point of central France is only a few miles from here. My company consists of one fellow of the Ponts et chaussées, two excise officers, and a precepteur de contributions directes. There are sometimes horrid scenes at table. The Engineer is the best.

"There is news!

Ever your afft son
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

"Chez Marel
au Monastier, Haute Loire

"My dear Mother,

"I heard that my father meant to give me coins for this little banishment. I am in a wager with the world to carry on my affairs at my own expense if I can. But if I am still to have my allowance of £25 a quarter, and you would not mind giving me the arrears of two quarters due, £50, I own I should take that gladly, and should not feel as I had lost my wager.

"I am ill to-day, having both over-worked and over-walked yesterday. The people for miles round know me and my gaiters and my cane, by now. 'Vous

Rentrez au Monastier?' they cry as I go past. The engineer is a very nice fellow, so my meals go well, and I take a walk with him in the evening before bed. The pension is 3½ francs, say three shillings, a day; and the food capital, really good and plentiful, and the wine much stronger and pleasanter than most ordinaires. Besides which, there is some Saint Joseph, of which I sometimes treat myself to a bottle, which is gaudy fine stuff. I like the country better almost every day, and get on with my sketching better than I could have expected.

Ever your afft son
R. L. S."

"Monastier
Sunday, Sept. 8, 1878.

"My dear mother,

"Rec'd Scots Worthies, *without notes*. However it is a rotten book, and not worth a rush at best. I sketch, I shoot with a revolver, I work, I take long walks; generally, I have a good time; above all I am happy to meet none but strangers; this pleases me greatly. In a little while, I shall buy a donkey and set forth upon my travels to the south; another book ought to come of it. In the meantime, I have scarce enough energy, and still too much work on hand. I must have a clean bill before I start. Tell me about Buxton, and who my father finds to flirt with. I cannot exactly say I wish I were with you, for indeed I am better here by myself; but I wish I wished so

ever your afft son
R. L. S."

What Stevenson put before us in "Travels with a Donkey" is really a quixotic and sentimental journey of the nineteenth century—a modest successor to the classic prototypes of Cervantes and Sterne.

We are told that the traveller wrote the account of his little tour during the ensuing winter, but the fact is that the book was virtually written in the twelve days of the journey itself. There is now in my happy possession the journal in which Stevenson, with a fulness of detail almost marvellous when we consider the circumstances, tells the story of his adventures. This journal, revised and

somewhat amplified, became the text of the book as published.

In view of the unusual character of the journal it seems to me quite worth while

to put before the reader a few representative extracts, and to place next to them the same matters as they are related in the book.

The first of these takes us to the inn at which the traveller puts up the first night:

From the Manuscript Journal

"The sleeping-room was double bedded; I had one; and I will own I was somewhat abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of en-sconcing themselves in the other. Honi soit, que mal y pense; but I was sufficiently sophisticated to feel abashed. I kept my eyes to myself as much as I could; and I know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, full, white and shapely; whether she slept naked or in her slip, I declare I know not; only her arms were bare. To be thus admitted into the conjugal alcove struck me as so unaffectedly indiscreet that I sought to make peace with the husband, who told me, over a cup of my brandy, that he was a cooper of Valais travelling to St Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. We were all tired however and soon slept the sleep of the traveller without fuss or after thought."

From the Book as Published

"The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit abashed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais travelling to St. Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant."

Next we have the succinct description of the village of Florac:

From the Manuscript Journal

"Florac itself, seated among its hills, is as perfect a little town as one could desire to see, with its old castle, its fountain welling from the cleft basin of the hills, its alley of planes, its rugged street corners and infinity of bridges."

From the Book as Published

"On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a subprefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes, many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards."

The contrasted accounts of a camp at night are particularly typical examples of the similarities and differences of the two texts:

From the Manuscript Journal

"A little hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining and the others

From the Book as Published

"A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining, and the others

were dimly beginning to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and then dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light my lantern in the near neighborhood (*sic*) of a house, and thereafter lay and smoked a cigarette. The moon which I had seen a pallid crescent all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summits of the hills, but not a ray fell where I lay. The oak rose before me like a pillar of blackness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. Peace fell from them upon my spirit like a dew. No one knows what a spell they exercise who has not slept afield; slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. There is no reason why a man's eyes should love to behold these far away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a silver mist upon the sky, or no more at least than why he should love his children or be ready to give his life for a woman. It is one of the brute facts of human nature; a coolness of the spirit, a content, a quiet gladness, comes from their contemplation; and all ill humours vanish from the soul."

were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had 'no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth.'"

While in the published book we find the author has added several paragraphs relating to the history of the region traversed and various reflections, there are in the journal many lines that are not included in the printed text. Among the most notable of these omissions are three little prayers which appear in connection with the incidental visit to "Our Lady of the Snows," and were doubtless the expression of thoughts inspired by the atmosphere of the monastery and intercourse with the devout brethren. The trio is given here with a few prefatory lines from the journal, also hitherto unpublished.

"Apart from all other considerations, the thought of this perpetual succession of prayers made the time seem pleasant to me in the Monastery of our L. of the S. I have, like other people, my own thoughts about prayer; I find some prayers among the noblest reading in the

world; Often when I am alone, I find a pleasure in making them for myself, as one would make a sonnet. I share, but cannot approve, the superstition that a man may change, by his supplications the course of the seasons or the linked events of life. I have prayed in my day, like others, for wicked, foolish, or senseless alterations in the scheme of things. But these grasping complaints are not prayer; it is in prayer that a man resumes his attitude towards God and the world; the thought of his heart comes out of him clean and simple; he takes, in Shakespeare's language, a new acquaintance of himself and makes of that a new point of departure in belief and conduct. . . . As I walked beside my donkey on this voyage, I made a prayer or two myself, which I here offer to the reader, as I offer him any other thought that springs up in me by the way. A voyage is a piece of autobiography at best."

A Prayer for Mind and Body.

Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships and opinions nor crucified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and body into thy eternal rest.

From the original manuscript.

A Prayer

"O God who givest us day by day the support of thy kindly countenance and hopeful spirit among the manifold temptations and adventures of this life, having brought us thus far, do not, O God, desert us, but with thy continued favours follow us in our path. Keep us upright and humble, and O thou who equally guidest all mankind through sun and rain, give us thy spirit of great mercy."

A Prayer for Mind and Body

"Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor crucified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into thy eternal rest."

A Prayer for Friends

"God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness; make offences to be forgotten and services remembered; protect those whom we love in all things and follow them with kindnesses, so that they may lead simple and unsuffering lives, and in the end die easily with quiet minds."

On two of the front leaves of the book which was used by Stevenson for the daily record of his "Travels" is a closely written sketch in very small handwriting bearing the title "To the Pentland Hills." This is an early draft of a chapter of

"Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes." The anecdote of the Gauger which concludes the manuscript is undoubtedly the genesis of one of the three poems written on several back pages of this same book. In the manuscript the title is "The Gauger's* Flute"; this, on publication, was changed to "A Song of the Road." The first stanza will recall to many the lilting lines of the poem.

"The Gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the Gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*"

The Gauger's Flute

The Gauger walked with willing foot.
And aye the Gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But Over the hills and far away?

From the original manuscript.

The inciting anecdote is here printed from the manuscript; the text was revised when published.

"Down below upon a stream the road passes Bow Bridge, now a dairy farm, but once a distillery of whiskey. It chanced in the last century, that the distiller was on terms of good fellowship with

* Stevenson was not an accurate speller; the word Gauger is always Guager in the manuscript of both anecdote and poem.

the visiting officer of excise. This latter was a man of an easy, friendly disposition, and a master of convivial accomplishments. Every now and again, he walked out of Edinburgh to measure his friend's stock; it was a double-faced predicament, agreeable enough when one's business lead one in a friend's direction, but painful to be the cause of loss to a host. Accordingly when he got to the level of Fairmilehead the guager would take his flute, without which he never travelled, from his pocket, fit it together, and as if inspired by the beauty of the neighborhood, proceed to play a certain air as hard as ever he could. At the first note, the distiller pricked his ears. A flute at Fairmilehead? and playing 'Over the hills and far away?' It was his friend the Guager. Instantly, a horse was put to: and sundry barrels were got upon a cart and driven furiously round by Hill-End, and concealed in the mossy glen behind Kirk Yetton. At the same time, you may be sure, a fat fowl was put to the fire, and the best napery brought out. A little after, the Guager having had his fill of music for the moment walked down with the most innocent air, and found the good people at Bow Bridge taken entirely unaware by his arrival, but none the less glad to see him. In the evening, the guager's flute and the distiller's liquors would combine to pass the rosy hours; and I dare say, when both were a little mellow, the proceedings would terminate with 'Over the hills and far away', to an accompaniment of knowing glances."

Another of the poems which follow the manuscript of the "Travels" has for title the name of the young peasant who, without military training but with a genius for war, was chosen brigadier of the Camisards at seventeen. The romantic career of John Cavalier readily appealed to Stevenson, who himself would have loved the life of a guerilla.

In fact, his interest was so aroused that he contemplated writing a story based on the marvellous life of the young hero. The reader of "Travels with a Donkey" will recall the allusions to the bloody battles of the rebellious mountaineers with the soldiers of the king, but here, for the first time, he may read the poem written by Stevenson while in the very

country of the intrepid Camisards, who fought the fight of faith in those intricate hills more than two centuries ago.

John Cavalier

"These are your hills, John Cavalier.
Your father's kids you tended here,
And grew, among these mountains wild,
A humble and religious child.—
Fate turned the wheel; you grew and grew;
Bold Marshalls doffed the hat to you;
God whispered counsels in your ear
To guide your sallies, Cavalier.

You shook the earth with martial tread;
The ensigns fluttered by your head;
In Spain or France, Velay or Kent,
The music sounded as you went.—
Much would I give if I might spy
Your brave battalions marching by;
Or, on the wind, if I might hear
Your drums and bugles, Cavalier.

In vain. O'er all the windy hill,
The ways are void, the air is still,
Alone, below the echoing rock,
The shepherd calls upon his flock.—
The wars of Spain and of Cevennes,
The bugles and the marching men,
The horse you rode for many a year—
Where are they now, John Cavalier?

All armies march the selfsame way
Far from the cheerful eye of day;
And you and yours marched down below
About two hundred years ago.
Over the hills, into the shade,
Journeys each mortal cavalcade;
Out of the sound, out of the sun,
They go when their day's work is done;
And all shall doff the bandoleer
To sleep with dead John Cavalier."

The third poem from the same source—as characteristic of the author as any from his pen—has also remained unpublished until now.

Prise and Preger.

I have been well, I have been ill,

I have been rich and poor;

I have set my back against the wall

And forgot it by the door;

I have been false, I have been true;

And thro' grief and mirth,

I have done all that man can do

To be a man of worth;

And now, when from an unknown shore,

I dare an unknown wave,

God, who has helped me heretofore,

O help me wi' the lave!

Monastier. —

From the original manuscript.

Praise and Prayer.

"I have been well, I have been ill,
I have been rich and poor;
I have set my back against the wall
And fought it by the hour;

I have been false, I have been true;
And thro' grief and mirth,
I have done all that man can do
To be a man of worth;

And now, when from an unknown shore,
I dare an unknown wave,
God, who has helped me heretofore,
O help me wi' the lave!"

Monastier.

In the course of a few years several editions of the "Travels with a Donkey" were called for by a public gradually awaking to the charm of the new writer. We must now take leave of Modestine with this note of the author to his publishers:

"Skerryvore
Bournemouth
June 5th 1886

"Messrs. R. & R. Clark

"Dear Sirs

"What has become of me and my donkey? She was never a fast traveller, but she has taken longer to come through Hanover Street than to cross Gévaudan.

There must be carrots in your office.
Please see to it, and let me hear

Yours truly

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

I have been more than fortunate in obtaining original manuscripts of Stevenson's poems; no less than ten of those contained in the first edition of "Underwoods" are in my collection. There is no material difference between the text of these manuscripts and that of the poems as published except in the "Envoy" and "Requiem." The "Envoy" was written at Bournemouth, and Stevenson in the little verse was describing in the "wish for all" his own home there, called Skerryvore, which Thomas Stevenson had bought as a gift for his daughter-in-law. In this, its original form, the poem has two extra lines, the third and fourth.

Book I. In English

I Envoy.

Go, little book and wish to all

Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall
an active
tender conscience, honored life,

A tender and a laughing wife,

A bin of wine, a spice of wit,

A house with lawns enclosing it,

A living river by the door,

A nightingale in the sycamore!

From the original manuscript.

I Envoy.

"Go, little book and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall
An active conscience, honored life,
A tender and a laughing wife,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!"

The "Requiem," by general verdict Ste-

XX ~~Requiem~~ Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow;
Here the clouds may come and go;
Here shall be rest for evermo,
And the heart for aye shall be still

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill

From the original manuscript.

Stevenson's poetical masterpiece, has in the manuscript an extra stanza, placed between the two ever-familiar verses.

XX Requiem

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow;
Here the clouds may come and go;
Here shall be rest for evermo,
And the heart for aye shall be still

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill"

I have, as well, manuscripts of eight more poems, most of them written in the South Seas, and I am also fortunate in the possession of a folio book, used by Stevenson for experiments in poetry. Here are scores of poems in the making, together with several quite complete. Altogether a manuscript volume to be treasured for all time.

Several years after the death of Stevenson his wife sent to Dodd and Livingston, of New York City, to be sold for her account, the title-page and first ten chapters of the original manuscript of "Kidnapped," comprising sixty-two folio leaves. I bought them. A few years later I obtained from the same source the manuscript of chapters eleven to twenty-six inclusive, and all but the last leaf of chapter twenty-seven, comprising one hundred and one folio leaves. Later still, a thorough search was made for the missing leaf and the last three chapters. Only the single leaf was found. This I have. No trace of the missing chapters has been discovered, but my collecting luck has been so remarkably good that I still have hopes of some day receiving an almost magic letter telling me how these lacking sheets were mislaid (perhaps by the printer) and offering them to me. It is needless to say that I stand ready to show my most generous appreciation if in this or in any other way I am put in a position to complete the manuscript.

Stevenson himself says of "Kidnapped": "In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their back on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story."

There is a letter in my collection, written when the story was all but completed, which has already been printed in part. It is surely worth while to give it here in full (omitting only inconsequential postscripts) so as to further emphasize the author's own opinion of the tale. The letter is without place but was undoubtedly written at Bournemouth.

"Jan. 25th, 1886.

"My dear father.

"Many thanks for a letter quite like yourself. I quite agree with you and had already planned a scene of religion in D. Balfour, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge furnishes me with a catechist whom I shall try to make the man. I have another catechist, the blind, pistol-carrying highway rob-

ber, whom I have transferred from the Long Island to Mull. I find it a most picturesque period, and wonder Scott let it escape. The Covenant is lost on one of the Torrans, and David is cast on Earraid, where (being from inland) he is nearly starved before he finds out the island is tidal. Then he crosses Mull to Torosay, meeting the blind catechist by the way; then crosses Morven from Kinlochaline to Kingairloch, where he stays the night with the good catechist; that is where I am; next day he is to be put ashore in Appin, and be present at Colin Campbell's death.

"Today I rest, being a little run down. Strange how liable we are to brain fog in this scooty family! But as far as I have got, all but the last chapter, I think David is on his feet, and (to my mind) a far better story and far sounder at heart than Treasure Island.

"I have no earthly news, living entirely in my story and only coming out of it to play patience. The Shelleys are gone; the Taylors kinder than can be imagined. The other day Lady Taylor drove over and called on me; she is a delightful old lady and great fun. I mentioned a story about the Duchess of Wellington which I had heard Sir Henry tell; and though he was very tired, he looked it up and copied it out for me in his own hand. The Vandergrifter is pretty vandergriftly; I am well, only for this touch of overwork which annoys me but does me no harm I think.

"I do trust Bath may do the trick; but I suspect the great thing is rest. Mind your allowance; stick to that: if you are too tired, go to bed; don't call in the aid of the enemy, for as long as you are in this state, an enemy it is and a dangerous one.

Believe me

Ever your most affectionate son
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON"

In another published letter, also in my collection, which was written to his father shortly after the book was issued, Stevenson makes this happy forecast:

"David seems really to be going to succeed: which is a pleasant prospect on all sides. I am I believe floated financially; a book that sells will be a pleasant novelty. I enclose another review; mighty

complimentary and calculated to sell the book too."

Let me remind the reader that David and Alan within sight of their goal turned back after the unsuccessful attempt to pass the sentry at the bridge of Forth. They stopped at a small inn in Limekilns and bought bread and cheese from the good-looking maid in charge. They departed, but a little later returned to the inn, and Alan then, by a bit of excusable deception, so worked on the sympathies of the susceptible lass that she promised to find means to put them over the water to Queensferry. In the book as published the intrepid girl who brought the refugees to safety is not mentioned by name. That Stevenson had intended definitely to identify her is disclosed in a few cancelled lines of the manuscript.

"To make a long story short, she was as good as her word and about eleven of the clock came by herself in a boat, and set us across near Carriden. Her name, she said, was Alison Hastie. She would have none of ours though I offered to tell her mine, and having shown herself in all things a very good friend to us, she shook us by the hand and got again into her boat for the return."

When I acquired the second batch of the manuscript I found with it a folio leaf containing a "Note to Kidnapped," incomplete, but very interesting as far as it goes. It is here first printed.

Note to Kidnapped

"I have prepared myself or begun to prepare myself for several works of history; the mountains were repeatedly in travail, and mice, in the shape of little story books, were the best of my results. The best of all my designs, a History of the Highlands from the Union to the Present day; social, literary, economical and religious, embracing the 15, and the 45, the collapse of the Clan System, and the causes and the growth of existing discontents, I bequeath to a more qualified successor. I was myself debarred by the difficulties of the Gaelic language and the state of my health which made of me an exile from my native country; but I desisted with regret, having grown more and more convinced of the utility and interest

of the work. It was in the course of these highland studies that I bought, in the city of Inverness, the printed trial of James Stewart bound up with a critical examination of the evidence; I suppose the volume cost me a few shillings, and has proved certainly the best of my investments. I was taken with the tale from the beginning; no one so dull, but must have been struck with the picturesque details; no one at all acquainted with the Highlands, but must have recognized in this tragedy something highly typical of the place and time. Agrarian crime in Scotland had a colour of antique and disinterested virtue; it was in the cause of the exiled chief, not of the tenant—it was for another, not for himself, that the murderer acted. Hence a part of the pleasure with which I considered this old trial; hence, I determined to found upon it a narration of fact; and hence, in order to make certain of my local colour, I visited Appin in the early summer of 1880. It was the last of many journeys with my father. It was the first time I had travelled with him since we were at all on a footing of equality. The weather was very wild; we were confined whole days to the inn parlour, at Glenorchy, at Oban and elsewhere; but the time sped with that delightful comrade. I have rarely been well received among strangers, never if they were womenfolk; and I recall how it pleased and amused me to be a sharer in my father's popularity, and in the public sitting rooms to be the centre of delighted groups of girls: the stormy and tender old man with the noble mouth and the great luminous eyes, had, almost to the end, so great a gift of pleasing. At Balachulish, we had no difficulty in finding the cairn that still marks the place of death; and when we inquired after"

As the reader knows, this article, for the most part, is Stevenson's own writing; in fact there is so much by Stevenson and so little by William Harris Arnold that some may say, Why put your name to it at all? I don't want to go to that extreme, for I do desire recognition for bringing to light a considerable body of original Stevenson material, hitherto unpublished, which can now receive the attention it deserves.



Volunteer night-school teachers.
A most *advanced* picture; women and men both in *same* photograph.

Miss China

BY EMMA SAREPTA YULE

Author of "Filipino Feminism" and "Japan's New Woman"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



ALLS surround the cities in China; walls surround the dwellings inside the city walls; in the country there are walls around the villages, even the farmstead is inclosed with some kind of a wall. Turn where you will, look where you will, a gloomy wall confronts you. To one accustomed to open domain, wide outlook, the walls are depressing, repressing, exasperating. One feels so shut out and so sorry for the shut-in.

Behind the walls, whether topped with brilliant blue or yellow tiles or just dull-gray stone or common clay, hollyhocks,

ofttimes push their sturdy stems up tall enough for the gay blossoms to nod a bright greeting over the wall. Miss China, the new young woman in this oldest of old countries, like the hollyhocks, is pushing her way above the walls that have shut her in so long and is calling to the outside world a cheerful, hopeful "hello!" Poor soil, poor seed, frost, pinching back of bud and young stem by elders who face always the wisdom-paved past—these things keep the many too stunted to reach even peeking-over height, but the few who overtop are a cheering sight, as good to see among this custom-corralled people, as are the hollyhocks behind the dreary walls.

Miss China is doing more than looking

over the walls: she is getting outside. She is so plucky, so determined, that it is quite thrilling to watch her at work, making holes, climbing over, any way to get outside.

"The struggle between the new and old in China," is a current phrase. Instead of a struggle it appears to be more of a mighty holding on to the old by the old and the conservative young, a pathetic rebellion against change. In her grasp of the old as it touches her personal life, the hold of woman is fairly tenacious. The ideas, acts, ambitions of Miss China shock her soul and her soul's loyalty to her ancestral past. She is implacable to the arguments for emancipation, freedom. Always there are exceptions, but the new woman in China is essentially a young woman; a young woman who from the platform says: "Some lay all the blame of the dark condition of our country on our unenlightened government. I say that the most unenlightened of all are our Chinese women. First, we bind our feet; second, our minds are bound; third, we are the inferiors or servants of our husbands."

With this third condition allowance must be made for the hyperbole of oratory, it should not be taken too literally and too sweepingly. The world of the Chinese woman for so long that one can safely say *always*, has been limited to the space and life within her home walls; but in that world if she has the personality, the force, and is the mother of sons, she is dominant. The respect for parents is so

emphasized by the doctrines of Confucius and other venerated teachers that the regard in which children hold their father and mother is almost worship, in fact it is the fibre of the religion of the country. This sanctified custom of filial reverence when the mother possesses ability and energy, makes her supreme in the realm

of the household to a degree difficult for a Western woman to comprehend. Not only are her children dominated, frequently she exercises a formative and restraining influence over her husband's mind. Her counsels may not be wise always, the point is that they prevail. The Chinese mother, when she is of the controlling type, is often not loath to use her power to the utmost. The Empress Dowager is not the only woman autocrat China has known. This vigorous, sometimes tyrannical, sway of the household sceptre has preserved and developed virility in character and mind in the Chinese woman



Miss China campaigning.

doomed for so many centuries to a life compassed by walls and restricted by adamant customs. To-day she is narrow in experience, limited in outlook, and usually with little learning gained from books, but she is not spineless, clinging. There are, of course, countless Chinese women who, weak, stupid, or both, are but shadows in their households. To them may be applied the Chinese saying: "Rotten wood cannot be carved, nor a clay wall be plastered." But apparently, there have always been enough of the type of the Old Buddha to keep intact and pass on, practical sagacity, a power

to direct, and a ready incisive tongue. Without this heritage of mind and spirit it would have taken more than one or even two generations of the "new education" to produce Miss China.

As a factor to be considered in public affairs, Miss China made her debut in the mammoth student movement in 1919, when thousands of students in both private and government schools rose in protest against the part Japan was being permitted to take in the government of China. The definite protest was against three pro-Japanese officials in the government.

This student's movement is a sign of a national consciousness forming in China. It does not voice the North, or the South, it speaks for China. Some may characterize it as the effervescence of overzealous boys and girls or attribute it to more unworthy forces, but in China where the roots of dissension and sectionalism penetrate into a soil formed before Europe was even mapped, the unity of the movement shows that a new mentality, a new spirit is in the making in this country with a great Past and a possible great Future.

With one voice on a prearranged day, thousands of China's youth in the best schools said: "We attend no more classes until our demands regarding certain pro-Japanese officials are met." To give this protest added force they declared a boycott against Japanese goods. These strikers stirred citizens from their lethargy, aroused and formed public opinion to an astonishing degree; they established their own strength by orderly parades, street demonstrations, street-corner speeches. In the end Young China made concessions, but on the whole could claim victory. Peking's cabinet knew no more certain officials with ear prone to listen to the tinkle of the yen, or with rabbit hearts or chicken brains when Nippon's fist was raised, or her specious tongue spoke subtleties. In Versailles, China's delegation could stand firm in refusing to sign the treaty which they held dishonorable to their country, for China's aroused youth supported this stand. Smug age in China feels the power of long-ignored youth. Ability to read the printed page and the lengthening diameter of personal experience has given these young men

and women clearer vision than their elders. Not being insulated by custom and self-interest they are electrified into action by the newer mental currents circling the world. It is idle to speak of this movement as mere youthful ebullition, to call their ideas "fantastic delusions." It is a new force in China, potent, as Japanese manufacturers and exporters, as well as statesmen, can testify—for who so radical, so extreme, as the young? Age may let convenience modify principle, but not youth.

Miss China's part in this movement and organization is by no means a minor one. And the men students, to their credit be it told, give Miss China her due in running over measure. They take a vast pride in her and her achievements. Parents in most cases objected forcibly to their daughters taking part in parades and street demonstrations. It filled the mothers with horror and shook the citadels of their feminine pride. But their wishes were disregarded and their commands disobeyed. In a country where obedience to parents is a religion this made a considerable breach in the wall of custom. Miss China in choosing, placed principle and patriotism against parental authority and regard for traditional standards. "We are taught by our sages to obey our fathers and mothers, but our Republic is the father and mother of four hundred millions. Therefore, we should place the interests of our greater father and mother above the wishes of our own parents," proclaimed a speaker at a mass-meeting in a girls' school. A Joan of Arc light illumined her face as she spoke these words of revolutionary heresy.

Many girl students were curbstone speakers who carried conviction to the crowds they drew. The voluble, forceful tongue of the household ruler has been handed on to the daughters for use in wider spheres. Queries as to whether the girls had unpleasant experiences from the crowds in street speaking and demonstrations always brought a negative answer. "What was the effect on the girls of this sudden radical breaking away from the usages as old as the race?" was asked a quiet, gentle, earnest young woman who had been active in two large centres. "In a few cases the girls became rather bois-

terous in manner and speech, but in general I could note no effect. We knew we were being severely criticised, so we were very careful. Then why should it make a girl less a lady to do her duty in public than in private? To march, to carry a banner, to stand on the street and tell our ignorant fellow citizens what must be done for the good of our country need not make a girl less a gentlewoman." This young woman's opinion as to the bearing of the girls is corroborated by older observers of both sexes. Many bear witness to the dignity and seriousness of the girl students in this period, for it was no mere incident.

In February, 1920, a year after the first public expression of the students, Miss China demonstrated that she could form her own opinion and keep it formed under heavy pressure. The Students' Organization, which claims some millions of members, decided to strike as a protest against China's entering into negotiations with Japan on the

Shantung question. The girls did not approve of this, but being a minority, could not prevent it, but in Peking and Nanking and some lesser centres they decided they would not take part in any way. "This was a matter involving foreign diplomacy, and far too wide in its ramifications for young or old citizens to proclaim an ultimatum," was the way one prominent young college woman explained their stand. "We were willing to petition and show where we stood, but would go no

further. The strike," she continued, "is a weapon, but to be effective it must not be used too often and only to stimulate and arouse public opinion. If it is used often the striker becomes like a stubborn child, who rolls on the floor and screams when it is not given what it wants." The

boys coaxed, jeered as only enthusiastic youth can for its own ends, but the girls were immovable. And it was later conceded that they showed the better judgment, the better balance.

There is a gallant audacity that makes the imagination flame and stirs the fighting blood, in Miss China's undertaking hand in hand with her brother, to set China in order, to form cosmos out of chaos. Such a massive mess as the country is! There is no ailment that a political-science doctor would not find present in a diagnosis. But, undaunted, Miss China purposes to devote her brain and body to the curing of these ailments. "We Chinese girls were often told at col-



Zealous crusaders.

At right, Zee Yuh-tsung, first Chinese woman to teach men's classes; Wu-Yi-fong, at left, mathematics teacher in Girls' Higher Normal School.

lege that we were too serious," said a graduate just back from the United States. "We could only say in defense that though we, too, loved fun we had no time for it, we had so much to learn, particularly about sociology, political science, and especially municipal government. I said to some girls one day, 'Your grandfathers and fathers have worked out all these problems for you, so you don't have to worry, but we Chinese girls and boys must study and learn about these things,

for on us depends very largely the future of our country. Her only hope is in her young students who have such opportunities as we. That's why we seem serious.' "

"What are the duties that face the class of 1919?" asked the class orator in Ginling College. "They are national obligations, social obligations, college obligations, and family obligations." "Woman's only function is to produce sons and her life's duty is housekeeping," was the corner-stone and the cope-stone of this young orator's mother's education, and of her mother's and all Chinese mothers farther back than the mind's periscope can penetrate.

Obviously, the story of the new young woman in China is largely a story of education, of the new education from the West. Generally speaking, in all advancement education is the motive force, but in this eon-old country in this particular move forward, it is education in the sense of that obtained in schools that is specifically, literally the dynamics. One wonders if the teaching brought from across the Pacific at such an enormous outlay of devotion, energy, and material wealth may not be the stone cut out of the mountain in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. It certainly has done considerable smashing of images in the Celestial Empire. Just at present some of the bearers of the new education are looking with bewilderment at the product which they have helped to make. Elements outside of the classroom have quickened the recipient of the orthodox teachings into a creature entirely beyond the ken of the instructors. Miss China amazes them; they are aghast at her ideas, her actions. But Miss China is neither confused nor uncertain.

Clear-sighted, she sees that it requires a much greater store of facts and a clearer understanding of the relation of these facts, and infinitely more self-knowledge and self-adjustment, for one to live in the wall-less open in free intercourse with fellow beings than to spend one's life span safely immured. So she is eager for wider, more advanced education for herself. She also realizes that the leaven of knowledge must be put in the lower levels of the population to accomplish the leavening of all. "Little can be done

with the older generations, but their day cannot be for long, and the coming generation must be prepared. Not only leaders must be educated but the masses also, at least, so they can read. There will be improved communication. In these two things lies the only hope of China's maintaining her integrity and becoming the nation that the character of the Chinese and the greatness of the country warrants," is the opinion of a young woman recently returned with her diploma from an American college.

With realization has come action. Miss China is at work without blare of trumpets or waving of banners, but with the true crusading spirit. "We must have a primary school in every village," said one crusader. "That means that thousands of girls now in school must have the courage to go to these villages and teach. It will take tact to create the desire for education in the children as well as the parents. It will take character to face the hard conditions of living as well. But we must do it if the China we are working for is to become a reality."

Consider the size, the topography of China. Look up a little on the communication and transportation facilities in the country. Try to visualize the villages, the interior towns. Try to conceive of the more than four hundred millions of population. Then do homage to the courage and patriotism of Miss China. And remember she knows the conditions. What gives one faith in her fight against the colossal mass of ignorance, is that while her vision is on the future she is busy with the little tasks at hand. In one large government Girls' Normal School, the students of their own accord conduct night classes for the employees of the school and their families; in China the employees in such an institution are far greater in number than in the West. To buy books and other necessities for the work the girls give entertainments. At a mission school many of the girls carry on neighborhood classes for adults and children. These two instances multiplied by all the girls' schools, both mission and government, in China, would give a product fairly well within the bounds of truth. An aid in this work is the new "Chinese Esperanto," which, it is claimed,

so simplifies reading that the art is within the possibility of acquirement by the masses, which it is not with the old ideographs, to a degree of ready book and newspaper reading.

Going to school is a new thing, a novelty for Chinese girls. It is only within the last fifteen years or so that there was any opportunity outside the mission schools for girls to become "book educated." Not that there were not educated women, and according to the standard highly so, but there was no provision for it. Education was not considered necessary, "a woman without talent was virtuous." "Why give books to girls, the only use they make of them is to keep their embroidery silks between the leaves," was and still is a very commonly expressed opinion in China. Only here and there was a girl, favored by the fates or the gods, taught even how to sip at the fount of learning. And her sipping was all done inside walls with no glimpse of the world outside. Even now when they are crowding around this old fount gulping and gurgling, in numbers enormously large in comparison with a decade ago, the percentage of the whole population is appallingly low. This percentage Miss China intends to increase, and at the same time sweep in her brothers and even some fathers and mothers; age and sex do not disqualify in her campaign against illiteracy.

"Going away to school," does not mean for many hundreds of Chinese girls attending the intermediate and normal schools, a tearful "good-by till Christmas," after an excited packing; then a comfortable trip of a few hours consoled by boxes of chocolates. No, little Miss China packs her little wooden box or maybe just a bag, says good-by for four, five, six or more years, and journeys for days, sometimes for three or more weeks over roads that were deeply rutted when Christ was born and have never known repair. She is transported by bull-cart, on donkey back, in wheelbarrow, and if she can afford it, in a sedan-chair. On wide river and narrow swift stream she travels in boats of the model popular in China when Ulysses was finding respite from stupid hearth and poky knitting Penelope in "smiting the sounding furrows."

On the boat with Athena's acolyte is produce of divers kinds, both animal and vegetable and both odorous and malodorous. If the gods are good and the bad spirits keep their proper route she may cover the last part of the journey in style on a railroad train or steamboat. At last she reaches school, a lonesome homesick mite. Some way as one looks at these plucky pleasant-faced schoolgirls, one's faith in Miss China's education campaign stiffens. One wants to pin orders for heroic courage on their blouses, kiss them on both cheeks, and otherwise acclaim them as among the brave. They surely exemplify their own saying: "Love of knowledge without the will to learn casts the shadow of instability."

The old tragic tales about the unpopularity of girl-babies in China will soon take their place with Bluebeard, for the pouring of girls into schools will change their status. Pater China's objection to daughters, providing he has a son to see to his spiritual life after his earthly days are ended, is largely economic. She is a burden, a parasite, not only an unproductive item but her dower must be provided. This, in addition to maintenance, is a load in this land where the struggle to survive is so hard. But the possibility of a daughter's becoming a producer, changes the aspect. In speaking on this subject, a teacher, a mission-school product, the oldest of her family, said: "I am held in much esteem by my father and family and relatives, because at the age of fifteen I began to earn money teaching, and have been the main support of the family ever since, as my father is a paralytic. He calls me with pride, 'my son.' The whole question is economic, financial, aside from the desire of every father for a son to carry on his name and family."

With the influx of girls into the higher schools comes the inevitable question of co-education. It is now much to the fore as a topic of discussion in press, on platform, and over the teacup. In a popular vote the ballot would be "against" undoubtedly. The mission schools do not favor it, "not yet ready," although at Canton Christian College, girls take science courses with boys, and work with them in the laboratory. In the pre-medical school of the Union Medical

College recently opened in Peking by the Rockefeller Foundation, two girls entered in the fall of 1919. They did this without solicitation on the part of the college. To the question, "How did you happen to come?" one answered, "My father wished me to," the other, "I always wanted to be a doctor and my parents consented." These "co-eds" lived in the college compound, the only girl students. When asked if it had not been lonesome, they replied: "Not often, we've been too busy." Though not brilliant, they held their own in all classwork. Their American professors said that they would never have known from class attitude of both boys and girls that coeducation was not the usual thing. True, girls choosing a medical course would be of a serious turn of mind; still in talking with them they seemed not averse to life's lighter side. The two girls with a Chinese woman-

doctor doing postgraduate work in the college, were often seen on the tennis-courts in a lively game of doubles or singles with their masculine college mates.

Considerable space is here given to coeducation, old and scuffed though the topic be, because it is not only a milestone in Miss China's advancing attack, but her views reveal something of her caliber. One gathers that when she favors coeducation it is not because of added diversion in her life, but for educational advantages. In all work above the most elementary, the government does not equip the girls' schools anything like so completely as the schools for boys. The mission schools cannot usually provide adequate labora-

tories and well-stocked libraries. So where and how is Miss China to secure proper modern teaching and opportunity? She probably never heard of Cleveland's classic "It is a condition not a theory that confronts us," but she recognizes the situation in her own vocabulary. So quite a swelling chorus is heard: "If you

will not equip our schools, let us attend the boys' schools." She also claims that working together in the higher institutions will lead to that acquaintanceship and interchange of ideas with young men which is so essential for citizenship. Miss China never loses sight of her belief that she must be a real citizen of her country, not just a taxpayer.

A hyperprogressive principal of a teachers' college in Nanking, the old southern capital with its Ming tombs antedating the famed ones of Peking, defied his board last year and appointed Zee

Yuh-tsung as teacher of Western history to boys. The board, to a man, was scandalized that so inferior a creature as woman should be put as instructor of males, and in so profound a subject as history. It is claimed that Miss Zee is the first Chinese woman to be appointed to teach masculine pupils above primary age; even in this grade the women teachers are a new thing. That Miss Zee made good is established by her reappointment without protest. She is also instructor in English to young men in this same institution.

With the sapient counsels of Confucius, which every Chinese girl must learn, are now being mixed the rules and the lore



Wah Mo-yin, physical director, girls' middle school, Peking.



A room used in an institute for mothers, Shanghai Y. W. C. A.

of the gymnasium. Muscles restricted by rules and formality are being loosened and brought into normal use in many schools. It was something of a revelation, as it was a genuine delight, to watch Wah Mo-yih, a graduate of the Y. W. C. A. Normal Physical Training Course, Shanghai, conduct a class in a girls' middle school in Peking. Her vim, snap, comprehension of what she was doing, and her magnetic personality made one long to leave the side-lines for the floor. The pride of the girls in their natty "gym" suits was delightful and most feminine. It is only a question of getting enough Miss Wah's trained to do the teaching, when physical training will be a part of the work in all the government schools. To predict Miss China, at no remote day, in riding togs of extreme cut, astride her mount, galloping over the country; in a bathing suit of textile-shortage design mermaiding in lake or surf, may appear flying high in prophecy, though it seems a moderate flight after one has seen her at a hotel tea dance held in a cabaret clasp by a brother or possibly cousin, tripping the light fox-trotting toe.

That the major part of the credit for

the starting of the modern club idea among the women of China belongs to the Y. W. C. A. is a statement that would hardly be questioned. A world-wide woman's organization it logically, where it locates, becomes the mother of other organizations for women. That is part of its business. In December, 1920, at a reception by the American Woman's Club in Shanghai for the wife of the American representative for the Chinese Consortium, Mrs. H. C. Mei of the Y. W. C. A. of China, in an address, said: "There are ten Y. W. C. A.'s of as many cities engaging the energies of purely Chinese women directors, secretaries, and assistants. Women have accomplished good work in the Red Cross, flood, and famine relief. Women doctors and nurses, both home-and-foreign-trained, are patiently laboring for social amelioration, some conducting hospitals, dispensaries, and nursing schools, and with success and credit. Here and there are social-service leagues, alumnae societies, and social clubs. In Shanghai there is a Returned Students' Club composed of women, an athletic association, and the recently organized Chinese Woman's Club. All

these societies have been formed for the purpose of promoting the common interest of women or in response to some vaguely felt, undefined, but none the less real, need of unity of plan and action."

Of all the forms of club work, that which has for its object the practical helping of the needy, the unfortunate, is of the greatest interest, for China is strictly Oriental in the humane attitude. "Where further increase in population means increase in severity of the struggle for subsistence, aggressive benevolence is not likely to assume large proportions," is Doctor Dewey's explanation for this attitude in China. May it not be possible that through China's women learning how to give the cup of cold water a change may be wrought in spite of the hard struggle to live?

In Peking one woman's club, less than two years old, has among its members women of means and prominence. None were educated abroad and few are Christians. In its work, which is wholly along social-service lines, this club is associated with the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., and other organizations. There are seven departments in the club; health, craft work, and playground work indicate the lines of endeavor. The talks on health and hygiene in neighborhoods, sometimes in houses, more often in the streets, are given mostly by young women students and teachers. They show far greater interest and persistence than the young men. Last year a "better baby campaign" was enthusiastically carried out even unto the "best baby" prize-giving day. The department under which poor women gather and sew and receive the receipts for their work when sold, and are taught new hand crafts, calls to mind the well-worn pebble and the well-known lake, because of the certain results that this new, practical, sane form of helping the poor will have on woman's future charity work in China. Chinese women are not averse to giving, but they have not practised the real help of creating self-dependence, nor been interested outside their acquaintances. The playground is a joy dispenser to scores of children who otherwise would know no play. No children who attend any school are admitted. But the big thing is, that

Chinese women are giving help to those not of their kin; are feeling responsibility for human beings not in their own courtyard. This club is cited as a type of those coming into existence in increasing numbers throughout the country.

Chinese young women are putting new vigor into the temperance work. One organizer said that this was necessary to offset the increase of breweries and other alcohol factories in China since the adoption of the prohibition amendment in the United States. "We do not want alcohol to get the hold opium was allowed to, because China was not organized against it," said this youthful Frances Willard. "Our work is directed against opium and gambling as well as alcohol."

Chinese women grasp opportunities to seek the open with pathetic curiosity and eagerness. In Chengtu, not long ago, four thousand women and girls gathered in a meeting of welcome to three secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. A report of the meeting tells of the eager mother faces in the large audience, the doll faces, the faces chiselled by experience, the alive faces of groups of girl students, the old wrinkled faces showing interest in the new ideas in the addresses, and nodding approval thereof, while restraining surprise that a woman should make a speech. Expensively dressed girls attended by servants mingled with cotton-coated mothers with round-faced babies in their arms. The women of whole families unto remote connections were there in groups. All for what? The singing? The moving-pictures? Yes, but the strongest magnet was the new notions, the glimpses of new things to add to their meagre experiences in their walled-in lives.

Dress is one thing in which Miss China needs no emancipation, for she has long, say an eon or so, worn the type of costume to which Western woman seems to be approaching. Apparently she is inclined to adhere to the basic garments, which are long trousers and a well-shaped coat-like blouse, and a skirt, which with her is a slip-on-and-off garment, much as the sweater and coat are in the West. If comfort or thrift suggests taking off the skirt in the house, off it comes. On the railroad train, Miss or Mrs. China may step out of her skirt, fold it up carefully, deposit it



Girl students giving house hygiene talk.

in the rack, then comfortably tuck an unimpeded trousered leg under her and slumber or idly scan the passing land. One always watches, furtively polite, of course, a Chinese woman's face off guard for some gleam of eye or ripple of muscle that will give a hint of what is going on in the cerebrum under the thatch of satin-smooth hair. Fruitless scrutiny! Probably if one could pierce the mask one would find prices, not poetry; rice, not romance; gossip, not goldfish. China is not all embroidered silk and apple-green jade. When our inscrutable lady prepares to leave the train, she carefully unfolds

her skirt, steps into it, fastens it at both sides, and, unwrinkled and immaculate, detrains.

While not so erratic a despot as in the West, fashion's whims become decrees in China. The cut of trousers runs the entire gamut, from tight to loose, wide to narrow, heel to ankle length. Last year in some centres, trousers were ankle-length and quite tight. One seemingly popular style of skirt was made of black material not unlike coarse Spanish lace in appearance. When quite a new arrival in the country one did gasp a bit at the effect of this openwork black skirt

over light-colored, close-fitting trousers. China, male and female, probably did some gasping, also, at the effects of the blouses worn by the feminine Occidentals on the streets of the same city this same season. Costumes differ in China very much in different regions; Canton, Shanghai, Peking are each a Paris in promulgating styles, as are other cities. Whatever may be said of the grace or artistic effect of the costume of the Chinese woman much can be said for its common sense.

As to style of hair-dressing, Miss China is rather individual and simple. A few years ago when Japan was looked upon with more friendly eyes than now, students returning from this neighbor country brought in the style of the high pompadour, so pronounced a part of the Japanese coiffure. In several school centres the style quickly became popular and spread to some extent. Then when all things Japanese became abhorrent, pompadours, at once, fell flat. To-day, a girl



A winner, "better baby show."

with a high pompadour would be looked upon as a traitor. With Miss China principle would seem to be stronger than style.

One of the significant phrases used by young Chinese is, "the new home." The main features distinguishing the "new home" from the "old" is that the hus-

band and wife entertain their friends together. In the "old," with the exception of near relatives, guests of each sex are entertained in separate apartments, and usually at different times. The wife does not meet her husband's friends nor does the husband's presence add interest to his wife's parties. Such a thing is unthinkable. Of the changes in this custom, Mrs. Mei, in her address, said: "From American homes they (Chinese girls) drank in the wholesome atmosphere of domestic harmony with which they are making normal households. . . . I might add that the large and growing number of homes patterned after your own is an index that the East and the West are getting closer together." One reason Miss China gives for her partiality for the "new home" is the human one, that it is "livelier and gayer than the old."

Closely related with the new home idea is the new idea on marriage; that is individual choice rather than family choice; "for love, not by purchase." Like the new home this will be a matter of slow evolution. For in China the individual is not thought of, or looked upon, as an entity; he is but a part of a family which is the unit, the entity, and which at all costs must be preserved and perpetuated. Hence, individual desires must be subsidiary to the wishes or the benefit of the family. The practice of this principle throughout the long centuries has instilled in children a submissiveness to parents, to family, that is engulfing of personality, though it is the steel that gives strength and form to the structure of the Chinese nation. The submissiveness is more than a conscious obedience; it is involuntary surrender. Consequently, though the new young woman may advocate the theory of personal choice in marriage, only the most radical really desire it or would dare wholly to follow it. In matters touching the soul centres, inheritance and tradition are always stronger than imported ideas, no matter how forcible their appeal to reason. Miss China still feels that in the matter of a life mate, the parents' judgment is the better. With more social freedom this confidence will undoubtedly weaken. But the chains of uncountable generations loosen very slowly and rarely break.

Occasionally a girl is permitted acquaintanceship with her betrothed. This concession gives her opportunity for rebellion should he prove repugnant, but only a mind unusually positive, a character unusually tough in fibre, will ever break the betrothal. Miss China's force in claiming the right to choose her husband is weakened by the divorce-court records of the West. These make her hesitate. She is rather fond of quoting Sir Robert Hart, who, after forty years of residence in China, voiced the following epigram: A Western marriage may be compared to putting a kettle of boiling water on a fireless stove and letting it cool, and a Chinese marriage to putting a kettle of cold water on a hot stove and letting it boil."

Much space is being occupied in women's journals in discussion of this subject of freedom of choice in marriage. One article on "Choosing a Husband," divided the counsel given under eleven heads: Appearance, knowledge, age, occupation, property, relations, as to how many and as to whether they interfere with his actions, health, living, that is as to habits and as to whether he has a balance at the end of the month, temper, character, purpose as to treatment of wife and number of wives he is planning on, and friends. The suggestions given under each head would seem wise, and those relating to maintenance very canny, as would be expected as a hold-over from the generations of carefully schemed matches and estimated dowers.

One thing Miss China has quite decided opinions about, and that is when she marries she desires her own home instead of following the old, old custom of going to the household of her husband's father, there to become not the head of a home, but a sort of upper servant of her mother-in-law, to bide her time until she in turn becomes a mother-in-law, and an object of respect and a ruler of a household and daughters-in-law. One can appreciate the human attitude of Chinese

mothers-in-law. Each woman in turn gets even, as it were, for her early period of suppression as a son's wife, and so the wheel ceaselessly revolves. One suspects the Chinese wife's entreaty to the god-



Ding Che-ching, chief executive secretary Y. W. C. A., Peking.

dess, Kwan-in, to give her many sons may not always be for ancestor-worship alone, but also that she may have many daughters-in-law to exercise rule over. The more sons, the more subjects in the future realm where her every wish becomes a mandate. The new home under its own roof, with its own courtyard, will probably come in time, but it will take a long time, as the separate home would mean many radical economic changes as well as social, and with China's packed population where subsistence is always in danger of being on the wrong side of the ledger, these cannot be easily brought about, except with the few.

Intimately connected with the home and marriage in China is concubinage. On this, Miss China is unwavering in her stand. In clarion voice she insists on "one wife." She denounces concubinage, and in no moderate terms. And young Mr. China must join her if he would stand in favor. One only hopes he is as sincere as his sister. "There can be no home life with this system." The speaker in her earnestness pounded out on a nearby table each word with a tiny fist. "I

denounce it not only because of the unhappiness of the real wife, but also because of the unhappiness of the concubines. My uncle's concubines have come to me often crying bitterly, they so hated the life into which their fathers had sold them, not exactly against their will, they simply had no choice. And these girls are, I know, well treated. For the sake of the womanhood of China the practice must be crushed out, abolished." The poise of the slight body, the flashing eyes, the flushed face, the little fist pounding out the words, made one sniff the scent of battle and mentally exclaim, "Men of China, concubinage is doomed!" For the vehemence had been for an audience of only one.

On the attitude, socially, toward the concubines, opinion diverges. Many, assuming the position that the concubines, if not social outcasts, are at least below par, are immovably opposed to their being admitted into women's organizations. Others have more liberal views. Said one advanced young woman: "It is not right to push aside these girls. They are the victims of a custom centuries old which has never carried social odium. Let us use all effort to get rid of the custom, but with the present victims let us apply no new standards. It is not fair nor right."

Airing sometimes hastens disintegration of very old things. This frank, open discussion of concubinage may hasten the disappearance of this cause of thousands of women living miserably unhappy lives. Thousands? Many millions would be nearer truth. It is difficult to keep in mind China's size.

In the protest against the parent-arranged marriage, very particularly in the crusade against concubinage it is quite the thing for Miss China, either in groups or in secret, to take the vow of spinsterhood. A further reason advanced is that to accomplish the mission she has undertaken she feels that she must be free from entangling matrimonial alliances. There is really nothing very alarming in these vows as to danger of race-suicide in China. They are of importance only as indicating Miss China's heretical state of mind, and the effect on the elders. Perhaps no one of her advanced ideas causes such horrified consternation among the old-

time good ladies of China. Not to marry; not to be a mother of men! Wherefore born? The whole idea is cataclysmic. In reality Miss China is very human. Should the time and the man concurrently appear, reasons for breaking her vow are found. One recreant, a graduate from an American college, explained her apostasy thus: "I came to realize in my more advanced studies in biology and eugenics that we were wrong, the nucleus of our new China should be the new home; the new race, the children of the new home. I became engaged in my senior year and hope to marry very soon."

Suffrage is a question that is not discussed with much fire outside of Canton, and there only spasmodically. Not that the importance of the ballot is not appreciated, so far as it can be under a government so new and chaotic as China's, a republic only in name. But Miss China pretty clearly realizes two things: One, that she has many objects to accomplish that are more vital to her development, and to the development and organization and unification of her country than the right to vote; the other, that in the present stage of China's trying to find herself the ballot is of little value. Young China knows that there is a deal of work to be done, both destructive and constructive before the ballot becomes in China the sacred and powerful thing it is theoretically. All in good time Miss China will vote, that she well knows. To quote further from Mrs. Mei's address: "The gradual realization that fifty millions American women have been enfranchised and made men's political equals will send a thrill through Chinese women, as they sense the significance. Triumphant feminism in America will, it is hoped, see its reflex in China in the not too distant day. It is not flattery to say that Chinese women look for feminist ideals and inspiration from America, the home of freedom, of equality, and of general goodness to womanhood."

The long practice within her house walls of expressing her opinion frankly without subtlety or side-stepping, serves the Chinese woman in good stead in the new place in the sun which she is taking, when she has things to say on matters of broader gauge than the household. At a

reception to the American representative on the Consortium and his wife, given by the Shanghai Chinese Woman's Club which claims to be the first club in China organized along the lines of American clubs, Mrs. Kung made a speech on what the women of China hope from the Consortium. Her trend is indicated in these two excerpts: "What do the women of China think of the Consortium one may ask? The evident answer is Socratic in nature; it has to be a counter-question, that is to say, our answer is, what does the Consortium stand for? Does it look upon China only as a field for exploitation? Is it simply a league of pawn-brokers out to wring the last cent? Or does it attempt to follow a fair and sound policy of financial and technical assistance to the development of China, a policy that will be of lasting benefit both to the borrower and lender? . . . We know we have in Mr. Stevens a product of that system of business integrity and fairness which will not lend a cent to a millionaire whose word is not as good as his bond, but may lend a million to an honest and capable business man without any security. For the hopes of China and Chinese women are not that the Consortium will regard us as objects of charity, but that it will be far-sighted enough to be fair to China, and to adopt a policy of 'live and let live.'" Is this a new tone in national affairs in China? Will the new woman bring an open diplomacy, honest-and-aboveboard speech in the conferences? Will she endeavor to make words say thoughts, not trickily conceal them?

Comparatively few Chinese girls are employed in any line of business, and government plums, large and small, fall into the hands of masculine China. But it looks as though the day of this natural monopoly was passing. Through the concentrated efforts of women's clubs in Canton in pressing the matter of recognizing woman's claim to a plum or two, a young woman has very recently been appointed to a government clerkship of responsibility, the first in the country it is said. Also, the Canton-Samshui railway and the Canton Telephone Company yielding to the club's pressure have voted to approve the employment of young women. In Peking, a commercial school

for girls has just been opened. The capital also boasts of a savings-bank for women and girls, very new.

One index-finger that points to a possible future situation, is that even at this stage of woman's emergence from her home walls, women are found managing business operations, openly, not from behind a curtain. One authority states that around Canton no less than forty factories are owned and operated by women. These are not large plants; China's manufacturing is still carried on in small concerns. One knitting factory doing a business of fifty thousand dollars a year is managed by a woman. A department store entirely under the management of a Chinese woman trained abroad, is a recent innovation in the northern capital. In newspaper work, women are coming to the fore rapidly. Miss China points with pardonable pride to Miss Cheng who attended the Peace Conference as correspondent for several Chinese newspapers. That so many are up and doing in lines of endeavor that are not materially remunerative but help in making life less a burden to many, many poor, in work for the betterment of the home and the community, is after all the best guide-post to Miss China's future.

And what a future one visualizes for her! It is not a day's work she is facing, but she will keep pace with her opportunities. To add to her possibilities, to facilitate the changes she would work is the inherent democracy of the Chinese people. There is literally no fixed caste. The daughter of the coolie is not debarred by birth from being the intimate friend of the daughter of the rich merchant or government official. For long generations the scholar has been China's only recognized aristocrat.

Intelligence, patient courage, fidelity Miss China inherits from centuries of walled-in mothers; the legacy of China's fine culture is hers through her own language; to many, the wealth of Western modern culture is open through the English language. Thus equipped, China's new woman should and will trample down tradition, remove the blinders of superstition, and create a new era for Chinese women. For has she not come into the kingdom for such a work as this?



COMES GREAT-HEART

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

DECORATIONS BY BEATRICE STEVENS

How may young Great-heart dream to build a name
 In these last days, when all is done and known
 That Sirens sang Ulysses? Now no zone,
 Nor either pole, the coming heirs of Fame
 Awaits untrampled; and as War's red game
 Sea-caves, and even the sky, has made Man's own,
 And air-ships high o'er Oklahoma drone,
 What star is left to light Ambition's flame?

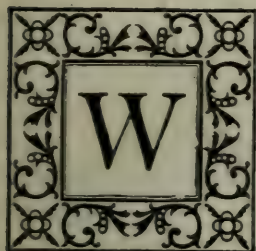
What's left? To-morrow; Youth and Hope and Joy,
 And since not Life and Love, but men, grow old,
 Somewhere are Eldorados yet to gain,
 And Galahad-quests to thrall the gifted boy;
 Not all the golden stories have been told—
 The great world's still outside the window-pane.

The Reverend James E. Markison

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

Author of "Pierre Vinton," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES CALVERT SMITH



WHEN Markison walked into the little Beach View dining-room the first night I was glad of the sight of him. It had always seemed to me that Slack Harbor needed him—not spiritually, perhaps, but as part of the spectacle. We lacked only the black coat of the priest to complete our motley, or, as we preferred to think of it, our infinite variety. For it was a multicolored company there that summer—with the group of violent young artists in every attitude of revolt and their entranced followers; and seekers of health, seekers of solitude, seekers of mere cheapness—for the village was cheap for the Maine coast. We had even a few dim fashionables, clinging to dinner-dress and memories and semi-precious stones. Altogether, we must have represented every possible way of thinking about everything—except Markison's way. When he arrived he completed what one may call the collection.

I knew he would do so as soon as I laid eyes on him, for Markison's "way" was as plainly marked on his appearance as his nose, and I was delighted to see him. He seemed quite as quickly to sense my sympathy, or, as was very much easier, every one else's hostility. For it amounted to hostility—the man's reception at the Beach View. He was too poor, too unresistingly poor, for the dim fashionables, and to almost all the others he was simply, I suppose, a benighted idiot or something of the sort. For Markison's way was to think only of God (and he had a tendency to pronounce it "Goad"), and that there was only one possible way to think about him. Among Vorticists, Communists, Tactilists, Dadaists, the poor man sat down to meat. To an idle-minded observer he was priceless, and to

almost any sort of human being he was pitiable.

It would certainly never occur to Markison to think of himself in any regard priceless, but he plainly regarded himself as pitiable. He thought himself the most miserable of men, and possibly he was. I never met a man more profoundly unhappy. But he was unfortunately frank about it. He did not exactly parade his misery—it was impossible to do that,—but he made not the slightest effort to conceal it. It needs a very profound respect to endure a man of that sort, and I had no such feeling for him. I was decently polite to him, in the beginning, chiefly because nobody else was, but in three days, I longed to kick him. Those first three days were, unluckily for our understanding, the period of a northeast blow. The bare unceiled New England summer hotel hardly fifty yards from the surf was cold and damp. The little floor space in front of the fireplace was the only comfortable spot in the building. The whole company gathered there most of the time—Markison, gloomy, black, silent, chiefly conspicuous among them. And when at the first gleam of sunshine the cluster burst like a frightened covey, Markison alone remained, brooding over the empty fireplace like some strange bird blown in by the storm and left behind it. People shrank from him, I among them. It did not occur to me that, believing firmly that there was no help for him from his fellow creatures, he was utterly indifferent to them. I thought he was merely making a spectacle of himself. His spirit was wandering through an immense solitude; I thought he was parading some grievance before a household of freaks.

I was mistaken. My excuse is that I knew so little of him, and he was to the end so extraordinarily inarticulate. The

shabby inn register said "Rev. James E. Markison"; he told me the first night, when we smoked a pipe together on the porch after supper, that he had been the rector of the only Episcopal Church in Taylorsville. "Taylorsville, Virginia," he had added after a pause. I think he was quite resolved to complete solitude then, and his talks with me were merely the mechanical sociabilities which his profession had instilled and he could not control yet. They were generally, these talks, the shabbiest commonplaces. When they extended beyond the weather, or the food or the climate, they were chiefly of Taylorsville. But even so, sitting next him at table, and daily meeting him as many times between, I learned a surprising lot about Taylorsville. I grew familiar with Nunnally's drug-store, which served in some ways as a club, apparently, and the battle-field on Skipper's Run, and the First and Second Presbyterian Churches, and the First and Second Methodist, and the Washington Street Baptist. "I was raised Baptist myself," he explained once. "I always had a high respect for the Baptists. They are good people." It was then I understood what I might have perceived much sooner—his profound abstraction. The man was not really in Deep Harbor at all. If then I had been compelled to place him, I should have said he was in Taylorsville, which would have been wrong too, but not so stupidly wrong.

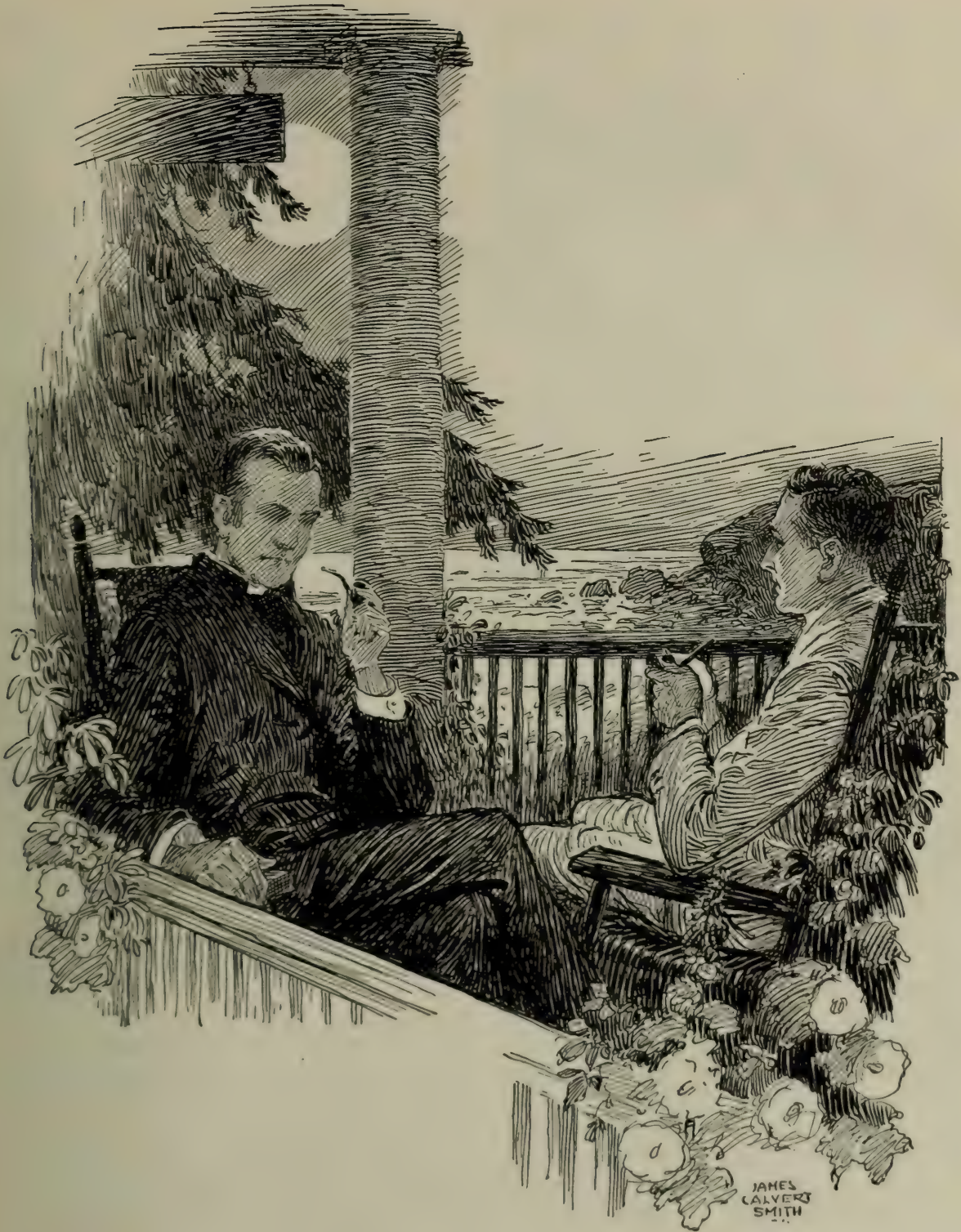
His own charge was Emmanuel. "It used to be the biggest church in the place, but when I got it, it was pretty near racked to pieces," he told me later. His wife, it seemed, was an invalid, and his vestry, he said mournfully, were "good, God-fearing men, but mighty slow." It was easy to guess that the others—I fancy he would not have hesitated at saying rivals—were good and God-fearing, too, and were not slow. The outline of the struggle slowly grew complete. And I insensibly grew interested. That it had been exhausting, and that it had been vain were easily seen. He was old and worn out in the early forties. Poor, harsh, and hopeless. Why, I used to wonder when I caught sight of him in his blacks in the varicolored tide of the little village's summer invasion, why could he

not have been content, like his good, God-fearing vestry, and let the Second Methodist and the First Presbyterian prosper as they might. What benefit could his struggle have brought to God, whom he worshipped, or man whom he ignored? The secret probably lay in that queer little confession, "I was raised Baptist." It was, then, the zeal of the convert, or else the pride of the renegade. To change flags, and then surrender to the deserted colors! Yes, probably any struggle is better endured than that.

Whatever the motive, the result was the engagement of Evangelist Jones. That was his great stroke. Evangelist Jones! I had been talking to him in such desultory fashion for more than a month before we got this far. He asked me if I had ever heard of the evangelist. "He had done some mighty good work up here in New England." "And he converted more people in one month in Danville than the regular preachers had been able to get at in ten years." For the first time he seemed concerned by my reply. "He was widely known," he repeated. Then, a little later, he said:

"I thought I was mighty lucky to get him."

I greatly doubt if in the ordinary course of events we would ever have got any farther than that, the engagement of Evangelist Jones, and the implied, but not confessed, failure of it all. But the ordinary is luckily the rarest course of human events. Even in Deep Harbor, famous for its placidity, no season goes by without at least one happening sufficiently out of the ordinary to mark the year forever in local talk. This summer the event would have been startling anywhere. A young girl was drowned while swimming off the bathing beach. It was one of those inexplicable tragedies which terrify by their audacity. Within fifty yards of a sunny summer beach, where troops of little children played in the foam, the evil spirit of the sea crept up and clutched and killed. People shuddered and drew back from the water, and when I walked there the next day, the wide bright sands were as empty as in a January gale. For several days the village seemed to throw aside its midsummer inanity and recover the grim spirit



"Taylorsville, Virginia," he had added after a pause.—Page 82.

of early times when it was a community of fishermen and such things were common. All felt it, for almost all knew her—a singularly bright, happy girl, not more than twenty years old, who had spent almost all these summers there, followed by a troop of boys.

Yes, all felt it, and Markison most of all, though such a thing did not occur to me at the time. I did not see him even until the afternoon when he read the service of burial. There was no church in Deep Harbor then, and the services were held in the open air, where a little

strip of very green turf ran between two cliffs down to the waters of the cove, green to the verge. It seemed that the poor child had recovered from an illness of infancy there and grown strong and happy, and her mother wished to think of her there always. It was a rather beautiful last scene for any life—the solemnized people in the little cove between the great brown rocks, the priest in his white robes before us against the wide blue water, and no music except voices and the sound of the sea.

Later, the sky changed, and by night a chilly rain set in. I was in my little painter's cabin, comfortable with a driftwood fire, and a desultory letter half-written on my knee. There was a fumble at the door-latch, and Markison came in. He was dripping wet, without a hat, and carried a still unopened umbrella in his hand. Evidently somebody had forced it upon him, and he had promptly forgot all about it. But he took great trouble to stand it in a corner before he would sit down.

"And what on earth," I asked, "happened to your hat?"

His hair was plastered to his head with water. He put up his hand absently. "I mislaid it. I put it aside for the service, and forgot it. Were you there?" he asked suddenly.

I told him I had been, and thought it very beautiful.

"Beautiful?" he repeated. "Beauty—What's that? What's beauty?"

That is a dangerous question to put forward in a community like Deep Harbor. Oceans of talk had swept over my head, for that matter. He did not seem even to listen to my rather trivial evasions.

"That is the trouble with all these people up here. They are always talking about things they don't understand. They say Beauty, and Infinity and Love. They don't know what they mean."

"Perhaps they know they don't," I explained. "They only try to. That's harmless."

"Aye, but these people don't even know what the words mean." He sat up a little and, with his elbows on his knees, looked through his fingers at the flames. I was struck afresh how unbeautiful, unlovely a thing he himself was, and how

unlovely a life he represented. "They make me sick," he muttered suddenly.

"The women," he went on. "They ain't women. Somehow it looks to me as if they don't want to be women."

"A great many don't," I agreed. "At least, not the kind you mean."

I think no answer could have astonished me more than the one he made, sitting immobile, gazing through his fingers at the fire.

"Well, maybe they are right. I don't know."

"But," he went on suddenly, "that one I read the service for this evening—she wasn't that kind. She was different."

"Quite," I answered. "Quite different."

"She reminded me of a girl I used to know in Taylorsville."

"This one was young and happy and gay. They are alike in that way, don't you think?"

"Not this one. She was different still. She was all that you said, too, but she was more, somehow. She used to play the organ in Emmanuel sometimes, when our regular organist—she was pretty old—couldn't get out. She wasn't religious either—at least not specially so; she did it just because she loved to play. She was better than our regular organist. But sometimes she used to play the congregation out of church with something that wasn't quite—that wasn't regular church music—a little too gay. I didn't mind it myself, but some of the congregation objected. She went right on playing, though I told her about it once or twice. She was headstrong."

It was the longest speech I had ever heard him make. I had a fancy that as he was speaking something resistant within had given way. It was not in gestures, for he made none, except to clasp his fingers and lean a little closer to the fire, but in his voice and in the concentration of his gaze.

"She reminded me of this one. I sat up with the family almost all last night, and when I was reading the prayers I felt that curious way you do feel sometimes that you had done something just like that a long, long time before, do you know?"

"Did she die?" I asked. "The girl in Taylorsville?"

"Her name was Fleming. Dorothy Madison Fleming. No. She isn't dead."

He coughed and, bending closer to the fireplace, seemed rather consciously to avoid my eyes.

"It was very tragic," I murmured. "Very."

"There you go," he burst out; "Tragic, Beauty, Love. How do you know it was tragic? How do you know anything about it?"

I told him I was speaking of the poor girl who was drowned the day before. "As for the other—I don't know anything about Dorothy Fleming."

"Don't you think it's a pretty name?" he asked. "The Flemings were about the best-known people in Taylorsville. Her father was Lawyer Fleming, one of my vestrymen. He was related to pretty near every one in the county. They used to say down there that there were only two things a Fleming couldn't do, tell lies and save money. Her father was like that. We were different. I was raised mighty simple in North Carolina. But he was mighty good to me, and to my wife too, who was sick."

"She got well?" I inquired.

"Who?"

"Your wife?"

"No. She won't ever get well. She is staying with her people in North Carolina."

He paused, sunk quite in reflection again, but of what, there was no slightest outward sign. He sat in the same slouchy way, his hands outstretched, now clasped, now palms outward, without ever lifting his eyes to me. It occurred to me then that his sermons would be very long and very dull, delivered in that uncadenced voice, without gesture, or with very little gesture. When he began to talk again, he talked of North Carolina. He asked me if I had ever been there. He said it was different.

I realize now that I did not understand what he meant by that word different he used so much. It was with him one of those key-words that each human being has in his vocabulary, and which, properly understood, reveal more of the speaker's soul than any gesture, any creed, any

achievement. Napoleon had such a word in *Destiny*. So the Reverend James Markison had different. He used it, I think, as a man might who lived in a one-dimension world. There was a great deal of kindness, of simple wisdom, of what he would certainly have called democracy, in his use of it.

But I was not interested in North Carolina, and I was beginning to be very much interested in Taylorsville. Just as though he had divined my waning interest, he skipped.

"These people up here," he began, "I don't understand them. They tell me there's only one church, and that's only open twice a month. That's why we had the funeral to-day out of doors. You call it beautiful. Well, it may be, but it seemed sort of heathen to me. Down there it was different. In Taylorsville, the churches were everything."

"And Emmanuel," I suggested, "was the most."

"It ought to have been. At least, we thought so. It used to be in the old times. But it had sort of lost ground lately since the war. That was how I came first to think of that man I spoke of."

"Evangelist Jones?"

"That's him." He nodded, and fell silent.

"Of course," he added suddenly, "it was to be a sort of interchurch thing, but I brought him really. I was responsible for him. I know that. Lawyer Fleming never was really in favor of it, not even in the beginning. And, of course, pretty near the whole vestry said as he did."

"He preached in your church then?"

"No, no, no," he contradicted. "You don't understand. It was the biggest thing you ever saw. The town pretty near went crazy. We used the Old Street tobacco warehouse. That's the biggest warehouse in Taylorsville. It would hold pretty near a thousand people, and it was packed, jammed, every night. We brought over all the seats from the Academy of Music, and church benches and camp-stools, and the melodeon from Emmanuel's basement, and Miss Dorothy played on it—up there on the platform right by the pulpit. He didn't use the pulpit much. He used to start there, and then he would walk about, all about the

platform, praying and preaching; and he'd go clean through the aisles, touching people, sitting down by 'em if he thought they needed it. The third night even there must have been a hundred people up front on the mourner's benches, and two or three hundred more out in the congregation crying and singing and praying."

"And Lawyer Fleming," I asked. "Where did he sit?"

"Oh, he'd come round by then. Everybody had. The rich and the poor, the good and the wicked. There was one old man who had been tried for murder, and ran a saloon down on Albemarle Street, the lowest, wickedest hole in Taylorsville, he stood right up the first week and confessed his sins, and went down and broke up that saloon himself with an axe. And old Mr. Hartley, Lawyer Fleming's law partner, he stood up and said he had kept a bottle of whiskey in his safe ever since he was sixteen, and now he'd done with whiskey, God help him, forever.

"It wasn't only at night, either. You'd see people in the street stop and talk and drop right down on their knees and pray. And the churches were open, and people going in and out in broad daylight just like stores. It was the most wonderful time I ever saw. It was like the second coming to me.

"I had prayed for it." He sprang out of his chair and began to walk with his heavy, slow stride across the creaking floor, his clinched hands hanging at his sides. "I had prayed for it since I was a boy. It was a whole city turned to God. Day and night it was the same. People who couldn't get in the warehouse would stand outside, and when they heard the singing they'd take off their hats and join in the hymns. And such singing! Nothing new about it, just the old-fashioned hymn tunes everybody knew. And that little child dressed all in white leading it.

"All the ministers sat together on the platform. My chair was right next the organ where I could see her plainly. It was along in April then, just getting warm, and sometimes it was pretty hot in there with all these people, and I used to fan her and bring her a glass of water.

I could see how it was telling on her. She was getting white, losing that pretty color she used to have when she was running around just enjoying herself. It worried me some to see her that way. But I knew the spirit of the Lord was working in her too. Her eyes used to get brighter, and lots of times, right while she was playing, I'd see the tears rolling down her cheeks. When she'd finished a hymn, she'd put her arms up on the music-stand and lay her face on them, and I could see her shoulders shake. Everybody could see it, all the congregation."

As he said that, he paused in his walk, resting his weight on one foot, exactly over a single loose plank that creaked shrilly under the pressure. And he remained there swaying imperceptibly so that the burdened timber seemed to shriek under his heel. And all the while he was looking straight past me into the fire. It was as if the picture of the girl in her white dress, bowed, weeping before her cityful, was too terribly vivid to him to leave. He must needs stand there on that shrieking plank, stamping it that way into my consciousness too. It was the effect of intolerable over-emphasis. I called out an almost involuntary "Stop."

At some invisible change of equilibrium the sound ceased. The stillness seemed profound.

"I might have said that," he went on quietly, "if I had been, like you are, looking on. But I was up there on the platform. I was leading it. It was my show. I thought I was serving God."

He didn't laugh, but the creaking under his shoes as he walked sounded to me like laughter; laughter literally, as the phrase is, dogging his heels. Whatever he had to tell, I didn't want to hear it with accompaniment. I kicked out a chair before him. He would not seat himself, but leaned over the back of it.

"She had a way of playing between the hymns, very low, so's you could hardly hear it, all the time he was walking out among the people, exhorting and praying. It used to help him, I noticed, that sort of feeling of music in the air. She stopped it suddenly and leaned forward, as I was telling you just now, for a minute, and then she got up and walked over to the front of the platform. Everybody noticed



She started off just like all the regular converts did. — Page 88.

the music stopping, and they were all looking at her. She stood just where the evangelist stood, right beside the pulpit.

"She started off just like all the regular converts did—though she didn't speak so loud. Only she didn't need to because it was so quiet, everybody knowing who she was. She said she had been there every night, just like they all had. She had come there to save others, but she couldn't stand it any longer. She was a sinner herself, and no sinner could help save others. They had to be cleansed first themselves.

"I never was so happy as when I heard her say that. I almost fell on my knees and thanked God out loud. I knew, I couldn't help it—that I would rather have saved her than everybody else in Taylorsville. It wasn't love like you people talk about up here. It was different. I wanted to present her to the Lord, a full, perfect, and complete sacrifice. I put up my hands over my face and cried with happiness. I thought it had come at last. That she was safe forever."

Markison was talking, as I imagine he preached, in a narrow monotonous cadence. His body seemed to sway a little back and forth on his arms.

"She said she had wrestled with the spirit of the Lord until she was worn out. She could struggle no longer. She was going to confess her sins, and ask everybody to pray for her. It was just like what they all said, only she was so young, and all in white, and she didn't cry out loud or shout. She just talked simply. I couldn't see her face, being behind her, but I could see the people out in front, and some of them were crying just like I was. Somebody got up and started to play the melodeon, softly, like she did, but she put out her hand sideways and stopped him.

"Don't do that," she said, "I want everybody to hear me."

"And then," said Markison, "she pilloried herself in shame before the congregation."

It was a rather involved figure, and I suppose I stared rather stupidly at him for a moment or two. Perhaps it was the best way I could have taken it.

"Don't you understand?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said; "I understand."

He came around his chair, and sat down wearily. "If somebody else had said it, said it of Dorothy Fleming—that she was a—a—well, we would have killed him. Some of the younger men did threaten the evangelist next day, and he had to leave the very next day."

"So that ended it?" I asked.

"Yes, that ended it. That ended everything. Next morning the newspapers, which had printed big head-lines every day before and told the text of the sermons, and the names of the converts, just said: 'The usual religious services were held at the Old Street Warehouse last night.'"

The homeliness of the quotation, the vividness of his memory had a peculiar pathos as he repeated it—like an epitaph, a pathetically inadequate epitaph.

"That did end it completely, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It only happened this spring. So after a little while, I sent my wife back to her people, and I came up here to figure it out."

He sat, as at the beginning, his big hands outspread before the fire, staring at the flames "figuring it out," probably. As I had no possible answer to suggest, I joined in his silence. The weird blue flames of the driftwood made hardly any sound.

"Everything," he said to me once, "like an earthquake."

At last, he got up suddenly.

"Well, I am much obliged to you," and he put out his hand for his umbrella. It was extraordinary that I never knew how to talk with him. All I could think of was to offer to lend him a hat. He refused and shook hands. Then he walked out.

The rain, I remember, had stopped, but it was perfectly dark. From my door I could see the light of the inn up above us. The way up over the rocks was tortuous and winding, even dangerous for a stranger. But he would have no guidance, and set off alone. I held the door wide to light the first few feet of his path. As I closed it again, I reflected that no human being could ever do more.

He elaborately avoided me ever afterward, and though I saw him a score of times, we never spoke. Then I heard that he had left Slack Harbor.

A Home of Her Own

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Author of "Educating the Binneys" and "Scaling Zion"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITTLE



SOMEbody had told me in the post-office the night before that one of the Snead girls, as usual, was engaged to one of the seminary students. According to the local pleasantry this had always happened by the middle of May at the latest, ever since Leota Snead, the oldest daughter, had marked a precedent by marrying Wilbur Binney, that notably godly youth, and starting out with him for a missionary post in India. And this time I was afraid it must be Beryl who was committing herself to the familiar fate—though I had hoped that this sister, so marked a variant from the family type, would interest herself in something or somebody unmistakably secular. But my informant, who scarcely knew the Sneads, couldn't tell me. I saw that I must make up hastily for my two years' absence from Circleville. So at eight minutes before eleven on Sunday morning I became a passive drop in the social stream.

"Our" bell had just ceased, but a dismal clangor of slightly varying sectarian accent was still sounding, so we could feel ourselves thoroughly in tune with the day and the institution as we moved with slow propriety toward the "First" Church. - Although it was not yet June, the day was hot and moist. But I remembered that the Sabbath, as we still called it, with a pride in our pious tradition, was always hot and moist. That is, when it wasn't cold and windy. And in either case it had a queer empty soundlessness, like the inside of a balloon. Somehow that strong fragrance of peonies and syringa had a Sabbath character, too. Only it had a tinge, nowadays, of gasoline. "Family cars" that were really waiting to start out on some godless ex-

cursion, but hadn't the courage to admit it, stood shamefacedly outside silent houses wearing a false air of respectability and innocence.

Hardly a moment later, and we were swarming sociably in the vestibule, our backs and elbows touching, while we elaborately prolonged the conventional inquiries. Then, lowering our voices, we began in brisker accent to exchange our bits of news. But we were no more than comfortably under way when the sleek, smiling ushers made their deft wedges in the drifting mass—firmly waved us toward the bright, hot, stuffy, shiny interior. We choked a little as we crossed the threshold and tottered dizzily down the smooth decline. Within, there were no dim corners. Wherever you sat, you were within easy range of the preacher's eye and of every other. Looking about me with the frank curiosity that Circleville so powerfully stimulates and so mercifully permits, I tried to look as if I didn't know that I myself was being expertly scrutinized. How little change there was, after all! Down near the front sat the theological students, as they had always sat, a sparse, charmless group, the bright lure of youth quite absent from them. Two very central pews were occupied by the Reverend Wilbur Binney's fascinating family—father, mother, multitudinous blond progeny—a group whose complex function it was to represent the clergy, the missionary service, the family principle, the Christian home. Just behind them there had always sat Leota Binney's own family, the Sneads. I looked for Beryl, or for some damsel who should wear a consciously bridal look—but Albert Snead, the morose and unsuccessful grocer, sat alone. The presence of his oldest daughter gave me, however, a singular satisfaction. I found that it was Leota Binney whom I was blindly in

search of, Leota whom I must infallibly waylay. An hour later we were walking down the street together.

It proved possible to come to the point with but the briefest preliminaries.

"Beryl?" Leota repeated my question with evident surprise. "Oh, no, it's not Beryl. It's Carmen—that's the youngest. She's done fairly well, I think. They're down in Louisville, visiting *his* people for a few days. Of course, I'd rather that all the girls wouldn't marry preachers. But you know yourself how the home town boys go away before they're anything like old enough to marry. So if you don't elope with one of them at sixteen you're stranded here with the seminary students, and you simply have to help yourself to what there is. That is, if you're practical and want to get settled in life."

"But Beryl—it can't be she's been 'practical'!"

Leota looked at me sharply. "Do you mean to say nobody's told you about Beryl?" she demanded.

"You see I came only yesterday. But is she——"

We were nearing the Binneys' gate. The older children, charming cloud of seraphs that they always seemed to me, had preceded us and were already drifting into the yard. The youngest Binney, who for the first time in the history of this rapidly enlarging family was a graduate from the lurching wicker vehicle that Leota had so long propelled, clutched firmly his mother's hand. Being nearly three, he had long since been ripe for church attendance, as our customs go. Aggressive and a little noisy, he was of course Leota's favorite.

My companion laid an imperative hand upon my arm. "I want you to come in," she urged firmly. "It's cool under the trees. Wilbur won't be home for an hour, and we always have cold dinner on the Sabbath. I'll tell you the whole story."

Leota led the way to the rear of the house, where we found some shady seats not visible from the street. The infant Matthew, much too large for his mother's lap, nevertheless resolutely occupied it, in an overflowing fashion.

"You know how we've always felt

about Beryl. How we were certain she would die an old maid," Mrs. Binney began, with the rigid expression and averted eyes of one exposing to view the tragedy or shame of kindred.

I ransacked my mind for the appropriate formula and found it. "But your mother must have been happy to have one grown-up daughter with her."

"Oh, yes," Leota indifferently agreed. "But she naturally wanted Beryl to have a home of her own. No mother likes to see a girl go on from year to year the way Beryl did without a man in sight. People begin to think she is queer. And Beryl *was* queer."

"She's a lovely creature, I always thought. I hope that if a man has discovered her, he sees her as she is."

Leota was silent. But somehow it was a richly communicative silence. I remembered almost with terror how things had a way of happening to people who were within the range of her formidable power. The small woman's colorless, ordinary appearance was so misleading. Her energy, free as it was from the slightest squeamishness, was so positive a power. Something pressed me on to confirm my intuition.

"It's happened, then! And I believe you brought it about."

"I did and I didn't," Leota admitted, with no air of triumph. "It wasn't as if I'd planned the thing from the beginning. But what chance had I? There was Beryl, quiet and serious, not a bit of life in her, so far as you could see, no sense of clothes and no way with her where men were concerned—and almost twenty-eight years old. She simply wasn't getting anywhere, living along at home that way, watching the other girls go to parties, helping out Saturday evenings at the store, and substituting when the grade-school teachers had the flu. Father didn't like her to work regularly and she wasn't strong anyway. There was all this to fight against. But I made up my mind to see that that girl got married."

To me this preface was not without a tinge of apology. With a fresh wave of compassion I recalled Beryl Snead's sensitive face.

Leota went on brightly. "It was while I was getting ready for the autumn

conference last October that I made up my mind about Beryl. And the week afterward the conference came off. Not as large a one as usual. In fact the only guest we expected, to stay with us, I mean, was Doctor Pettigrew. Though a man like that, at the head of the whole missionary movement, is as much trouble as a dozen others, with his telegrams and telephones and naps and extra lunches, and a girl up from the hotel to write his letters for him, to say nothing of Wilbur having to give up his study. But, after all, Doctor Pettigrew wasn't supposed to occupy but one room, so when at the last minute the arrangements for Arthur Littleby fell through and somebody suggested that he put up with us, we had to let him come. Especially as we had met him in India. He was to make an address on opening day."

"Another missionary, then!"

"A doctor. A medical missionary. Or that's what he ostensibly was. His actual serious interest was something quite different. I'll explain to you shortly."

"The two men both arrived in the afternoon. That night Doctor Pettigrew was to go to the seminary for supper, and Wilbur and I were invited too, but I had a good excuse for declining, as there was Doctor Littleby to attend to at home."

"Before he and the doctor started out together, Wilbur came to me with a queer look. 'Don't worry about entertaining Doctor Littleby,' he said. 'He'll probably be going out somewhere.'"

"'I don't think he will,' I said. 'Beryl is coming over for supper.'"

"Wilbur looked uncomfortable. He hates so to criticise anybody. 'Littleby isn't the man to meet your sister,' he sort of made himself say. 'He's not a man of God, Leota.'"

"'Oh, Beryl is old enough to take care of herself,' I told him. 'And I think it's her duty to come and help me out now and then.'"

"And after all, there was no reason why I shouldn't have had Beryl in. She had been meeting people right along for twenty-seven years without anything happening and so had Doctor Littleby, so far as I knew, for a good deal longer time. What troubled Wilbur, you see,

was the impression of Littleby he'd brought back from India."

"Yet you hadn't known him?"

"No. Not known him exactly. We had different fields. We met him only once. But people talked. We couldn't help hearing. Perhaps I'd better give you an idea."

"You see, there's so much sickness there. And that was naturally Doctor Littleby's job. But people thought, I mean the missionaries thought, he didn't show enough energy in fighting it. He'd toss out some pills, they said, to the sick wretches that swarmed about, but he didn't really seem to *care*. And the hospital he was in charge of may have been rather badly run. But I can't say that it was. We were so far away."

"In any case, perhaps you couldn't blame him. He'd been there so long, and caught so many of their ways. He looks like them, too, though he has straight New Hampshire ancestry—he's so lean and dark and quiet, with something in his personality that just escapes you."

"The trouble was that he liked the life there more than is safe. It had gotten inside of him. If Wilbur and I had ever *liked* it, we should be there now! But we kept our own tastes and standards through it all and he didn't. He loved the climate and the kind of houses they have, and native servants. You know they will wait on you so that you get to the point where you don't want to stir. But that wasn't the worst of it. The really terrible thing was the craze he had for museum stuff—you know, artistic things, bronze and jade and all that. It was this that was the ruin of him."

"And it wasn't any recent hobby with him, either. That's what drew him out to India in the beginning—not any missionary impulse. And he had spent all the years he had lived there in accumulating a houseful of that queer junk that it would make a heathen of anybody to live with. Everybody that spoke of him said the only way you could ever rouse Doctor Littleby was to show him a piece of carved ivory or some old faded woven thing. Of course nobody should let himself think so much about bruised idols and decayed embroidery. It impairs your usefulness." Leota paused

self-righteously, and reflected for a moment.

"Oh, I couldn't remember all the things people have said. And I certainly forgot every one of them the afternoon that Doctor Littleby came. Nice quiet ways he has, always. I decided I couldn't have had an easier visitor. He didn't seem to have anything to do, though, so when the others had gone I took him out to the grape-arbor, over there, you can see, in the side yard opposite. I was there talking with him when Beryl came in at the front gate and sauntered up the walk. I called to her, but she smiled without stopping and went on in.

"Doctor Littleby watched her. After a minute he said, in a distinct, awfully educated way he has of speaking:

"'Is there any chance of seeing that exquisite creature again?'

"'It's my sister Beryl,' I said, 'and she'll be here for supper.'

"'Your sister—I suppose then you don't notice the way she walks or the shape of her head. I should say she is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw.'

"'You know yourself that missionaries don't talk like that. And that it should be about Beryl! It had such a strange, bewildering sound to me that for a moment I quite forgot my secret plans for Beryl.

"'You should have seen Velma,' I said. 'She was married last June. Pink as a rose! And vivacious!'

"'Pink!' he laughed. 'Pink! That's what you Americans admire, I know. To me, the marvellous thing about this young lady is that you can forget her being made of blood and muscle. In fact, I refuse to believe she *has* a circulatory system. She's the work of an ancient tool in a cunning hand.' I remember that phrase of his because he used it more than once about her. 'The work of an ancient tool in a cunning hand.'

"His striking a note like that, after just one glance at Beryl, did upset me a little, I'll admit. I couldn't believe she'd know how to handle him, she'd had so little experience. If it had only been that cool-headed little Velma!

"We had supper shortly. Of course our meal-times, with all the youngsters

on hand, are pretty distracting. And usually our company pays a good deal of attention to the children, for politeness or some other reason, but Doctor Littleby didn't look at one of them. He just looked at Beryl. Oh, I don't mean that he stared. Only he didn't try to disguise the fact that he was interested.

"Well, Beryl may not have had many beaux. But she knew when she was being looked at. And knowing it was becoming to her. She was dressed rather outlandishly, the way Beryl always is dressed, if you remember, in a thin black thing with a round neck and short sleeves. But she has rather a knack in winding that soft black hair of hers around her head. And I suppose she impressed Doctor Littleby more than if she had worn stylish clothes.

"It was plain enough to me that the girl wasn't a bit like herself that night. Excited, I think she was, and still almost afraid of something. She even wanted to avoid coming outdoors with us after supper—tried to go in the kitchen. But Maribelle and Jude always do the dishes and they're so careful about it there's no need of anybody helping them, so Beryl *had* to come with us. Inside of half an hour Doctor Littleby had asked her to go to walk with him and she went. And—well, that was about all I saw of either of them for the next three days.

"Busy as I am here at home, they always expect me to go to half the sessions of the conference, at least. That's what it is to be married to a minister and a missionary. So I happened to hear Doctor Littleby give his talk. And I believe it was the best speech that was made there, though it hadn't any religion in it. Entertaining—vivid. He talks wonderfully when he talks at all.

"But when that was over, do you think he went back to hear the rest of them stumble through their prosy papers? He went walking with Beryl instead. Though he hates to walk, and she never cared much for it either. Of course absolutely everybody saw them. There *couldn't* have been anything more public! Oh, it wasn't the right thing to do at all. Especially for one of us Sneads, with father down there on Main Street all day long in a mussy apron, either picking over



"Nice quiet ways he has, always. I decided I couldn't have had an easier visitor."—Page 92.

his wilted carrots on the sidewalk or measuring out somebody's lard or molasses inside the store. It isn't as if Beryl had been an Arrowsmith.

"Fortunately, Wilbur was so busy being chairman of the conference and making so many of those prayers they fill in with, that he was tired to death, and didn't half know what was going on. But I can tell you that Doctor Pettigrew knew—though you might suppose he'd be just as busy, and just as blind. There's a man that sees *everything*! Then he's accustomed to a great deal of deference—in fact, he's a little spoiled, maybe—and yet Doctor Littleby hardly said a word to him, even at meals. I was amazed, I'll admit, that a man who was even nominally a missionary should dare to neglect the doctor so. It wasn't only rude, it was—imprudent.

"I don't know that I need to reproach *myself* as to the way those two carried on. I tried to talk to Beryl, I tried to warn her. But she slipped completely away from me. And after all she wasn't a child. So Littleby had it his own way."

"But I don't understand Beryl's being so acquiescent," I interrupted. "She's not that kind of girl. She has plenty of character. Why should she have allowed this elderly jade collector to absorb her so?"

"Why, don't you see?—she liked it. Two minutes' talk with her, when at last I had her cornered, told me that."

"She had fallen in love?"

"Straight in love with him, in that reckless way girls have that aren't young any longer. Oh, it was her inexperience, partly. And then he talked to her in a way you might think fascinating about things she had never had a chance to talk about before. And he admired her so and praised her looks in the most exaggerated way. Hardly anybody here in Circleville had ever dreamed Beryl was good-looking.

"But when I saw how she had lost her head over a man that faded out of sight just as soon as he had thoroughly upset her—you can be sure I wished I'd never had them meet. It was bad enough for her to have gone in for such a conspicuous affair with him. Just the sort of thing that would make her more likely to be

an old maid than ever. So I couldn't help telling her that I was thankful Littleby was gone and that I hoped we should never see him again.

"And what do you think she said? 'I'm engaged to him.'"

"'Engaged! Where's your ring, then?' I asked her.

"'I suppose it's in India,' she said. 'Leota, what do rings matter?'"

"Well, I had come to be so suspicious of Doctor Littleby that I could hardly believe they were engaged—or at least that he knew they were. Beryl had of course been brought up the way the rest of us were, to think that the minute a man forgets himself and kisses you, you are engaged automatically. But I felt very sure she didn't know how to work her end of it. I asked her when she was going to be married.

"'Don't ask me questions,' she said in that soft, gentle way. 'I'm so terribly happy.'"

"And you *couldn't* ask her questions. You couldn't talk to her at all. She was so changed that she was impossible. None of the rest of us girls had been like that, you see. When we planned to marry, we knew what we were about, we kept our senses. But Beryl! Oh, it's a terrible thing to care for a man the way she cared for Littleby! Even Wilbur could see how beside herself she was, and there's hardly anything that Wilbur sees.

"This went on for about ten days. And I knew that Littleby was sailing for India in less than a month. I didn't dare ask her if she expected to see him again, though I knew they were carrying on one of those fearfully bulky correspondences that people seem to be able to manage when they don't know each other very well. And she hadn't a thought, of course, for the rest of us, with mother crying in the pantry the whole morning long because she was so sure that Beryl never *would* marry, and with everybody stopping me on the street to ask questions about Beryl that there wasn't any conceivable answer to. I don't go in for nerves—but for once I knew what people mean when they talk about them. Then, suddenly, Arthur Littleby appeared.

"Oh, Beryl was every bit as much surprised as we were. That I know. I have

no idea how she secretly interpreted that engagement of theirs, but I am sure there had been no understanding between them that he should come back and marry her before he sailed, and, if you will believe me, that is precisely what he had come to do.

"Right after breakfast the next morning, mother sent a hurry call for me to come and talk it over. Doctor Littleby stopped at the hotel this time. I hadn't seen either him or Beryl.

"'You're responsible for all this, Leota,' mother told me. 'And you must put a stop to it right away. Your father and I are not going to have Beryl talked about so. The man has treated her outrageously, leaving her in the air this way with no idea whether he meant to come back or not. And then giving her a two days' notice, or whatever it is, that he intends to marry her. I'd rather a daughter of mine would *never* marry!'

"'Oh, no, you wouldn't, mother,' I told her. 'I'm surprised you don't see that the minute he mentions marriage, if he *has* mentioned it, the whole situation is changed. The Littlebys are one of the best families in the East, and the doctor is educated way beyond the point where there's any need of being educated, and when you think of Beryl, actually *Beryl*, settled down in a home of her own, you can draw that long breath you haven't drawn for years.'

"It had been so easy for mother to marry off the rest of us, she didn't seem to understand how it was with Beryl, even though she had worried about her so. We *had* to make concessions, I reminded her, we had to overlook things. And that any man, whoever he was, should want to marry Beryl and take her to the ends of the earth after knowing her only three days, was *something*. It made a romantic story, don't you think? Though you may not think much of romance.

"In spite of all I could do, Doctor Littleby found mother and father pretty stiff. So he came to see me, to try to oil things up a little. Fortunately, I was alone.

"'I understand our charming arrangements have surprised you,' he began. His voice was very languid.

"'Not in the least,' I told him as briskly as I could. 'But I *should* have been surprised if it had turned out any other way. You compromised Beryl pretty seriously, you know, when you were here. There was nothing else for you to do but marry, was there?'

"He smiled. 'Do let's be frank with each other,' he said in a light, easy way. 'Of course, you don't really suppose I'm influenced by any such absurd motive as that.'

"'What motive does influence you, then?' I put it to him bluntly.

"'My dear Mrs. Binney, Beryl pleases me. She pleases me—enormously. She pleases me to the point where—well, you can see for yourself, here I am.'

"'Beryl is a sweet girl, and she could make a really nice home and all that. But you don't act as if you cared about those things.'

"He looked out of the window. 'Wouldn't a woman prefer to be desired for her beauty rather than for being able to cook or wash? Beryl is beautiful. But it's beauty that cries out for a background. She doesn't belong here. I can place her, as I have placed so many things, where her loveliness will count.'

"I had to leave it at that. For I was having trouble enough, not only with mother, but with Wilbur. It was simply unbelievable how Wilbur, who never thinks of anything but missions, or that long visit little Dorcas is making at the Pettigrews', took a stand on this and refused to be reconciled. And I *had* to reconcile him, because the wedding was coming off almost the next minute and you can see what a scandal it would have been if anybody else had performed the ceremony. I found that he couldn't forget a hint that somebody out in India had dropped to him about Littleby. Things do shock Wilbur, you know, that might not shock another man. I must say for him that he is innocent and good. And this thing I could hardly get him to repeat, even to me.

"Well, heaven knows, I didn't want bigamy in the family. Being an old maid was better than that. So I made Wilbur go right down to the hotel and call on Littleby and ask him straight out if there was any truth in this talk of a na-

tive wife out there in India. Poor Wilbur, you can imagine how he hated to. But he went. And Littleby swore to him by everything that was solemn that there was absolutely no reason why he shouldn't marry Beryl. That he had never married anybody, anywhere, in his life. Wilbur had to take his word for it, finally. But he couldn't like the man.

"Arthur gave Beryl something like four or five days to get ready in. That meant they would still have two weeks before they were to sail. Beryl was simply crazy over the idea of going to India. My having hated it so, and its having ruined Wilbur's health for life, meant nothing to her. It was enough for her that Arthur liked it and that it was so far away from Circleville and all of us that she had ever known. Beryl is like that.

"I told her I'd give her a wedding, and that I'd work day and night getting up some clothes for her.

"'I suppose I'll need something for the steamer,' she said in a vague way. 'But nothing else. No new dresses. Arthur says I must wear only Indian things.'

"It was that way with everything. The poor girl was in a trance.

"Having such ideas as theirs, they didn't, of course, want a real wedding. But I made the house look pretty, and we had about twenty-five people and Wilbur did marry them, though his voice shook fearfully, and Beryl, I'll admit, didn't look a day more than twenty. That night they took the train for New York.

"The minute they were gone every one of us collapsed from the strain of it. I know I fastened myself in the woodshed, though the baby was awake and needed me, and there I simply sat down and cried. Just for relief. And I had scarcely ever cried before in my life. But I had been so afraid all the time it wouldn't go through. Anybody could see Arthur wasn't a marrying man, and that it was only by the strangest accident she'd gotten him. And I knew that if we hadn't brought this marriage off I could never have done anything with Beryl afterward—never could have gotten her settled, I mean, in the way a girl ought to be."

Leota paused for a moment. The child

in her lap was heavily asleep and she shifted his position carefully, so as not to wake him. Her gentle movements suggested ample capacity for tenderness. I felt I had misjudged her.

"I could almost cry with relief, too," I said, laughing, as I rose to go. "I was so afraid from the way you began that Beryl had had some unhappy experience. And she's such a dear."

"Don't go just yet," said Leota, in her even voice, without moving. "I shouldn't have told you what I have if I hadn't meant to tell you all. It's because you're fond of Beryl."

"Oh, the story doesn't end, then—where stories do?"

"I don't know just what the ending is of this story. But there's more that you must know.

"For two or three days after Beryl was married we all felt as weak and happy as could be. Then we began to look for word from her. But nothing came. I had to keep reminding mother that she was Beryl and a bride, and that you really couldn't expect anything. Then, after a week, a letter came.

"But the letter wasn't to mother. It was to me.

"I don't see, myself, how Beryl could have brought herself to tell us. Especially as it made it so much harder for us, with people asking questions every hour in the day. It was a terrific blow. But Beryl is self-centred— Oh, I don't mind telling *you*.

"Of course, you know how it is with the board of missions. Their formalities, and all that. And since Doctor Littleby was on the point of returning, and Beryl was going for the first time, the red tape was quite formidable. And one of the important points was a physical examination for Beryl. None of us had thought of that. And it was this that she somehow failed to pass. Her heart wasn't right, it seemed, and there were other things the matter with her—and they simply wouldn't let her leave New York.

"I think still, and so does Wilbur, that if Littleby had been a different type of man he could have slipped her through. But it turned out that he had no prestige at all with the board. Doctor Pettigrew



"Wilbur did marry them, though his voice shook fearfully."—Page 96.

could have arranged it all for him in an instant. Just about anything can happen, if Doctor Pettigrew wants it to. And I've found out since that Arthur did telegraph him for help. But the doctor wouldn't move a finger. You see Arthur had been so rude to him here.

"From Beryl's point of view, this was almost bad enough, with India sounding like paradise to her. But worse followed. And bad as it was, she told most of it in the letter she wrote me. It seems that as soon as he found that Beryl couldn't go to India Arthur announced to her that he was going anyway—going alone. The truth was he had never for an instant considered life anywhere but in the Orient. He didn't intend to consider it. Being married to Beryl, and having her so crazily in love with him, didn't alter that.

"But here the board of missions stepped in again. And now I think of it, there's no knowing that Doctor Pettigrew wasn't behind the whole matter, from beginning to end. The board let Arthur see how much they disapproved of his leaving Beryl, when he was just married to her—some of this we found out later. They put it to him in some indirect way that if he insisted on going he wouldn't find much left of his official status. The big contributions his family had always made were what accounted, I suppose, for his having been retained so long. Because the missions people are great believers in the Christian home, and all that, and they don't care much about missionaries who aren't personally consecrated, even if they are doctors. And I've told you what Arthur is.

"But perhaps even without the board's interfering, Beryl would have seen for herself when things went as far as this. Seen, I mean, just how much romance amounts to. How risky it is to marry a man who talks too well and hasn't any domestic instinct."

"But you seem to have made it pretty plain that he was in love with her!"

"He was in love with her looks," Leota shrewdly discriminated. "But I told you he was a collector. He was in love with everything that he discovered and acquired—small cold things of stone or metal, of course, they mostly were. Then a good part of the joy for him was getting

his treasures at a bargain. I don't know whether he'd really care for anything he'd been forced to pay too high a price for. And when he found what a trap the board had put him in, he probably decided that Beryl had cost him too dear, though at the time he must have supposed he was getting her cheaply, undemanding as she was. As it was, he'd paid the price of everything else that he liked—oh, of things that no doubt he liked far better than Beryl herself, things that he considered more beautiful. If he could, he would, of course, have packed her up in sawdust and returned her by express the next day. But just think what a wonderful protection for women marriage is! That's what Beryl doesn't seem to appreciate in the slightest—the actual advantages of her position, I mean. But there is more that I must explain to you.

"I can't tell you, though, all that happened, in those few days that they spent in New York together. It's only the barest facts that Beryl tells, after all. She's so queer and reserved and heart-broken when it comes to telling anything that he really said. But, good gracious, any married woman has to come up against hard things, sooner or later. Beryl simply had hers in a lump, to begin with.

"Oh, if she had been a different kind of a girl, she might have forced him to settle down with her in this country after all and lead a respectable life. Beryl could have had a nice little home here in Circleville, and the same interests that the other married girls of her age have—her little parties and all that. Which is just what we wanted for her.

"But there would have been drawbacks. Liking India as he did, liking heat and luxury and laziness and queer un-Christian things, had spoiled Littleby so. No, it wouldn't have been easy to make him live in America and *work*. So I think Beryl is well rid of him."

"Rid of him! What do you mean?"

"Why, he's in China. That is, so far as I know. He seized on a sudden chance to go as travelling physician to some rich New Yorker. And left the next morning. Just as free as if he'd never been married at all. Perhaps, after all, she really had to tell of it, in spite of our feelings. But it was terrible for mother."

"But, poor girl, what can have become of her?" I besought Leota.

"Well, here again Beryl has acted so differently from the rest of us. Whatever her husband did, there she was, Mrs. Arthur Littleby, with all the Littleby money and position back of her. Wouldn't you think she'd see how much better that was than being the not-yet-married Miss Snead? But the girl doesn't seem to understand what marriage implies, as mother often says. She won't accept a penny from the Littlebys. You can imagine how terribly we feel about it. And we've never had anything in the family the least bit queer or scandalous before."

"But I don't understand!"

"Why, the minute she picked herself together after her first collapse she went straight out to Cleveland and took a

secretary's position at the Y. W. C. A. She's good at that sort of thing. She has a little flat there. Mother has just been paying her a week's visit. She says Beryl's flat is just as comfortable and pretty as the one Velma has in Chicago. Oh, it's made mother feel differently about Beryl. After all, she *is* married. And she *has* a home of her own. And I've known a good many cases where it would have been easier to have a husband in China than to have him on hand for midday dinner seven days a week."

Wilbur Binney clicked the gate-latch and I made my hasty good-bys.

"Of course, you won't tell anything I've told you," Leota admonished me.

"But I wanted you to know what we've been through. And I thought you might be relieved to know that *something* had happened to Beryl finally!"

Legend

BY JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

WHERE are you hid from me, belovèd one,
That I am seeking through the lonely world,
A wanderer on my way home to you?

Dark is the night and perilous the road:
At many a breast in longing have I leaned,
At many a wayside worshipped, and my heart
Is tired from long travelling.

Perhaps
In centuries to come you wait for me,
And are as yet an iris by the stream
Lifting her single blossom, or the faint
Tremulous haze upon the hills, and we
Have missed each other.

O if it be so,
Then may this song reach to the verge of doom,
Ages unborn, to find you where you are,
My lonely one, and like a murmuring string,
Faint with one music, endlessly repeat
To you, not even knowing I was yours,
Her plaintive burden from the dolorous past;
Telling of one upon a hopeless quest,
How in the dark of time he lost his way!

Boston Revisited

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



THE title is not amiss, for it is twenty years since I inhabited Boston. In twenty years, I have perhaps twice spent a night there as a bird of passage. It is half a dozen years since I even set foot in the city. Now, in recent weeks, I have passed twenty-four consecutive hours in Boston—a thing, as I say, that I had not done before since the turn of the twentieth century. And the twice-seeing eye is like the twice-born soul: it means something better, in a way, than any virgin experience whatsoever. The first impression cannot, for example, register change; it cannot even be sure of changelessness.

The forefathers of New England marshalled their children and said to them, even as the Lord said to Israel through Moses: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse." I know not how it is in other sections of the country; but no thinking man who has been a New Englander for three centuries can fail to have a congenital uneasiness in the blood; a sense of conflict that accompanies every step of his mundane way. He never, like some others, denies or explains away or endeavors to shift his heritage. He is a New Englander, and that settles it. He cannot throw it off—so obviously cannot that there would be no sense in his pretending to try. Sometimes he is more conscious of the curse than of the blessing, and in some cases, no doubt, the blessing seems to fill his sky. The "New England conscience" gives him no peace, for he has inherited it from folk who thought peace, according to its quality, either ignoble or undeserved. No: the New England conscience never gave any one peace. It is the most hair-splitting conscience alive. The New Englander, you see, insisted on looking his God in the face. What wonder that so many of him fled down unanthropomorphic ways into Uni-

tarianism? If you will not put sacraments between yourself and God, there is nothing else to do. We were, for very long, that terrible thing, a man-made theocracy; we were, even worse, a truly homogeneous community. Even now, Middle States, Southern States, Pacific States do not speak our language. We may love them passionately, but we are not at home among these alien folk. Real foreigners are almost easier.

I have known many people who wished they were not New Englanders; but never one who—had the chance really been afforded him—would not have drawn back in terror before the opportunity of change: terror because being, oneself, anything but a New Englander is to the New Englander impossible of comprehension. You simply cannot imagine what it would feel like, inside—to be anything else. In the end, you would shrink before the inconceivable. To be a real New Englander is to be self-conscious; and conscious, to the marrow, of being "special." You may kick against the curse; you may even deprecate the blessing; but to imagine yourself anything else is like imagining yourself a merman or an elemental, a cherub or a fairy. Something different: delightful, very likely, but incomprehensible.

What has it all to do with Boston, visited or revisited? Being a New Englander, I had not realized, until now, that that question could be pertinent, or that sequence muddied. Boston is the one great city in New England, and though you may centre your allegiance in Portland, Maine, or Providence, Rhode Island, or Hartford, Connecticut, you are not unaware of the super-city of your province. You may never have lived in Boston; you may not know it or care for it; but Boston is your metropolis and your capital. Alien to you personally it may be; but not as Chicago, Philadelphia, or St. Louis is alien. On the Western marches, New York is the magnet, no

doubt; New York may even be a habit of the march-dwellers. But Boston is the capital of New England, and all that is traditionally New English in the march-dweller will look thither with respect. You may shop, or go to the theatre elsewhere; but the temple, I think, is still in Boston. No Babylonish captivity can alter that.

So, to a New Englander, Boston is still and always important, with its own special importance. It has become a commonplace that "Boston is no longer a Mecca," etc., etc. Even that does not matter. The New Englander knows that, in a very intimate sense, Boston is, for him, a Mecca. Though they prove to us statistically that the Puritan centre of gravity has shifted from New England to the Middle West, they will never make us feel any corresponding lurch of our beings toward the Mississippi Valley. We do not mind being transplanted so much, perhaps, as some others, though we may not be happy in the spot of our transplanting. Again, it does not matter, because we were never happy in New England. A New Englander is not happy anywhere: he is not made that way. He may be fortunate, cheerful, contented; but happiness was not included in his blessing. His hair shirt is part of his skin. My own notion is that he likes immensely living in places where people do not grow hair shirts in the embryonic stage, but that he never really feels at home except where he knows that the people he meets in the streets are skinned like himself. No one seeks the exotic release with greater hope and more determination than the son of the Puritan or the Pilgrim; no one is so completely incapable of making that release a real escape.

Phenomena familiar and unfamiliar nearly brought the quick tear to the inward eye as I passed along the streets, as I stared across the Public Garden to Beacon Hill, or, later, from the Harvard Bridge across the river to the golden dome of the State House. The Esplanade was new to me; the single sky-scraper was new; the subway to Cambridge something never experienced by me before. Every color that the State House dome can take under any sky I knew already, and every tint of the Public Garden in

spring; but much building, both public and private, had been done since my time. All the "improvements" at the foot of the hill, between Charles Street and the river, were new, as were the strange whitish masses of the Institute of Technology. Nor had I ever before seen (in Cambridge) Holworthy Hall pitifully blank and sunstruck with its guarding elms gone, or the Widener Library making its elders and betters look small. . . .

To the middle-aged revisitant, a smile as inevitable in Boston streets. I remembered my first impression, long ago, on leaving New England, gathered in cities of the Middle States—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore—which was of sheer wonder. European memories of childhood had become somewhat blurred in the intenser life of youth, and it was my honest sense (back there at the turn of the century) that I had never before seen "the man in the street"—which includes the woman—good-looking or well dressed, until I reached those other cities. Those healthy blooming animals, male and female, that were to be seen any fine day on Fifth Avenue, Chestnut Street, or Charles Street—were they a different race, or what? I am not speaking of private assemblages; only of the shops, the streets, the theatres, the happy hunting-grounds of the type, with a fair field and no favor for the striking individual. The occasional handsome man or woman, in Boston, did not even stand out from the crowd; the individual was swallowed up in that prevailing plainness of feature and garb. Whereas, in other cities, I found, the background did not eat good looks alive. All this I remembered. And when, the other day, I made my way up Boylston Street at the shopping hour, behold, it was true as it had always been: there was no beauty, or *chic*, to perceive. It was a plain world. Casual voices, on the other hand, were soothing—proof positive that it was, on the whole, civilized Boston that surrounded me; for in New England the voice is not soothing unless it has had "advantages." Our forefathers bequeathed to us nasality as well as a peculiar conscience. Nowhere else, on the other hand, is the educated voice so good. But that is a matter of culture. So I walked, as of old, the ear soothed,

the eye disturbed. This was indeed Boston.

The shop-windows were full of good clothes—a little less insistent in smartness, perhaps, than those on Fifth Avenue, but good, all the same. At least, they were good on the models. The gift of wearing clothes was not vouchsafed to us New Englanders at large. "Why," the late Henry James once asked me, "do all the women in Cambridge dress like the wardresses of prisons?" The real answer is that they do not, but that New England women are more apt than others to carry themselves as if uniformed. There is a desperate—if you like, a decent—lack of coquetry in the bearing: coquetry, which insists ever on its own subtle difference, though it is only a different flower in the hair, a different turn of the wrist in placing that flower. That, to my mind, is the true explanation of the old fallacy about every Frenchwoman's being well dressed. Setting aside, as complicating the issue, the fact that the best-bred Frenchwoman is less visible to the public eye than the corresponding American woman, it has never seemed to me that the much-repeated statement is true. The average American woman is certainly better dressed than the average Frenchwoman, as she is out and away better looking. What she lacks is the air of having spent private, personal thought on her clothes, of presenting herself to the gaze as a perhaps modest, but deliberate, product of intense reflection. Nowhere is this renunciation of any claim on public gratitude for a task performed in the public interest so evident as in New England, I fancy. And while it brings the smile, it brings the tear. For is it not a vestige, small but authentic, of a bequeathed tradition? The Puritan may have passed out of our conscious life; but he has sunk down into our instincts and found there a hospitable couch. There does not lack evidence that the "younger generation" in New England is more or less of a piece, in manners and conduct, with the younger generation elsewhere. But it has not yet changed the social complexion of Boston streets. If the tear follows hard upon the smile, that is because the tear, too, is reminiscent; because there is something deeply comfort-

ing as well as deeply amusing in seeing certain aspects of things unchanged. There are times when the sense of solidarity is pure irritation; there are also times when the sense of solidarity is a very present comfort: when to feel yourself, after absence and change, still one with the folk you were brought up to consider the world, as you and they are still recognizably one flesh with generations that moulder under quaint tombstones in New England graveyards, is the event of your inner life that most sustains your soul. If you know what you are, you can take your stand upon that. Whether you like your *pou sto* or not, footing is not to be despised. It is the hurrying millions, who know not what they are, that are to be pitied. God forbid that we should not improve our heritage . . . but we have to live up to it first. Permanence, unchangingness, may well lead to decay—the radical mood is right enough about that. Yet up to the crumbling point it is a sign of strength: a point of repair as well as a point of departure. People who have, spiritually speaking, nothing to come home to, may fare further, if only in desperation; but will they build such good roads, knowing neither whence nor whither? It is a good thing, one imagines, to know whence, since whither is always a little uncertain.

One tiny instance of the persistent Boston quality seemed to me in my receptive—perhaps oversensitized—mood, illuminating. I was travelling light, sleeping in a different place each night of my little journey, and had brought no books to weigh down my luggage. Something, none the less, I had to have to read myself to sleep with, that night at my hotel. I bought, automatically, a *Transcript* at the news-stand, then looked for magazines. It so happened that there were none I had not seen, except some I did not want. I started a little disconsolately to my room. Then the inward smile came again. Was I not in Boston? There, at my left hand, as it had been for twenty years, was the hotel library. I turned into the familiar, quiet room, and in five minutes left it with two books. "Where else," I thought to myself, "does a little Irish maid find you the Walter Scotts, and write down 'Woodstock'?"

against your name, without so much as asking you to spell it?" Few caravansaries there are, in any case, that lend you Walter Scott to read in your room, and none other, I am convinced, that does it with such an "air." Such an absence of "air," I think I mean, in truth; so natural and quiet an assumption that a traveller is not only a person who wants his clothes pressed, but also a person who wants something besides a telephone book to read himself to sleep with. One to Boston, I maintain.

I have left to the last the dominant impression of my little sojourn. That was, neither more nor less, the astonishing, the breath-taking beauty of Boston. It seemed to me, that first fine spring morning, that I had never seen an American city so beautiful as this. The beauty of Boston is old, not new. The Esplanade was a fine thing to achieve, but apart from that, I saw no new thing that was particularly welcome to the eye. It was a general beauty, and a beauty that had simply been forgotten. Curiously enough, the old landmarks, as such, were less impressive than of old. Trinity Church, for example, or the Shaw Monument. It may be because I have grown out of love with modern Romanesque; it may be because I have lived too long south of New York to like anything in the Shaw Monument except its technique. But, more than that, if you accept New York, once, as beautiful—and I did, long since—you accept a different scale and theory of municipal beauty. If you have once taken the sky-scraper to your heart, even Paris, in spots, looks a little mean. I still maintain that the cañon of Fifth Avenue, in the proper light, is more romantic than anything Boston can offer; and that, once having loved them, one can never quite do without the "topless towers" of Gotham.

Be that as it may, you set Gotham aside, and readjust yourself. You have to admit at once that it is not mere topography that gives Boston its charm. This is not the only city set upon a hill. Position for position, how can Boston compare with Seattle, or Portland, or San Francisco? Yet none of these cities has pulled it off as Boston has. Nor is it a mere matter of age and ripeness. Phila-

delphia is not a new town, for example; yet Philadelphia has, to the casual visitor, no quality at all. There is in Philadelphia this or that quaint corner, or fine colonial edifice, to be observed; but there is no point at which you stop, overwhelmed by the general scene. Is it the Public Garden, the Mall, the Hill, the river, the lower stretches of the Back Bay? It is all of these and none of them; you must neither confound the persons nor divide the substance. Detail by detail, it has all shrunk a little in the white light of later experience, and each landmark is less imposing than of old. Yet the whole is more positively beautiful, more complicated in charm, more distinct in character, than ever before.

Quality, I think, does it. Boston is more consistent than other cities, has accepted its type with a prouder patience, and has thereby achieved a personality that other cities have not. Its very æsthetic renunciations have counted to it for æsthetic merit, for in refusing to be lured into strange and thrilling new fashions, it has made the most of its own physiognomy. It has chosen its dress to suit its features, and has left experiment to others. And—let the non-New Englander laugh—it has thereby attained a moral beauty, having kept the morals of the æsthetic law. The only analogy I can think of is the woman who has stayed at home and cultivated her garden, and given her own type its perfect chance, refusing to be stampeded by new modes or strange decorative gospels. Certainly the beauty of the city, while it makes its full appeal to the senses, exhales a moral quality as well. It has, as some people might say, an aura. To the New Englander, it must needs sum up much. God knows what New York is trying to say to you; God knows what the new Pacific towns are preparing themselves to shout out when they shall become articulate. But any twice-born soul knows what Boston is saying, and its very limitations deepen and define the message.

This is, I dare say, the greatest plastic explicitness the Puritan will ever reach. Boston's beauty is New England to the core. It shows as much outward graciousness as the New Englander will ever achieve. Smaller towns may give you a

purser "colonial": Boston marks the extreme modification possible to the Puritan who is still a Puritan. It cannot compound any farther with the non-Puritan world without losing its own heritage. More cosmopolitan, more mundane, more eclectic than this, it would not be safe to be. Boston may yet be changed by the foreigner; by the dominant Irishman, the invading Pole. An Iberian, or a Semitic, or a Slavic breath may yet blow hot destruction over Beacon Hill. One does not forget that Old Hadley has lapsed to the foreigner, and that its colonial houses, its double avenue of elms, are now a living anachronism. But, so far, Boston is still New England, going strong.

The old cities of the South, they say, are losing all that made them homes of romance. Too dependent on a state of things that was highly artificial and bound to pass—having no prescience, you may say, of the Shaw Monument—they have sunk slowly as the props were withdrawn. Boston never was, like Charleston and New Orleans, a home of romance: the New England conscience did not see life that way. As I hinted before, it is as much its early renunciations as its acceptances that have given it a kind of Indian summer. The people who live within its gates have much the same qualities as the gates within which they dwell. They are complicated folk, to whom inhibitions are the law of life. Not here lie the great Philistine adventures—not here the splendid riot of physical life. Nor can they permit themselves to be true romantics, following "the light that never was on sea or land." But there is a quiet inclusiveness of reference, an implied recognition of the many things needed for happiness even though happiness be not

easily come by, a rather long list of essentials prevailingly intangible. Souls much lived in, you would say. Not feasted in; still less, shut up with cedarn doors against moth and rust.

Indian summer sometimes prolongs itself incredibly. Those of us who do not feel that New England in the Mississippi Valley is quite the same as New England at home, will pray for winter to be belated. It is not all pleasure, this perception of Boston's beauty; for to perceive it one must enter the land where the free spirit still feels curbed by a rigidity that, strictly speaking, is relaxed, an austerity that no longer holds. Original sin, I think, is the name of the prison we enter when we cross the line into our own New England. New England may have thrown over the dogma—I do not know—but what does that matter if you keep the state of mind? I am convinced that the genuine New Englander, wherever he goes, is still imprisoned in that sense, and "drags a lengthening chain." For myself, I can get rid of it only by crossing the Great Divide and staring at the Golden Gate. And even that shock of liberation would probably not last. Robert Frost's searching words,

"Home is the place where, when you have to go,
They have to take you in."

seem to me to define, better than any others, the escaped New Englander's feeling about New English soil. He may have been happier elsewhere, but elsewhere he has no right. Only there is he at home. To this, at the end of life, whether he die beneath palm or pine, his spirit must inevitably return. And so it shall be, as "Fair Harvard" has it,

"Till the stock of the Puritans die."



Living Up to His Advertising

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Author of "The Business of Advertising"



WE have noticed the remarkable effect of advertising upon those who use it.

Much has been written about its effect upon the advertisee. It has made him a better customer. It has changed his habits and enlarged his vocabulary. And it has equally given him better goods, more easily obtained, at lower prices.

But advertising has one of the qualities of Portia's celebrated brand of mercy. It works both ways. It lays the advertiser under the necessity of living up to his advertising. And the advertising up to which he must live is always a shade ahead of his business. The manufacturer who invokes publicity has given a hostage to the public. He has joined Gideon's band, broken his pitcher, and let his lamp shine. He cannot thereafter hide his light and creep back into comfortable obscurity. He must abide by his conspicuousness and all its consequences.

Twenty-five years ago I was a cub copy-writer on the staff of an advertising agency. One day my boss came into my cubicle and brought me a job.

"I have a friend," he said, "who owns a hotel."

He dropped on my desk a photograph of the wooden summer-resort hotel of that period.

"He wants a booklet written to send to prospective guests. I know nothing about the place—never saw it. I want you to write three thousand words about the kind of hotel you would like to spend your vacation at."

I did just that. I described a hotel where the service anticipated the wants of the guests, where the clerk was human and approachable, and the proprietor a sort of good angel hovering in the background.

My employer duly submitted my copy to his customer friend, along with a dummy of the proposed booklet.

The hotel man read it.

"This is bully!" he exclaimed, "but—you see—that isn't exactly the kind of hotel I keep."

"Maybe not," retorted the advertising man, "but it is the kind of hotel you ought to keep."

I wish I could go on and round out my anecdote by telling you how that hotel man, waiving the advertiser's vested right to edit and blue-pencil all copy, edited and blue-pencilled his hotel-keeping instead, until it resembled somewhat the thing I had imagined. Maybe he did. It is enough for my purpose that there is to-day at least one chain of great hotels whose advertised motto is "The guest is always right," and these hotels are in a way one result of the advertising man's laconic "It is the kind you ought to keep."

The kind you ought to keep, the goods you ought to make, the service you ought to render, have been displayed temptingly and suggestfully before the manufacturer's eyes by his own advertising until they have had with him something the result that Jacob's peeled wands had with the ring-straked lambs. They have made him over, unconsciously, but none the less effectively.

He has been changed by the very effort of making a worth-while appeal to the public. He cannot say one thing and do another, and since the thing he says, or permits his advertising man to say for him, is that more nearly ideal thing which he always meant his business to be, it is that thing which under the influence of the advertising urge his business gradually becomes. An actor sometimes plays one part so long and so earnestly that he comes to resemble the character he impersonates. Did not Joe Jefferson acquire some of the genial and lovable qualities of Rip Van Winkle?

There is nothing insincere about the advertising of the manufacturer I am describing. He does not talk himself into believing he is something he is not. But the total of all advertising produces a sort

of atmosphere of good-will, to which all advertisers contribute and by which all are affected. Let us see if an instance will not make that clearer.

Go into almost any shop to-day and you will find the prices of the goods plainly marked. This was not true fifty years ago. Then goods bore tags covered with mysterious symbols intelligible only to the proprietor and his salesmen. These symbols (each store had its own code) recorded the lowest price at which the article could be sold. But that was not often the selling price. The selling price was whatever the salesman could get over and above that bed-rock upset price, which was presumably the fair retail price for that article. The higher the price, the better the salesman. Every sale was a haggle, and it must be confessed that frequently the customer entered the game with as much gusto as the salesman. But the time and ability of the salesman were wasted—wasted trying to get as high a price as the customer could be made to pay. Instead, he might have been building good-will. He might have been turning a casual purchaser into a permanent customer. Neither the salesman nor his employer realized the potentialities of future business a casual purchaser represented. The modern idea that a sale that cost the store a customer's future business was a loss, no matter what the profit on that sale, was then unknown.

The secret price worked injury to the store. It was also an injustice to most customers. Only the good bargainers could beat the salesman at his own game. Most paid too much, and the same article was seldom sold at the same price to different individuals.

The condition was more or less true of all lines, but it was especially true of men's clothing. Men were (and are) poor judges of the value of the clothes they wear. When a man needed a suit he went to the store, picked it out, and then the bargaining commenced. The word "cheapening" was much used in those days for "marketing" or "shopping." "He was cheapening a suit" meaning he was beating down the seller. It was all well understood. No one but an easy mark accepted the first price asked. No one but the seller knew how little he would accept to make a sale. Now and then a

shrewd buyer carried the price below the hieroglyphics marked on the tag. But the odds were always in favor of the bank.

Along came advertising. It is true that clothiers had advertised before. Newspapers carried the stereotyped cards: "Ezra Hemphill, Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes. 102 Main Street, opposite the Public Square." (How long, I wonder, after boots ceased to be worn did stores advertise *boots* and shoes?) But real advertising involved something more than a mere directory. Some clothier, feeling around for a message, a story that would give him the individuality at which all advertising aims, abolished the secret price, with all its attendant evils, and announced the fixed price: "All garments plainly marked."

How well I remember one such pioneer! On the flat rails of the fences around my native town was lettered in yellow paint the legend: "N. Boishall, the One-Priced Clothier." What Mr. Boishall meant was not that all his suits were the same price, but that the same suit was one price to all. But he did not need to explain it. The public of that day knew, though to-day the phrase is meaningless.

There was no revolution. Changes came slowly. Secret price marks are not yet entirely extinct. But they are confined to the smaller and more exclusive shops where the tradition still prevails that there is something vulgar about a price. I do not believe a secret price to-day means a fluctuating price, but perhaps Baedeker's familiar phrase will serve: "Bargaining suggested."

The buying of clothing was taken out of the category of games of chance by advertising. Few who made this change in their merchandising methods saw where it would eventually lead them. A new morale in selling had begun which was to continue until the purchaser, instead of marshalling all his faculties to buy a suit without being stung, was to become so pampered and coddled that not even his own mistakes would count against him, let alone the shortcomings of the store itself. What would N. Boishall, the One-Priced Clothier, have thought of men's furnishing stores where goods could be returned if unsatisfactory, money cheerfully refunded, without pressure to take other goods in exchange? Where the

seller's solicitude extended over the period of wearing the article, and where the customer's continued and lasting satisfaction was placed far higher than the profits on any sale. One such retailer in New York City advertised a few years ago urging all who had bought certain suits to bring them back, anxious to warn the until-now-unsuspicious purchasers that the suits were badly dyed and would not hold their color.

The sheer advertising value of this incident is great. It gave at once an attention-compelling story and a telling instance of the store's desire to keep faith with its customers. The loss on the suits—if there was loss, for probably this was passed back to the manufacturer—was a small price to pay for such constructive advertising.

An experience of my own stands out. I bought an overcoat of a salesman who had made himself so necessary to some of us that we always waited for him when he was busy, like a favorite barber. Going to that store a month later for another purchase, my salesman said:

"Is that the coat I sold you?"

I said it was.

"Let me have it a minute, please. The surface of the cloth seems to be wearing off."

I had no complaint, but he took the coat to one of the store experts, and when he came back he said:

"The management wants you to return this coat, and either select a new coat or let them return your money."

And it was so.

Was that good business? In the years since this happened I have told that story hundreds of times, in conversation, in advertising talks, and in things I have written, as I am telling it here.

Both these instances are about the same house, perhaps a more shining example of what I am trying to show than the average, but the house is on record that the losses from such a policy are negligible.

It is only within memory of men now living that it has been believed that both parties to a bargain could be satisfied. One of the textile houses has an amusing trade-mark, a survival of those early days. An old-time merchant stands with lips pursed, hands thrust deep into breeches

pockets, staring at vacancy. The motto is "Sell and repent." It was more apt to be buy and repent, for *caveat emptor* had a real as well as a legal meaning. For thousands of years barter and sale had been one of the outdoor sports, as it is to-day in many countries, and as it is in all countries in some lines. Take the ethics of a horse trade, for instance, as told by David Harum.

Roy S. Durstine, in his book "Making Advertisements and Making Them Pay," observes: "The appalling fact about advertising is that it can and does change the character of an establishment. Just when you decide that the sort of quality copy used by a merchant is entirely out of keeping with a business, you wake up to find that it has completely changed the class of his trade and that he is moving his shop to a better neighborhood where his customers prefer to shop. The history of many leading merchants in our large cities is the strongest proof of advertising power as a democratic force. It has lifted countless struggling merchants out of the side streets and on to the boulevards. Its atmosphere can crystallize the ideal of a business more than many spoken words."

It must be confessed that advertising itself needed considerable regeneration before it could become an uplifter.

In the days before manufacturers had accepted it as the great right arm of selling, it was looked upon with justifiable suspicion, for those who used it most were exploiting the credulity of those who believed in it. Chief among them were the patent-medicine men. Advertising is the one essential ingredient of a proprietary remedy. Legitimate businesses have thrived without advertising, but no patent medicine could exist without it. The least harmful of these quacksalvers were those who merely took the victim's money and gave him nothing. Remedies costing one cent to manufacture were sold for a dollar. Habit-forming drugs disguised as tonics produced their own re-orders. It became tragic when hopeless people suffering from chronic diseases were led to depend year after year on worthless remedies until all help was too late. Testimonials of victims who had in the meantime died while depending on the remedy advertised to cure them were used in the advertising.

To the patent-medicine people must be added the out-and-out swindlers. Their schemes were ingenious and their defense impudent. They gave a touch of comedy to the prostitution of advertising. They bore heavily on the universal desire to get something for nothing. Two instances will suffice. One advertised a "complete sewing-machine for 25 cents." Another offered a "steel-engraving of General Grant for 25 cents." Those who sent their quarters to the first advertiser received a cambric needle. The steel-engraving was a one-cent postage-stamp. The amounts were so small that few took legal steps. Written complaints were merely ignored. When legal action was taken, the suits failed. The advertisers had done exactly what they promised. A cambric needle *was* a complete sewing-machine. *All* postage-stamps were steel-engravings. The government had only one recourse. The naïve process, "fraud order," was invoked. The advertiser's mail was stopped and the money returned to the senders, which gave an opportunity to learn the vast profits from this form of advertising. The advertiser changed his name and address and put out a new offer. The Post-Office Department could not keep up with such versatility.

Publications were issued solely to carry this sort of business. They were called mail-order journals, and the traffic mail-order advertising, thus bringing reproach on the name of what has since become a legitimate and beneficial form of selling goods. The only way of stopping this was to cut off publicity.

Then there was the advertising of worthless securities, technically known as "blue-sky" or "wildcat" stocks. These had no market other than that made by advertising to weak-minded individuals who believed everything they read in the papers and magazines. They contributed their share to discrediting publicity as a means of selling goods. The itinerant circus, far more common in those days, was a symbol of amusingly mendacious advertising. While few took seriously the orgy of adjectives and superlatives which were thought necessary to bring the crowd to the big tent, it helped to uphold the impression that sober, restrained, sincere advertising would accomplish nothing.

In all this the mediums which accepted

such business complacently were aiders and abettors. Many publishers looked with equal favor upon the money of the patent-medicine man and the legitimate manufacturer. The idea they owed anything to their subscribers was then too far in advance of their primitive and short-sighted business instincts. The professional advertising man was the first to feel the handicap under which his clients were laboring. The better agencies of those days were beginning to refuse the accounts of proprietary remedies. The agencies used the weight of their legitimate accounts as a club. They refused to O. K. bills when their advertisements were run on the same page with patent medicines. It was obvious that advertising would never come into its own until the Augean stable was thoroughly cleansed.

A Hercules was in training. The publishers began to see that they were fouling their own nests in accepting business that destroyed the confidence that is the life-blood of advertising. Edward Bok, from his seat of power as editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, launched a crusade that stirred the patent-medicine world to its depth. There is no need to tell that story here. Mr. Bok has already told it, and told it well, in his book "The Americanization of Edward Bok." The *Journal* crusade was followed by one in *Collier's*. The magazines cleaned house. They were followed, more slowly and less completely, by the newspapers. It is possible to-day to advertise patent medicines, but only in a restricted way. The important thing is that the traffic has been placed under a ban. It is no longer an important source of advertising revenue, and many of the most offensive proprietaries, deprived of their essential ingredient, have followed their victims to the grave.

The attack of powerful magazines was only one of the forces at work to regenerate advertising. The magazines, brought to realize the real value of their columns, and the possibilities of advertising for industries that had never dreamed of using it, and never would while it was the chosen method of every disreputable swindler, took other steps to build up the integrity of their advertising pages. They began the creation of what is known as reader confidence. The first step was the guaranteeing of the advertising. Readers

were assured that the publisher stood behind every offer in his advertising, morally and financially. On this offer publishers sometimes had to make good. Occasionally more money was spent in reimbursing the subscriber than the publisher received for the space. Another innovation was imperative—the censorship of copy. The publisher refused advertising that even unintentionally would mislead the reader. In some instances the blue-pencilling of all extravagant claims was enforced. The advertiser was no longer allowed to say that his product was the best in the world, unless it was and he could prove it. No advertiser was allowed to reflect on a competitor's product. Each publisher as he made these reforms effective used advertising to inform the world. For some time the dominant note in advertising of magazines was the spotless integrity of their advertising pages.

The so-called *Printers' Ink* statute was another help. That publication, with the aid of competent lawyers, framed an act to punish fraudulent advertising. This act has now been put on the statute-books by twenty-eight States. The law has teeth. The Associated Advertising Clubs, an organization with fifteen thousand members, maintains a fund to enforce it.

All these things have helped to take advertising away from those who used it basely and prepare it for its service to legitimate business. But the principal influence that has modified the nature and scope of advertising is the character of the men who in the last twenty years have gone into it, or into businesses that use it. These are the graduates of the colleges and universities, men who in an earlier day gravitated into the so-called learned professions, then the only recognized field for a trained mind and a standard of self-respect. Such men now realize that business is the real field of high adventure, where the opportunities are greater and the rewards larger than in law, architecture, medicine, or any of the other intellectual professions. These men have taken their brains and their ideals—especially their ideals, for business did not entirely lack brains—into the selling end of business, and with the open-mindedness that only the outside point of view can give, have promptly adopted advertising as a means of selling.

Whatever this college type of man may be, he is usually a good sportsman, and the change that has come over the making and selling of goods savors strongly of sportsmanship. The large point of view, good-will, fair play, welfare work, are all results of a higher code of business ethics just as surely as they are a source of greater profits. Sometimes a son joins the ancestral factory. He takes a year in the shop, a year on the road, and a year in the office, and then he begins to tell the old man how to run the business. Frequently he is right, and frequently he prevails. Sometimes the argument lasts until the father dies or retires; sometimes the young man's theories about advertising, treatment of help, and co-operation with competitors wins over the older heads, and the business becomes a little less sordid, and correspondingly more profitable.

For the type of the advertising man has changed. Howells, Stevenson, Wells, Gissing, and Locke all drew the old type, of which the late Tody Hamilton, of glorious memory, was the living representative. The advertising man is no longer Fulkerson, Jim Pinkerton, Pondero, Luckworth Crewe, or Clem Sypher. He is less picturesque, less obvious, a finer and more imaginative type, saner, more reserved, and younger.

For advertising is inherently a young man's work. It requires faith, courage, vision, imagination more than it requires experience. Men from a world having little commerce with business have leavened the whole lump. The novelty, the constructive, creative building power of advertising has attracted them. They have adopted it as their main selling force, and having adopted it, they have not only made it impossible for the old gang to use it, but they have set it to work to accomplish things the most enlightened old-school advertising man never dreamed. For advertising is no longer concerned entirely with selling goods. In the last few years there has been much advertising of which selling goods was only the far-off ulterior purpose. This new advertising is being done for the building of business morale.

A quotation from a piece of advertising put out by an advertising agency will set briskly before you how modern advertis-

ing men regard the force with which they work:

The world is paying a new attention to morale. Morale has become a familiar word.

For this the advertising fraternity is duly grateful. For years the conscientious advertising man has been thinking of and dealing with such intangible things as morale, good-will, public consciousness—a state of mind.

More often than not he has had to talk of those things to a man who was thinking of and dealing with shoes and ships and sealing-wax.

This manufacturer naturally tended to limit his conception of advertising to the immediate sale of a shoe or a ship or a sealing-wax. And classed the advertising man as a gentle lunatic because his conception of advertising comprehended the creation of a state of mind that should result in continuous sales.

Hence the gratitude of the advertising man when any circumstance—even a deplorable world war—advertises the state of mind as an essential factor in any enterprise.

The morale of a business is fostered by advertising to a greater extent than any man realizes who has not gone into the subject seriously and thoughtfully.

The manufacturer of an advertised brand is held to high standards of quality, of improvement, and of service, by the fact that he is identified with his product. Responsible for it. And held responsible for it by the public because he has branded it as his. His advertised trade-mark is his promissory note to the buying public.

Greater efficiency in a factory follows the pride of employees in working at a business that is well known and favorably regarded. There are instances where the decrease in labor turnover has shown a profitable return on an advertising expenditure.

Advertising can create a certain atmosphere, a certain impression in the workman's mind, the reaction from which is an added feeling of dignity in his employment and the place of employment. Other things being equal, a man would rather work for a house the standing of which was high than a house the standing of which was low. He would rather tell his friends that he worked in your factory than somewhere else, because he knows that in stating that fact his friends, by reason of their knowledge of your company, approve his condition.

This decreased cost of labor turnover is difficult to demonstrate, but the results seem to be indisputable.

In another subtle way, a personal sense of responsibility on the part of the workman for the task he performs is brought about, so that, in addition to the precautions you take, the quality of production becomes high because the workman unconsciously feels that these goods must live up to their reputation.

And greater efficiency results from the confidence and spirit of a selling force that is selling a well-known article of merchandise recognized as a leader.

A single by-product of this confidence on the part of your sales force is pregnant with opportunity for a great and desirable economy. Let your advertising create the right impression of

leadership and authority and your salesmen will unconsciously insist on the acceptance of your goods as they stand, and find the trade reader to accept them. Your salesmen's orders will not be encumbered with so many special instructions and changes which must be carried out at a much higher manufacturing cost than if changes were not required by the dealer.

Advertised concerns are admittedly the preferred customers of sellers of raw material. Of what use is it for the seller of raw material to refer to a satisfied customer one never heard of? But a prospective customer lends a readier ear if he hears that well-known concerns are patrons. The seller of raw material also realizes that the advertised established brand is a steady customer.

All of this force of advertising making for the morale of business is a by-product, but sometimes a by-product is more important than the primary function of advertising, to make sales.

Such is the in no respect unusual belief of the modern advertising man in the possibilities of advertising. Human nature has not been made over. There are shysters and quacks in advertising just as there are in law and medicine, and there always will be. But there is also a code of ethics drawing its rigid line between the ranks of those delightful rascals, Clem Sypher and Ponderevo, and the community of real advertising men, who are not particularly distinguishable in a crowd from other sane and successful business men. The heroes of Locke's and Wells's books are English types, of course, but we had them here, still have them for that matter, only none of our native authors have yet put them so engagingly in books.

Even in the days when the boastful, vulgar, flashy type of advertising man flourished without let or hindrance, he was not regarded as representative by those who were engaged in what little constructive work was then being done. A fairer example is the late George P. Rowell, founder of *Printers' Ink*, of the *American Newspaper Directory*, and of one of the earliest advertising agencies. Mr. Rowell was a sane, long-headed New Englander, with scant sympathy for the "bunk" that permeated so much advertising. He had a wonderful faculty for going straight through it to the common-sense basis underneath. To him I owe a lesson in advertising that stands out sharply after nearly thirty years. My employer—the same who made the historic remark about the hotel booklet—had an order from Mr. Rowell for some advertising copy. He turned it over to me. With

the warped judgment of youth I tried too hard to be clever. My employer sent my stuff to Mr. Rowell, with this comment:

"Here is some copy one of my young men has written."

Promptly it came back, with the comment:

"One of your young men has written some d—— bad stuff."

Mr. Rowell has left behind him a book of reminiscences valuable as a history of the beginnings of modern advertising, but more than that intensely interesting as a human document and well worth reading for its own sake. It has something of the quaint charm of Pepys's "Diary" on account of its style, its frankness, and its humor.

Out of a bewildering array of modern instances of the refining influence of advertising upon those who use it, there is room to touch further on but one, and for that one the most striking is perhaps the effect it has had in minimizing what is known as cutthroat competition. There is one idea in business almost as old as that *caveat-emptor* principle, and that is hostility to a competitor. The desire to gain some great end by advertising has brought groups of competitors together. This great end is the one of educating the public to be better customers. Cement manufacturers have learned that it is better to teach more people to use concrete construction and thus make a bigger market for cement, than to fight each other for the smaller trade that already exists. Under the ægis of advertising paint manufacturers, tile-makers, orange-growers, raisin-driers, lumbermen, dairy-men have joined the hands formerly lifted against one another. There is competition still, just as determined and far more intelligent than in the old days, but it is the competition of golf, all within the limits of a gentleman's game. Each one plays his own ball, the best he knows how, and when his competitor's ball is lost in the rough, he cheerfully joins in the search for it.

Men in a similar line of business, meeting to arrange a plan for the common good of the industry, and thus becoming acquainted, could never after hate one another with sufficient ferocity to resume the old tactics. "I hate that man," said Charles Lamb. "Why, you don't know

him," replied a friend. "Of course I don't. How could I hate him if I knew him?" Anything that brings competitors together is desirable, but when co-operative advertising is the attraction, it is a preparation for lessening the stress of competition by providing a larger market for all.

No better word can be found for ending this attempt to present one of the nobler results of advertising than to quote the plea of Bruce Barton, himself an excellent example of the men who are giving advertising its idealistic tendency, which I find in a recent copy of *Associated Advertising*:

Give advertising Time: that is the thing it needs most.

The advertising agency is the precocious infant among the professions. One of the oldest agencies in New York prints on its letterhead the date of its founding, and that date, as I recall it now, is 1869! Think of it—almost ten years after the Civil War; and the boys of the Civil War are still alive among us.

Is it fair to expect perfection in a profession that counts only a single generation to its credit? Should it occasion surprise when even a well-laid advertising campaign goes wrong? Is it any wonder that workers whose chief raw material is human nature should have to confess that they cannot always tell in advance just how that raw material will act?

We are learning. We have just passed through one great cycle of inflation and deflation. We know now what happens to the automobile business and the shoe business and the perfumery business when prices go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. How much wiser counsellors to our customers we will be when another cycle swings around. How much better we will be able to read the signs of the storm, having passed through one such tempest.

I like the references in English novels to those old law firms—solicitors, I believe they call them—in which sons have succeeded their fathers to the third and fourth generation. Each new generation of lawyers has handled the affairs of the new generation among its clients, dealing out counsel based on records which run back for a hundred years or more. I see no reason why advertising agencies too should not outlive their founders and the successors of their founders, growing wiser with each generation and gathering a priceless possession of recorded experience.

Think of an advertising agency in 2020 being able to turn back in the records to 1920 and say to its clients: "In the Fall of 1920 *this* happened in silk, and *this* happened in leather and *this* happened in wheat, and the selling problems which followed were *so* and *so*. The present situation has certain aspects that are similar: and the recommendations which we are presenting are based on a recognition of that fact."

We are gaining experience; we are growing more and more valuable as advisers every year.

Don't expect the impossible.

Give advertising time.

American Indian Myth Poems

BY HARTLEY ALEXANDER

THE poetic spirit of the American Indian is a thing to be retrieved fragmentarily, partly through the echoes of old songs, partly through the dim remembrings of ancient beliefs. The native expression is seldom articulate after the manner of white men; it is too simply a communion with nature to need formal articulation. But it falls easily into the cadences of unaffected speech, interpreted but not misportrayed. The story of the never-ending strife of the Daughter of the South, Mother of Life, with the Wolf-Chieftain of the North; the naïve faith that to bathe the bare feet in the morning dews will bring youthful power; belief in Spirit-Men of the Mirage; old myths of birds or animals who have wished death into the world,—of such fragments as these are the inspirations for what is here given, tradition from the Indian, heritage for ourselves.

THE CITIES OF WHITE MEN

THOSE men build many houses:
They dig the earth, and they build;
They cut down the trees, and they build;
They work always—building.

From the elevation of the mountainside
I behold the clouds:
The clouds build many beautiful houses in the sky:
They build, and they tear down;
They build, and they dissolve. . . .

The cities of white men,
They are not beautiful like the cloud cities;
They are not vast, like the cloud cities. . . .

A wind-swept teepee
Is all the house I own. . . .

THE BLIZZARD

WHIPPED onwards by the North Wind
The air is filled with the dust of driven snow:
The earth is hidden,
The sky is hidden,
All things are hidden,—
The air is filled with stinging,
Before, behind, above, below,—
Who can turn his face from it? . . .
All the animals drift mourning, mourning. . . .
Only the Gray Wolf laughs.

Who are ye who wallow in the winds?
Who are ye who strike with stinging blows? . . .
Man-beings out of the North?

Beast-beings out of the North?
 Snow-beings with fingers of thin ice? . . .
 I am a Daughter of the South:
 My lips are soft, my breath is warm,
 My heart is beating wildly,—
 I cannot live in the cold. . . .
 All my animals drift mourning, mourning. . . .
 Only the gaunt Gray Wolf is laughing.

To-morrow three suns will rise, side by side;
 All the earth will be covered with dazzling snow,—
 Cold, cold, and very quiet. . . .
 The animals will lie buried in the snow,—
 Cold, and very quiet. . . .
 But the gaunt Gray Wolf will break a new trail,
 Running, with three shadows blue upon the snow,

THE WET GRASS OF MORNING

IN the spring when I bathe my feet in the wet grass of morning,
 I see many smiles upon the meadows. . . .

There are drops of shining dew clinging to the blue harebells,
 And the little white starflowers sparkle with dew, shining. . . .

Old Woman Spider has beaded many beautiful patterns,
 Spreading them where the Sun's ray falls. . . .

He also is smiling as he catches the red of the blackbird's opening wing,
 As he hearkens to the mocking-bird inventing new songs. . . .

I was an old man as I sat by the evening fire;
 When I bathe my feet in the wet grass of morning I am young again.

MIRAGE

THE footfalls of many feet are on the prairies,
 Treading softly, like the rustling of shaken grasses;
 In the air about me is a sound scarce audible,
 As of the wings of silent birds, low-flying. . . .

What are they that move in the luminous mid-day,
 Invisibly, intangibly? . . .

It is hot and whisperingly still;
 I see only the quivering air, there on the far horizon,
 And beyond it a lake of cool water lifted into the sky:
 Pleasant groves are growing beside it,
 Very distant I see them. . . .

Are these men come out of the silence to walk beside me?
 Are these gods who flit with invisible wings?

THE GREAT DRUM

THE circle of the Earth is the head of a great drum;
 With the day, it moves upward—booming;
 With the night, it moves downward—booming;
 The day and the night are its song.

I am very small, as I dance upon the drum-head;
 I am like a particle of dust, as I dance upon the drum-head;
 Above me in the sky is the shining ball of the drumstick.

I dance upward with the day;
 I dance downward with the night;
 Some day I shall dance afar into space like a particle of dust.

Who is the Drummer who beats upon the earth-drum?
 Who is the Drummer who makes me to dance his song?

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

IN the Day ere Man came,
 In the Morning of Life,
 They came together
 The Father, the Mother,
 Debating.

"Forever they shall live,
 "Our Children,
 "When they are born Men,
 "Forever they shall live,"
 Said the Father,
 Said the Mother.

But the little Bird cried,
 Ah, the little Bird cried:
 "How shall I nest me—
 "How shall I nest me
 "In their warm graves
 "If men live forever?"

THE SUN'S LAST RAY

UPON the blue mountain I stood,
 Upon the mountain as he sank into the Rivers of Night:
 The camps of the clouds in the heavens were shining with evening fires,
 many-colored,
 And the pools on the plain below gleamed with many reflections:
 All things were made precious with the Day's last ray.

Farewell, my Father, the Shining One!
 Farewell, whither thou goest,
 Like an aged chieftain adorned with the splendors of many deeds!
 Thou dost touch the world with many reflections,
 With parting injunctions many—
 Thy thought thou hast given us.

The Mother Tongue in School

BY A. R. BRUBACHER

President New York State College for Teachers



THE national spot-light of public effort is focussed on the English language to-day as never before. The obvious part of the Americanization movement consists largely in teaching English to the adult immigrant, but a greater although less obtrusive part consists of teaching English to the children of immigrants in the public schools of America. The ends sought go far beyond language, to be sure, but the getting of English is fundamental and indispensable. Then, too, English has claimed a growing part of the daily school programme of American school children generally until it is to-day the premier subject from kindergarten through the high school and the academy, while the colleges and universities give it at least equal place with other departments of the curriculum.

We take this as a matter of course, as if it had always been the rule, when the fact is that English is one of the newer subjects in the curriculum. If it is not wholly new, then it has recently assumed wholly new importance. Children of the elementary school are to-day required to do vastly more supplementary reading of English than formerly; and composition has taken a formal place in the day's work, whereas it used to receive only incidental attention. In the high school and in the academy the reading of English literature is a new and a voluminous requirement, while English composition has during the last twenty years at times and in places amounted to an obsession. The high school student to-day devotes from one-fifth to one-fourth of all his time to English, and the college student finds English the one universal requirement for the baccalaureate. But note the contrast with a very recent past. Up to the early nineties Yale, in common with a majority of American colleges and universities, set no entrance requirements

at all in English. High schools and academies had no teachers of English unless there was perchance a teacher of rhetoric or of the history of literature. Andover Academy, for example, added its first "English teacher" in 1892. Some well-known New England academies did not add teachers of English before 1900. School graduates and college men and women generally, at the opening of the century, were ignorant of the "four forms of discourse" and the minutiae of "paragraph development." These delights of learning came in during the nineties and have since then spread over the schools and colleges like an avalanche.

But in spite of this rapid growth in effort and time, controversy continues among teachers of English and educators generally over what to teach and how to teach it. The extreme position is occupied by a small band of irreconcilables, outside the ranks, who maintain that English is best learned by unconscious absorption in the nursery, at play, by association with refined, educated people. They cite the fact that English schools do not give the same amount of formal attention to the mother tongue that we do, and they say, with a bit of malice, perhaps, that the much teaching of English since 1900 has not improved the quality of the written and spoken English that comes before us daily. Grammar is dead bones to some of them. Literature read under compulsion, even though it be academic compulsion, is believed to be a weariness of the flesh and death to good taste, while the daily theme is confidently recorded as one of the inventions of Satan.

We expect such bitter things from those without the light and leading of the profession, belligerent fellows beyond the pale. But even within the profession all is not well. Doctor Syntax is discredited in high places. A good-sized family quarrel goes on among teachers of English all the time, the disagreement swaying from rhetoric to spelling, from pro-

nunciation to logic, from versification to the history of literature, from incorrect syntax to the paragraph form, from the classics to the ephemeral and fugitive, from literary composition to oral English, to commercial English. Each phase of English teaching in turn receives vehement condemnation or emphatic praise. If we judge by the contrary winds of doctrine, there is no established philosophy of English teaching as yet. Even the cardinal points apparently remain undetermined. Can we teach the essence of literature so that the results of our teaching may be measured by the examination standards? Can we teach the elements of composition so that creative literature results? Can we teach the mother tongue, or is it truly a "curse that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue"? Is English so "easie of itself," as Sir Philip Sidney assures us, that it needs no teaching?

Before King Alfred wrote his chronicles the English language was almost wholly in a condition of oral flux. It was heard rather than seen. It had no literature; its form was indeterminate, varying with individual vocal peculiarities and according to the speech habits of the mass of the people. Each speaker put upon this speech the mintage of his own tongue, and the form of his language was only as enduring as the sound of the human voice. When his voice died away the word form was gone and the sentence form was merely a memory. Pronunciation without the stabilizing influence of script or print cannot give fixity to word forms. The very idea of spelling presumes a written or printed word, and hence the word orthography. Similarly the best specimen of spoken language cannot free itself of personal bias and individual characteristics, and acquire the social values of accuracy and definiteness and truthfulness. For oral speech is elusive and cannot be subjected to those polishing and corrective processes by which a much written and printed language assumes fixity and comeliness.

The unwritten language defies teachers and successful teaching. So the oral era in any language is in one very real sense the golden age of that language. It has no spelling reformers, no grammarians, no teachers, no tinkerers of composition

who are probably the first evidence of fossilization if not of decadence in a language. An unwritten, unprinted language is in its pristine vigor. The common people, we may readily believe, use their mother tongue with complete abandon, being free to shape words and sentences solely in accordance with their need for self-expression. Experiences and emotions burst out in speech that is unrestrained and unconventional—words, gestures, and even facial distortions. Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue speaks an uncensored, grammarless speech. Unwritten speech may revel in the anarchy of formlessness and grammarlessness—up to the point where social need of common intelligibility places its limitations upon it. And the absence of fixed standards invites originality. Great epics spring forth. It is the beginning of literary things, in spite of the fact, partly because of the fact, that in this creative chaos neither the grammarian nor the critic had a place.

But this period of innocence did not last long in England, for English speech forms rapidly imbedded themselves in the literature of the printed page; words and sentences and paragraphs early became static, and users of English had a basis of comparison for their spelling and for their sentences. Standards were inevitably recognized, and stability of speech form increased rapidly to the point of crystallization. The record of this growth in stability is open to all, from Piers Plowman to Chaucer, to Shakespeare, to Addison, to Howells, to Woodrow Wilson. In the first place we can feel a crudeness as well as a spontaneity in the early specimens of the people's language; then we begin to discover an increasing self-consciousness in an effort to conform to standards recognized and coveted, and ever since a process of painstaking polishing has gone on by which speech forms have become fixed, and by which literary charm has been increased. Sometimes, it is true, spontaneity and primitive vigor are supplanted by formal correctness and studied effect. Refinement in any form is likely to sacrifice the grosser forms of power. But we are generally agreed that our English speech is a richer, better social instrument because of the refining process of more than a thousand years.

Our writers during the centuries have sought to improve their style, and have given elegance and fitness and adequacy to our language. The teacher has persistently extended his sway, citing example and grammatical precept. But the rule of grammar and rhetoric has been a beneficent rule, cheerfully accepted and loyally upheld by the makers of literature, and in consequence our mother tongue is consistently accurate and effective. Who, then, would exchange the beauty of diction, the charm of well-formed sentences, and the symmetry of paragraph and episode for the power which we may have lost with the grammarless uncouthness of pre-literary days?

But a cultivated language presupposes teachers and critics and reformers. Without them speech becomes fixed in death. And in our America of many tongues, the national language especially needs teaching to-day. So much Sir Philip himself would grant were he among us. It is because the English language is the common currency by which we exchange ideas, and because the free exchange of ideas in a democracy has very large social significance, that this, our national language, assumes such unusual importance in our scheme of education. And I take it as a political axiom that English shall be the common speech of the American people. The time has passed long since when any other language could have attained national significance in America. The many alien tongues must yield place to English, the common, national speech. Without such a common speech the forty-eight States will become a modern tower of Babel; with such a common language we may hope to build a homogeneous people, a tranquil nation, a stable government, a happy, peaceful, society. The chief business of the public school, therefore, is to give each child, whether native or adopted, such mastery of English that it will be an effective tool for successful industry and good citizenship. This is the first phase of the English teacher's problem. It is the irreducible minimum of education in America. And when I say mastery I mean that command of the English language which will serve the ordinary demands of business and politics and social life. The language habits of all

the people must be sufficiently grammatical to be intelligible; the vocabulary must be large enough to encompass the daily experiences of the whole American people; and the pronunciation must be sufficiently accurate to enable the Maine lumberman, the Texas rancher, the Boston school-teacher, and the Western miner to understand each other mutually with facility.

The task is easy in the case of children from homes where good language habits prevail. It becomes increasingly difficult when you include children from slangy, slovenly, vulgar homes, or the first generation of the native-born, or, finally, the foreign-born child. That is, continual or even frequent and regular association with those who speak correctly will form in children similarly good speech habits. But children whose speech is incorrect, by inheritance and by association, will never form good habits until they acquire a speech consciousness, and such consciousness will become sharp and distinct chiefly through definite corrective exercises. The skilful teacher has many devices suiting the linguistic sins and the age of the child, but all must rest ultimately in grammar. You cannot convert the child's "I seen him," or his "me and him set together," into real American English without the use of grammar. You may conceal the text-book, and should, from the tender child and the earlier school years, but the teacher must never be without grammar as a lamp to her feet.

Grammar is frequently misconceived. To the conscientious objector it is a linguistic strait-jacket whose purpose is to hinder the natural movements of sentences and to compress the shape of words, arbitrarily, into fossil forms. This is a perverted view. Grammar is merely a record of usage. It seeks to show how the mother tongue is used by persons of education and good speech habits. It is the simplest means of making language intelligible to all alike. Grammar is to the language, as a whole, what the dictionary is to words alone. Without grammar our speech forms would tend to fly off at individual tangents. Be it said once for all that grammar never precedes usage, but always follows usage. Whenever usage takes a new departure gram-

mar must follow it, but while usage lasts, grammar shows the novitiate the right direction and brings the erring back from the hills of error into the fold with the ninety and nine who try to use correct speech.

Since the reading of good books also contributes to correct speech habits, our American school children may not let the cinema entirely displace the library. The subject of the reading is less important than the language of the book read. Let it be correct speech always, let the vocabulary be varied and used with precision. Avoid slang and dialect in children's books as you would any other pestilence. Dialect and slang literature is a phase of social pathology to be studied by adults, not read by children. In a word, books must supply to all school children that companionship with cultivated persons which is denied to so many in their homes and in their daily associations. As soon as the schoolboy has conscious pleasure and pride in the language of his book people, he will begin to shape his own language along similar lines. The hero stuff of the book is not very important, but the language of the heroics should be scrupulously correct. The motto over every elementary school and over every home reading-table in the land should be: Read good English, read and read and read.

The "movie" characters are filling the child mind to-day to the exclusion of the delightful book people whose conversation charmed the children in pre-cinema days. High school pupils in intimate private conversation talk little about book acquaintances, much about "Slim Knee Buckle" and "Charles Shapely." That the new acquaintances do not elevate speech standards is probable, for the cinema works in a medium where recorded speech is partly unnecessary and partly impossible. That is, the "movie" is merely negative as a speech influence. It can become a positive factor by wide circulation of its scenarios in good literary form. It will be a great day for the mother tongue when every good book is "screened" and every scenario is a good book.

But, of course, the vexing problems of English teaching lie beyond this irreducible minimum of the elementary school. The point of greatest variation in content of teaching is in the high

school and the college, where our aims remain indefinite and our *modus operandi* changes frequently. We appear unable to find the common denominator of the matter. The oral English teacher, the public-speaking instructor, and the elocution expert play the same game, but under different rules. The composition teachers set up very variable aims, running the gamut from a bone-dry, commercial linguistic skeleton known as "business English" to the polished, well-formed style which aspires to the name "literary composition." Somewhere between these extremes will be found one who is pleased to call his course the "Logic" of English Composition. One teacher offers a course in the "Short Story," another in "War Poetry," another in the "Philosophy of Beauty in Tennyson." One school maintains rigorous requirements in grammar; another minimizes the importance of grammar; and yet another rules grammar altogether out of court. One school distinguishes carefully between the "four forms of discourse," another insists that these distinctions between description, narration, exposition, and argumentation are unimportant, while a third group does not even name these four classifications in its teaching.

Is it cause for surprise, then, that young men and women often fail to find common ground in conversation about literature and literary devices? Is it surprising that college freshmen get clauses into the place of sentences, confuse the passive voice with the past tense, and are unable to extract any meaning out of poetry? Is it possible, as a modest but witty teacher insists, that *vers libre* appeals to those who cannot penetrate the subtle, formal beauty of real poetry? This frivolous thought becomes pathetic if it is true that high school students do not enjoy such an assignment as "Il Penseroso." Perhaps it is a logical result of our present teaching methods that college men do little reading in general literature, that the demand for poetry in libraries is inconsequential, that business men charge school and college graduates with gross inability to write a good business letter, to speak intelligibly and clearly about their work. But even if it is logical, it is melancholy.

The English language bears in its body

certain intrinsic characteristics which will suggest one possible method of attack in this problem of English teaching. I refer to our vocabulary, rendered unique by its compositeness. What other language may be compared with it? English has indeed a wonderfully diversified vocabulary, reaching back as it does into the mental life of numerous, highly cultivated peoples for its stock of words—Greeks, Latins, Angles, Saxons, French. These are the major sources. Not only is our stock of words amazingly large, but individual words have great depths of meaning. Now, without special effort, we acquire very small vocabularies. Out of the four hundred and fifty thousand words defined in our dictionaries, many citizens must get on with a thousand or two, leaving the great treasury untouched. Even school and college graduates may remain unconscious of the richness of our English word stock. Some even accept the slavery to popular forms, commonly called slang, making the same word do service for a variety of meanings, thereby paralyzing their word-getting tendencies. “Dope,” recently so popular on the campus, has been worked overtime doing service for any one of a dozen words in good standing—information, directions, assignment, outline, notice, record, story, news, secret, advice, formula, plan, etc.

Then there is the richness of word histories. The untrained person will get a single meaning for a word; that is, words are flat, two-dimension affairs to many of us. There is the word “politics.” Its current meaning alone will give little indication of its real significance. Only when we get into its third dimension do we get beyond party intrigues and discover the administration of State affairs, the city-state or *polis* of the Greeks. The obvious or popular meaning is not only inadequate but its exclusive use by the generality tends to social deterioration. Could we implant the word “history” in the youthful mind the word would beget its own purification by its continual reaction on popular usage.

Merely to know that *friend* originally carried the fundamental idea of *love* will dignify and hallow our friendships; to know that *nag* is related to *gnaw* will have a deterrent effect, even on one who sins much; and to identify *endure* with the

hardness that bears defeat or pain or grief in a great cause will make us better men and women.

Surely here is a phase of the English tongue that is not absorbed without conscious effort. It is a worthy object of our teaching. Children greedily devour new words if they know how to get new and mysterious messages with them, messages that were sealed in the writings of other lands in distant centuries, perhaps by great personages, to be opened and understood to-day by those who will form a word consciousness. And yet this field is largely uncultivated by teachers of English to-day. As we leave Latin and Greek more and more to the elect and few scholars, as we gradually enlarge the “practical” phase of modern language teaching, we become content with a flat English because the richness and deepness of our vocabulary grow obsolete.

A corollary of this word-getting has to do with exactness of meaning. A college graduate complained that the parents are “disinterested” in their children, when her charge clearly was “that the parents are *uninterested*.” In a recent magazine number appeared this ambiguous statement: “About that same time Dormouse did me a good turn in his inimical (inimitable?) way.” Any issue of the daily press is likely to offer examples of confusion and abuse of word meanings. A metropolitan editorial recently gave us the delicious bit of news that Cotton Mather entered Harvard a year earlier (younger?) than did his own father. And so we go forward unashamed and unrebuked as word abusers, while English teachers are agitated about style and paragraph development. What virtue has the paragraph if the word meanings are distorted? And what shall the grand style profit if the truth has been violated by using the wrong word?

Composition teaching has gradually assumed a chief place in teaching the mother tongue. It has developed a very distinctive technic, dealing largely if not wholly, with an elaborate mechanism which the mature writer undoubtedly uses but of which he is not conscious. Balanced sentences, paragraph development by comparison and contrast, characterization in narration, the fundamental image in description, exposition by definition

and the like, are parts of a supporting skeleton, but an author thinks of them no more than he thinks of his radius and ulna or the scapula while writing. The arm grows strong and skilful in exercise, in use, while the growing boy is yet blissfully ignorant of the physiology of it. But to the young high school student this skeletal machinery of writing is presented as a priority, an original *sine qua non*. He is led to believe, at a time when he has no ideas that demand expression, that ideas cannot walk across the written page unless and until they are conscious of these structural bones of composition. The process becomes a veritable blight to the student mind. It fails to facilitate expression; it sets up the machine as an end in itself; it bids the student set up an intricate mechanism before he knows how to relate it to his life, before he feels any need for such mechanism.

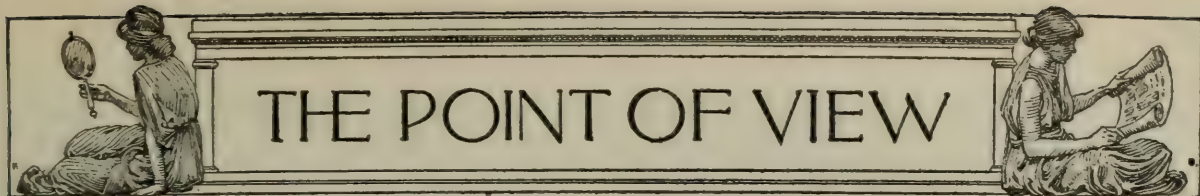
There is a living, throbbing, fundamental relationship between the matter of composition and the form. The matter grows out of experience and the intellectual and emotional reaction to that experience. Let the experience be definite, the mental reaction discriminating. Then, if the writer has social instincts, his nature will demand expression, and the form of expression, if it is unrestrained, natural—if it is self-expression—the form will have stylistic value even without a knowledge of formal rules of composition. That is to say, every person who has something to say and says it with the stamp of his own personality upon it, will find hearers and readers. He is already in a fair way to literary recognition.

But we teach composition in school in wilful disregard of the empty lives of those on whom we practise. The high school student necessarily has had a narrow range of experience, his field of observation has been limited and his social instincts are still immature, the desire for self-expression being physical rather than mental. On this unfortunate being we force a literary mechanism which he does not need, much less want. We seem to assume that it is wise to give the form in the hope that the substance will be found later. But as a matter of fact only a small percentage of high school boys and girls ever crave expression through writing. Few even write letters with pleasure.

And so composition writing is unnatural to the vast majority, a distinct burden to many, a wasteful use of time to not a few.

It would appear, then, that the prior business of the school is to assist the child in getting experience, in making acquaintances, in obtaining knowledge of persons and things. Books are the readiest means of access to the widest possible range of contacts, and for this reason we use books so freely. Would that every child could have first-hand acquaintance with the things that constitute the fullness of life! But we should not cavil over the means if we can make the young life rich in interests and in knowledge, if we can charge it with emotion to the point where expression in intelligible speech is a pleasure, perhaps a relief. When this point is reached, no matter at what age, composition teaching becomes an easy, rapid, and profitable task.

It is a patriotic duty to promote the teaching of our national language, which is the English language. While we are not likely to prohibit the use of other languages in America, we are agreed that no citizen may remain innocent of English, and the ideal at which we aim is the mastery of English for the native-born. The nation is committed to speech habits that are unconsciously correct, but if they are incorrect, the school may be unashamed of grammar, which is the touchstone by which unsanctioned variables may be brought into accord with accepted standards. Shall we also confess our sins against words? Grievously do we sin daily in private conversation and in public print. The truth is poorly served by the vocabularies we have learned to command. We say what we do not mean, and mean what we do not say, and there is much unsoundness of speech in us. In this unhappy state we teach the young to shake the dry bones of composition, giving them an outward form of correctness while the springs of thought and feeling are dry, and no spirit quickeneth. But the schools of America are eager to cultivate a pure national speech. Let the nation support this effort. Let young and old together read copiously from the purest sources until their lives are charged to overflowing with high sentiment and refined emotion, until the daily use of our national speech is effective to truth-telling.



THE organization of the theatre in the United States is always under fire, as it was fifty and a hundred years ago, and just as it will be in A. D. 2021. It is not perfect now, and it never was perfect and never will be until the millennium arrives and we all live in Utopia. But it is not any worse to-day than it was yesterday; and it cannot be quite as bad as its assailants seem to believe, since it performs its chief function—it allows the drama to flourish. That the drama is flourishing in our language, both in the United States and in Great Britain, is evident to all of us. There are in the British Isles three or four dramatists, with Barrie at the head of them, far superior to any playwrights living in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century; and on our side of the Atlantic there are half a dozen or half a score of playmakers whose promise has ripened into performance. These American dramatists know the theatre, which is the first requisite. What they write isactable; and very often it is readable also. Their work stands the double test of the stage and the study.

But if the organization of the American theatre is satisfactory in so far as it is bringing our native playwrights to the front, it is not so satisfactory in its secondary function of enabling us to see the masterpieces which have come down to us from earlier generations. Here in New York forty and fifty years ago we generally had the chance of seeing every winter half a dozen Old Comedies headed by the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer." They were not always as well played as they might be; and they were often rather shabbily mounted; but there they were and it was good to be able to see them, even if the performance might have its defects. And in those distant days we had occasion to see Shakspeare's comedies and tragedies far more often than we do now; and although we used to complain that the companies which supported Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth, Modjeska and Mary Anderson, were not all they might be, still the actors then had had

practice in wearing costume and in speaking blank verse. They had breadth and sweep, even if they were sometimes rather stagy in gesture and in emphasis.

It is not fair to say that our actors are now inferior to their predecessors of half a century ago. Although we have not now any Cushman or Booth, any Modjeska or Mary Anderson, the general average of skill is probably higher now than it was then; and our plays are better done on the whole than were those of our forefathers. The real reason why our actors cannot do to-day what our actors did yesterday, is that they have had to adjust their methods to a different kind of theatre. In the old days the footlights curved out into the auditorium and the performer walked out on the "apron" which bowed out far beyond the curtain. He was on a platform, so to speak, and close to the audience—so he had the large freedom of the orator. Now the curtain rises and falls in a picture-frame, which cuts the performer off from the audience. He is trained to restrain his gestures and his voice. He is warned "not to get out of the picture." And when he is suddenly required to appear in plays written with the boldness demanded by the platform-stage, he is all at sea; he does not know "where he is at." Probably the actor of yesterday would be equally puzzled if he could be summoned to play a modern part of quiet intensity without "a single speech that you can sink your teeth in"—as the old-school performer aptly put it in "Trelawny of the Wells." And if we are ever again to enjoy the Old Comedies it will only be after the clever comedians of our time have been afforded opportunity to acquire the larger method, the more highly colored manner, which the old-fashioned drama demands.

IF it was difficult for Booth fifty years ago and for Irving thirty years ago, to find well-graced actors to sustain the secondary characters in Shakspeare's comedies and tragedies, it is far more difficult to-day when our dramatists, even when they are poets,

Blank Verse in
Every-day Life

are rarely tempted to write plays in five acts and in blank verse. Our modern drama is composed in pedestrian prose; and the men and women of our theatres have little or no occasion to speak the language of the gods. They are used to a dialogue which aims at an apparent reproduction of the speech of every-day life; and therefore they have not been called upon to acquire the art of delivering the rhythmic utterance of tragic heroes and heroines. They are all striving to be "natural," as befits a stage whereon the scenery and the furnishings are, as far as may be, those of real life. They are likely to have a distaste for blank verse, which cannot but seem to them artificial, stilted, "unnatural."

Of course, no stage-dialogue can be natural, strictly speaking. It must be compact and significant; it must flow unbroken in the shortest distance between two points. But to-day actors and audiences alike are so accustomed to the picked and polished prose of Barrie and Pinero, of Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas, that this appears "natural" to them, because they do not note its divergence from the average talk that falls on their ears outside the theatre; whereas they cannot help feeling that the steady march of ten-syllabled iambics is a violent departure from our habitual manner of communicating information and of expressing emotion. In other words, even if our stage-dialogue to-day is "unnatural"—as stage-dialogue always has been and always will be—it is far less obviously "unnatural" than blank verse. A long and severe self-training is necessary before a performer can feel at home in blank verse, and before he can impart colloquial ease to it.

Yet it is a fact that we who speak English have a tendency toward the iambic rhythm when we seek to move an audience. This rhythm may be unconscious and it may be irregular; but it is unmistakable—in the death-bed scenes of Dickens, for example, where he was insisting on the pathetic; and in the orations of Ingersoll, where he was making his most powerful appeals. The Kembles were so subdued to what they worked in on the stage that they were prone to drop into blank verse on occasions when it was not appropriate. Mrs. Siddons is said to have startled the

salesman who was showing her a piece of goods by asking, "And will it wash?" The first time she met Washington Irving after he had published the "Sketch-Book" she said to him, "Young man, you've made me weep"; and when she next met him after he had published another book, she said, "Young man, you've made me weep again!"

Her brother, John Philip Kemble, was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott; and once, when they were crossing a field together, they were chased by a bull. "Sheriff," said the actor to the author, "methinks I'll get me up into a tree." Fanny Kemble, whose reading of Shakspeare Longfellow commemorated in a noble sonnet, was the daughter of Charles, another brother of Mrs. Siddons. Once when she went on the platform to read, she found that a cane-bottomed chair had been provided for her. She turned majestically to the gentleman who was escorting her and inquired, "And would you give my velvet gown the small-pox?" When her remote kinswoman who called herself Mrs. Scott-Siddons came to Fanny Kemble for professional guidance, the fragile amateur begged for advice about making points; and she was not a little frightened by the force of the swift retort—"Points, girl? I never was a point actress!"

This, all this, was long, long ago; and a great deal of water has gone under the bridge since those distant days. I have to confess that I never caught Edwin Booth or Henry Irving lapsing into blank verse off the stage.

WE have never failed to elicit gasps of horror and consternation from our hearers on those occasions when we have declared stoutly that we prefer the coal grate to the wood-fire. Of course, no mortal could be so benighted as to deny the charm of the latter; no one who had been given afternoon tea or after-dinner coffee before the wide hearth of some New England friend could be so utterly depraved. No one who had been hypnotized, as we have been, into midnight discussions before a dying blaze that lingered over one half-burned log, could forget them, or deny the hypnotism. Poetry and politics, ethics and

In Defense of
the Coal Grate

education—we expressed our opinions on all of them, and, if it were late enough and the fire had power enough to strip from us the last bit of reserve, on the three final topics: God, love, and immortality. But—and with this we express our resentment of those who sneer at our Middle Western tastes—for the really heated discussion, the wood-fire is less satisfactory than the derided coal grate. For if one gets excited and gesticulates with the poker, and punctuates his remarks by spirited jabs at the burning logs, the fire collapses and dies. One falls silent, then, under the reproachful glances of the company, and argument languishes; and on one's next visit the poker is hidden. A coal-fire, on the other hand, may be poked and stirred and shaken, and with every rattle of the fire-tongs against the bars of the grate the flame leaps higher and brighter, as though to express its approval of each weighty point. We who were brought up in Pittsburgh or west of Pittsburgh demand in our fires the staying quality of our arguments.

If a fire is not to be the background for livelier interests, but is itself the centre of attention, then certainly the coal-fire is superior: it offers in itself more scope for the imagination, more inspiration for contemplation, it leads the mind on a journey back through an infinity of time to the First Cause. Why should thought linger over a burning pile of logs when one can step to the window and behold the living reality: a birch-tree, white in the moonlight, a tall pine by the roadside, groaning eerily in the winter wind. (If we were not sure that Moral Earnestness would have no weight with those who attack us for our preference, we should pause to say that in our opinion the wood should have been left through another winter to greet the coming spring—a birch on the hillside, a pine, like a Japanese print against the sky, or an oak, its russet leaves clinging even to the winter's end.) To look at a coal-fire and to meditate on the antiquity of the coal—"out of a bit of forest," as Charlie Hexam said, "that's been under the mud that was under the water in the days of Noah's ark"—is as breath-taking as an effort to understand new astronomical discoveries or those philosophies that "dodge conception to the very bourne of heaven." When we were children, ignorant of the immensity of

geologic ages, we believed that the coal had been forest in the days of the mound-builders—for the mounds scattered through our valley were as familiar and as mysterious to us as the druidic relics of Dartmoor to Hardy and his heroes and heroines—and before the fireplace we reconstructed their lives: customs, clothes, and color; their loves, battles, and final annihilation.

For some of the delights of childhood, no doubt, a wood-fire answers almost equally as well as a coal grate. For warming one's flannel pajamas ready for the return from a bob-ride to Mary's father's sugar camp—but not for keeping hot the big, yellow-crockery bowl of bread and milk, since the wood-fireplace has no fender on which it may stand and wait, steaming. For popping corn and toasting marshmallows, a wood-fire serves. For roasting chestnuts? I have never tried it, and prefer not to jump to conclusions. But certainly not for toasting pumpkin-seeds, a delicate operation that requires the iron bars of a coal grate, on which a line of them may be laid, gingerly, while one keeps at hand a long hat-pin to turn them with if they do not snap off on to the fender of their own accord.

A coal-fire is smug, my friends say, complacent, mid-Victorian, while there is something of a noisy freedom, of adventure, in a fire of snapping logs. Perhaps any one thus deluded into thinking of a coal-fire as a neat, restrained, and unostentatious method of heating a room might believe that children would prefer the more enlivening spectacle of a burning log. But fires are not like that in the coal grates west of Pittsburgh. When we were children, the family used as a living-room the vast, dark, high-ceilinged "library." In the grate of that room, on winter evenings, blocks of coal as large as one's doubled fists were heaped up and up to the mouth of the chimney, and the fire, when lighted, went roaring to the sky. Father would rustle his paper anxiously, and would finally throw it down to stalk to the window and watch for the reflection of a burning chimney on the crusted snow; mother would call us back from the hearth at the first suggestion of scorched wool; we would cool our flaming cheeks on the horse-hair back of the sofa and watch the loosed element wide-eyed and a little frightened. When its first fury was spent, and the blaze reduced to comfortable proportions, we ad-

vanced to the hearth-rug again and sat, cross-legged, staring into its depths.

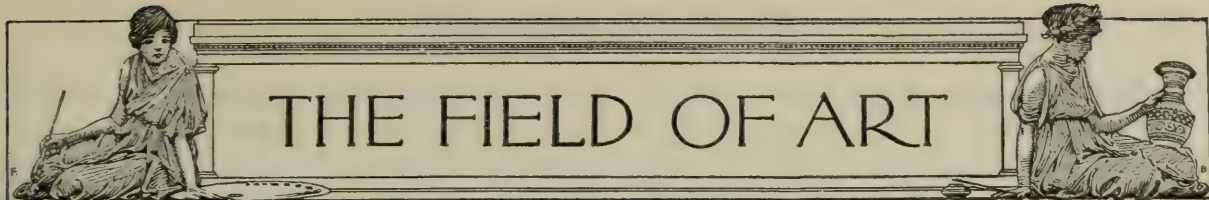
For stirring the imagination of one who would tell fairy-tales, there is nothing equal to the intense radiance of a half-burned-out coal-fire, especially if one is just tall enough, sitting on the floor, to be able to see into its heart. The blocks of coal, piled irregularly, have fallen together a little, but between them flaming passages lead into mysterious depths. There is a cavern with molten walls, glowing blue and rose and gold, where the conquest-defying dragon lives, spouting flame. There is a castle, blinding white, surrounded by a moat of curling flames, where the bewitched princess lies. The geography of countless stories—Parsifal and the Rheingold, Persephone and Pluto, St. George and the Dragon—can be determined by the way the coals have fallen on the night of the story. Or there is ample scope for the female imagination at its favorite game—"which house 'ud you rather have?" the one in the upper corner, reached by a narrow path around the cliff, with its door of magic sapphire flame, now here, now gone, ready to rise and destroy any would-be guest of impure heart and motive vile; or the one on the lower right, where the coals have piled themselves in such a way as to afford glimpses into each room, particularly the ballroom, without windows, to be sure, and with a dangerously slanting floor, as though there had been an earthquake in fairy-land, but immeasurably beautiful, because, like heaven itself, its wall is builded of jasper and the foundations of the wall are garnished with precious stones.

But the coal-fire as it is built west of Pittsburgh, has not yet been justly celebrated in American literature, so that no doubt the idea of the tidiness of such a hearth arose from a knowledge of England's Victorian novelists. Their immortal works touch upon the coal grate in almost every chapter, and all their heroes warm their toes before them, from little Jane Eyre, drearily alone before the nursery fire, to Joey Vance, climbing the flue to replace the three loose bricks. Certainly, the novels of Dickens were builded on the coal grate as a founda-

tion. What would Sairey Gamp have done with her bottle—"brought reg'lar and drawed mild"—if she had not had the "chimley-piece." How could Lizzie Hexam have told fortunes, had it not been for "the hollow down by the flare"? The cricket could not have chirped so merrily before a wood-fire, nor the kettle sung on the hob. Where else could the ghost of Marley come to Scrooge, except before the Dutch-tiled fireplace? And where could Pip and Joe Gargery have gone to escape Mrs. Joe's "tickler" except to the chimney-corner in the kitchen?

As for the English poets, they were less specific than the novelists, and the exigencies of their metres prevented their adding the word or two to tell us what their fires were built of. Certainly, circumstantial evidence leads us to believe that they were of coal. It is not to be supposed that novelists as a class use one type of fire, while poets, one and all, insist upon the other. We are sure that Burns's Cotter gathered his family around a coal-fire for prayers, since Barrie's Sentimental Tommy, peeping at another Scotch household, saw the velvet glove of the Painted Lady hanging by the grate—the glove she used to handle the coals, though Tommy knew that "common folks lift coals with their bare hands, while society uses the fringe of its second petticoat." We are willing to concede Milton's "Glowing embers through the room," since only a stubbornly smoking log could "teach light to counterfeit a gloom." But the others, from Gray's blazing hearth to Masfield's dying embers, we believe were built of coal. Wordsworth, to be sure, says that his hearth fire was of peat, but what is peat save an immature sort of coal, burned by impatient mortals who have not the geologic ages before them? At least one poet proclaimed himself in favor of the coal-fire, and his description makes any defense of ours superfluous. For we have Keats's:

"Small, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
Like whispers of the household gods that keep
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls."



Changing Ideals of the Art Museum

BY ROSSITER HOWARD

Curator of Educational Work, Cleveland Museum of Art

"HERE lies the body, properly mummified and labelled, of Thalia, together with relics of her fair sisters and other antiquities." The house of the Muses had come to mean, some years since, some such dry collection of specimens, mildly curious to the tourist and sometimes useful to the scholar; or, if beauty were dominant, it was aristocratically superior to any taint of usefulness. But the twentieth century is seeing a change. Life, beauty, and poetry are being fused with service, and the multiplication of young art museums is creating in the country a great educational power.

This growth has come at a critical time in the development of museum ideals, when the parent institution, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, is leading the way in public usefulness and others are constantly trying experiments in service to industry, education, and community well-being.

The founders of the older institutions had high purposes of providing the inspiration of beauty for the people and help to the embryo artist. But art education a quarter of a century ago was almost entirely a matter of technical instruction. It was somewhat as if literature had been taught only through grammar and rhetoric, for the writer rather than for the reader. To-day it is as patent in art as in literature that appreciation is not created merely through elementary teaching of processes of production; and most schools, from the kindergarten to the university, offer instruction in art appreciation. The schools are dependent not only upon artists but upon industry to provide beautiful environment. Museum authorities have seen the light. They have realized that the influence they were founded to exert would function very mildly unless appreciation were actively

fostered. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has been vigorous in stimulating interest among the public, the industries, and the schools; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, with a certain wise conservatism, has yet been in the forefront of art education; while the younger Toledo Museum represents the more radical mid-Western plunge into community activities.

The popular response to these changes has been so great that museums find themselves facing an educational opportunity scarcely within immediate grasp. The science of museums has in the past been one of collecting, preserving, and exhibiting, implying intensive scholarship in many fields. The collections have tended to express the interests of scholars and the enthusiasms of donors, resulting in a certain aloofness from common interests and common needs. But the recent efforts of the museums to help the public to understand and to use their collections have sometimes brought about a demand for more than the museums could provide, both in the way of collections adapted to the needs of the public and of a staff trained to museum instruction. The challenge is a healthful one, and the response must be no compromise of museum ideals of quality and precision of scholarship, but a reconciliation of those ideals with popular requirements — collections which touch common needs and instruction which shall be as enjoyable as it is accurate.

But these things are not enough to produce the desired result, for the majority of Americans are inclined to judge pictures rather than to enjoy them. To meet this need museums are more and more furnishing instruction in appreciation.

There can be little doubt that the growing attendance at the art museums is enlarging the public support of American painters and sculptors and is raising the

standard of beauty demanded in the industries of furniture, fabrics, and all sorts of decorative arts.

"God defend us from commercialism" is a conservative protest against a bugbear which disappears as the museums face it.

It is worth while to speak of this element of commerce boldly and without shame. Art lives on commerce, and commerce always produces art, good or bad. The museum is trying to help make it good, to the common advantage of art and industry. It is necessary to train designers and craftsmen for all the manifold things in which we expect beauty; the museum furnishes inspiration, standards of excellence, and frequently actual instruction supplementary to that of the art school. It is necessary for manufacturers to develop a vision of accomplishment of quality which will, at equal price, hold its own against the productions of Europe; the museum is co-operating with manufacturers in organizing popular and professional education in the taste needful for the manufacture and marketing of finer design, supporting at home industries capable of competition abroad. It is needful for salesmen to know the value of design and finish; the museum is working hand in hand with decorators and department stores to train the salesfolk and the public to an appreciation of finer merchandise. And finally, it is exceedingly important that the public, the great mass of consumers, be nurtured in a love of the qualities which go to make excellent art—sincerity, appropriateness, sensibility, fine relationship of elements.

In Europe certain industries have habitually turned to the museums for inspiration. In America it is the museums which have taken the initiative, especially the Metropolitan Museum, until to-day service to industries and commerce is expected of them. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts started exhibitions and courses of instruction in relation to local production, and the response of workers and trade papers was immediate.

Doctor Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Boston Museum, is content to explore these uncharted waters with caution. He says:*

"The mere copying and reproduction of objects in an art museum for trade purposes almost surely creates a false sense of values,

by emphasizing the general appearance of a work of art at the expense of its essential meaning. Apparently the only way for designers to get real profit from an art museum is by such sympathetic study of works of art as may guide their own creative efforts into better channels."

There is a plausible fear on the part of the connoisseur that for an art museum to cater to the needs of a community may impair the interest of the collections. The problem is to maintain the satisfaction of the connoisseur while meeting the needs of the public. The task is not easy, but probably it can be accomplished. In cultivating public taste it is not necessary to begin with the poor and progress toward the excellent. One can begin with the easily comprehended and progress toward the more difficult—more complex and subtle, always on a high plane.

Never before in the history of our civilization have so many men and women demanded a high standard of household furnishings and desired to learn how to obtain them. The museum's opportunity to offer acquaintance with the finest things of the past, which will stimulate finer production, is equally important with the exhibition of painting and sculpture. The decorator asks: "Why spend so much money on second-rate old masters when the public needs furniture?" And it is true that finer quality may be purchased in a simple Renaissance table than in a vastly more costly painting of the same age. For while it is possible that the painter of the picture may have been of higher intelligence, it is certain that the designer of the table, being under less pressure to be original, retained more of the accumulated wisdom of past designers. The same is true of the designers of antique fabrics and ceramics. A Gothic painting may be good or bad; a Gothic textile is almost certain to be fine. All towns traffic in fabrics and other household furnishings, a field peculiarly available for beautiful exhibition. It is possible for a museum to answer the needs of such commerce without loss, nay, with probable gain, in standards of beauty.

"But," says some lover of antiques, "what beauty can we expect of modern manufacturers when everything is machine-made for quantity production?" The cry is more than four centuries old. The

* In his last annual report.

Cleveland Museum of Art has just purchased, as educational material for use in the public schools, the fragment of a Gothic manuscript and a Gothic printed book the page of which is almost an exact reproduction of the page of the manuscript—the book a machine-made imitation, for quantity production, of the hand-made manuscript. Pope Alexander VI, like other fifteenth-century bibliophiles, would not have a machine-made book in his library. Yet the art of printing was one of the great contributions of the fifteenth century to the æsthetic wealth of the world.

Mr. John Jager, a Minneapolis architect, picked up an engine oil-cup in an exhibition of industrial art at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and said of it: "No Louis fifteen and seven-eighths ever had a snuff-box as beautiful as this." The objects which Mr. Jager selected for this exhibition from the work of the Dunwoody Institute of Industrial Education, with his descriptive labels, were of more æsthetic value than exhibitions of exotic works difficult of popular understanding. The objects themselves, made by keen young mechanics proud of their developing craftsmanship, were certainly as beautiful in sensitive line and finish as the vases and figurines dug from Egyptian graves and always considered perfectly respectable in an art museum.

The most luxurious products of the machine to-day, in the realm of decorative art, are still skilful imitations of the work of ancient craftsmen, like the earliest printed books, showing that the dignity of the arts of the machine is not yet fully recognized. Museums may help create the recognition of the possibilities of artistic production through the unequalled means of our own day.

Certainly the gallery of paintings and sculpture has not given way in importance to exhibitions of industrial arts in a city museum; for the gift of joy in such pure arts, dissociated from utility, is the highest service which a museum can perform. Space devoted to paintings may, if necessary, be economized by raising the standard of quality, and the beauty of the paintings may be enhanced by a decorative setting. There is no need to say more on this point, for no art museum dreams of sacrificing the importance of its paintings and sculpture. There is, on the other hand,

a tendency for museums to give music, the most abstract and subjective of all arts, an increasingly important place in museum activities.

Another field of service for the art museum is in its connection with the city schools. This offers alluring possibilities, and it is as yet barely touched. A great many museums co-operate with the schools of their cities, but they do so in such utterly different ways, only partially explained by difference in circumstances, that one must conclude that the problem is too young to be thoroughly understood. The visual education which is receiving such impetus from the moving-picture is sending teachers and pupils to the museum of art in search for a closer touch with reality in history, geography, literature, and languages, as well as in art. As the museum collections were not created to answer this purpose, there is still much fumbling, but team-work is sure to result.

It is many years since school children were made to study the natural sciences merely out of books. The children not only read about things; they study the things themselves. Why not, then, in history and geography? The very essence of age and country is found in the beautiful things which men have made. A great museum of art reveals the story of man with marvellous qualities of romance and actuality. The rise and fall of civilizations become like the acts of a play. The friends which the children have made in their reading—Greeks, Romans, knights, and explorers—take their places in the drama. If museum officials are jealous, as they should be, of the æsthetic purpose of their galleries, they need not be afraid of such educational use of their collections, because the associations thus formed by the children are of great value in the experience of the beauty in art.

There is, to be sure, a danger that a museum devoted to the service of the public schools may lose its pure art character and become in too great a degree scientific. It may acquire an object with too little regard for its quality because of a desire to complete a series or to illustrate some characteristic of period or country. But it need not do so. Indeed, in the long run, the scientific value of the collections will be higher if the quality is kept above reproach. The

Cleveland Museum of Art has adopted the expedient, not altogether new, of permitting its educational department to develop a collection of its own, which does not injure the appearance of the principal galleries because it is kept in the department itself and loaned to schools and libraries for educational purposes. The objects must not be of a character that will make them irreplaceable if lost or injured, but the æsthetic value is still always kept uppermost—the things must be beautiful. A series may be filled in with reproductions, and that frequently permits a higher degree of beauty than would be possible in a collection made up entirely of original works of art.

In any case the school use of an art museum is not chiefly scientific but artistic. The development of appreciation and talent is, in the museum of art, more important than the by-products of scientific knowledge. Actual practice in drawing, color, and design, as a means to attain a firmer grasp of the works of art, is carried on in connection with the work of the public schools in several museums, notably in Boston, Worcester, and Cleveland, with success in bringing out talent and in creating a delight in the essential qualities of form and color.

The problem of such work is greatest in the large cities and becomes simpler in the smaller places, where a greater proportion of the children may be reached.

The factory town has the greatest need of the museum of art to supplement its schools, not primarily as a factor in vocational training, but as a stabilizing influence among the laborers. Boys and girls who step from the eighth grade of the elementary schools into economic independence are an annually increasing danger to themselves and to society. There is no possibility of turning the calendar backward to the day when the majority of laborers could find pleasure in their work. Increasing hours of leisure must be filled with interests which are worth while. A small minority of the pupils will find employment in crafts and trades which furnish a degree of life interest; a majority will become mechanized operators of machines. The elementary schools are trying to give these children an interest in music, literature, and art, interests which will make them more reasonable citizens, able to appreciate the riches which the city offers


freely to capitalist and laborer alike, men and women with a goodly life outside of their factory drudgery. If that is too much to hope for, it is not too much to try, and the museum of art is an invaluable aid to the schools in the task. Hundreds of the children of immigrants come weekly to the Cleveland Museum, eager to draw and to enjoy the entertainments planned to develop their interest in art. They all find counsel, and the most talented of them are put into a class for special instruction. These children, among the thousands in the city, are a symbol of those who are not reached. These children will probably not enter the body of unskilled labor, but their interest points to a cultural service which must be performed in the interest of society.

There is more, much more, to be done than has yet been dreamed of. The museum cannot go into every place in the city where its influence is needed, nor can it contain all the people who need its inspiration. But means are certain to be found—perhaps through branches, like those of the public library, perhaps through a larger development of lending collections. These problems are for a not distant future, nearer in the cities in which the museums are working out effective relations with the people.

Neither great wealth nor great population is necessary in order that a city may have a museum with collections of fine quality, adapted to serve the industrial, educational, and social needs of the community.

Business men, who such a little while ago thought of art as something for women and children, are coming to realize the importance of an art museum in the life of the city. An imposing thing to show to visitors, certainly; but it can grow into something much more than that, an active element in the community—lightening the life of the poor, chastening the tastes of the rich, vitalizing the work of the schools, improving the output of industry, creating more efficient salesmen in the stores, increasing the value of real estate, a possible community centre for music, drama, and all the arts which go to make the city a better place in which to live.

Such is the newer ideal. It is worth working for, and the struggle to gain it is certain to benefit the city which dares the attempt.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Hopes and Uncertainties for the New Year

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

**Varying
Ideas at
the Year-
End**

IT is with curiously mixed ideas and expectations that the financial community awaits the end of the old year and the beginning of the new year. So far as regards the American outlook, considered

by itself, markets have indulged in frequent alternation of feeling; but cheerfulness is altogether predominant at the last. The popular view

of Europe's situation, however, and to a large extent the Wall Street judgment of it also, have come to be surrounded with an atmosphere of unalloyed pessimism. In its extreme form, this was reflected in the somewhat hysterical warnings by a London publication, not many weeks ago, of the "impending crash" which may "bring down the whole edifice of European credit," the "financial catastrophe which is ever drawing nearer" and which "only a miracle can avert." In what degree this interesting forecast (which, it must be admitted, resembled numerous other prophecies of the past two years, now forgotten) was based on the very remarkable predicament of Germany, we shall presently inquire.

In relation to the United States, however, pretty nearly every one now recognizes that New Year's reflections and New Year's expectations have taken on a brighter color at the present year-end than at any other similar occasion since the war. For one thing, this is the first "turn of the year" since the middle period of the war itself which has not been darkened by apprehension regarding our own country's immediate financial future. Indeed, even the enthusiasm of the war boom was always accompanied by a *memento mori*; the haunting sense of some terrific reckoning which would have to

come when peace should return. If the impatient hopes of early autumn for a spectacular revival of trade before the end of 1921 have been disappointed, at least the American business community knows that its feet are on firm ground. The progress of recovery may be disappointingly slow, but at any rate we are now building up, not tearing down.

WHEN one looks back at the three or four past months, or looks forward into the new year, it is plain enough that progressive trade reaction and the progressive fall in prices have been checked. Recovery, financial or industrial, is always possible with low prices for commodities but never with uninterruptedly declining prices, and we knew in the period of industrial confusion, late in 1920 and early in 1921, that business depression could not end until prices of goods had reached a halt in their decline.

Question of
Business
Recovery

That has now happened. If no great revival of trade is yet in sight, still the market for American products as a whole has held steady since early summer, at higher average prices than in the middle of 1921. To a lower range of values, producer as well as consumer will adjust himself; but the consumer buys sparingly when the course of prices seems to mean cheaper goods a little later, and the merchant or manufacturer moves with great caution when the chances favor a market in which competitors who waited can undersell him.

With the general fall in prices now arrested during four or five consecutive months, it is reasonable to expect a change of attitude in 1922. At the same time, and notably in the past few weeks, there

has been going on before our eyes a wholesale readjustment in other directions where the key to the economic situation lies. The fall in cost of money from the extravagant heights to which it was carried, first by the war requisitions and then by the after-war inflation of credit, has been one aspect of this readjustment; the rush of investment capital into sound investments, on a scale not witnessed since the years before the war, has been another. It is impossible, under all the circumstances, to look at our own economic future with any other feeling than reasoned hopefulness.

TO what extent the Conference at Washington will play a part in realizing the new year's hopes, it is still too early to say. Even now, hardly a month after the convening of that conference, the ardent enthusiasm and glowing expectations which blazed up after Secretary Hughes had placed his explicit disarmament proposals before the international delegates, have considerably cooled. Practical obstacles, differences of opinion on details, signs of opposition, if not to the principles proposed at least to the immediate application of them, have come into view one after another, precisely as they did when the outburst of European popular enthusiasm over President Wilson's arrival in December, 1918, was chilled by the opening deliberations at Versailles. Nevertheless, the potential importance of the Washington Conference has been recognized by every one, and nowhere more fully and frankly than in the financial community.

The mere fact of an international conference held for such discussion with a serious purpose was momentous, yet that fact was perhaps less significant of itself than the further fact that our government was visibly moving to get back through another door into a League of Nations for the guarantee of peace. If other evidence of that fact were lacking, the attack on the Conference by the last political survivors of the Senate's Battalion of Death would have provided it. Such political and financial judgment as looks for a happier outcome of the second experiment in such a league than of the first,

may partly be ascribed to circumstances which have made it possible for the Washington Conference to grapple with one international problem at a time and not with all at once.

Probably also, in so far as concerns our own government's position, this confidence arises from the feeling that one vital blunder committed at the Paris Conference has this time been avoided. Perhaps we are even now too near to the Conference of 1919 to get in full perspective the picture of what actually happened. One of President Wilson's political adjutants has given the story to the public in a spirit of disapproving criticism; another has told it in a spirit of somewhat patronizing adulation; on the whole, the reader was likely to conclude that Mr. Wilson fares best with the dissenting critic. But one inference is established, more or less unconsciously, by both versions of the episode—that the achievement of a momentous diplomatic task which was, to say the least, embarrassed and handicapped through personal assumption of the whole negotiation by the head of our government in 1919, without strong lieutenants sharing his plans, dividing the responsibility, and pursuing the work under his supervision, has been promoted in a high degree in 1921 through the entrusting of America's share in the Conference to a group of experienced and eminent statesmen; answerable to, but not over-observed by, the Chief Executive.

THAT practically no response was made by financial markets to the events at Washington was a matter of wide-spread and generally puzzled comment. Even the Stock Exchange stood almost motionless on the first news of the Conference proposals; its subsequent movement was uncertain. Whether this apathetic reception of the news reflected an underlying spirit of scepticism, we shall perhaps be better able to say a little later. Yet the attitude was not so unusual in the light of past experience as Wall Street seemed to think. It is quite true that the stock market habitually reflects, in its larger upward or downward movements, financial judg-

**Markets
and the
Washington
News**

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Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

I.—FRANCE AT WORK

"It's habit, m'sieu'—habit and custom."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



MY French miner "buddy" had been swinging his pick back and forth at amazing speed for nearly an hour one morning last summer. We were down about two thousand feet below a mining village a few miles from the ruined mines and city of Lens in northern France. The coal had been coming down so rapidly that it kept the rest of us busy shovelling it into the cars which the boy of fifteen with equally amazing speed kept bringing up to the "face" of the seam. All of us were stripped to the waist. Not one back amongst us but glistened in the light of the safety-lamps with the mixture of coal-dust and sweat. Except for the half-hour's pause for breakfast every one kept going at the same pace hour after hour. Also day after day. Yet never did I find one of them willing to confess the job fatiguing. From the lips of all of them came the same words accompanied by the same smile and the same shrug:

"C'est l'habitude!"

Later in other parts of France from leaders in various fields of her work and life as well as from other laborers came almost always the same name for the motive power which keeps the people of France busy:

"It's habit, m'sieu'—habit and custom—that does it."

The phrase appears to me to go further than any other to explain the spirit of modern France as it shows itself among the French workers as I came to know them. It holds almost equally well, too, whether they are hand-workers or head-workers. In either case, if they are French born, they have lived their life in very much the same groove for a long time. Established social habit and social custom have come of old social institutions and old social arrangements of a people long established in the same economic environment. France is socially an elderly if not an old country—socially as well as geographically and geologically, perhaps socially because geographically and geologically. The French are an elderly people—at least a people beyond the middle of maturity.

I believe the evidences of that after-middle maturity are as generally manifest and as generally significant in the life of present-day France as are those evidences of England's crowdedness which were set forth in these columns last year as explanatory to the life of Great Britain.

France is a land of habit, of contentment born of long usage. It is also a land of *ho*—, but let the spelling of that second key-word wait until we can discuss the new problems which await France and the French spirit now that she turns the corner of the great victory.

"We French were too happy!" This

was the explanation given by one of them as the cause of the war. "We have always been too easy-going—too contented with our modest little homes, our appetizing—if usually simple—fare, and our modest though inspiring 'wine red or wine white.' No wonder our enemy thought they should overcome us easily!"

That does not mean that everybody in France to-day is contented—by force, as it were, of long-established custom. Far from it.

"The capitalists know no patriotism. They go wherever they can find profits. Then why shouldn't we laborers do the same?" So the tall grenadier of a mason with the huge red mustache—also the seven children at home in a distant city where there was no work—used to say at our labor boarding-house at Douai in the invaded district of northern France. "At one time during the war—you recall it, messieurs?—les patrons, the big fellows who tell us what we workers must do and

must not do, spent a long time deciding whether we French soldiers should shoot the Italian soldiers or not. Finally, they decided that we did not need to—you remember it, yes? Very good. So we did not shoot them. But if the big ones had decided otherwise—well, then we should have had to shoot them, is it not so? But in any case the Italians would have been fellow laboring men like ourselves. Isn't that true?"

"After all, this matter of patriotism gets us into much trouble—according to my experience. 'La Patrie' for you and for me and for all of us workers, what is it? I'll tell you. It is the country that gives us this—this for our wives and our children—" and with his fork he nearly

broke his bowl of much potato and little meat. After we finished our soup, we always filled the same dish to the top with much potatoes, but of meat the landlady made sure to give us the precious and costly portion with her own impartial fork. It was easy to see that with him as with many others elsewhere the hatred of the endless nights and days in the

trenches had made him hate war with a hate which covered every phase and force of modern life which he believed helped cause war, including capitalism and nationalism. Their logic was easy to find holes in. But it is difficult for masses of men to live happily and think straightly when returning to the high cost of living after months and years with the front-line's horrors.

"Buried alive we were there at Verdun—for several days and nights!" one man put it. "Several of my friends were gray-haired when they found us. Horrible! Horrible!"

"I remember," so the mason would con-

tinue, "how I used to go to the library as a boy and look at all the pictures of armies and battles. Perhaps you all did the same, messieurs, yes? I would dream of the days when I might get into a uniform myself. But my company—or at least the remnant of it—spent some months at Verdun. Then, thanks to the good God, I was wounded and was taken away. Now I am through with war! For the rest of my life, I hope! Never again any fighting for me! No nation is worth it!"

Approval of this pleasant-voiced but hard-pressed internationalist would often come from his helper, a small jolly chap in his plaster-covered clothes and great wooden work-shoes. When it did it meant



Author as worker in French steel plant.

The carefulness of the French skilled working men practically forbade their opening their jumpers at the throat even on a hot day. On the hottest days I was glad to assert my Americanism by taking off my coat and vest.



Breakfast with the miners.

The hats made of heavy fibre for the protection of the head are being less and less used.

a cough from the rest of us because he would slap his leg and so bring a cloud of dust out of his faded blue overalls.

The surprising thing was that the one-eyed road laborer agreed with the mason

only occasionally. At first he seemed to me the most typical villain met in many a day. His make-up included heavy black hair, a great mustache, one big white and sightless eyeball, and brown corduroys



Typical coal-miners with whom the author worked in the mine town at the edge of the devastated region.

Because it was so near the front line trenches, work had often to be abandoned by day and carried on at night so that its smoke would not attract the near by enemy.

held up with a broad red sash. It made him look like a prime trouble-maker in any plot, private or public. Yet he was not a radical. Perhaps because he had managed to make himself too comfortable during the war. If so, it was certainly comfort bought with courage.

"Yes, m'sieu', it is necessary to say that he is brave—this one-eyed fellow."

So the landlord would explain. "When the invaders arrived here in October, 1914, they captured everybody in town. Soon they put everybody to work. But our friend refused. 'Me, I will not work for you boches,' he said. Three soldiers stuck three bayonets against his neck—just like this—ugh! Then they counted 'eins—zwei—drei'—to give him ten to decide whether he would change his mind or not. Finally they counted ten. But he only looked them in the eye and shook his head, and said: 'No, I will not work for you!' And they did not fire! No, they did not fire! For why? No one knows. All during the war—the invaders were here almost exactly four years!—he was in the hospital or doing pretty much what he pleased. Mainly he pretended to be sick. Un brave garçon, is he not?"

It was a good friend among my coal-miner companions who put in a nutshell the present feeling of the French workers, especially the unskilled ones. We were resting from about three hours' work, and sat with our shirts or coats thrown on while we breakfasted out of our cans of weak coffee and our cloth bags of sandwiches. (The bags' strings allow them to be hung up from the timbers away from the rats.)

"What is one to think, m'sieu'! Here

we miners went out by thousands in order to help the railway men in their general strike on May Day, 1920. And then the railway men were the first to go back and make sure of their jobs again! Bad leadership, is it not? Bad leadership in the nation and also, is it not so, one must add, bad leadership right here at home? For our two last local strikes have failed also."



Author after an eight-hour term in a coal-mine 2,000 feet deep, five or six miles from the destroyed mines at Lens.

Untiring and thankful to be busy, but unhappy and perplexed—that explains the present mood of the French worker. Too suddenly shaken out of his established and habitual pre-war world to know just what to do about it and apparently anxious, on the whole, not to go too far in any sudden attempt to "tear things loose." It causes one to wonder whether the Revolution has not made us think the Frenchman—at least the Frenchman outside of Paris—much less a man of ordered moderation than he is. The wonderment grows when you see signs on the wall that bills are not to be posted or ashes

dumped here or there, "in line with the law of 1881," or 1807—or 1791!

The General Federation of Labor is said to have lost five-eighths of its members since the failure of that general strike in 1920. To-day about the only members left in it are the Communist radicals and the Socialist conservatives. These are fighting constantly for control of the organization. Both sides claim victory. The evenness of the current battle makes it look as though the Communists were disquietingly strong. When the votes go against them the Communists claim that the real story is told in the circulation figures of their competing newspapers—two thousand daily for *Le*



The family—most of it—at the estaminet in Douai, north France.

"This one-eyed fellow," my héros of the bayonets, is at the right.



Untiring and thankful to be busy, but unhappy and perplexed—so the author found most of the workers in the mines and factories of France.

These were a few of his fellow workers near Lens.

Peuple, issued by the Socialist Federationists, and forty thousand for *L'Humanité*, of the Communists.

The country's surprising experience during the war also helps the careful observer to discount somewhat the amazing extremes of the Bolshevism of the Communists. This experience showed that the workers are in actuality much more patriotic—more conservative—than the

expected to impede mobilization. In the moment of invasion these, like all the others, came into the army ready to defend their homes."

Much the same explanation could doubtless be given for the failure of that general strike. The patriotic spirit of the war was still too active. Since then the failure of the Russian experiment has discouraged many, though the Communist



Unloading the local supply of red wine from the tank-cars.

bitterness of their public expressions might lead one to conclude. A French labor expert with an international reputation reports:

"Before the war the radicals were so much in the mind of the government that all estimates of our military strength when completely mobilized included considerable deductions for the Socialists and others who, it was believed, would make unsafe soldiers. When the test came, even the government was surprised to find the percentage an extremely small one—practically negligible. Furthermore, it proved quite unnecessary to carry out the long-contemplated plans for the arrest of certain leaders who were ex-

leaders insist that the famine, for instance, is nothing but the normal result of last summer's extreme drought as experienced in France and more or less throughout Europe.

But it is, of course, unsafe to argue that the French worker as a whole can be trusted always to accept without organized protest whatever comes. We will all make progress toward solving the problem of happy relations between the hand-workers and the head-workers when we learn this; the periods of unemployment which bring the worker into the greatest straits are usually the periods least favorable to his effective expression of that unhappiness in the form of strikes. Yet it is



Above-ground, or "outside," workers at a coal-mine in St. Etienne, one of the old manufacturing and mining districts of south middle France.

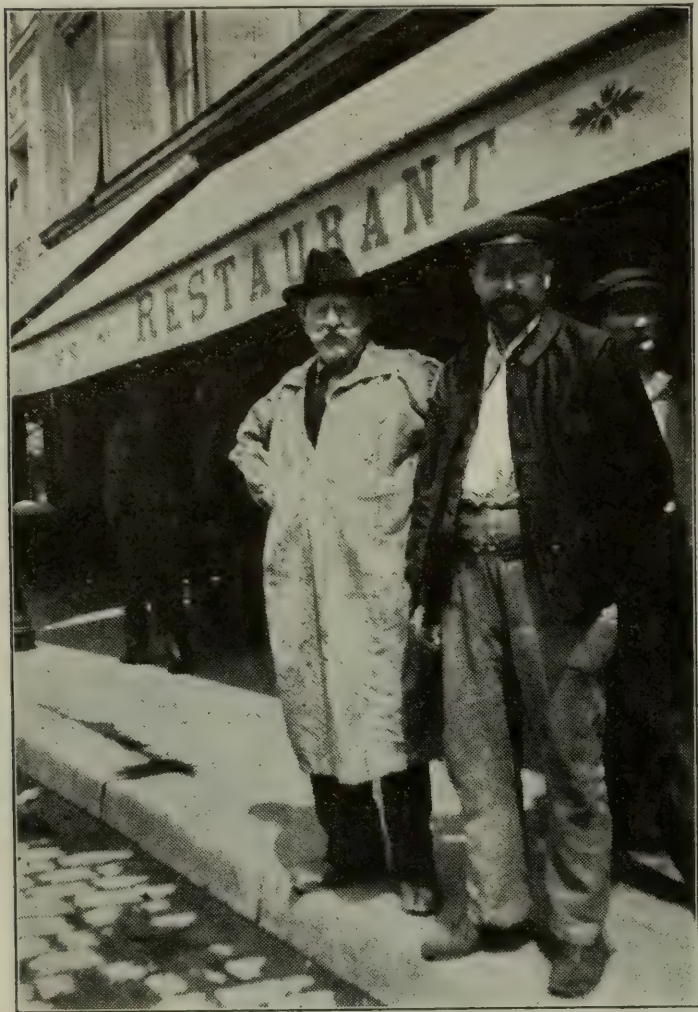


Youngsters doing their bit in the hard-working manufacturing district of St. Denis, outside the walls of Paris.

the memory of these straits that provides the motive power for troubles when the situation comes again to play into the worker's hands by making jobs plentiful and workers scarce. When jobs begin to grow scarce, men fear that a strike will only give the employers a good excuse for closing down. When they begin to grow

the unwisdom of fighting against the entire public's pressure for lower selling-prices and, therefore, lower production costs in terms of wages.

And such evidence can be appreciated by the French worker as by few others in the world. For, in general, he is something more than a member of an old and, therefore, fundamentally careful and conservative people. That is true of the British worker. But to an extent far beyond the British worker, and in some aspects beyond even the American worker, the French-born worker is a skilled man, a user of a good mind and of good tools. In the steel plant at Douai it was a pleasure to watch the machinists carry on their work. From the youngest apprentice up to the oldest expert in the place everything required the accuracy of millimetres or tenths of millimetres! Accuracy and cleanliness were the key-notes. On Monday mornings the great shop looked like a blue edition of Joseph's coat of many colors. Of course each suit of overalls or "blues" was freshly laundered—otherwise its owner would have been asked if "the wife is then perhaps ill?" In addition to all the variations caused by the differing number of launderings, each suit in turn showed a color harmony of its own by its assortment of blue or near-blue, new or much-washed patches. In the working quarters within the walls of Paris the furniture-makers and the carpenters, masons, and machinists look like artists in their dust-colored over-



Typical workers in the small factory-studios inside the walls of Paris, where the world's most artistic furniture and most precise machinery is made.

plentiful, they feel that they are in a position to bargain for better ones in the future.

Partly because of the huge work of rebuilding the devastated regions, there has been much less unemployment in France proportionately than in either Great Britain or America during the last year. There has been, however, enough to make the workers generally feel the time inopportune for large-scale agitation. The recent failure of the textile workers of the north added one more evidence of

alls and long blouses. They speak of the small establishments in which they work for the "patron" as ateliers. When you talk with them or see them reading semi-radical papers as they eat the most appetizing of foods or drink good wine in the restaurants which line the broad boulevards near their studio-factories, you somehow find it hard to take their quiet Socialism or philosophical or political Communism very seriously.

In such working suburbs outside the walls as St. Denis and St. Ouen, the



A street scene in France's most important steel and artillery town, Le Creusot.

In many of the most important manufacturing towns there are frequently reminders of France's interest in agriculture and of the conservatism of France's agriculturists.

chemical and other large-scale plants give rougher jobs and much poorer homes to men of less skill and education—and of more serious discontent, as proclaimed from many a flaming poster. But for all these, there is an outlet such as neither Britain nor America can enjoy to anything like the same extent—an outlet which must never be forgotten in connection with all thought of industrial France.

"When we don't like our employers or their jobs, we can usually take a vacation on the farms. There, especially since the war, they need us badly."

As a matter of fact, France has hardly yet come into the full swing of modern industrialism. As yet, it is hardly to be called a first-class industrial power. At exactly that point the near future brings a new equipment and, therefore, a new challenge to the established habits and attitudes—but about that later. In the meantime, the farm provides the opportunity for moderate comfort and more than moderate independence to the great majority of the country's native population.

That great body of native farmers it is that represents a sort of huge gyroscope

which obtained its motion from a distant past and so keeps the ship of French life moving along the course of that safe and conservative "habitude." Besides offering relief when the pressure of industrial life grows too heavy, the French farm furnishes the bulk of the population with a strong sense of property—there are said to be more than ten million property-holders in France!—an imperviousness to radicalism of any serious and fundamental sort, and an unfailing opposition to heavy direct taxation.

The influence of the isolation and traditional inertia of that farm is threatened in several ways by the new industrial and social factors brought by the war. The most immediate of these is the foreign-born unskilled laborer.

"Six years in Poland, all the time fight. No can get bread for family—must come here. See my back!" the Polish laborer in our gang in the north France mine explained in broken German. One glance at the dreadful assortment of shrapnel wounds was enough. His back was in plain view because we were all stripped

to the waist—after the manner of all French miners except those who work at lower and, therefore, hotter levels, where they wear nothing but a coat of coal-dust and a pair of shoes.

There were fifteen hundred of his Polish fellow citizens there in this one comparatively small mine town. They were housed in barracks with the minimum of food and comfort, and were quite

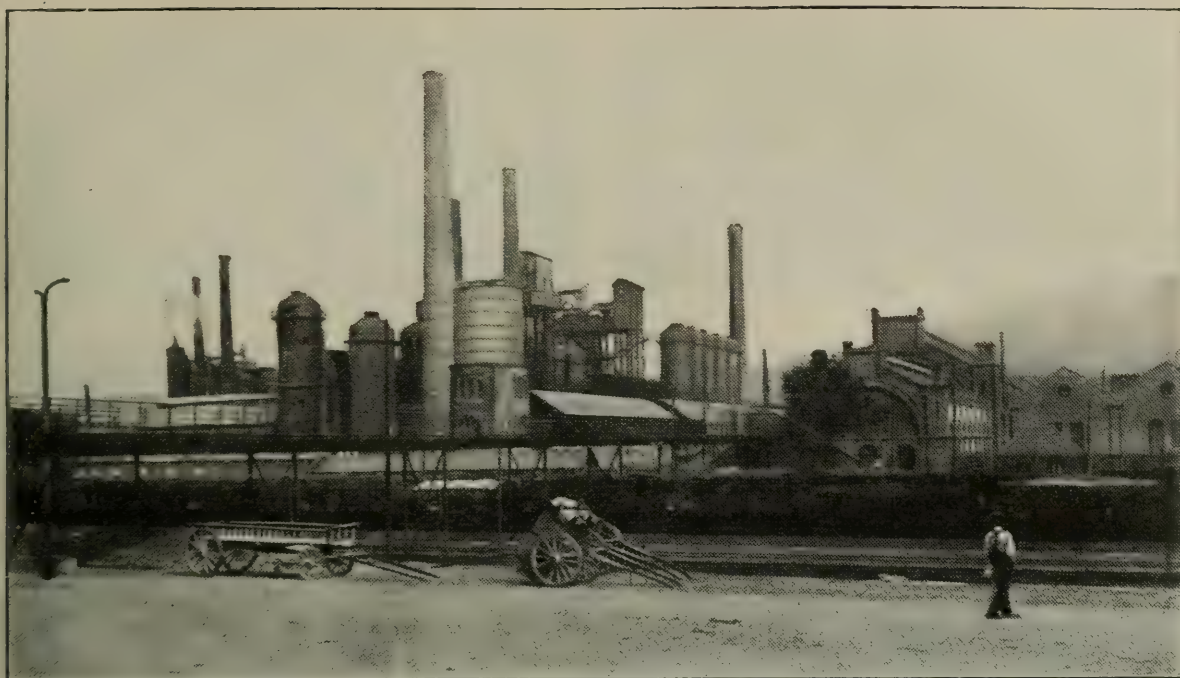
"This grave must be for an officer, m'sieu'. You can see it is six inches deeper than these others," a Moroccan laborer explained amidst the ruination of the hills about Verdun. Hundreds of his fellows and others from Algeria have been digging graves there and elsewhere throughout France ever since—as well as during—the war. And as they dig they have constantly in their ears the ex-



Workers leaving the steel plant where the author worked at Douai.

certain that they were not being paid according to contract. In French steel plants and blast-furnaces most of the common labor is done by Italians or Belgians. In the brick-yards of the north these last come in for the seasonal work, returning home in between jobs. In the great Schneider steel and artillery works at Le Creusot I saw three thousand Chinese handling the shovels or the heaviest and hottest pieces of fiery steel. They still occupy, under semimilitary supervision, the barracks originally built for them in war time. The chances are hardly good, however, for their return to China, judging from the air of success won by many of them as the result of their present earning capacities as compared with those they enjoyed in China.

plosions of the great shells being searched out and set off by their companions. These laborers are perhaps not to be called foreigners, since they are born under the French Colonial flag. Certainly, they make the natural backbone of the nondescript gangs which clear away the brickbats and débris in the devastated regions. Nevertheless, they all bring to industrial France much the same problem as do the others who have come by thousands from various parts of Europe, including Spain and Portugal. Except for the several thousands of British "Tom-mies" recently set to work near their old trenches, all these tend to depress the status of the less skilled groups of French-born workers. Like the Italians in America, they are slow to identify their in-

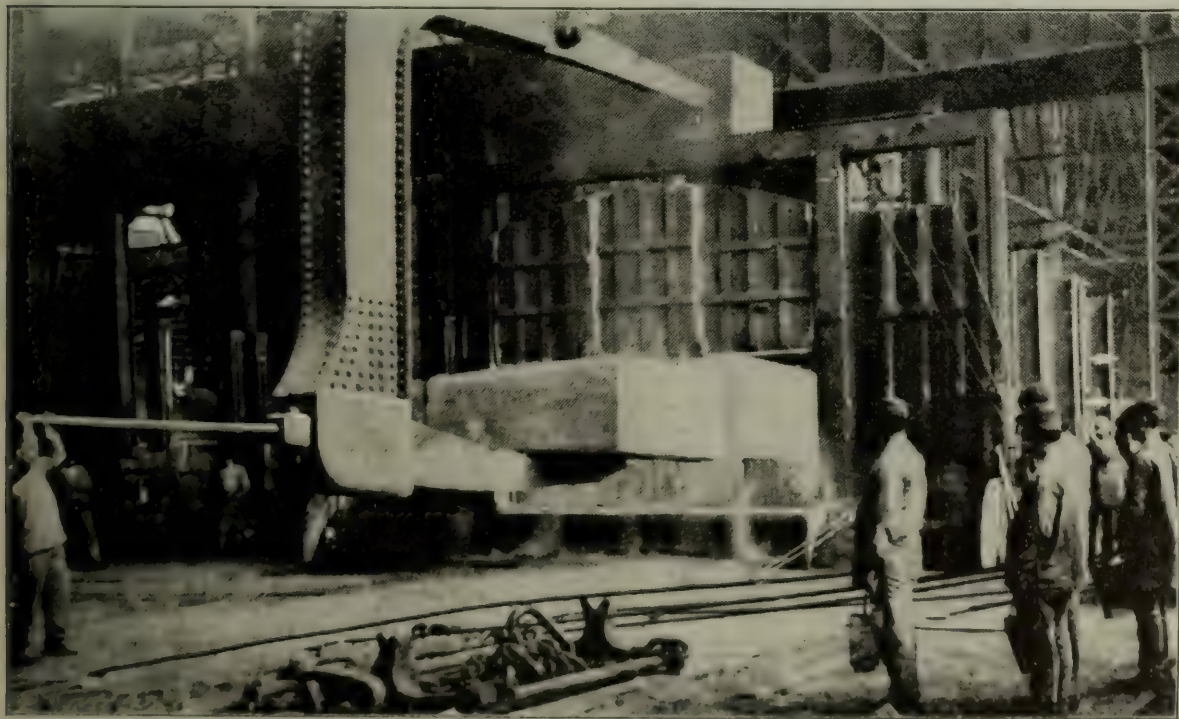


A typical blast-furnace at Longwy, in the iron country of France, near the boundaries of Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg.

terests with those of the native workers: their homes are so near that they do not hesitate to return to them rather than to take active part in any aggressive efforts to better their conditions. Or they move on to other parts of the international mar-

ket, there to find higher bidders for their brawn.

"Five-a year in Argentine—builda beeg-a street. Seex-a year in Boston—builda subway. Longa time here except for go home," so an Italian gang-boss in



Rolling a big slab into armor plate at the Schneider plant in Le Creusot.

Following the conference on limitation of armament, these may need to change their production programme almost as much as the Krupp establishment, a visit to which will be described in later articles.

a big blast-furnace in Longwy, the capital of France's iron country, gave me the high-spots of his lifelong and world-wide attempt to dispose of his muscular abilities.

How long all his compatriots and their non-French friends will stay in France after all the "duds" have been exploded,

proper lengths almost miles of heavy steel beams for the factory's extension. For it was they who had applied the torch—the acetylene torch—to all the steel stanchions of the old factory the week before the "Tommies" had driven them out in October, 1918. All during the war they had run an army bakery near the



Starting the pork cutlets to the Paris table from the farming towns.

all the graves dug, and all the ruined railway-stations and all the six hundred thousand destroyed homes repaired or rebuilt, will depend upon that question of France's attitude toward her new and changed industrial future which we are reserving. In any event, the presence of these outsiders brings to France, just as it has brought to us here in America, a threat against that long-standing unity of French life which has come from the undisturbed unity of the national blood.

At least one of these outsiders I am sure France will find it hard to lose. He is an Englishman who, oddly enough, was happy to be the leader of our gang that operated the big saw in the steel plant there at Douai. In a way it was the Germans that kept us busy cutting into

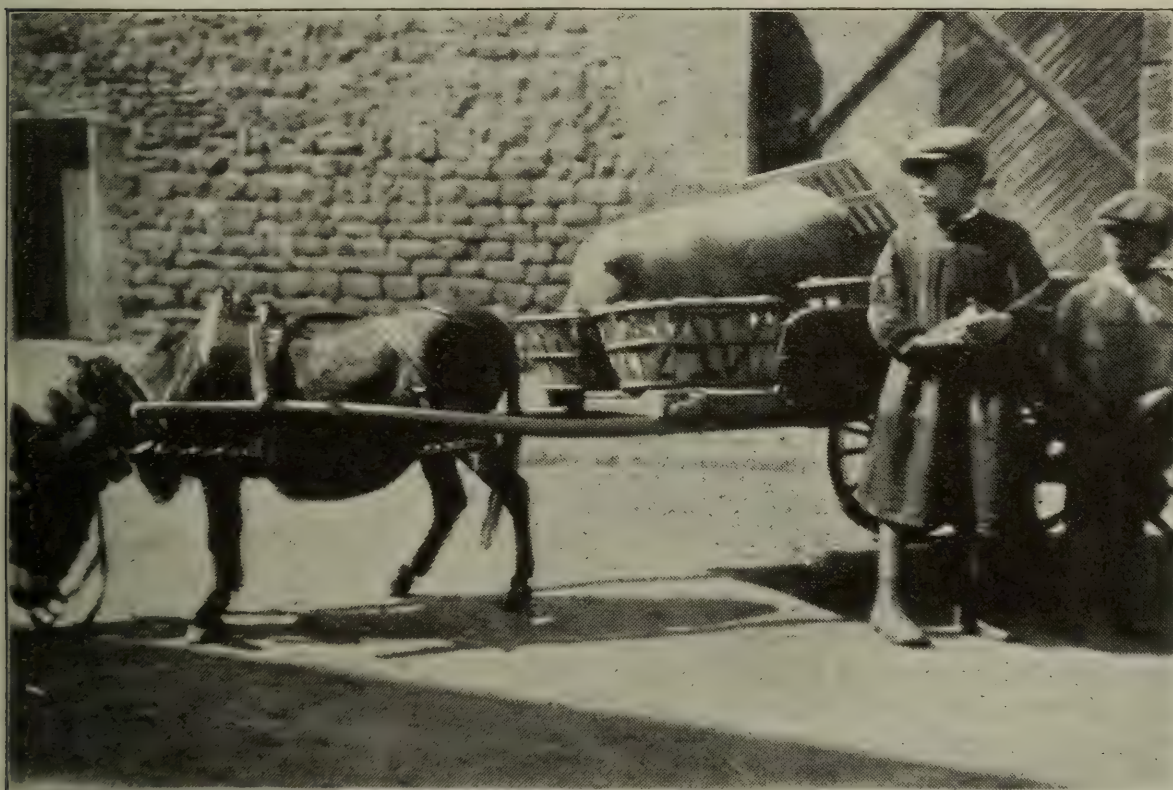
place where we stood. After running away to sea as a lad and swearing or fighting for either military or "social" purposes all over the seven seas, my Tom had entered the town with his friends, seen the girl he had been looking for, and now——

"Well, blime but 'twill tike a bloody fine job to get me awye from 'ere now—unless I can tike 'er along!"

He can probably be depended upon to co-operate with his French brothers-in-law to oppose such efforts to reduce salaries as are now worrying the French workers in mine and factory. Some thousands of other foreign-born fellow workers can't. In any event, France cannot get along without them, even though they may become dangerously discon-

tented. Even if France's raw materials had seen no increase from the war, she would still be in need of "hands." For too many pairs of hands born in her homes and trained in her schools and factories lie rotting beneath those battle-fields. No country responsible for production can easily spare hands to the number of one

been maintained as wide as before the war, wages having kept up about even with the high cost of living. But today an American worker of corresponding equipment would find that margin a pretty narrow one. Apparently the French workers also find it so. At any rate, the government had recently to



Everybody works in St. Etienne, the centre of some of France's oldest industries.

But the margin between outgo and income is not wide now and was not before the war.

million eight hundred thousand pairs! Especially when that represents of all her possessors of the hands of fighting age the huge proportion of 53 per cent! Least of all a country that has suffered for years from a falling birth-rate and a decrease of native population!

Under normal conditions this huge lack of man-power can be expected to bring a somewhat higher valuation to the brawn and brain of the native worker-group. As during the fourteenth century in England when the Black Death took off half the population, so those graves at Verdun, it must be said with sadness, are certain sooner or later—unless the foreign-born interfere—to widen somewhat the margin between income and outgo for the survivors. In general that margin has

send about forty thousand troops to that textile region of Lille, Roubaix, and Turcoing when the workers opposed the efforts to reduce their rates.

"Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" as the workers say. My estaminet, or boarding-house-and-bar, about thirty miles from Lille, represented the lowest level of French laborers: the rung next lower in the ladder would have taken me among the town's assortment of Italians and Spaniards. Most of us paid virtually half our week's earnings for our week's board and bed. The combination of these daily necessities purchased by this half-day's work is hardly as good as I bought here for nearer a third of an eight-hour turn. The proprietor worked at the same steel plant with us. He charged us

extra if we had single instead of double beds. But I'm sure, single or double, none of us lacked for company! The first morning I tried to leave them all at home but the first worker I met flicked one off my lapel! Every morning we took our turn with the landlady in washing our faces and brushing our hair at the pump placed in a glass-covered kitchen-court in the centre of the house—with a half-partition separating us from the very odorous toilet. In going up-stairs past the corner where the dog and the garbage-pail slept together, it was almost necessary to wait for the flies to get out of the way. At the table in the rear of the barroom and, therefore, near the kitchen we had to fight flies with one hand while we took care of our food or drink with the other.

Altogether, it struck me as about the worst place encountered to date. But the estaminet where I later worked as a miner a few miles from the destroyed mines of Lens was worse. The combination of cows, chickens, rabbits, babies, boarders, and barnyard was too awful to permit accurate description. But the landlord there did give a service I'd never encountered before. When after the day's work below ground I told my buddy that I'd wash his back, meaning that I hoped that he would take care of my own, he answered:

"Ah, no, m'sieu', it is not necessary. Here that is done for us all—and without

charge—by m'sieu' the landlord himself!"

Sure enough, at the appointed moment a whistle brought him to us—ready and quick to take soap and rag in his experienced hands!

After paying for such meagre though friendly arrangements—and at this boarding-house I slept, or at least tried to sleep, in the same bed with a young worker along with four others in the same room—the pay left over does not go very far. A suit of overalls costs about a day and a half of work—or twelve muscle-hours. A pair of shoes half-soled takes about three-quarters of a day's earning power.

If this represents approximately the same margin as that before the war, then the conclusion is inevitable that the margin must have been narrow then.

But as nearly as I can judge this narrowness of margin is also true—and has been true—since long before the war—for the employer, too. And it has been true, also, for the French people as a whole. It goes back to the age of French geography. Take the country's equipment of coal-veins and coal-mines, for instance. . . .

But about that and similar considerations and their influence on the French worker and the French citizen—also the challenge presented to French life by the change in that equipment following the war—about all that a little later.

[The second article by Whiting Williams on "Europe at Work" will appear in the March number.]



Street laborers fixing the pavement in the heart of Paris, near the Opera.

Leaves from My Autobiography

FIFTY-SIX YEARS WITH THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[FOURTH PAPER]



HEREDITY has much to do with a man's career. The village of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, about forty miles from New York, was in the early days the market-town of a large section of the surrounding country, extending over to the State of Connecticut. It was a farming region, and its products destined for New York City were shipped by sloops on the Hudson from the wharfs at Peekskill, and the return voyage brought back the merchandise required by the country.

My father and his brother owned the majority of the sloops engaged in this, at that time, almost the only form of transportation. The sloops were succeeded by steamboats in which my people were also interested. When Commodore Vanderbilt entered into active rivalry with the other steamboat lines between New York and Albany, the competition became very serious. Newer and faster boats were rapidly built. These racers would reach the Bay of Peekskill in the late afternoon, and the younger population of the village would be on the banks of the river, enthusiastically applauding their favorites. Among well-known boats whose names and achievements excited as much interest and aroused as much partisanship and sporting spirit as do now famous race-horses or baseball champions, were the following: *Mary Powell*, *Dean Richmond*, *The Alida*, and *The Hendrick Hudson*.

I remember as if it were yesterday when the Hudson River Railroad had reached Peekskill, and the event was locally celebrated. The people came in as to a county fair from fifty miles around. When the locomotive steamed into the station many of those present had never seen

one. The engineer was continuously blowing his whistle to emphasize the great event. This produced much consternation and confusion among the horses, as all farmers were there with their families in carriages or wagons.

I recall one team of young horses which was driven to frenzy; their owner was unable to control them, but he kept them on the road while they ran away with a wild dash over the hills. In telling this story, as illustrating how recent is railway development in the United States, at a dinner abroad, I stated that as far as I knew and believed, those horses were so frightened that they could not be stopped and were still running. A very successful and serious-minded captain of industry among the guests sternly rebuked me by saying: "Sir, that is impossible; horses were never born that could run for twenty-five years without stopping." American exaggeration was not so well known among our friends on the other side then as it is now.

As we boys of the village were gathered on the banks of the Hudson cheering our favorite steamers, or watching with eager interest the movements of the trains, a frequent discussion would be about our ambitions in life. Every young fellow would state a dream which he hoped but never expected to be realized. I was charged by my companions with having the greatest imagination and of painting more pictures in the skies than any of them. This was because I stated that in politics (for I was a great admirer of William H. Seward, then senator from New York) I expected to be a United States senator, and in business (because then the largest figure in the business world was Commodore Vanderbilt) I hoped to become president of the Hudson River Railroad. It is one of the strangest inci-

dents of what seemed the wild imaginings of a village boy that in the course of long years both these expectations were realized.

When I entered the service of the railroad on the first of January, 1866, the Vanderbilt system consisted of the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads, the Harlem ending at Chatham, 128 miles, and the Hudson River at Albany, 140 miles long. The Vanderbilt system now covers 20,000 miles. The total railway mileage of the whole United States at that time was 36,000, and now it is 261,000 miles.

My connection with the New York Central Railroad covers practically the whole period of railway construction, expansion, and development in the United States. It is a singular evidence of the rapidity of our country's growth and of the way in which that growth has steadily followed the rails, that all this development of States, of villages growing into cities, of scattered communities becoming great manufacturing centres, of an internal commerce reaching proportions where it has greater volume than the foreign interchanges of the whole world, has come about during a period covered by the official career of a railroad man who is still in the service: an attorney in 1866, a vice-president in 1882, president in 1885, chairman of the board of directors in 1899, and still holds that office.

There is no such record in the country for continuous service with one company, which during the whole period has been controlled by one family. This service of more than half a century has been in every way satisfactory. It is a pleasure to see the fourth generation, inheriting the ability of the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, still active in the management.

I want to say that in thus linking my long relationship with the railroads to this marvellous development, I do not claim to have been better than the other railway officers who during this time have performed their duties to the best of their ability. I wish also to pay tribute to the men of original genius, of vision and daring, to whom so much is due in the expansion and improvement of the American railway systems.

Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the

most remarkable men our country has produced. He was endowed with wonderful foresight, grasp of difficult situations, ability to see opportunities before others, to solve serious problems, and with the courage of his convictions. He had little education or early advantages, but was eminently successful in everything he undertook. As a boy on Staten Island he foresaw that upon transportation depended the settlement, growth, and prosperity of this nation. He began with a small boat running across the harbor from Staten Island to New York. Very early in his career he acquired a steamboat and in a few years was master of Long Island Sound. He then extended his operations to the Hudson River and speedily acquired the dominating ownership in boats competing between New York and Albany.

When gold was discovered in California he started a line on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Darien and secured from the government of Nicaragua the privilege of crossing the Isthmus for a transportation system through its territory, and then established a line of steamers on the Pacific to San Francisco. In a short time the old-established lines, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, were compelled to sell out to him. Then he entered the transatlantic trade, with steamers to Europe.

With that vision which is a gift and cannot be accounted for, he decided that the transportation work of the future was on land and in railroads. He abandoned the sea, and his first enterprise was the purchase of the New York and Harlem Railroad, which was only one hundred and twenty-eight miles long. The road was bankrupt and its road-bed and equipment going from bad to worse. The commodore reconstructed the line, re-equipped it, and by making it serviceable to its territory increased its traffic and turned its business from deficiency into profit. This was in 1864. The commodore became president, and his son, William H. Vanderbilt, vice-president. He saw that the extension of the Harlem was not advisable, and so secured the Hudson River Railroad, running from New York to Albany, and became its president in 1865. It was a few months after this when he and his son invited me to become a member of their staff.

The station of the Harlem Railroad in the city of New York was at that time at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, and that of the Hudson River Railroad at Chambers Street, near the North River.

In a few years William H. Vanderbilt purchased the ground for the Harlem Railroad Company, where is now located the Grand Central Terminal, and by the acquisition by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad of the Harlem Railroad the trains of the New York Central were brought around into the Grand Central Station.

In 1867, two years after Mr. Vanderbilt had acquired the Hudson River Railroad, he secured the control of the New York Central, which ran from Albany to Buffalo. This control was continued, through the Lake Shore on one side of the lakes and the Michigan Central on the other, to Chicago. Subsequently the Vanderbilt system was extended to Cincinnati and St. Louis. It was thus in immediate connection with the West and Northwest centring in Chicago, and the Southwest at Cincinnati and St. Louis. By close connection and affiliation with the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, the Vanderbilt system was extended beyond to Mississippi. I became director in the New York Central in 1874 and in the Chicago and Northwestern in 1877.

It has been my good fortune to meet with more or less intimacy many of the remarkable men in every department of life, but I think Commodore Vanderbilt was the most original. I had been well acquainted for some years both with the commodore and his son, William H. When I became attorney my relations were more intimate than those usually existing. I was in daily consultation with the commodore during the ten years prior to his death, and with his son from 1866 to 1885, when he died.

The commodore was constantly, because of his wealth and power, importuned by people who wished to interest him in their schemes. Most of the great and progressive enterprises of his time were presented to him. He would listen patiently, ask a few questions, and in a short time grasp the whole subject. Then with wonderful quickness and unerring

judgment he would render his decision. No one knew by what process he arrived at these conclusions. They seemed to be the results as much of inspiration as of insight.

The Civil War closed in 1865, and one of its lessons had been the necessity for more railroads. The country had discovered that without transportation its vast and fertile territories could neither be populated nor made productive. Every mile of railroad carried settlers, opened farms, and increased the national resources and wealth. The economical and critical conditions of the country, owing to the expansion of the currency and banking conditions, facilitated and encouraged vast schemes of railroad construction. This and a wild speculation resulted in the panic of 1873. Nearly the whole country went bankrupt. The recovery was rapid, and the constructive talent of the Republic saw that the restoration of credit and prosperity must be led by railway solvency. In August, 1874, Commodore Vanderbilt invited the representatives of the other and competitive lines to a conference at Saratoga. Owing, however, to the jealousies and hostilities of the period, only the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie railways were represented.

The eastern railway situation was then dominated by Commodore Vanderbilt, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania, and John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio. Both Scott and Garrett were original men and empire-builders. There was neither governmental nor State regulation. The head of a railway system had practically unlimited power in the operation of his road. The people were so anxious for the construction of railways that they offered every possible inducement to capital. The result was a great deal of unprofitable construction and immense losses to the promoters.

These able men saw that there was no possibility of railway construction, operation, and efficiency, with a continuance of unrestricted competition. It has taken from 1874 until 1920 to educate the railway men, the shippers, and the government to a realization of the fact that transportation facilities required for the public necessities can only be had by the

freest operations and the strictest government regulations; that the solution of the problem is a system so automatic that public arbitration shall decide the justice of the demands of labor, and rates be advanced to meet the decision; and that public authority also shall take into consideration the other factors of increased expenses and adequate facilities for the railroads, and that maintenance and the highest efficiency must be preserved and also necessary extensions. To satisfy and attract capital there must be the assurance of a reasonable return upon the investment.

The meeting called by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1874, at Saratoga, was an epoch-making event. We must remember the railway management of the country was in the absolute control of about four men, two of whom were also largest owners of the lines they managed. Fierce competition and cutting of rates brought on utter demoralization among shippers, who could not calculate on the cost of transportation, and great favoritism to localities and individuals by irresponsible freight agents who controlled the rates. Under these influences railway earnings were fluctuating and uncertain. Improvements were delayed and the people on the weaker lines threatened with bankruptcy.

Public opinion, however, believed this wild competition to be the only remedy for admitted railway evils. As an illustration of the change of public opinion and the better understanding of the railway problems, this occurred in the month of October, 1920. A committee of shippers and producers representing the farmers, manufacturers, and business men along a great railway system came to see the manager of the railroad and said to him: "We have been all wrong in the past. Our effort has always been for lower rates, regardless of the necessities of the railways. We have tried to get them by seeking bids from competing lines for our shipments and by appealing to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The expenses of the railroads have been increased by demands of labor, by constantly rising prices and cost of rails, cars, terminals, and facilities, but we have been against allowing the railroads to meet

this increased cost of operation by adequate advances in rates. We now see that this course was starving the railroads, and we are suffering for want of cars and locomotives to move our traffic and terminals to care for it. We are also suffering because the old treatment of the railroads has frightened capital so that the roads cannot get money to maintain their lines and make necessary improvements to meet the demands of business. We know now that rates make very little difference, because they can be absorbed in our business. What we must have is facilities to transport our products, and we want to help the railroads to get money and credit, and again we emphasize our whole trouble is want of cars, locomotives, and terminal facilities."

Happily, public opinion was reflected in the last Congress in the passage of the Cummins-Esch bill, which is the most enlightened and adaptable legislation of the last quarter of a century.

To return to the conference at Saratoga, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie came to the conclusion that they must have the co-operation of the Baltimore and Ohio. As Mr. Garrett, president and controlling owner of that road, would not come to the conference, the members decided that the emergency was so great that they must go to him. This was probably the most disagreeable thing Commodore Vanderbilt ever did. The marvellous success of his wonderful life had been won by fighting and defeating competitors. The peril was so great that they went as associates, and the visit interested the whole country and so enlarged Mr. Garrett's opinion of his power that he rejected their offer and said he would act independently. A railway war immediately followed, and in a short time bankruptcy threatened all lines and none more than the Baltimore and Ohio.

The trunk lines then got together and entered into an agreement to stabilize rates and carry them into effect. They appointed as commissioner Mr. Albert Fink, one of the ablest railway men of that time. Mr. Fink's administration was successful, but the rivalries and jealousies of the lines and the frequent breaking of agreements were too much for one man.

The presidents and general managers of all the railroads east of Chicago then met and formed an association, and this association was a legislative body without any legal authority to enforce its decrees. It had, however, two effects: the disputes which arose were publicly discussed, and the merits of each side so completely demonstrated that the decision of the association came to be accepted as just and right. Then the verdict of the association had behind it the whole investment and banking community and the press. The weight of this was sufficient to compel obedience to its decisions by the most rebellious member. No executive could continue to hold his position while endeavoring to break up the association.

It is one of the most gratifying events of my life that my associates in this great and powerful association elected me their president, and I continued in office until the Supreme Court in a momentous decision declared that the railroads came under the provision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and dissolved these associations in the East, West, and South.

It was a liberal education of the railway problems to meet the men who became members of this association. Most of them left an indelible impression upon the railway conditions of the time and of the railway policies of the future. All were executives of great ability and several were rare constructive geniuses.

In our system there was John Newell, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, a most capable and efficient manager. Henry B. Ledyard, president of the Michigan Central, was admirably trained for the great responsibilities which he administered so well. There was William Bliss, president of the Boston and Albany, who had built up a line to be one of the strongest of the New England group.

Melville E. Ingalls, president of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, had combined various weak and bankrupt roads and made them an efficient organization. He had also rehabilitated and put in useful working and paying condition the Chesapeake and Ohio.

Ingalls told me a very good story of himself. He had left the village in Maine, where he was born, and after graduation

from college and admission to the bar had settled in Boston. To protect the interests of his clients he had moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and rescued railroad properties in which they were interested. When his success was complete and he had under his control a large and successfully working railway system, he made a visit to his birthplace.

One evening he went down to the store where the village congress was assembled, sitting on the barrels and the counter. They welcomed him very cordially, and then an inquisitive farmer said to him: "Melville, it is reported around here that you are getting a salary of nigh unto ten thousand dollars a year."

Mr. Ingalls, who was getting several times that amount, modestly admitted the ten, which was a prodigious sum in that rural neighborhood. Whereupon the old farmer voiced the local sentiment by saying: "Well, Melville, that shows what cheek and circumstances can do for a man."

I recall an incident connected with one of the ablest of the executives in our system. One day we had a conference of rival interests, and many executives were there in the effort to secure an adjustment. For this purpose we had an arbitrator. After a most exhausting day in the battle of wits and experience for advantages, I arrived home used up, but after a half-hour's sleep I awoke refreshed and, consulting my diary, found I was down for a speech at a banquet at Delmonico's that night.

I arrived late, the intervening time being devoted to intensive and rapid preparation. I was called early. The speech attracted attention and occupied a column in the morning's papers. I was in bed at eleven o'clock and had between seven and eight hours' refreshing sleep.

On arriving at our meeting-place the next morning one of the best-known presidents took me aside and said: "Chauncey, by making speeches such as you did last night you are losing the confidence of the people. They say you cannot prepare such speeches and give proper attention to your business."

"Well," I said to him, "my friend, did I lose anything before the arbitrator yesterday?"

He answered very angrily: "No, you gained entirely too much."

"Well," I then said, "I am very fresh this morning. But what did you do last night?"

He answered that he was so exhausted that he went to Delmonico's and ordered the best dinner possible. Then he went on to say: "A friend told me a little game was going on up-stairs, and in a close room filled with tobacco smoke I played poker until two o'clock and drank several high-balls. The result is, I think we better postpone this meeting, for I do not feel like doing anything to-day."

"My dear friend," I said, "you will get the credit of giving your whole time to business, while I am, by doing what refreshes my mind, discredited, because it gets into the papers. I shall keep my method regardless of consequences."

He kept his, and, although much younger than myself, died years ago.

George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania, was a very wise executive and of all-around ability. Frank Thompson, vice-president and afterward president of the same road, was one of the ablest operating officers of his time and a most delightful personality. Mr. A. J. Cassatt was a great engineer and possessed rare foresight and vision. He brought the Pennsylvania Railroad into New York City through a tunnel under the Hudson River, continued the tunnel across the city to the East River and then under the river to connect with the Long Island, which he had acquired for his system.

D. W. Caldwell, president of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, added to railway ability wit and humor. He told a good story on Mr. George Roberts. Caldwell was at one time division superintendent under President Roberts. He had obtained permission to build a new station-house, in whose plan and equipment he was deeply interested. It was Mr. Roberts's habit, by way of showing his subordinates that he was fully aware of their doings, to either add to or take away something from their projects.

Caldwell prepared a station-house according to his ideas, and, to prevent Roberts from making any essential changes he added an unnecessary bay window to

the front of the passengers' room. Roberts carefully examined the plans and said: "Remove that bay window," and then approved the plan, and Caldwell had what he wanted.

Caldwell used to tell of another occasion when on a Western line he had over him a very severe and harsh disciplinarian as president. This president was a violent prohibitionist and had heard that Caldwell was a bon-vivant. He sent for Caldwell to discipline or discharge him. After a long and tiresome journey Caldwell arrived at the president's house. His first greeting was: "Mr. Caldwell, do you drink?"

Caldwell, wholly unsuspecting, answered: "Thank you, Mr. President; I am awfully tired and will take a little rye."

Mr. E. B. Thomas, president of the Lehigh Valley, was a valuable member of the association. The Baltimore and Ohio, as usual, had its president, Mr. Charles F. Mayer, accompanied by an able staff. The Erie was represented by one of the most capable and genial of its many presidents, Mr. John King.

King was a capital story-teller, and among them I remember this one: At one time he was general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio under John W. Garrett. In order to raise money for his projected extensions, Garrett had gone to Europe. The times were financially very difficult. Johns Hopkins, the famous philanthropist, died. His immortal monument is the Johns Hopkins University and Medical School. Everybody in Baltimore attended the funeral. Among the leading persons present was another John King, a banker, who was Hopkins's executor. A messenger-boy rushed in with a cable for John King, and the boy handed it to John King, the executor, who sat at the head of the mourners. He read it and then passed it along so that each one could read it until it reached John King, of the Baltimore and Ohio, who sat at the foot of the line. The cable read as follows: "Present my sympathies to the family and my high appreciation of Mr. Johns Hopkins, and borrow from the executor all you can at five per cent. Garrett."

Commodore Vanderbilt was succeeded

in the presidency by his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who was then past forty years old and had been a successful farmer on Staten Island. He was active in neighborhood affairs and in politics. This brought him in close contact with the people and was of invaluable benefit to him when he became president of a great railroad corporation. He also acquired familiarity in railway management as a director of one on Staten Island.

William H. Vanderbilt was a man of great ability, and his education made him in many ways an abler man than his father for the new conditions he had to meet. But, like many a capable son of a famous father, he did not receive the credit which was due him because of the overshadowing reputation of the commodore. Nevertheless, on several occasions he exhibited the highest executive qualities.

One of the great questions of the time was the duty of railroads to the cities in which they terminated, and the decision of the roads south of New York to have lower rates to Philadelphia and Baltimore. New York felt so secure in the strength of its unrivalled harbor and superior shipping facilities that the merchants and financiers were not alarmed. Very soon, however, there was such a diversion of freight from New York as to threaten very seriously its export trade and the superiority of its port. The commercial leaders of the city called upon Mr. Vanderbilt, who after the conference said to them: "I will act in perfect harmony with you and will see that the New York Central Railroad protects New York City regardless of the effect upon its finances." The city representatives said: "That is very fine, and we will stand together."

Mr. Vanderbilt immediately issued a statement that the rates to the seaboard should be the same to all ports, and that the New York Central would meet the lowest rates to any port by putting the same in effect on its own lines. The result was the greatest railroad war since railroads began to compete. Rates fell fifty per cent, and it was a question of the survival of the fittest. Commerce returned to New York, and the competing railroads, to avoid bankruptcy, got to-

gether and formed the Trunk Line Association.

New York City has not always remembered how intimately bound is its prosperity with that of the great railroad whose terminal is within its city limits. Mr. Vanderbilt found that the railroad and its management were fiercely assailed in the press, in the legislature, and in municipal councils. He became convinced that no matter how wise or just or fair the railroad might be in the interests of every community and every business which were so dependent upon its transportation, the public would not submit to any great line being owned by one man. The Vanderbilt promptness in arriving at a decision was immediately shown. He called upon Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and through him a syndicate, which Morgan formed, took and sold the greater part of Mr. Vanderbilt's New York Central stock. The result was that the New York Central from that time was owned by the public. It is a tribute to the justice and fairness of the Vanderbilt management that, though the management has been submitted every year since to a stockholders' vote, there has practically never been any opposition to a continuance of the Vanderbilt policy and management.

Among the most important of the many problems during Mr. Vanderbilt's presidency was the question of railway commissions, both in national and State governments. In my professional capacity of general counsel, and in common with representatives of other railroads, I delivered argumentative addresses against them. The discussions converted me, and I became convinced of their necessity. The rapidly growing importance of railway transportation had created the public opinion that railway management should be under the control and supervision of some public body; that all passengers or shippers, or those whose land was taken for construction and development, should have an appeal from the decision of the railway managers to the government through a government commission.

As soon as I was convinced that commissions were necessary for the protection of both the public and the railroads, I presented this view to Mr. Vanderbilt.

The idea was contrary to his education, training, and opinion. It seemed to me that it was either a commission or government ownership, and that the commission, if strengthened as a judicial body, would be as much of a protection to the bond and stock holders and the investing public as to the general public and the employees. Mr. Vanderbilt, always open-minded, adopted this view and supported the commission system and favored legislation in its behalf.

In 1883 Mr. Vanderbilt decided, on account of illness, to retire from the presidency, and Mr. James H. Rutter was elected his successor. Mr. Rutter was the ablest freight manager in the country, but his health gave way under the exactions of executive duties, and I acted largely for him during his years of service. He died early in 1885, and I was elected president.

The war with the West Shore had been on for several years, with disastrous results to both companies. The Ontario and Western, which had large terminal facilities near Jersey City on the west side of the Hudson, ran for fifty miles along the river before turning into the interior. At its reorganization it had ten millions of cash in the treasury. With this as a basis, its directors decided to organize a new railroad, to be called the West Shore, and parallel the New York Central through its entire length to Buffalo. As the New York Central efficiently served this whole territory, the only business the West Shore could get must be taken away from the Central. To attract this business it offered at all stations lower rates. To retain and hold its business the New York Central met those rates at all points so that financially the West Shore went into the hands of a receiver.

The New York Central was sustained because of its superior facilities and connections and established roadway and equipment. But all new and necessary construction was abandoned, maintenance was neglected, and equipment run down under forced reduction of expenses.

I had very friendly personal relations with the managers and officers of the West Shore, and immediately presented to them a plan for the absorption of their line, instead of continuing the struggle until absolute exhaustion. Mr. Vander-

bilt approved of the plan, as did the financial interests represented by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

By the reorganization and consolidation of the two companies the New York Central began gradually to establish its efficiency and to work on necessary improvements. As evidence of the growth of the railway business of the country, the New York Central proper has added since the reorganization an enormous amount of increased trackage, and has practically rebuilt, as a necessary second line, the West Shore and used fully its very large terminal facilities on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

During his active life Mr. Vanderbilt was very often importuned to buy a New York daily newspaper. He was personally bitterly assailed and his property put in peril by attacks in the press. He always rejected the proposition to buy one. "If," he said, "I owned a newspaper, I would have all the others united in attacking me, and they would ruin me, but by being utterly out of the journalistic field, I find that taking the press as a whole I am fairly well treated. I do not believe any great interest dealing with the public can afford to have an organ."

Colonel Scott of the Pennsylvania thought otherwise, but the result of his experiment demonstrated the accuracy of Mr. Vanderbilt's judgment. Scott selected as editor of the *New York World* one of the most brilliant journalistic writers of his time, William H. Hurlburt. When it became known, however, that the *World* belonged to Colonel Scott, Hurlburt's genius could not save it. The circulation ran down to a minimum, the advertising followed suit, and the paper was losing enormously every month. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, with the rare insight and foresight which distinguished him, saw what could be made of the *World*, with its privileges in the Associated Press, and so he paid Scott the amount he had originally invested, and took over and made a phenomenal success of this bankrupt and apparently hopeless enterprise.

I tried during my presidency to make the New York Central popular with the public without impairing its efficiency. The proof of the success of this was that without any effort on my part and against my published wishes the New York dele-

gation in the national Republican convention in 1888, with unprecedented unanimity, presented me as New York's candidate for president. I retired from the contest because of the intense hostility to railroad men in the Western States. Those States could not understand how this hostility, which they had to railroads and everybody connected with them, had disappeared in the great State of New York.

During my presidency the labor question was very acute, and strikes, one after another, common. The universal method of meeting the demands of labor at that time was to have a committee of employees or a leader present the grievances to the division superintendent or the superintendent of motive power. These officers were arbitrary and hostile, as the demands, if acceded to, led to an increase of expenses which would make them unpopular with the management. They had a difficult position. The employees often came to the conclusion that the only way for them to compel the attention of the higher officers and directors was to strike.

Against the judgment of my associates in the railway management I decided to open my doors to any individual or committee of the company. At first I was overwhelmed with petty grievances, but when the men understood that their cases would be immediately heard and acted upon, they decided among themselves not to bring to me any matters unless they regarded them of vital importance. In this way many of the former irritations, which led ultimately to serious results, no longer appeared.

I had no trouble with labor unions, and found their representatives in heart-to-heart talks very generally reasonable. Mr. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had many of the qualities of a statesman. He built up his organization to be the strongest of its kind among the labor unions. I enjoyed his confidence and friendship for many years.

There never was but one strike on the New York Central during my administration, and that one occurred while I was absent in Europe. Its origin and sequel were somewhat dramatic. I had nearly broken down by overwork, and

the directors advised me to take an absolute rest and a trip abroad.

I sent word over the line that I wanted everything settled before leaving, and to go without care. A large committee appeared in my office a few mornings after. To my surprise there was a representative from every branch of the service, passenger and freight conductors, brakemen, shopmen, yardmen, switchmen, and so forth. These had always come through their local unions. I rapidly took up and adjusted what each one of the representatives of his order claimed, and then a man said: "I represent the locomotive engineers."

My response was: "You have no business here, and I will have nothing to do with you. I will see no one of the locomotive engineers, except their accredited chief officer."

"Well," he said, "Mr. President, there is a new condition on the road, a new order of labor called the Knights of Labor. We are going to absorb all the other unions and have only one. The only obstacle in the way is the locomotive engineers, who refuse to give up their brotherhood and come in with us, but if you will recognize us only, that will force them to join. Now, the Brotherhood intends to present a demand very soon, and if you will recognize our order, the Knights of Labor, and not the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, we will take care of what they demand and all others from every department for two years, and you can take your trip to Europe in perfect peace of mind. If you do not do this there will be trouble."

I declined to deal with them as representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Then their spokesman said: "As this is so serious to you, we will give you to-night to think it over and come back in the morning."

I immediately sent for the superintendent of motive power and directed him to have posted by telegraph in every roundhouse that the request of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of which this committee had told me, had been granted. The next morning the committee returned, and their leader said: "Well, Mr. President, you have beaten us and we are going home."

Then I appealed to them, saying: "I

am a pretty badly broken-up man. The doctors tell me that if I can have three months without care I will be as good as ever. You must admit that I have at all times been absolutely square with you and tried to adjust fairly the matters you have brought to me. Now, will you take care of me while I am absent?"

They answered unanimously: "Mr. President, we will, and you can be confident there will be no trouble on the New York Central while you are away."

I sailed with my mind free from anxiety, hopeful and happy, leaving word to send me no cables or letters. After a visit to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in Upper Bavaria, I went into the Austrian Tyrol. One night, at a hotel in Innsbruck, Mr. Graves, a very enterprising reporter of a New York paper, suddenly burst into my room and said: "I have been chasing you all over Europe for an interview on the strike on the New York Central." This was my first information of the strike.

As soon as I had left New York and was on the ocean, the young and ambitious officer who was at the head of the operations of the railroad and disapproved of my method of dealing with the employees discharged every member of the committee who had called upon me. Of course, this was immediately followed by a sympathetic outburst in their behalf and the sympathizers were also discharged. Then the whole road was tied up by a universal strike. After millions had been lost in revenue by the railroad and in wages by the men, the strike was settled, as usual, by a compromise, but it gave to the Knights of Labor the control, except as to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The early settlement of the strike was largely due to the loyalty and courage of the Brotherhood.

During my presidency I was much criticised by the public, but never by the directors of the company, because of my activities in politics and on the platform. For some time, when the duties of my office became most onerous, and I was in the habit of working all day and far into the night, I discovered that this concentrated attention to my railroad problems and intense and continuous application to their solution was not only impairing my efficiency but my health. As I was

not a sport, and never had time for games or horses, I decided to try a theory, which was that one's daily duties occupied certain cells of the brain while the others remained idle; that the active cells became tired by overwork while others lost their power in a measure by idleness; that if, after a reasonable use of the working cells, you would engage in some other intellectual occupation, it would furnish as much relief or recreation as outdoor exercise of any kind. I had a natural facility for quick and easy preparation for public speaking, and so adopted that as my recreation. The result proved entirely successful.

After a hard day's work, on coming home late in the afternoon, I accustomed myself to take a short nap of about fifteen minutes. Then I would look over my tablets to see if any engagement was on to speak in the evening, and, if so, the preparation of the speech might be easy, or, if difficult, cause me to be late at dinner. These speeches were made several times a week, and mainly at banquets on closing of the sessions of conventions of trade organizations of the country. The reciprocal favors and friendship of these delegates transferred to the New York Central a large amount of competitive business.

While I was active in politics I issued strict orders that every employee should have the same liberty, and that any attempt on the part of their superior officers to influence or direct the political action of a subordinate would be cause for dismissal. This became so well known that the following incident, which was not uncommon, will show the result.

As I was taking the train the morning after having made a political speech at Utica, the yardmaster, an Irishman, greeted me very cordially and then said: "We were all up to hear ye last night, boss, but this year we are agin ye."

The position which this activity gave me in my own party, and the fact that, unlike most employers, I protected the employees in their liberty of political action, gave me immense help in protecting the company from raids and raiders.

We had a restaurant in the station at Utica which had deteriorated. The situation was called to my attention, in order to have the evils corrected, by the receipt

of the following letter from an indignant passenger: "Dear Mr. President: You are the finest after-dinner speaker in the world. I would give a great deal to hear the speech you would make after you had dined in the restaurant of your station at Utica."

After thirteen years of service as president I was elected chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Samuel R. Callaway succeeded me as president, and on his resignation was succeeded by Mr. William H. Newman, and upon his resignation Mr. W. C. Brown became president. Following Mr. Brown, Mr. Alfred H. Smith was elected and is still in office. All these officers were able and did excellent service, but I want to pay special tribute to Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith is one of the ablest operating officers of his time. When the United States Government took over the railroads he was made regional director of the government for railroads in this territory. He received the highest commendation from the government and from the owners of the railroads for the admirable way in which he had maintained them and their efficiency during the government control.

On the surrender of the railroads by the government, Mr. Smith was welcomed back by his directors to the presidency of the New York Central. The splendid condition of the Central and its allied lines is largely due to him. During his service as regional director the difficult task of the presidency of the New York Central was very ably performed by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Though the youngest among the executive officers of the railroads of the country, he was at the same time one of the best.

Among the efficient officers who have served the New York Central during the time I have been with the company, I remember many on account of their worth and individuality. H. Walter Webb came into the railway service from an active business career. With rare intelligence and industry he rapidly rose in the organization and was a very capable and efficient officer. There was F. W. Voorhees, the general superintendent, an unusually young man for such a responsible position. He was a graduate of Troy Polytechnical School and a very able

operating officer. Having gone directly from the college to a responsible position, he naturally did not understand or know how to handle men until after long experience. He showed that want of experience in a very drastic way in the strike of 1892 and its settlement. Being very arbitrary, he had his own standards. For instance, I was appealed to by many old brakemen and conductors whom he had discharged. I mention one particularly, who had been on the road for twenty-five years. Voorhees's answer to me was: "These old employees are devoted to Toucey, my predecessor, and for efficient work I must have loyalty to me."

I reversed his order and told him I would begin to discharge, if necessary, the latest appointments, including himself, keeping the older men in the service who had proved their loyalty to the company by the performance of their duties.

Mr. Voorhees became afterward vice-president and then president of the Philadelphia and Reading. With experience added to his splendid equipment and unusual ability he became one of the best executives in the country.

Mr. John M. Toucey, who had come up from the bottom to be general superintendent and general manager, was a hard student. His close contact with his fellow employees gave him wonderful control over men. He supplemented his practical experience by hard study and was very well educated. Though self-taught, he had no confidence in the graduates of the professional schools.

In selecting an assistant, one of them told me that Toucey subjected him to a rigid examination and then said: "What is your railroad career?"

"I began at the bottom," answered the assistant, "and have filled every office on my old road up to division superintendent, which I have held for so many years."

"That is very fine," said Toucey, "but are you a graduate of the Troy Technical School?"

"No, sir."

"Of the Stevens Tech?"

"No, sir."

"Of Massachusetts Tech?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are engaged," said Toucey.

Mr. Toucey was well up-to-date, and differed from a superintendent on another

road in which I was a director. The suburban business of that line had increased very rapidly, but there were not enough trains or cars to accommodate the passengers. The overcrowding caused many serious discomforts. I had the superintendent called before the board of directors, and said to him: "Why don't you immediately put on more trains and cars?"

"Why, Mr. Depew," he answered, "what would be the use? They are settling so fast along the line that the people would fill them up and overcrowd them just as before."

I was going over the line on an important tour at one time with John Burroughs, superintendent of the Western Division. We were on his pony engine, with seats at the front, alongside the boiler, so that we could look directly on the track. Burroughs sat on one side and I on the other. He kept on commenting aloud by way of dictating to his stenographer, who sat behind him, and praise and criticism followed rapidly. I heard him utter in his monotonous way: "Switch misplaced, we will all be in hell in a minute," and then a second afterward continue: "We jumped the switch and are on the track again. Discharge that switchman."

Major Enos Priest was for fifty years a division superintendent. It was a delightful experience to go with him over his division. He knew everybody along the line, was general confidant in their family troubles and arbiter in neighborhood disputes. He knew personally every employee and his characteristics and domestic situation. The wives were generally helping him to keep their husbands from making trouble. To show his control and efficiency, he was always predicting labor troubles and demonstrating that the reason they did not occur was because of the way in which he handled the situation.

Mr. C. M. Bissell was a very efficient superintendent, and for a long time in charge of the Harlem Railroad. He told me this incident. We decided to put in effect as a check upon the conductors a system by which a conductor, when a fare was paid on the train, must tear from a book a receipt which he gave to the pas-

senger, and mark the amount on the stub from which the receipt was torn. Soon after a committee of conductors called upon Mr. Bissell and asked for an increase of pay. "Why," Bissell asked, "boys, why do you ask for that now?"

After a rather embarrassing pause the oldest conductor said: "Mr. Bissell, you have been a conductor yourself."

This half-century and six years during which I have been in the service of the New York Central Railroad has been a time of unusual pleasure and remarkably free from friction or trouble. In this intimate association with the railroad managers of the United States I have found the choicest friendships and the most enduring. The railroad manager is rarely a large stockholder, but he is a most devoted and efficient officer of his company. He gives to its service, for the public, the employees, the investors, and the company, all that there is in him. In too many instances, because these officers do not get relief from their labor by variation of their work, they die exhausted before their time.

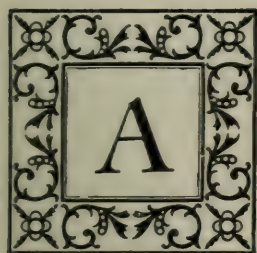
The story graphically told by one of the oldest and ablest of railroad men, Mr. Marvin Hughitt, for a long time president and now chairman of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, illustrates what the railroad does for the country. Twenty-five years ago the Northwestern extended its lines through northern Iowa. Mr. Hughitt drove over the proposed extension on a buckboard. The country was sparsely settled because the farmers could not get their products to the market; the land was selling at six dollars per acre.

In a quarter of a century prosperous villages and cities had grown up along the line, and farms were selling at over three hundred dollars per acre. While this enormous profit from six dollars per acre to over three hundred has come to the settlers who held on to their farms because of the possibilities produced by the railroad, the people whose capital built the road must remain satisfied with a moderate return by way of dividend and interest, and without any enhancement of their capital, but those investors should be protected by the State and the people to whom their capital expenditures have been such an enormous benefit.

America and I

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA

Author of "Hungry Hearts"



AS one of the dumb, voiceless ones I speak. One of the millions of immigrants beating, beating out their hearts at your gates for a breath of understanding.

Ach! America! From the other end of the earth from where I came, America was a land of living hope, woven of dreams, aflame with longing and desire.

Choked for ages in the airless oppression of Russia, the Promised Land rose up—wings for my stifled spirit—sunlight burning through my darkness—freedom singing to me in my prison—deathless songs tuning prison-bars into strings of a beautiful violin.

I arrived in America. My young, strong body, my heart and soul pregnant with the unlive lives of generations clamoring for expression.

What my mother and father and their mother and father never had a chance to give out in Russia, I would give out in America. The hidden sap of centuries would find release; colors that never saw light—songs that died unvoiced—romance that never had a chance to blossom in the black life of the Old World.

In the golden land of flowing opportunity I was to find my work that was denied me in the sterile village of my forefathers. Here I was to be free from the dead drudgery for bread that held me down in Russia. For the first time in America, I'd cease to be a slave of the belly. I'd be a creator, a giver, a human being! My work would be the living joy of fullest self-expression.

But from my high visions, my golden hopes, I had to put my feet down on earth. I had to have food and shelter. I had to have the money to pay for it.

I was in America, among the Americans, but not of them. No speech, no common language, no way to win a smile

of understanding from them, only my young, strong body and my untried faith. Only my eager, empty hands, and my full heart shining from my eyes!

God from the world! Here I was with so much richness in me, but my mind was not wanted without the language. And my body, unskilled, untrained, was not even wanted in the factory. Only one of two chances was left open to me: the kitchen, or minding babies.

My first job was as a servant in an Americanized family. Once, long ago, they came from the same village from where I came. But they were so well-dressed, so well-fed, so successful in America, that they were ashamed to remember their mother tongue.

"What were to be my wages?" I ventured timidly, as I looked up to the well-fed, well-dressed "American" man and woman.

They looked at me with a sudden coldness. What have I said to draw away from me their warmth? Was it so low from me to talk of wages? I shrank back into myself like a low-down bargainer. Maybe they're so high up in well-being they can't any more understand my low thoughts for money.

From his rich height the man preached down to me that I must not be so grabbing for wages. Only just landed from the ship and already thinking about money when I should be thankful to associate with "Americans."

The woman, out of her smooth, smiling fatness assured me that this was my chance for a summer vacation in the country with her two lovely children. My great chance to learn to be a civilized being, to become an American by living with them.

So, made to feel that I was in the hands of American friends, invited to share with them their home, their plenty, their happiness, I pushed out from my head the worry for wages. Here was my first

chance to begin my life in the sunshine, after my long darkness. My laugh was all over my face as I said to them: "I'll trust myself to you. What I'm worth you'll give me." And I entered their house like a child by the hand.

The best of me I gave them. Their house cares were my house cares. I got up early. I worked till late. All that my soul hungered to give I put into the passion with which I scrubbed floors, scoured pots, and washed clothes. I was so grateful to mingle with the American people, to hear the music of the American language, that I never knew tiredness.

There was such a freshness in my brains and such a willingness in my heart that I could go on and on—not only with the work of the house, but work with my head—learning new words from the children, the grocer, the butcher, the iceman. I was not even afraid to ask for words from the policeman on the street. And every new word made me see new American things with American eyes. I felt like a Columbus, finding new worlds through every new word.

But words alone were only for the inside of me. The outside of me still branded me for a steerage immigrant. I had to have clothes to forget myself that I'm a stranger yet. And so I had to have money to buy these clothes.

The month was up. I was so happy! Now I'd have money. *My own, earned* money. Money to buy a new shirt on my back—shoes on my feet. Maybe yet an American dress and hat!

Ach! How high rose my dreams! How plainly I saw all that I would do with my visionary wages shining like a light over my head!

In my imagination I already walked in my new American clothes. How beautiful I looked as I saw myself like a picture before my eyes! I saw how I would throw away my immigrant rags tied up in my immigrant shawl. With money to buy—free money in my hands—I'd show them that I could look like an American in a day.

Like a prisoner in his last night in prison, counting the seconds that will free him from his chains, I trembled breathlessly for the minute I'd get the wages in my hand.

Before dawn I rose.

I shined up the house like a jewel-box.

I prepared breakfast and waited with my heart in my mouth for my lady and gentleman to rise. At last I heard them stirring. My eyes were jumping out of my head to them when I saw them coming in and seating themselves by the table.

Like a hungry cat rubbing up to its boss for meat, so I edged and simpered around them as I passed them the food. Without my will, like a beggar, my hand reached out to them.

The breakfast was over. And no word yet from my wages.

"Gottuniu!" I thought to myself. "Maybe they're so busy with their own things they forgot it's the day for my wages. Could they who have everything know what I was to do with my first American dollars? How could they, soaking in plenty, how could they feel the longing and the fierce hunger in me, pressing up through each visionary dollar? How could they know the gnawing ache of my avid fingers for the feel of my own, earned dollars? *My* dollars that I could spend like a free person. *My* dollars that would make me feel with everybody alike!

Breakfast was long past.

Lunch came. Lunch past.

Oi-i weh! Not a word yet about my money.

It was near dinner. And not a word yet about my wages.

I began to set the table. But my head—it swam away from me. I broke a glass. The silver dropped from my nervous fingers. I couldn't stand it any longer. I dropped everything and rushed over to my American lady and gentleman.

"Oi weh! The money—my money—my wages!" I cried breathlessly.

Four cold eyes turned on me.

"Wages? Money?" The four eyes turned into hard stone as they looked me up and down. "Haven't you a comfortable bed to sleep, and three good meals a day? You're only a month here. Just came to America. And you already think about money. Wait till your worth any money. What use are you without knowing English? You should be glad we keep you here. It's like a vacation for you. Other girls pay money yet to be in the country."

It went black for my eyes. I was so choked no words came to my lips. Even the tears went dry in my throat.

I left. Not a dollar for all my work.

For a long, long time my heart ached and ached like a sore wound. If murderers would have robbed me and killed me it wouldn't have hurt me so much. I couldn't think through my pain. The minute I'd see before me how they looked at me, the words they said to me—then everything began to bleed in me. And I was helpless.

For a long, long time the thought of ever working in an "American" family made me tremble with fear, like the fear of wild wolves. No—never again would I trust myself to an "American" family, no matter how fine their language and how sweet their smile.

It was blotted out in me all trust in friendship from "Americans." But the life in me still burned to live. The hope in me still craved to hope. In darkness, in dirt, in hunger and want, but only to live on!

There had been no end to my day—working for the "American" family.

Now rejecting false friendships from higher-ups in America, I turned back to the ghetto. I worked on a hard bench with my own kind on either side of me. I knew before I began what my wages were to be. I knew what my hours were to be. And I knew the feeling of the end of the day.

From the outside my second job seemed worse than the first. It was in a sweat-shop of a Delancey Street basement, kept up by an old, wrinkled woman that looked like a black witch of greed. My work was sewing on buttons. While the morning was still dark I walked into a dark basement. And darkness met me when I turned out of the basement.

Day after day, week after week, all the contact I got with America was handling dead buttons. The money I earned was hardly enough to pay for bread and rent. I didn't have a room to myself. I didn't even have a bed. I slept on a mattress on the floor in a rat-hole of a room occupied by a dozen other immigrants. I was always hungry—oh, so hungry! The scant meals I could afford only sharpened my appetite for real food. But I

felt myself better off than working in the "American" family, where I had three good meals a day and a bed to myself. With all the hunger and darkness of the sweat-shop, I had at least the evening to myself. And all night was mine. When all were asleep, I used to creep up on the roof of the tenement and talk out my heart in silence to the stars in the sky.

"Who am I? What am I? What do I want with my life? Where is America? Is there an America? What is this wilderness in which I'm lost?"

I'd hurl my questions and then think and think. And I could not tear it out of me, the feeling that America must be somewhere, somehow—only I couldn't find it—*my America*, where I would work for love and not for a living. I was like a thing following blindly after something far off in the dark!

"Oi weh!" I'd stretch out my hand up in the air. "My head is so lost in America! What's the use of all my working if I'm not in it? Dead buttons is not me."

Then the busy season started in the shop. The mounds of buttons grew and grew. The long day stretched out longer. I had to begin with the buttons earlier and stay with them till later in the night. The old witch turned into a huge greedy maw for wanting more and more buttons.

For a glass of tea, for a slice of herring over black bread, she would buy us up to stay another and another hour, till there seemed no end to her demands.

One day, the light of self-assertion broke into my cellar darkness.

"I don't want the tea. I don't want your herring," I said with terrible boldness. "I only want to go home. I only want the evening to myself!"

"You fresh mouth, you!" cried the old witch. "You learned already too much in America. I want no clock-watchers in my shop. Out you go!"

I was driven out to cold and hunger. I could no longer pay for my mattress on the floor. I no longer could buy the bite in the mouth. I walked the streets. I knew what it is to be alone in a strange city, among strangers.

But I laughed through my tears. So I learned too much already in America because I wanted the whole evening to my-

self? Well, America has yet to teach me still more: how to get not only the whole evening to myself, but a whole day a week like the American workers.

That sweat-shop was a bitter memory but a good school. It fitted me for a regular factory. I could walk in boldly and say I could work at something, even if it was only sewing on buttons.

Gradually, I became a trained worker. I worked in a light, airy factory, only eight hours a day. My boss was no longer a sweater and a blood-squeezer. The first freshness of the morning was mine. And the whole evening was mine. All day Sunday was mine.

Now I had better food to eat. I slept on a better bed. Now, I even looked dressed up like the American-born. But inside of me I knew that I was not yet an American. I choked with longing when I met an American-born, and I couldn't say nothing.

Something cried dumb in me. I couldn't help it. I didn't know what it was I wanted. I only knew I wanted. I wanted. Like the hunger in the heart that never gets food.

An English class for foreigners started in our factory. The teacher had such a good, friendly face, her eyes looked so understanding, as though she could see right into my heart. So I went to her one day for an advice:

"I don't know what is with me the matter," I began. "I have no rest in me. I never yet done what I want."

"What is it you want to do, child?" she asked me.

"I want to do something with my head, my feelings. All day long, only with my hands I work."

"First you must learn English." She patted me as though I was not yet grown up. "Put your mind on that, and then we'll see."

So for a time I learned the language. I could almost begin to think with English words in my head. But in my heart still hurt the emptiness. I burned to give, to give something, to do something, to be something. The dead work with my hands was killing me. My work left only hard stones on my heart.

Again I went to our factory teacher and cried out to her: "I know already to read

and write the English language, but I can't put it into words what I want. What is it in me so different that can't come out?"

She smiled at me down from her calmness as if I were a little bit out of my head. "What *do you want* to do?"

"I feel. I see. I hear. And I want to think it out. But I'm like dumb in me. I only feel I'm different—different from everybody."

She looked at me close and said nothing for a minute. "You ought to join one of the social clubs of the Women's Association," she advised.

"What's the Women's Association?" I implored greedily.

"A group of American women who are trying to help the working-girl find herself. They have a special department for immigrant girls like you."

I joined the Women's Association. On my first evening there they announced a lecture: "The Happy Worker and His Work," by the Welfare director of the United Mills Corporation.

"Is there such a thing as a happy worker at his work?" I wondered. "Happiness is only by working at what you love. And what poor girl can ever find it to work at what she loves? My old dreams about my America rushed through my mind. Once I thought that in America everybody works for love. Nobody has to worry for a living. Maybe this welfare man came to show me the *real* America that till now I sought in vain.

With a lot of polite words the head lady of the Women's Association introduced a higher-up that looked like the king of kings of business. Never before in my life did I ever see a man with such a sureness in his step, such power in his face, such friendly positiveness in his eye as when he smiled upon us.

"Efficiency is the new religion of business," he began. "In big business houses, even in up-to-date factories, they no longer take the first comer and give him any job that happens to stand empty. Efficiency begins at the employment-office. Experts are hired for the one purpose, to find out how best to fit the worker to his work. It's economy for the boss to make the worker happy. And then he

talked a lot more on efficiency in educated language that was over my head.

I didn't know exactly what it meant—efficiency—but if it was to make the worker happy at his work, then that's what I had been looking for since I came to America. I only felt from watching him that he was happy by his job. And as I looked on this clean, well-dressed, successful one, who wasn't ashamed to say he rose from an office-boy, it made me feel that I, too, could lift myself up for a person.

He finished his lecture, telling us about the Vocational-Guidance Centre that the Women's Association started.

The very next evening I was at the Vocational-Guidance Centre. There I found a young, college-looking woman. Smartness and health shining from her eyes! She, too, looked as if she knew her way in America. I could tell at the first glance: here is a person that is happy by what she does.

"I feel you'll understand me," I said right away.

She leaned over with pleasure in her face: "I hope I can."

"I want to work by what's in me. Only, I don't know what's in me. I only feel I'm different."

She gave me a quick, puzzled look from the corner of her eyes. "What are you doing now?"

"I'm the quickest shirtwaist hand on the floor. But my heart wastes away by such work. I think and think, and my thoughts can't come out."

"Why don't you think out your thoughts in shirtwaists? You could learn to be a designer. Earn more money."

"I don't want to look on waists. If my hands are sick from waists, how could my head learn to put beauty into them?"

"But you must earn your living at what you know, and rise slowly from job to job."

I looked at her office sign: "Vocational Guidance." "What's your vocational guidance?" I asked. "How to rise from job to job—how to earn more money?"

The smile went out from her eyes. But she tried to be kind yet. "What *do* you want?" she asked, with a sigh of last patience.

"I want America to want me."

She fell back in her chair, thunder-struck with my boldness. But yet, in a low voice of educated self-control, she tried to reason with me:

"You have to *show* that you have something special for America before America has need of you."

"But I never had a chance to find out what's in me, because I always had to work for a living. Only, I feel it's efficiency for America to find out what's in me so different, so I could give it out by my work."

Her eyes half closed as they bored through me. Her mouth opened to speak, but no words came from her lips. So I flamed up with all that was choking in me like a house on fire:

"America gives free bread and rent to criminals in prison. They got grand houses with sunshine, fresh air, doctors and teachers, even for the crazy ones. Why don't they have free boarding-schools for immigrants—strong people—willing people? Here you see us burning up with something different, and America turns its head away from us."

Her brows lifted and dropped down. She shrugged her shoulders away from me with the look of pity we give to cripples and hopeless lunatics.

"America is no Utopia. First you must become efficient in earning a living before you can indulge in your poetic dreams."

I went away from the vocational-guidance office with all the air out of my lungs. All the light out of my eyes. My feet dragged after me like dead wood.

Till now there had always lingered a rosy veil of hope over my emptiness, a hope that a miracle would happen. I would open up my eyes some day and suddenly find the America of my dreams. As a young girl hungry for love sees always before her eyes the picture of lover's arms around her, so I saw always in my heart the vision of Utopian America.

But now I felt that the America of my dreams never was and never could be. Reality had hit me on the head as with a club. I felt that the America that I sought was nothing but a shadow—an echo—a chimera of lunatics and crazy immigrants.

Stripped of all illusion, I looked about me. The long desert of wasting days of drudgery stared me in the face. The drudgery that I had lived through, and the endless drudgery still ahead of me rose over me like a withering wilderness of sand. In vain were all my cryings, in vain were all frantic efforts of my spirit to find the living waters of understanding for my perishing lips. Sand, sand was everywhere. With every seeking, every reaching out I only lost myself deeper and deeper in a vast sea of sand.

I knew now the American language. And I knew now, if I talked to the Americans from morning till night, they could not understand what the Russian soul of me wanted. They could not understand *me* any more than if I talked to them in Chinese. Between my soul and the American soul were worlds of difference that no words could bridge over. What was that difference? What made the Americans so far apart from me?

I began to read the American history. I found from the first pages that America started with a band of courageous Pilgrims. They had left their native country as I had left mine. They had crossed an unknown ocean and landed in an unknown country, as I.

But the great difference between the first Pilgrims and me was that they expected to make America, build America, create their own world of liberty. I wanted to find it ready-made.

I read on. I delved deeper down into the American history. I saw how the Pilgrim Fathers came to a rocky desert country, surrounded by Indian savages on all sides. But undaunted, they pressed on—through danger—through famine, pestilence, and want—they pressed on. They did not ask the Indians for sympathy, for understanding. They made no demands on anybody, but on their own indomitable spirit of persistence.

And I—I was forever begging a crumb

of sympathy, a gleam of understanding from strangers who could not sympathize, who could not understand.

I, when I encountered a few savage Indian scalpers, like the old witch of the sweat-shop, like my "Americanized" countryman, who cheated me of my wages—I, when I found myself on the lonely, untrodden path through which all seekers of the new world must pass, I lost heart and said: "There is no America!"

Then came a light—a great revelation! I saw America—a big idea—a deathless hope—a world still in the making. I saw that it was the glory of America that it was not yet finished. And I, the last comer, had her share to give, small or great, to the making of America, like those Pilgrims who came in the *Mayflower*.

Fired up by this revealing light, I began to build a bridge of understanding between the American-born and myself. Since their life was shut out from such as me, I began to open up my life and the lives of my people to them. And life draws life. In only writing about the Ghetto I found America.

Great chances have come to me. But in my heart is always a deep sadness. I feel like a man who is sitting down to a secret table of plenty, while his near ones and dear ones are perishing before his eyes. My very joy in doing the work I love hurts me like secret guilt, because all about me I see so many with my longings, my burning eagerness, to do and to be, wasting their days in drudgery they hate, merely to buy bread and pay rent. And America is losing all that richness of the soul.

The Americans of to-morrow, the America that is every day nearer coming to be, will be too wise, too open-hearted, too friendly-handed, to let the least last-comer at their gates knock in vain with his gifts unwanted.



From a drawing by Perry Barlow.

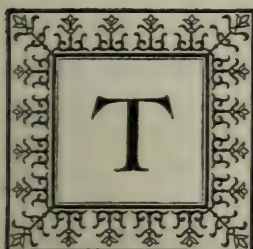
· "I'VE A HUNDRED ACRES HERE THAT I'VE OWNED FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS,
AND ALL IT HAS EVER DONE FOR ME IS GIVE ME TIME
TO LEARN TO PLAY MY FIDDLE."

—"The Ripe Peach," page 163.

The Ripe Peach

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY PERRY BARLOW



TIM O'ROURKE came to America, and a few years afterward wrote his sister that when Jim Carney, her boy, was ready to come visit him in Kansas, his face would be welcome. Accordingly, Jim Carney one day bade his mother good-by, and started. Jim landed in New York with no money, but willing hands. Somehow, he just couldn't lay his tongue to the name of the place where Tim O'Rourke lived, and for a year or two every time he wrote to his folks he forgot to ask them.

In the meanwhile he started West, with ambition, and in Western Pennsylvania he gazed down upon a stream with green water in it, the Allegheny, some called it, and they said around that this was a branch of the Mississippi River. Then, having ill regard for working on oil-wells, Jim struck another stream, which was called the Wabash, where he fished for button shells awhile; and this river, too, was a fork of the Mississippi. Then Jim headed away for the Big Woods people told him about, and amid the pines of Minnesota he gazed at another stream with green water, and, his suspicions aroused, he demanded to know if this, too, was the Mississippi? It was.

Jim didn't talk any about it. He worked all winter in the log camp, and drank the Mississippi water with a suspicious look in his eye. The winter chilled his enthusiasm, it was so cold, but he stayed till the Cutaway Camps shut down, and then with enthusiasm he spent his season's wages down the line. At St. Paul he saw the Mississippi again.

Then he moved out into the West, harvesting wheat with a gang, and then joined a thresher outfit. Standing on hills that were golden with ripe wheat, he wiped the sweat as he pitched the shocks,

and paused to inquire if the wide, yellow river down in the bottoms was the Mississippi, too? It was a fork of it—he learned; this, it was not green.

After the harvest, he rolled into Great Falls, and gazed again at the Mississippi, while he held a job in one of the big plants devoted to the conversion of ore concentrates into beautiful metals. Here, too, the sweep of wintry winds whistling over the sage made Jim Carney shiver. When the warm Chinook blew he loosened the big sheepskin lined corduroy jacket, and threw his job over his shoulder, to leave the roar of the Great Falls behind him at their flood. A voice within reminded him that he had yet to pay a visit to his uncle's folks; still he hesitated.

He needed clothes, and a present to take to his relatives. He went on to the Montana lumber camps, but a new feeling about trees had come into his heart. All across the prairies he had seen thousands who had planted trees, and raised them tenderly, with infinite pains. It hurt to be concerned with slashing trees where they were growing by the bounty of nature. Jim soon returned down the trail. A brook, bounding down the steepes of the Rockies, bade him pause. He learned from a cattleman that this was out of Two Ocean Pass—and on its way to the Mississippi.

Jim tried cowboying on the strength of the great stories he heard about the life. The foreman found Jim's skill with the axe useful in building fences and sledging lignite for the cook. Then one day Jim had to build a bonfire in which strange irons were heated blue. Forty-odd calves were driven up with their mothers. A calf was stretched out with ropes, and a cowman snatched one of the hot irons, and laid the claw on the end of the iron against a helpless calf's side.

Blue smoke rose odorous; the calf bawled; a certain cow came prancing

angrily. Jim Carney stared with bulging eyes and loosening jaws.

"Excuse me, Boss!" he said respectfully. "I'll take me time right now!"

He roamed away southward, finding odd jobs here and there. In these wide spaces he put two and two together. The houses were twenty, thirty, or even more miles apart. In hunger, often in thirst, he gave thought to the life he was leading.

"I'm getting nowhere, always in the Mississippi Basin!" he grumbled.

All one day on a naked prairie, with only a sod house to interrupt its rolling grace and emphasize its vast beauty, he tramped along drinking sparingly of salty water in his canteen. At dusk the road remained but a pair of ruts through the sod, with little ghosts of young sagebrush standing stark in the gloom, milky white amid the curly buffalo bunch-grass.

"Jim!" he grumbled to himself. "Sure, I believe you are lonesome and a fool. 'Tis a grand butte looms there in the dark, three miles, or may be fifteen miles away! Ah—a sod house!"

In half an hour he arrived at the house. He looked at the darkness of it. Humans had lived there; perhaps they had driven their flivver to town: He hailed, but there was no answer. He unhooked the loose wire gate and walked to the building that somehow sympathized with his predicament of loneliness. He smelled something, he saw jagged holes through the old sod walls; the roof was settling crooked; above the quiet he heard a faint burring, a crisp, clattering rattle like small dry bones shaken together with great violence.

"Snakes!" Carney cried. "They're always thickest around the ruins of men's hopes—good-by, me b'ys! I'm disturbin' you no more!"

He roamed on. At dawn, when his water was all drunk, and it seemed the prairie was a Hades, with no limits, he emerged on a brink; he looked into the confusion of a thousand washes, clay banks, buttes and knolls which were pink in the first sun-rays, but soon changed to blue in the distance, and yellow, gray, orange, dark purple, not so far away. The whole scene of Bad Lands was at his feet, so that he looked down on that evil world.

Hunger made him faint, while thirst tortured his throat, yet something in that scene quickened his heart beat. With wonder he tried to think what it was, till his awakened soul laughed at himself. There, four hundred feet below him, so nearly straight beneath that he had fairly missed its significance, was a stream; a grand little river to whose pretty flood he scrambled down bluffs, sand slips, and clay banks, with no regard for safety, or the ease of the roadway which curved on switchbacks at a fair grade back and forth along the wind-worn, water-washed steeps.

A stream forty feet wide reached its wet waves to fill his throat with riches of moisture. Having drunk, he looked from his knees into the rippling, running flow.

"A pale green with milky tinge," he shook his head, "like me, running along through easy times or hard, as the case may be. Green—what! Can it be? It must be, for a fact—another brook feeding into that Mississippi. 'Tis a different green, however, not the same green like a gem stone. 'Tis nothing to me, I know."

He splashed across the wagon ford, stopped at a horse range, but seeing the red scars on a colt's ham he did not stay to work, though he was asked. Needing a bit of money he worked on a railroad section; then with a gang of graders; then, happening upon a wildcat oil-drilling rig, he turned his hand to feeding a boiler with lignite coal.

"I'm variously skilful," he mused, "soon I will have tried all the labor in the world, after which I may turn back to what suits me— Ugh!"

Sitting in a clump of cottonwoods on a river bank, the name of which he did not know, he harked to his memory. He scratched the years on the sand, and found that he had been fifteen in the country, and fourteen within the basin of the Mississippi. Marking the years far apart, he made an "x," underneath, for each job that he had held. When he was through he summed it all up with a laugh that was a sigh:

"Sure! I'm an illegant worker, for have I not had wan hundred an' sixty-eight jobs? There's work for ivery wan of Mr. Jim Carney's procrastinations and indifferences. An' you, I know by the



Marking the years far apart, he made an "x," underneath, for each job that he had held.—Page 164.

looks, Mister River, lead straight into that same old Mississipp' that I've been evading since I was sixteen years of age. Green with a tinge of red, quicksand in yer bottom, an'—an' a devil of a twinkle in yer eye. What does it mean to me, now?"

He crossed this river, resolutely turned his back on it, going West again. Yet when he circled a little to the left, at the end of six weeks spent with a man who needed a teamster, athwart his course was another river. It was the Arkansas, somebody told him; a large, useful, and interesting stream, he was willing to ad-

mit, with some strange cows in the pastures, large, black, with humps on their shoulders and remarkably bright eyes with red rims whose stare made the wanderer nervous.

"So this is Kansas?" He looked about him. "I wonder is Tim O'Rourke near here, which I must find out. Tim must be visited. Les' see—Kansas. He was in Kansas City on a farm. I'll look around a bit to find Kansas City. What, only three hundred miles? 'Tis but a step. I'll soon be thereabouts."

The following spring he arrived in Kansas City, and what, with work in the stock-

yards and a greasier, but more interesting job in a garage, Jim was only six months in finding Tim. Tim drove up to the garage in a big automobile to have the knuckles of his steering-gear tightened up.

"Sure, Tim! I'm the lad to do so simple a job as that!" said the man in one-piece, greasy overalls.

"And who the divil might you be?" Tim demanded of the tall, variegatedly patched mechanic.

"Jim Carney," was the answer.

"What? The son of me own sister? What on earth! Why didn't you look me up?"

"I did—and down, and around, when I had found Kansas by luck and chance."

"I'm only forty miles from here, and ivery man knows me!"

"Oh, I know that—but my face was dirty, so you see——"

"Well, fix the old bus so she will not shake to pieces on me; then come to my place, when I've done some shopping. I need sixty tons of fertilizer, an' Mary says not to forget a camping outfit for the automobile; the children— What did they want? Oh, yes! Two motorcycles an' a side-car. And I want six twin tires for two of me big trucks, a new roof for each of two houses of the hired men——"

"Tim!" Jim inquired. "Is all that for effect on me?"

"Eh? What! Not a bit of it, for twenty-nine years ago I took up my first eighty acres, and I've seven thousand now in wheat. How long have you been in the country, Jim?"

"Not long." Jim blinked. "I've been wearing the brogue off my tongue for a while getting an illegant, general gift of conversation."

"I'll be back soon. Have the machine ready day after to-morrow. I'm busy attending a wheat-grading, and must fight for my pop-orange which they've not yet been willing to recognize for the fine flour producer it is."

The car was ready when Tim arrived at the garage. It had never run better. Jim, however, was gone.

"He was a fine workman, but I had to let him go," the garage owner said. "He had a telegram message calling him East."

"The pity of it!" Tim exclaimed. "I wished to make the young man!"

This was the suspicion in Jim's heart. Tim O'Rourke would make him. That, however, was not what had brought Jim Carney to America. Sitting on the bank of the Missouri which he had crossed thirty times or so in recent years, the wanderer harked back in his memory to the day when he had walked down off the big steamer, to tread on the land that buoys the world's hopes.

Following the setting sun he had come to the Middle West, only to go to the right, to the left, circling around and around. Now seventeen years were behind him. He felt age in his bones, stiffness in his muscles, and the weary cry in his heart that a man is old at thirty-odd.

"I've wasted me life; Uncle Tim'll waste his charity on me; it'll do me nor him any good; so 'tis a fareyewell again for me!"

For a long time he had traversed the prairies, the places where one must look twice to see the horizon; the building lots were a mile square out yonder; the very bigness of things had made Jim Carney blink with far-sightedness, as he stumbled along in his heavy-soled shoes.

He issued forth from Kansas City to be clear of the example of his Uncle Tim, whose prosperity was the evidence of his constancy. Seeing so much of the world had been the ruin of Jim, the wanderer thought. Shame overcame him, for how could he face the aunt he had never seen, and children whose lives were bound up in the one job of living according to the example of a strong parent who bought roofs, motorcycles, tires for trucks, and grew better wheat—a man whose retail affairs would have kept Jim busy all his life at better than any day wages he had ever known.

"'Tis a fool I am, a wasted product instead of a by-product!" Jim sighed.

He wandered off down into Joplin, where the smell of zinc carried him back years to a similar smell. It was a taunt of his conscience to his memory, and he fled from it. He left the main highways; he followed rutted wagon roads; he arrived at last beside a fine, wide stream of pale-green water, but not milky at all—sharp, clear, glistening gem-like green it was!

"'Tis that same old Mississipp'!" he



Drawn by Perry Barlow.

"What? The son of me own sister? What on earth! Why didn't you look me up?"
—Page 166.

grumbled, sitting down. "The old boy spreads himself across my trail wherever I go. 'Tis a quiet place here. If I knew my own heart——"

He looked about, up and down. There was a little clearing across the river with a small log cabin in it. Trees grew up the slopes of many hills while squirrels ranged amid the heavy branches of the forest. Birds were chirruping. Around the cabin the trees were heavy with ripe peaches.

"I presume it would cost a man a thousand dollars or two to own a place like that." Jim shook his head, looking across the river at the twenty acres of stumpy, stony clearing. "Funny I never inquired the price of land. I'll just go hail the man, take a drink of water, pick a peach from his shade tree, and be sociable."

The man was sitting on the front steps. He was playing a fiddle. He was a whiskery, small-eyed, grinning Hill Billy. At sight of Jim a look of strong suspicion filled his eyes.

"I presume there's no land for sale in a fine country like this?" Jim asked sociably.

"No land for sale, stranger? I've a hundred acres here, or maybe two hundred, that I've owned for thirty-five years, and all it has ever done for me is give me time to learn to play my fiddle."

"I suppose 'tis worth, therefore, a million dollars?" Jim smiled.

"A man told me that in Kansas City or St. Louis a fiddler like me could earn five dollars a day," the man replied. "All I need's a hundred dollars and I'd give possession for it——"

"Of the fiddle?" Jim inquired. "'Tis a good fiddle that's worth a hundred——"

"This fiddle is three hundred years old; I've played music on it that is five feet high from the floor, sheet music, besides all the tunes I've heard the birds sing, and—and other fiddlers play. I sell everything but my horses and wagon for a hundred dollars."

"Is—is it safe to believe a man's ears in these parts?" Jim asked. "I—I thought I heard the—the river down there saying something?"

"I'd miss the river," the fiddler said. "For ten years, since I learned at last to play, it has told me a story that some

day a man would come along and turn me loose from here. Listen while I play it!"

The fiddler struck a note, held it, then struck and held another. Jim, having heard much music, French harp, talking-machine, log camp, mine town, and the like, had also an ear for river talk.

"You're right," Jim said, when the man had finished his play, and was slumped limp with the fatigue of waiting overmuch, looking down at the river, which seemed these many years to have been lying to him. "The river told you the truth. I am the promise the river made ye, man! Here's the hundred dollars!"

"You mean it!" the shaggy-headed fiddler cried. "You'll pay me a hundred dollars for my prison? Good Lord—can it be so!"

Jim stared at him as the man stood forth with a fiddle and a bow held toward the sky. Small eyes? Jim wondered whence he had had that notion. The fellow's face was alight with joy, his eyes, bright, large, and wonderful, believing the release that at last had come to him.

There was the money. The man snatched it up. He brought out the papers and scrawled a sale—a quit claim and a transfer; eagerly he gave Jim directions as to how to have the sale recorded in the county records, as though he feared the responsibility for the land would still be on his shoulders. The fiddler would not wait. He hitched up his team, brought out arms full of music-books, a pair of old blankets, and a canvas that long since he had acquired against the time when at last he should be able to migrate, as the stream had promised, when skill a-fiddling should be his, by hard work and faithful effort.

Jim Carney sat on the steps of the little log hut to watch the man who was driving away with such joy. The splash of the horses in the ford was followed by their rattling and clattering up the poor new road into the woods beyond.

"'Tis not true," Jim shook his head. "I'm aslape, afraid to turn over for fear I'll wake up. How come it I had one hundred dollars and ninety cents in my pocket at this minute—Oh Lord! Tell me, is this thing true?"

He sat there, weak and stunned, all the afternoon. The world tells its children

the most outrageous lies, to make them believe that their dreams have been realized. There were ripe peaches on the tree, and pigs eating some that had fallen from the weight of their own juices.

A log cabin with one room, a floor of half-round timbers, hewn top and sides. Shade for chickens and pigs under the house, and birds on the roof, a fence around the clearing to keep the woods and half-wild cattle out of the richness of a field long neglected for the music of the fiddler's soul.

"I have no music in me soul," Jim sighed as night fell. "But I've a great contentment, two strong arms, much experience, and a deed to the property to curb my spirits with!"

Eating peaches, he built a fire in the big stone fireplace, to bask in the red and yellow glow of it. This night he would cherish all his future life, sure that he was falsely treated somehow. Who sells a million-dollar farm in beautiful woods for a hundred dollars? It is the most impossible thing. He slept in a bunk full of sweet ferns and spice-leaves. He was in the fairy place when he awakened. There were still peaches on the trees when he awakened. It was a little late for watermelons, but he found muskmelons when he walked around.

"What manner of a place is this?" he asked himself. "Am I enchanted?"

He was a much practiced man, speaking of varieties of work. One does not recall with fluency a hundred and seventy-odd jobs without also recalling ways and means of accomplishing things. Jim Carney, who had hoed, ploughed, pitched, grubbed, built fences, and swamped roads for other men, now felt the joy of doing things for himself.

Did his bones rattle from the age? Were his muscles creaking? He felt them not, or at least he had found new oil for them. The fiddler had planted corn but not hoed it; he had a vegetable garden, badly crowded by luxurious growths of weeds; he had chickens running too wild and pigs lazying around too tame; there was much to be done.

"I need four hands and six feet for my opportunities," Jim told himself. "But I'll keep steadily at the job; I may yet have time for my wasted years!"

At the end of two weeks he had ninety cents, as at the beginning. Around his log cabin there was a great change, however. He had a garden all hoed out, and a black spot to show whither the weeds had vanished. The corn was growing tall, luxuriating in the new freedom. Chickens were making the most of excellent opportunities for domestic arrangements. Pigs were indignantly discussing the most exasperating fence in the world, to wit, a pig-tight one.

"I am fish hungry," Jim told himself. "I wonder would it be a sin to lay off work before dark to-night? Eggs are good eating, chickens, pork, and the like—but fish? May a man fish once in a while?"

He risked the effects on his soul of fishing. The fiddler, whose example was wholly bad, had left a cut cane pole, with lines and prodigious hooks. Of worms there was no lack. Jim Carney went down to the green river, and listening to the rippling music of a shoal that glided down a smooth strata of limestone, he dropped a large worm on the smallest hook, where the current swept out of the shallows into a pool on which the late afternoon sunshine cast yellow beams into emerald depths.

Jim watched the black head sinking slowly through the limpid water. He saw a fish with serrated back, a tail as wide as an oak leaf, a body like a bronze watermelon, and a certain gift of agility, come darting out of somewhere, and start away with the worm and chalk-line.

"The impudence of him!" Jim Carney exclaimed. "He's taking my bait!"

Jim set up the end of the pole, on whose tip was a wad of fish-line as large as a small fist. The curving sag of string straightened with a hiss through the water. A great agitation seized both ends of the line, with Jim exclaiming to himself, to the woods, to the stream, and to the fish whose anxieties increased as the contest waxed.

There is always some question when a great black bass is at one end of a fish-line, hanging to a bent, black piece of tempered steel, and a tall, embattled man is at the other end, giving the various lever lifts on a pole, as to what the issue will be. For minutes Jim was full of

excitement, which did not end as at last the green depths of the pool yielded a tumbling, twisting, diving, pin-wheeling mass of shimmering bronze with silver, which churned the surface for a minute into white gleaming foam on which the sun fell with bright-colored hues; the next moment, still full of acrobatic confusions, the fighter of the pool flopped in mid-air, swung on the dark line inland, and struck a rock with a sound like a mighty hand-clap.

"Ah, me beauty!" Jim held up his victim, stunned and quivering. "What a fish for me! 'Tis a full meal, and fish-gravy for breakfast, too, besides."

He stuffed the fish with onions, potatoes, corn-meal, and wrapped it in a strip of home-smoked bacon rind, tied with wire. Then he daubed the pigskin with heavy clay. He put the fish into the hot coals of his fireplace. When he broke it out again, and unwrapped the bacon rind, he lifted the skeleton of the fish out of the white meat, and, smelling it, wondered what he had ever done to deserve such living as this.

Needing salt, some time later, Carney was disturbed. He felt a certain menace. Could it be that the dream was too pleasant to last? He looked about, wondering what he had to sell that any one would buy? There was a pig whose manners were too bad, for no fence would keep the brute in. This pig the man harnessed and led sixteen miles over a rough road to town.

It was a full-grown, black-and-white cane-rooter, weighing sixty-six pounds. It was middle afternoon when the landholder dragged his unwilling product along the village street to the butcher's. Hay wire, fish-line, old canvas, and the like, had made an effective harness for the squealing and indignant pig outlaw.

"Mr. Meat Market Man!" Jim greeted the butcher. "I have here the champion racing hog of the world! What am I given for it?"

"Five dollars," the butcher laughed.

"He is yours!" Jim said, and took the cash.

The butcher had the hog put into his own pen yard. Jim went around and bought supplies. He started home on foot, carrying a heavy bag. He was dead-

tired, yet he would not desist from his intention of walking the round thirty-two miles that day.

In the darkness of his wooded route, passing only occasional little farms like his own, he heard something at his heels; he stepped faster, and the sound increased; he looked about and saw something near by.

"'Tis a ghost!" he murmured, as the snuffling, snorting, grunting, pursued him. "Sure! 'Tis a great incentive not to waste any time!"

Hanging onto his precious supplies, tormented by fears, hounded by the thing at his heels, he found, on reaching home after dawn, that it was the pig which had followed him so reluctantly to town, and was now keeping him company.

"You're a fine specimen!" Jim cried. "The butcher will believe me when I say this boar's a great racer!"

The pig, too, was tired that day. Jim allowed the brute the freedom of the shade of the log cabin. Three days later he took another cane-rooter to the butcher, one as large but not so obstreperous.

"I knew you'd lost the other one," Jim explained. "He haunted me all the way home, to the discomfiture of my conscience. This one is a better, I am sure, and far more willing!"

Jim's credit was somehow established by this event, the farmer could not exactly figure out how. An honest man, forsooth, it was declared! It was a strange sensation to feel that he was known to his neighbors. In the years of his wanderings Jim had not once thought of being known to the owners of the soil or to the men of industries. Even the county clerk, to whom he took the deeds to have them transferred, shook his hand, and inquired which way he was going to vote that fall?

"For you," Jim replied promptly, and later went out around to make inquiry as to whether the man was a Republican, Democrat, or what?

It was a great day in Jim's life when he cast his first vote. No one questioned his citizenship, till the next spring he learned his mistake. He went to the county clerk, who was perturbed in the matter, too. Between them it was figured out that owning land, and having been so many



Hay-wire, fish-line, old canvas, and the like, had made an effective harness for the squealing and indignant pig outlaw.—Page 170.

years in the country, the State laws would expedite the matter.

"I'll be doing penance, while I'm waiting," Jim said. "I knew it was too pleasant, voting, for me always to enjoy the privilege."

He carried a back load of little fruit-trees to his farm, and planted them. A neighbor, his nearest, five miles distant, came to help him find his old government survey lot lines. He owned two hundred and forty acres, bottoms, hills, and river bank. Great trees grew on all but twenty-odd acres of clearing. They grew too

close together for comfort. He looked at them with sympathetic eyes.

"'Tis a job for me," he shook his head.

He was a man of wild notions. This river that flowed for nearly half a mile across his land, was a stream of moods and habits. After a hard rain, it would rise twelve feet or so overnight, run yellow instead of green, and roar instead of whisper.

Thirty miles below on the bank of the stream was a sawmill town. Jim Carney went down to it on a little flood tide, riding two logs which he had felled into the

stream. He lopped their tops, and lashed them with hickory withes. The sawmill man paid him forty dollars for the timbers, and asked for more.

Thus was opened the way to the man, who had been a logger, for ready sales of the surplus growth of his forest. He worked all winter, and drove a good raft down in the spring, alternate black walnut and sycamore, the sycamores floating the heavy hardwood.

"I need a team of horses," Jim said, and to his own surprise, he now owned a team, with a mule colt to boot.

Driving home over the rough road hurt his feelings. Never had he seen worse going. Having swamped haul-roads on logging camp jobs, he used his team of horses to work on his right of way. He persuaded a neighbor to help, and they spent many spare days improving their rough going. The days were too short for Jim, having so many things to do!

Jim learned the ways of the country, modifying them by his own experience. He raised a great crop, when he had done his own planting. Having more corn than he could use, he increased the number of his pigs. He trimmed his half-wild fruit-trees, planted grapes, and added acres to his little clearing, where the adding wouldn't spoil the best of his woods. He loved his trees.

He bought cows to milk them. He made yellow butter, which was a rarity in that region, and it sold well. He would labor briskly every day, but one afternoon a week he would go to one or another of his river's deep pools to catch a black bass on a big worm for a roast, or a fry, as the mood moved him.

Pride was in his heart. His heel never scuffed the earth he walked on. He wondered what sin he had committed that for more than fifteen years he had been condemned to range the earth before coming to this, his Paradise?

Peaches, pears, blackberries, apples, raspberries, wild grapes and tame, persimmons, strawberries in a little patch, cherries coming on red and ripe—the fruits of the earth were his. For substance, he raised corn, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, tomatoes, and all the ingredients of a mulligan, every one honestly come by.

He was puzzled, as he saw his prosperity. In five years he was living on a good road, carrying wagon loads of produce to his market, driving big mules, and with a hired man to add strength and effort to the business of working to the river music. He knew, now, what the fiddler had heard. At night, when the river was straining at its banks, Jim would catch the strain of a tune, and knew it was the voice of the Mississippi, approving him. He was three hundred miles from the great river, yet he felt the influence, as he always had, of that vast flood whose tributaries had caught his fancy to bring him at last to this his happy home.

Jim Carney was a citizen now. He was one of the supervisors. He was the best neighbor in the county, people said. When all the talk was going on about local improvements, he stood up and said:

"We need a good stone road from the county court to the line, where it joins on the prosperity of our next people's prosperity!"

The road was built, and then another one was built of stone, wide and substantial. Into the clearings of the mountains struck the fact that a road gave an outlet for what they could easily raise. Jim's was the only vote against the improving of the road that led to his own farm.

"Sure, gentlemen!" he cried out. "There are others that need the road more than I do, or my neighbors!"

"You're wasting breath, like you've wasted strength hauling these many years, Jim!" he was told bluntly.

So the fourteen miles was contracted. It added ten thousand dollars to the worth of the already valuable property of the original home. It added more to the places that Jim Carney had taken over, when others would have abandoned them. Out of his land grew hundreds of tons of things to eat, and a bridge spanned the river where formerly a ford had been.

"Still, I'll run a barge down on the floods, once in a while, to keep my hand in, and not to forget the days when I must carry out my crops that way of the friendly river!" Jim said.

The new road reminded Jim of something that he had forgotten. Some years

before he had worked in a garage. Now he saw the good road before his very eyes. Hardly able to look his faithful horses and mules in the eyes, telling them shamefacedly that he wasn't deserting them, he sneaked into a salesroom, looked at a most beautiful automobile, with fixings and improvements he hadn't heard of, lines that amazed his love of the graceful, and promises of mileage for tires that were utterly incredible—and wrote his check on the spot.

"In a few years times have greatly changed," Jim Carney said more than half to himself.

His hired man drove the team home; he drove the automobile. He could hardly think for things that he saw, and yet he heard, as he crossed the bridge.

"Here's your home, Jim!"

His home—could it be possible?

There was the old log cabin, beautifully preserved. But a little back, on the hill, nearer the road, stood a fine dwelling with water from a little brook in the woods, a lawn with shade trees, an orchard, fields of grain, a little sawmill to cut his own trees tenderly into good boards for fine cabinetwork.

"It's a dream!" he exclaimed. "'Tis somebody else, not Jim Carney, that has done this thing? I know it is. I'll look at the map to see where I am wandering to-morrow."

It was a road map, one that had come to him as a man interested in good roads. He could not believe his eyes. He looked far and wide. His glance fell upon a painted trail that led away across country and stung his conscience as he saw whither it went.

"'Tis time, now, to go pay my respects!" he thought to himself. "I can go and look him in the eye!"

He had done a man's work at last. He never had been lazy, but every day had been neglected, till he saw the peaches hanging by the door of the fiddler, who had waited ten years for him to come.

Jim Carney rode away in the fine spell of weather. He was in his new spick-span automobile. He was at his Uncle Tim O'Rourke's before he knew he was started. The big farm was wonderful, as he looked at it. Now he knew that the value was not so much, but the work that was in the place, the toil, thought, pride, effort were what counted.

Jim turned in at the wide driveway, rolled up to the porch, and stopped. A man smoking a cigar sat in the shade, wondering who the newcomer was. Jim looked. The smooth face was good-humored, firm, bearing the marks of a lifetime of toil, steadfast in purpose, and the hair grayed amid the sandy.

"Did the car run all right, Tim?" the visitor asked.

"What car?"

"The wan I fixed for you in Kansas City."

"What's aching you, anyhow?"

"I was afraid it wouldn't work well; I came to find out. 'Tis some years since——"

"Jim! You spalpeen! Come along. I've been wondering would you turn up. What's your job? Livery?"

"No—farming."

"Where?"

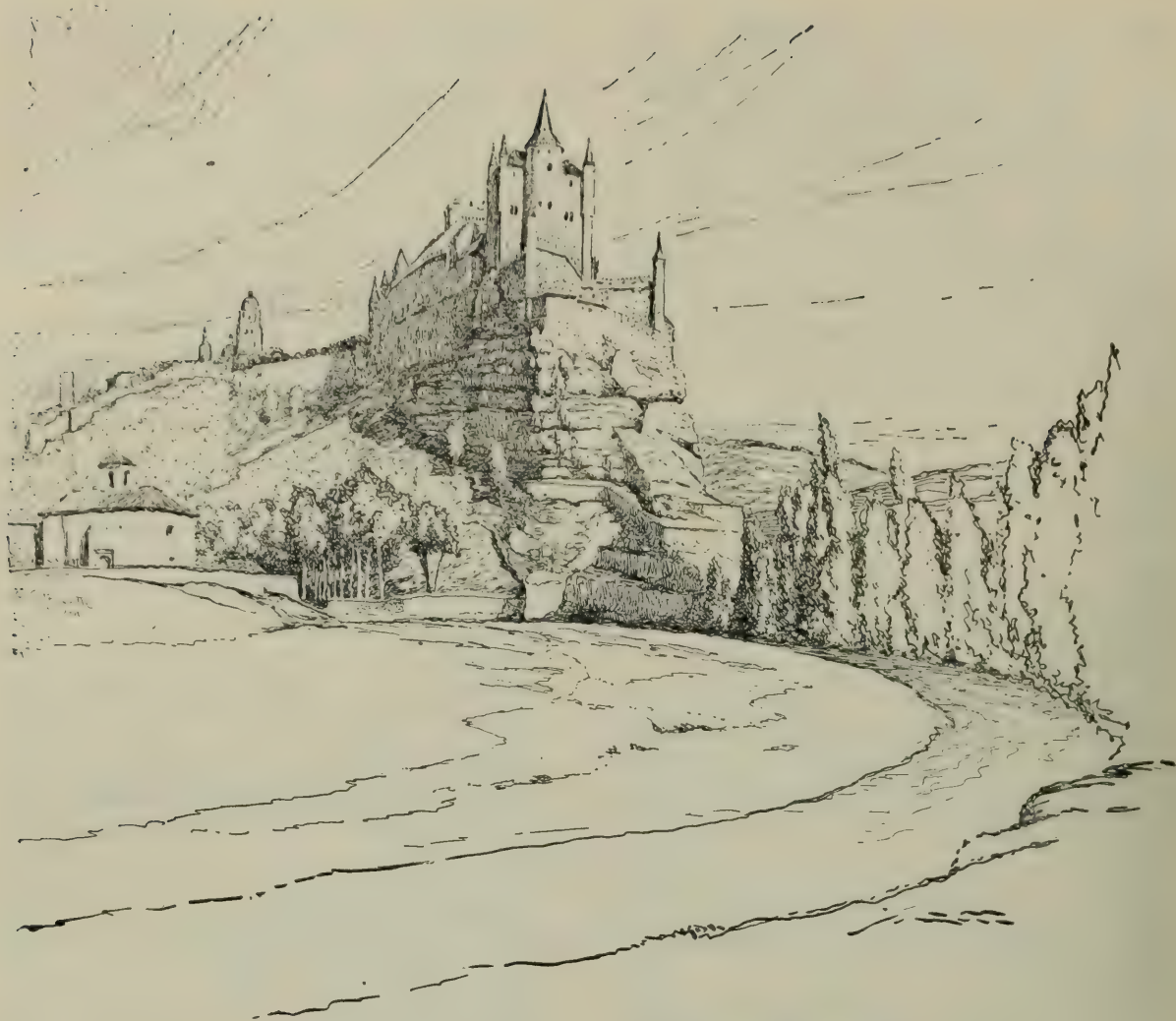
"Over in the mountains and woods. Fruit, corn, vegetables, chickens, pigs, with one thing and another."

"Sit down, lad—I'm glad you came. Tell me about it?"

"Sure. Knowing you had come, when I could, I followed," Jim said. "I was fifteen years or so arriving. One day I saw a peach-tree, and bought the place. So I bring you a few baskets of them, now that the trees are trimmed and bearing proper, having been sprayed."

"Arragh!" the old man laughed. "I told the folks it'd be all right—that some day ye'd be coming right. It was in ye, when the time was ripe."

"Not the time—the peach!" Jim laughed.

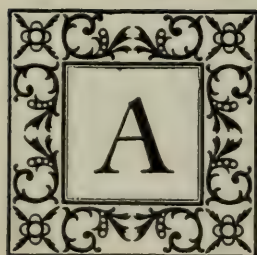


Its Alcazar bristling with barbican and battlement.

The Town of Don Pablo the Crafty

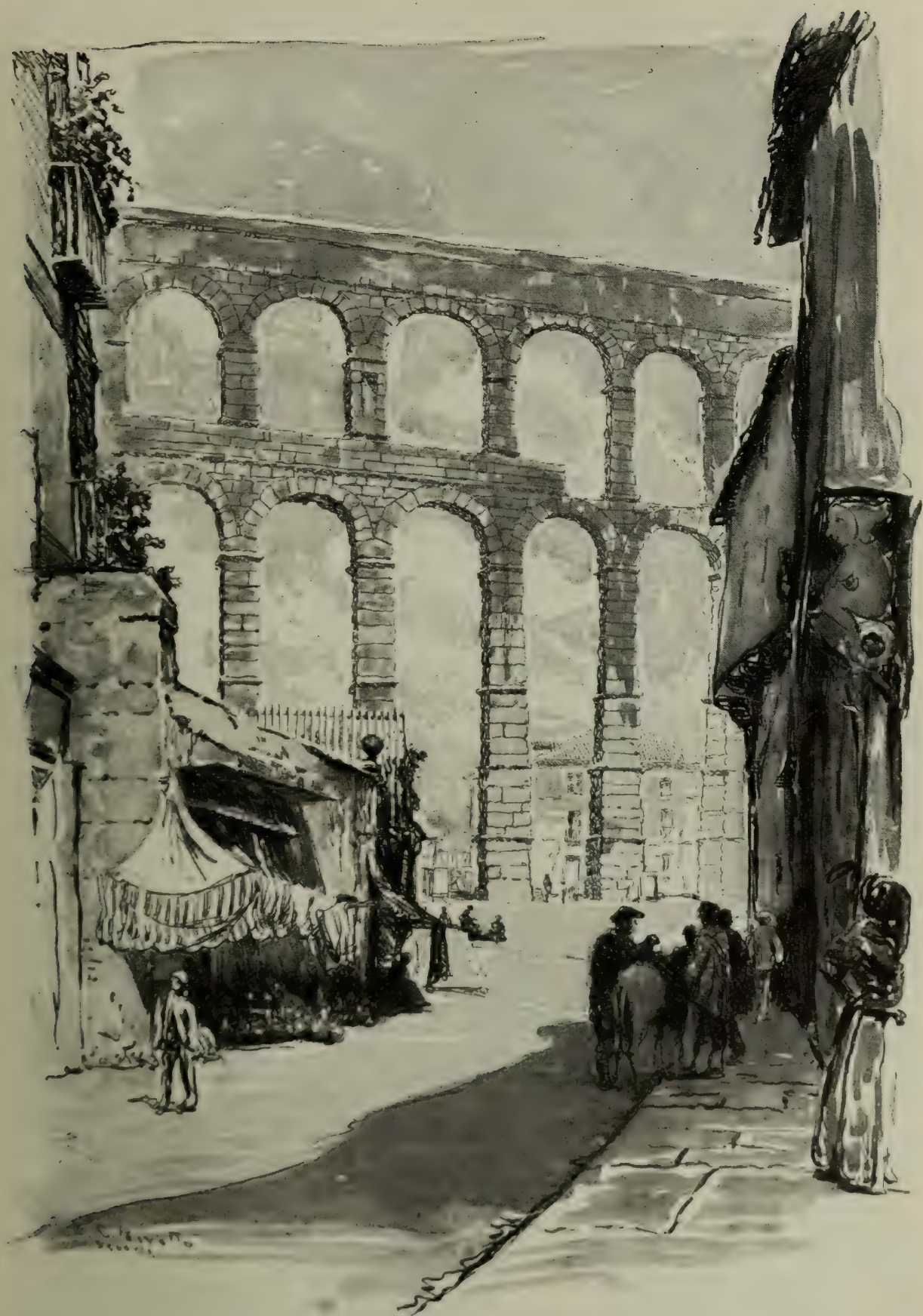
BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



AS you stand upon the terrace of the Royal Palace in Madrid, you look out over a broad expanse of varied landscape and follow the meanders of the Manzanares, a river that winds off through lovely groves and gardens to a line of lofty mountains—the Guadarramas—whose summits, blue and snow-capped, close the limits of the background just as they do in the Velasquez portrait of the Infante Don Carlos.

Among these mountains nestle old towns and castles, and on one of their northern spurs clamber the mediæval walls and houses of Segovia. As long as fortresses were necessary or as men lived in feudal cities girdled by walls and towers, Segovia was a prosperous and powerful city of Old Castile, but when the Moor had been driven forever from Spain the mission of these warrior hill-towns was fulfilled, and since that time Segovia, little by little, has sunk into a peaceful slumber, retaining, with its neighbor Avila, the charm and glamour of a bygone age, the mourn-



Framing a niche of blue in each of its countless arches. — Page 176.

ful beauty of a city whose decay has made it even more precious to the dreamer of dreams and the lover of the picturesque.

The railroad station, as so often is the case in Spain, lies somewhat apart from the town, making it a necessity to use the rattle-trap omnibus that stands drawn up before it. Three mules, harnessed abreast, with their skins stretched tight as drumheads over their dry old bones and their leanness hidden under jangling bells and scarlet pompons, leaped forward under the driver's lash as we started toward the city. Luckily we had taken seats on the *berlina*, and I say luckily advisedly, for, had we sat inside, I verily believe we might have lost our hearing even in those few moments.

Some turbulent imp of mischief seemed to impel the driver to speed, for we entered the Madrid Gate at a gallop, clattered on at the same wild pace through the twisting streets, and proceeded thus through the town to the accompaniment of urging cries to the mules, the fierce cracking of the whip and the rattle and bang of the dozen coach-windows crackling like pistol-shots about our ears. As we tore through the narrow lanes, people fled in every direction at our approach, or rushed from doorways to grab up errant children, or popped out upon balconies to see what in the world was the matter. We caught fleeting glimpses of weather-worn houses tottering on wriggly stilts; of dingy *posadas* before which groups of overladen donkeys mournfully hung their heads; of beflowered balconies and gaily painted house-fronts; then we plunged into the gloom of a lane narrower than all the rest, where our wheel-hubs grazed the walls on either hand, only to emerge at last into the brilliancy of the sun-baked Azoquejo.

Could anything be imagined more replete with character than this quaint old market-place? Venerable houses straddle its squat arcades and enclose it on every hand, while across its very centre, vaulting from hill to hill, piled high with red-tiled roofs, strides the colossal *puente* like some prehistoric monster with a hundred legs. But a glance at this aqueduct, vast and simple as a work of nature, is needed to tell that it is of Roman origin, for who but Roman builders could have

reared such mighty stones? For nearly two thousand years it has carried upon its countless arches the pure, clear waters of the Sierras to fill the fountains of the city and the great reservoirs of the Alcazar, the favorite home of Alfonso the Wise. With its three tiers of mighty arches it remains the most important work that the Romans left in Spain—so extraordinary, indeed, that the peasants prefer to believe, and always will believe, I dare say, that his Satanic Majesty, in love with a beautiful Segovian maiden, built it in a single night to win her favor and spare her the trouble of going down the hill to fill her water-jug at the spring!

In its very shadow we spied the hotel that we were seeking; so, picking our way through the clutter of the market—a litter of pottery, baskets, and blankets—we soon had chosen a cool little apartment that faced the square and, having caught the Spanish custom, spent most of that Saturday afternoon hanging over the railing of our balcony.

At one hand, towering high into the heavens and framing a niche of blue in each of its countless arches, the giant aqueduct arose, and around its bases the peasants bartered and gossiped and chattered. On the other hand the land sloped sharply away down toward the valley of the Eresma, cut in two by the main road to Pedraza, broad, white, and dusty. Vehicles of every description—covered carts, gigs, coaches, and lumbering farmers' wains drawn by patient oxen, kept arriving by this road (for Saturday is market-day), varied by trains of slim-legged donkeys trotting under inconceivable loads. And every once in a while a stage-coach with four or six horses would rumble up with a grand flourish and a prodigious cracking of whips and deposit its load of sweltering humanity before our *fonda*: peasants in kerchiefs or queerly plaited straw hats; priests, crimson-cheeked and apoplectic; or tired-looking commercial travellers with wilted collars and dusty clothes.

But we were the only tourists in the dining-room that evening, or, in fact, on any of the evenings of our stay there. At the various tables there were but few women. There were some sturdy farmers, a few officers, a priest or two, and a

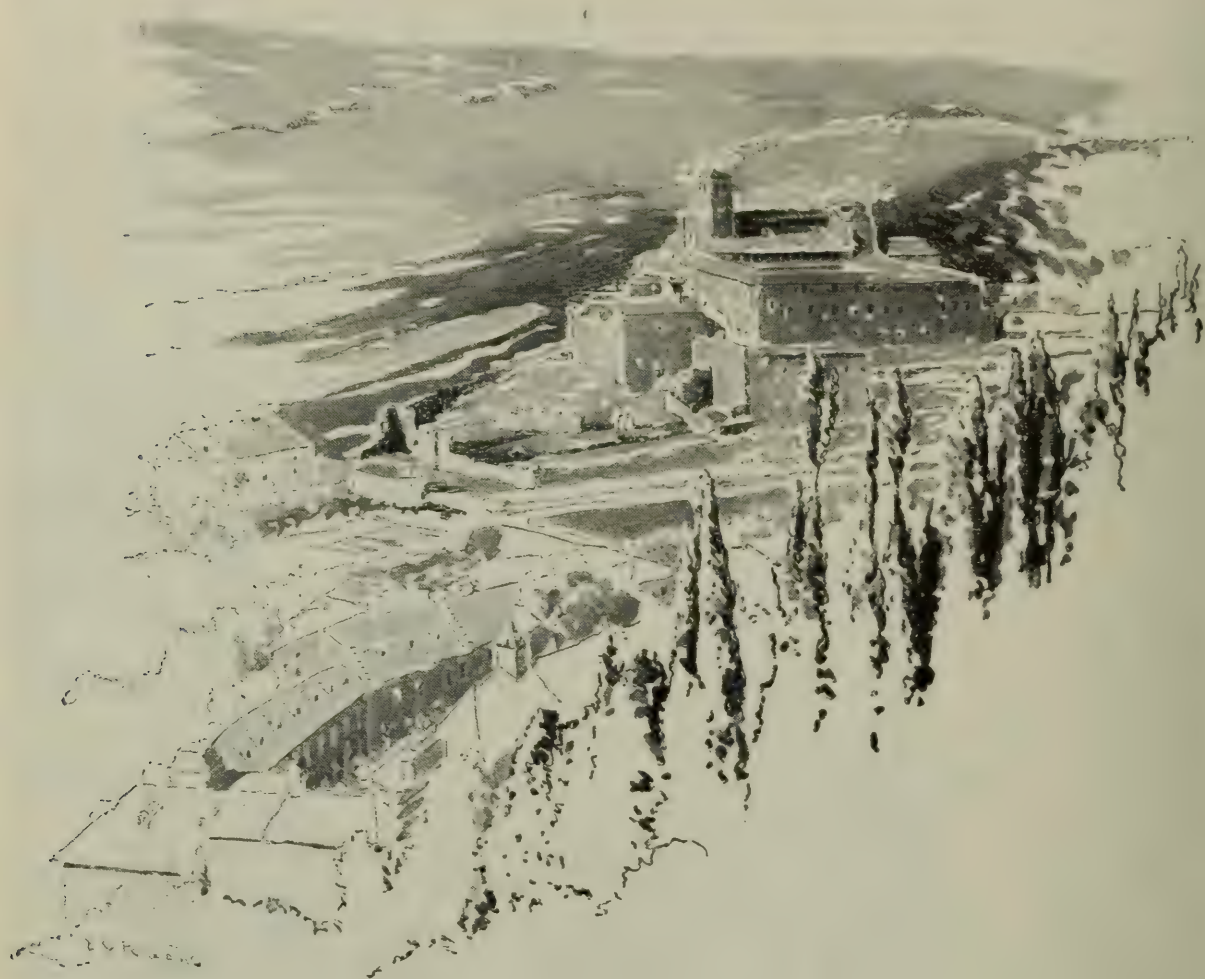


The peasants bartered and gossiped.—Page 176.

travelling barrister or doctor, but the women were left at home—doubtless a survival of Oriental custom, for the Spanish lady, though prone enough to attract attention on her afternoon promenade, still shrinks from showing herself in provincial hotels.

A large table of honor at one end of the

And such appetites as they had! The fruits, the nuts, the cakes upon the table all disappeared with the soup or, at latest, with the fish. And when I chanced to remark to the proprietor one day that doubtless he was glad to have such steady patrons in his establishment, he remarked, with a grunt and a shrug: "Oh, that—



The ancient monastery of El Parral.—Page 182.

room was occupied by a mess of artillery cadet-officers, for in Segovia the artillery school of Spain is located. They were a good-looking group of young fellows, with clear-cut features and whitish skins, most of them indubitably titled, and one at least might have been a cousin to the King, with his wide mouth and ponderous protruding chin. This table alone was enough to keep busy the single waiter and his overworked assistant, for from it proceeded a continual rapping of glasses and calls for wine, for food, for paper and ink, for a messenger, or for coats and caps.

that doesn't bring much gain to the house."

Dinner was late, usually at nine rather than at eight, so that, when we went upstairs that first evening, the streets were dark and deserted, and no one was stirring except the *sereno*, or night-watchman, who, with lantern and spear, wandered about calling the hour. In his belt he carried a number of house-keys, and in his hand some tapers, and when the people came home late at night, he unlocked their doors for them and handed them a taper to light them up the stairs—

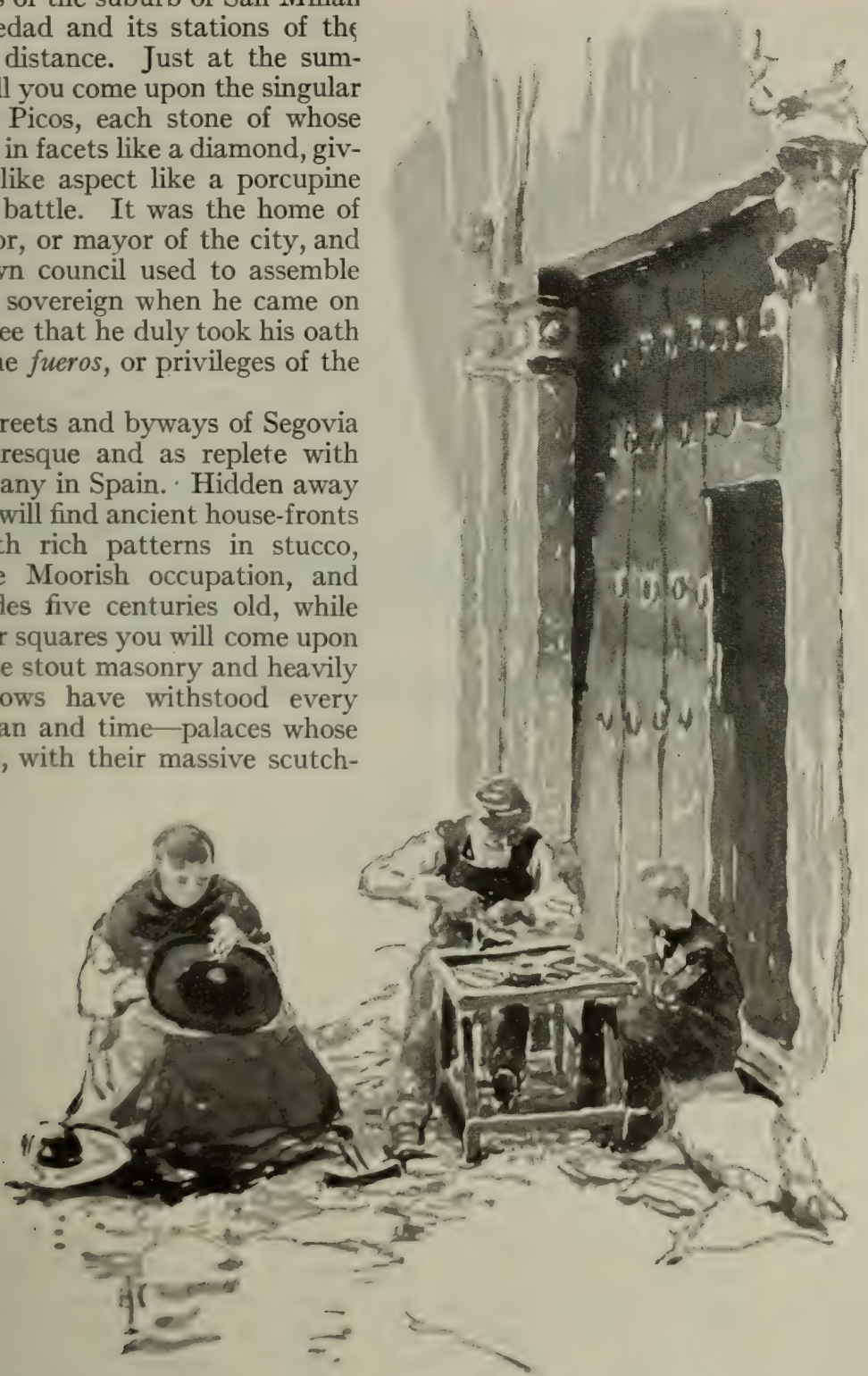
an antiquated custom that still prevails even in as big and cosmopolitan a city as Madrid.

Next morning we found that the bulk of the city lies up the hill from the Azoguejo. The Calle del Carmen leads up to it, affording from time to time, through gaps in its houses, glimpses out over the pottery roofs of the suburb of San Millan with the Piedad and its stations of the cross in the distance. Just at the summit of the hill you come upon the singular Casa de los Picos, each stone of whose façade is cut in facets like a diamond, giving it a warlike aspect like a porcupine bristling for battle. It was the home of the corregidor, or mayor of the city, and in it the town council used to assemble to greet the sovereign when he came on a visit, and see that he duly took his oath to respect the *fueros*, or privileges of the city.

The old streets and byways of Segovia are as picturesque and as replete with character as any in Spain. Hidden away in them you will find ancient house-fronts diapered with rich patterns in stucco, relics of the Moorish occupation, and Gothic façades five centuries old, while in the smaller squares you will come upon palaces whose stout masonry and heavily grilled windows have withstood every assault of man and time—palaces whose grim façades, with their massive scutch-

eoned doorways, hide behind their ruggedness warm patios, sun-baked, decorated with tiles and ornate balustrades, and planted with palms and flowering shrubs.

It is in these streets of Segovia that Quevedo lays the scenes of his master-



The cobbler and maker of hats.

piece, "El Gran Tacaño," a classic that the Spaniards rate only second to Cervantes's immortal story. Piece of realism that it is, with its biting sarcastic philosophy hidden under a cloak of broad humor, it might have been signed by any of the realists of to-day, so true to life do

dered in the dirty Calle de la Neveria, but a step from the Plaza Mayor, I came upon this sign over the door of a barber-shop: FELIPE, PRACTICANTE EN CIRUJIA—for all the world Don Pablo's father, barber and surgeon in one!

And so I always think of Segovia as

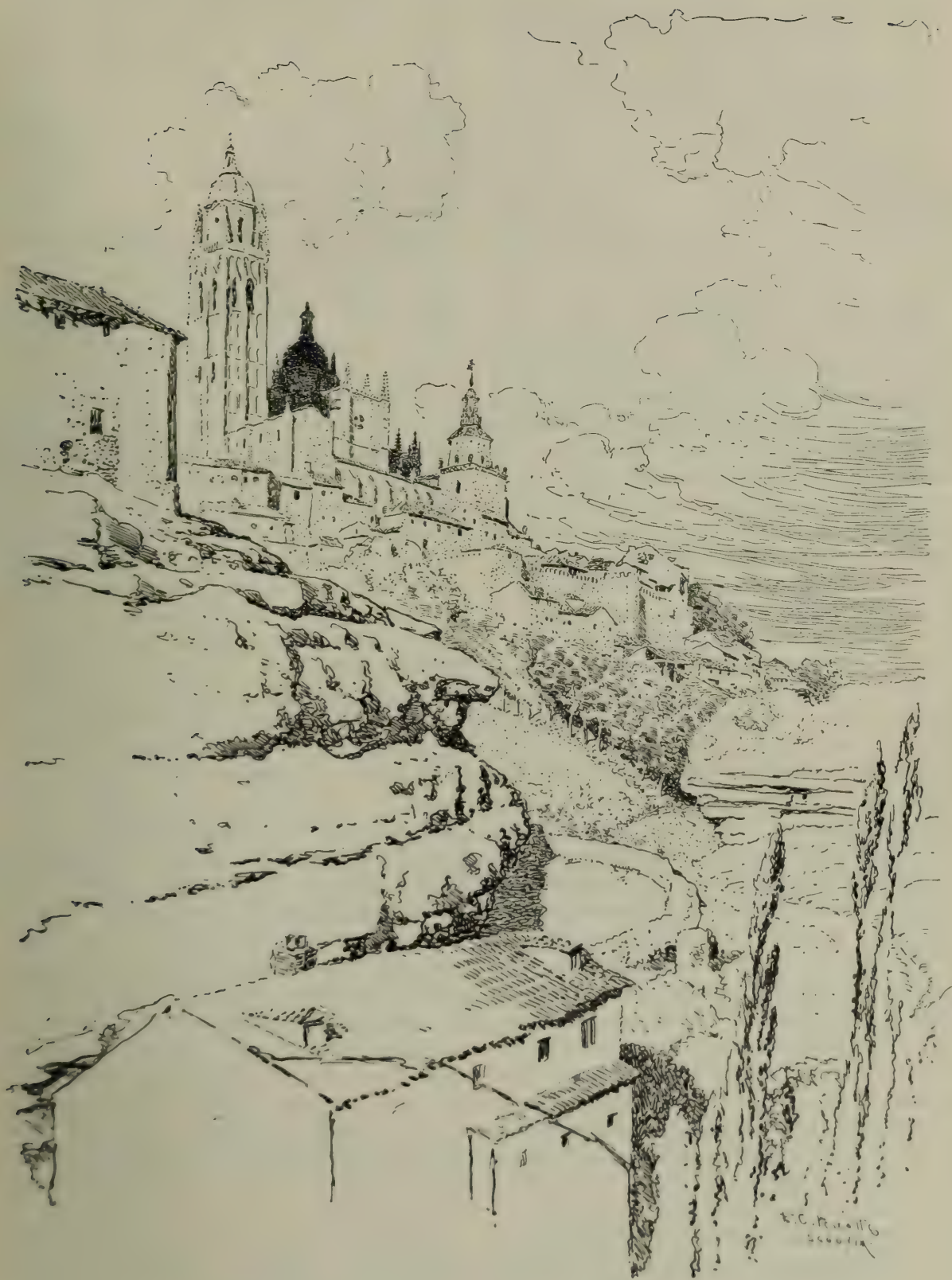


The church of Vera Cruz stands alone.—Page 182.

its pictures remain. And as you walk about these streets and watch the people in them, you will still find his types extant and will fancy Cabra's school shut up behind some grim façade, or Don Pablo's uncle, the executioner, living in one of the noisome alleys; or, in some passer-by, proud though dressed in well-brushed, threadbare clothes, you will recognize old Don Torribio, the penniless hidalgo, who, existing by his flattery and his wit, gravely bows to the ladies in their black mantillas as they pass on their way to church. And one morning, as I wan-

Don Pablo's town (the French translation of Quevedo's work bears as its title "Don Pablo de Segovie"), and see in its streets the backgrounds of Daniel Vierge's unequalled drawings, to my mind the greatest masterpieces of modern illustration.

Segovia has further claims to artistic laurels. Its craggy hill slopes, its austere buildings, its far-reaching horizons have tempted the greatest modern Spanish painter, Ignacio Zuloaga, to leave his native town Eibar and take up his residence in it. For years he wandered over



The city piles up grandly from this side too.—Page 183.

the rugged face of Spain in quest of the picturesque, then made up his mind that, of all the Spanish cities, matchless Segovia best suited his æsthetic liking. There he maintains two studios, one being the Canonjia, a noble *casa* with great walls such as I have before described and windows that overlook the endless plains of Old Castile; the other the nave of the primitive church of San Juan de los Caballeros, an old Romanesque structure that has been abandoned for more than three hundred years.

These early Romanesque churches of Segovia are of a particularly pure and beautiful type. During the wars against the Moors Segovia changed hands several times, and when the infidels were finally driven from the city, and retired to their fastnesses at Toledo, the Christians who crowded into Segovia after them, fired with religious zeal, began to construct a number of parochial churches in the style then prevalent, the purest Romanesque. These churches thus mark the period of the town's greatest prosperity and coincide in date with the building of its palaces and its Alcazar, a perfect type of feudal castle. Later, when the Moors were driven from Toledo and retreated still farther south, Segovia ceased to be important as a frontier town, and since then its churches, except those in its more populous districts, have sunk more and more into disrepair, have been shorn one by one of their inestimable treasures, until now they remain mere empty shells from which the pearls have been stolen. But these abandoned churches, some quite intact, others more or less fallen to decay and ruin, still decorate the squares and street corners, where their cloisterlike arcades, their well-proportioned bell-towers and their airy loggias borne aloft on slender colonnades, add the key-notes to the general picturesqueness of the city.

But, if you wish to obtain a true idea of the peculiar beauty of this grand old Castilian burg, you should do as we did one sunny Sunday afternoon—walk around it. We descended from the Azoquejo to the faubourg of San Lorenzo; then went on past the Santa Cruz and along the steep road that descends from the Puerta da San Cibrian to the Alameda, which half-abandoned promenade, bordering the

bank of the gurgling Eresma, is one of the most romantic pleasaunces that I know. Its loneliness, its grass-grown walks shaded by rows of venerable trees, stimulate the imagination and make of it a sort of poet's retreat or lovers' paradise. And, besides this sylvan charm, it commands a number of striking views of the city that piles high above it, girt by its mighty walls and bartizaned towers, cut with gates and punctuated here and there with the belfries of its churches.

Beyond the Alameda, on a hill, perched high amid vine arbors and trellises, stands the ancient monastery of El Párral, at one time known as "a terrestrial paradise," now but a ruin set in ruinous gardens. From here on the road becomes more and more picturesque. Beyond the Moneda, the only mint in Spain until a hundred years ago, you come upon the highway that descends precipitously from the castellated gateway of Santiago, a road enlivened with gypsy women, with men in faded smock-frocks goading cream-colored oxen, with deformed and tattered beggars and all the riffraff that gathers in the dust of Spanish post-roads. Above the evil-smelling lanes of San Marcos the church of Vera Cruz stands alone, twelve-sided, built by the Templars in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, upon their return from the Holy Wars. Farther down the river looms the sinister Peña Grajira or Crow's Cliff, from whose top criminals used to be flung to death.

It is from this point that, as you look back, you realize the justice of the comparison that likens Segovia to a ship sailing toward the setting sun, as, behind a swinging bend of the Eresma, it towers high above the two rivers that have cleft it from the surrounding plateaus, its Alcazar, bristling with barbican and battlement, looming like the giant fore-castle of some mediæval galleon sailing the southern seas.

It was growing late in the afternoon as we returned by the other side of the city up the narrow valley of the Clamores, deeply imbedded between wooded hills. Had you been spending July as we had been, on the sun-baked plains of Old Castile—treeless, shadeless, seared and scorched—you would have felt as we did that Sunday afternoon as we breathed

the moisture-laden air and heard the wind sighing in the poplar leaves overhead and looked into the shadows where children played among the willows. The city piles up grandly from this side too with its walls and towers, its tiled roofs and buttressed garden-walls, culminating in the fretted mass of the cathedral whose west front seemed ablaze in the sunset.

Down among the trees by the river a little fête was in progress. In one corner, near a refreshment booth, the centre of an admiring crowd of peasants, stood two musicians of a bygone day, a drummer and a piper, belted with *fajas* and clothed in sheepskins. Anything more weird or primitive than the lilt and quaver of their music—strange and Oriental as one might hear in Tunis or in Tangier—could scarcely be imagined, nor did this surprise me, for almost all the Spanish melodies that I have heard among the people—their dances, their folk-songs, and their love-

songs as well—are impregnated with this same relic of the Moors. Even in Seville Cathedral, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, I detected the same strange note in the improvisations of the master who evolves such wondrous harmonies from his pealing organ.

As we came into the *paseo* upon our return to the city we found a military band playing, and, tired with our long stroll, we were well content to sit down and amuse ourselves by watching the citizens and their Sunday raiment. The men talked over their affairs; the women sat gossiping in groups, their daughters glancing askance at the well-groomed cadets of the artillery school; the children rolling hoops or playing *toro*, mounted on each other's shoulders as *picador*, charging with *banderilla* or giving the *coup de grâce* as *espada* to the poor little bull-boy, just as Goya depicted them years ago in his tapestries in the Escorial.

"To Every Man a Penny"

BY ISABEL WESTCOTT HARPER

AND so they sleep forever and a day;
Of that great quietness they do not tell:
Only the face of nature seems to say
That all is well.

"The rest is silence": only in the dawn
Do they have being now, and in the wind.
Dust unto kindred dust again is drawn
With healing kind.

Ah, human love! for this they sacrifice
Their heritage, the pride of consciousness:
The love divine, and heaven that men devise,
Would make this less.

Through all the ages death has ever lain
The fact toward which we move, the price of thought—
Benignity of fate that takes again
The pain it brought.

Is there more love than this? Great peace they sought.
They tell us nothing more; and o'er the hill
The stars rise ceaselessly, and time is naught
Let us be still!



Iona from Earraid, as David Balfour saw it.

Eilean Earraid: The Beloved Isle of Robert Louis Stevenson

BY LLEWELLYN M. BUELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"But it was in Earraid itself that I delighted chiefly."—R. L. S.



NOT a few travellers, since the days when Doctor Johnson and his Bozzy ventured upon their difficult and hazardous tour of the western islands of Scotland, have visited, afoot or afloat, those isles of Skye, Mull, Ulva, Gometra, Eigg, Staffa, Iona—the very names, in their strangeness of sound and accent, recall the sombre and romantic beauty of those outworks of the British coast. Seldom, however, is the casual tourist of to-day, steaming around Mull from the banalities of Oban to spend one hour "doing" Iona and another in the caves of Staffa, aware that he passes Earraid,* that islet which Robert Louis Stevenson loved perhaps above all others,

* Eilean Earraid is pronounced, as a group, "ellen air-raid"; Earraid, not in combination, is pronounced more like "arid."

which he used as setting in two of his stories ("Kidnapped" and "The Merry Men"), and which still called his fancy back to it from the soft delights of distant Vailima.

Something of the fascination this island had for Stevenson communicated itself to me from my earliest reading of "Kidnapped," and was strengthened as I came to be familiar with "The Merry Men," so that it was with a sense of rare privilege that I found myself, this past summer, sailing close to its rocky shores. Perhaps a discursive narration of the way Earraid unfolded itself to me will have some value as a guide to any that may wish to visit the islet, and as a commentary on Stevenson's use of it as setting.

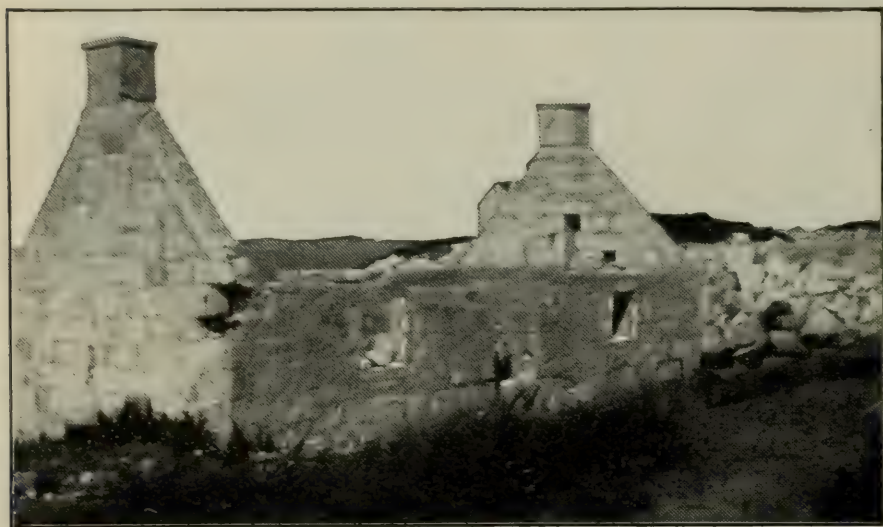
Granted though it be that all mankind loves an island, how came it, the reader may ask at this point, that Stevenson chose this for his own, of all the islands

having revisited Earraid, but the crowded impressions of all his later years never obscured its features in his memory.

For the ordinary modern traveller, without a yacht or an uncle in the light-house service, the only convenient way to reach Earraid is to go north from Glasgow by land or sea to Oban, where at least the sunsets and the whiskey are to

people the lad had met at Oban and on the steamer that brought him to Iona. It sounds startlingly like the present day to hear him tell how he sized up his fellow passengers, decided that a certain young girl was his "best investment," and struck up acquaintance with the old gentleman who was with her—"and so with the damsel." Now, as then, every one

seems to regard those island boats as heaven-sent opportunities for enlarging his acquaintance and ministering to his self-esteem. All flushed with his social successes, as he calls them, Stevenson had to stay behind at Iona while his new friends, including charming Miss Amy, went on. Moreover, during his wait for a boat to ferry him over to



Ruins of the Darnaway farmhouse.

be commended. From Oban you take the swift and equable *Grenadier*, which thrice weekly goes the circuit of the great island of Mull and makes a stop at Iona, the nearest point of approach to Earraid itself. Iona is the historic isle where St. Columba landed in his little curagh from Ireland, braving those stormy seas to carry the message of the Cross to the pagan and barbarous Hebrideans and Picts—Iona, the burial-place of kings and of yore the seat of piety and learning, now all ruined in the blindness of reforming zeal. It is to-day such a delightful place for those who love simplicity and quiet, romantic scenery and intercourse with the gentle, "homely" islanders, that one is given to wonder why R. L. S. showed so little affection for Iona when he had so much to lavish on its plainer neighbor, Earraid. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in a letter written to his mother, just after his arrival at Earraid, that summer of 1870 when he was young and twenty.

Of Earraid the letter says nothing, but there are pages and pages about the

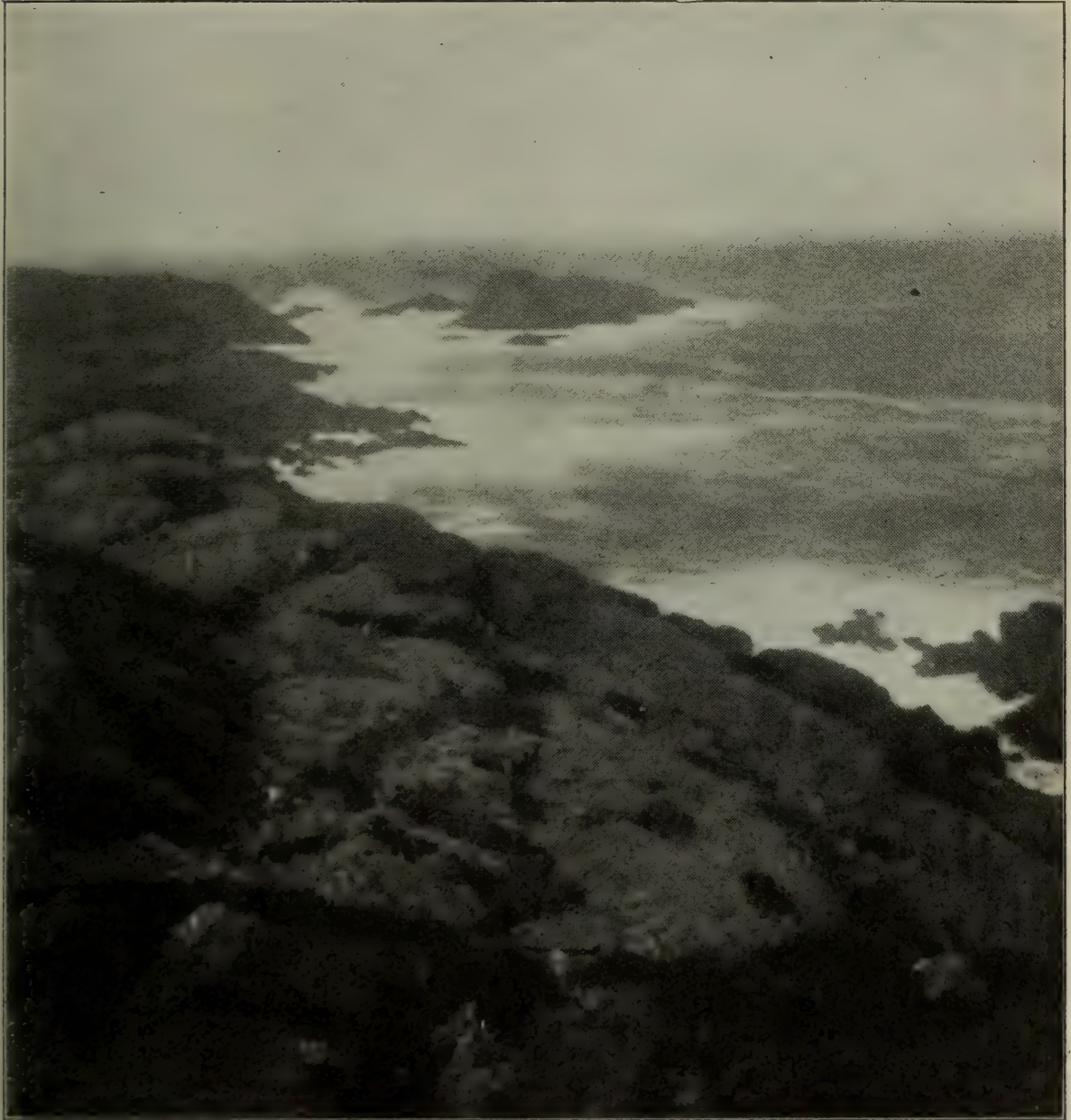
Earraid, he had a very bad dinner at what he calls "the wrong hotel." He tells his mother of the miserable sequence of rice-and-water soup, mashed herring flanked by iron potatoes, and a leathery fowl that must have been "the grandmother of the cock that frightened Peter," a recital that in its vividness and its reflection of high spirits shows the twenty-year-old boy already a promising apprentice to the art of writing. Indeed, one of the final sentences shows where his heart lay—"Really, the whole of yesterday's work would do as a novel without one little bit of embellishment."*

Unwittingly I followed Stevenson to that "wrong hotel," but times and Macleans had changed in fifty years, and its unpretending simplicity and the friendliness of guests and staff alike made the Argyll quite the right hotel for me. Before my first luncheon was over, a party had been formed to explore Earraid with me, and with the help of these strangers of longer residence than mine it was a

* "Letters," vol. I, pp. 27-36, edited by Sidney Colvin (4 volumes, Scribner's, New York, 1911).

simple, albeit gradual, matter to get Coll MacDonald, a surly but harmless native in whose veins surely flows the blood of ancient pirates and wreckers, to sail us across Iona Sound to Fionphort on the

ter Mary Ellen. It is now the land station for a section of the lighthouse service, with a landing-stage, warehouses, cranes, and a row of cottages looking as if cast in block out of the hardest and dullest



The coast in a storm.

Isle of Mull. From there it was a walk of a mile or so southward by a desultory road to the shore of Earraid Sound, or "Aros Bay," as it is called in "The Merry Men."

As I looked across from this point there came the first disillusionment. Earraid, or "Aros," is no longer uninhabited as in David Balfour's day, nor yet occupied only by Gordon Darnaway and his daugh-

iron in the world, all impinging their commonplace ugliness upon the beauty of Earraid. Yet from here are served Dhu Heartach and Skerryvore, both lonely and ultimate outposts in the Atlantic bearing comfort to mariners, both counted among the proudest achievements of that "family of engineers" from which R. L. S. felt himself the degenerate offspring.

Confronted with this sight, we stood on the rocks and waved hopefully at the apparently sleeping settlement, and finally got a response from a leisurely moving figure near the landing-stage. While he slowly rowed across to us, we had time to fortify ourselves with tea from a thermos flask and biscuits brought from the tiny general store on "The Street" of

reef, which Stevenson loved to call "the noblest of all extant deep-sea lights." He told us the long days of summer were harder to endure than the twenty-hour nights of winter, and set us to reflecting on the oppressiveness of interminable daylight in that wide unbroken desert of waters. Yes, he read a great deal, especially in winter, and he once had a royal



"Sandag Bay" from above.

Scene of the wrecks in "The Merry Men" and the place where David Balfour in "Kidnapped" was washed ashore.

Iona. The man in the boat, on arriving, turned out to be a good-natured member of the Lights colony, who assured us that there was no public ferry, and that we could have walked across the sands higher up the bay so long as the tide was out. None the less, he ferried us across. On the way, thinking of the barrenness of the island as it appears in "Kidnapped," I asked how long the single farmhouse on the bay had been there. "Since Noah was a baaby," was the reply, so prompt and emphatic as to terminate discussion. Stevenson, who prized the "ability to speak with ease and opportunity to all sorts and conditions of men," should have been there to draw out this Charon of ours—who was no less than the keeper of Skerryvore itself.

He had been enjoying a four-weeks' holiday—amidst the gaieties of Earraid—and was going off on the morrow for an eight-weeks' tour of duty on that far-off

breakfast on snipe and woodcock he found dead from dashing against the light as they flew along in the migrating season. All in all, a stanch, simple, and cheerful soul, fit to carry on the noble traditions of the Northern Lights.

Once landed on Earraid, we ascended by the road past the hideous granite cottages up a continually greener and softer track to a white land-beacon and heliograph station used for communicating with the deep-sea lights, and thence over untrodden moorland to the highest point on the islet. Here, with the view unobstructed on every side, the Stevensonian is struck at once by the felicitousness of the description in "Memoirs of an Islet":* "The little isle of Earraid lies close in to the southwest corner of the Ross of Mull: the sound of Iona on one side, across which you may see the isle

* In "Memories and Portraits," p. 251 (Scribner's, New York, 1895).



From a painting by N. C. Wyeth. Copyright Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Balfour on the Island of Earraid.

From the special edition of "Kidnapped." Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

and church of Columba; the open sea to the other, where you shall be able to mark on a clear surfy day the breakers running white on many sunken reefs." Add to this that there is a small bay in the rocky southern side, and that the narrow channel that separates Earraid from the great island of Mull is high and dry at low tide, though a fathom deep at high water, and you have the essentials for a portrait of this beloved isle.

So from my high-placed coign of van-

tage I could easily recognize that this was the place where David Balfour, washed off the brig wrecked out there on the Torrans, came ashore and spent four miserable days and nights, wet to the skin, fending off starvation by a nauseating diet of limpets and bog water, and suffering the mental pangs of solitude and desertion, all ironically needless; simply because it never occurred to him, an inlander, that escape might be perfectly easy at low tide!

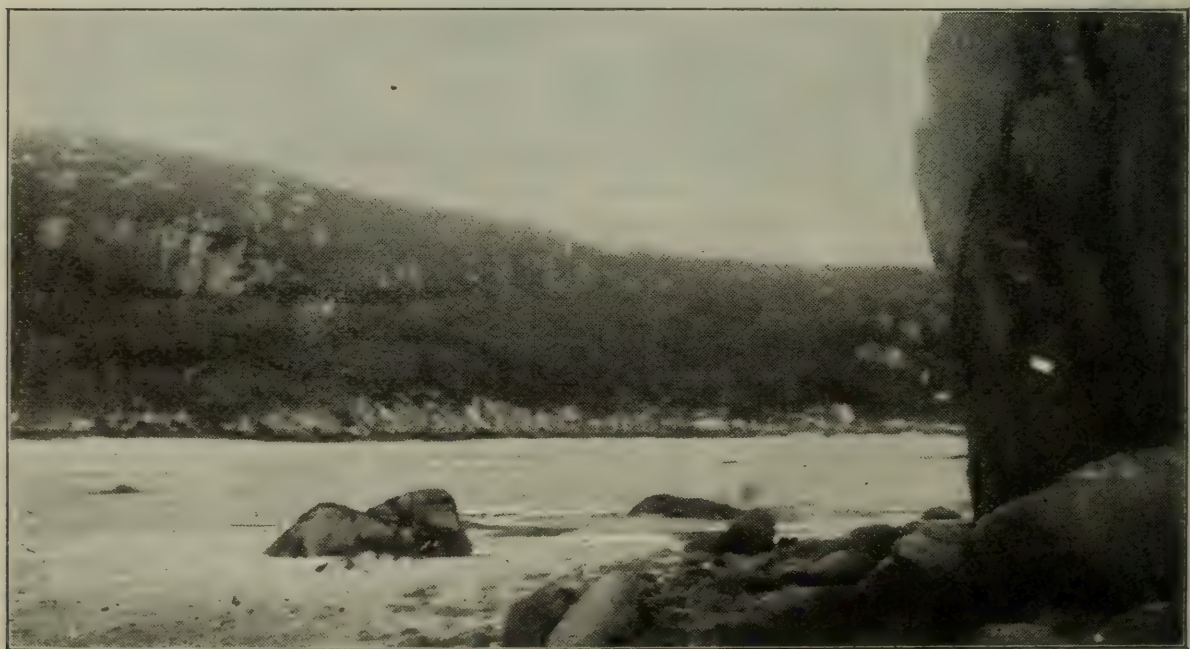


"These great granite rocks . . . go down together in troops into the sea, like cattle on a summer's day."—"The Merry Men."

Perhaps not so many as have read "Kidnapped" are acquainted with "The Merry Men," though it is a singularly artistic short story, even more intimately and completely associated with this island. It was Stevenson's first literary use of his memories of Earraid, and his remark to Graham Balfour,* "I began with

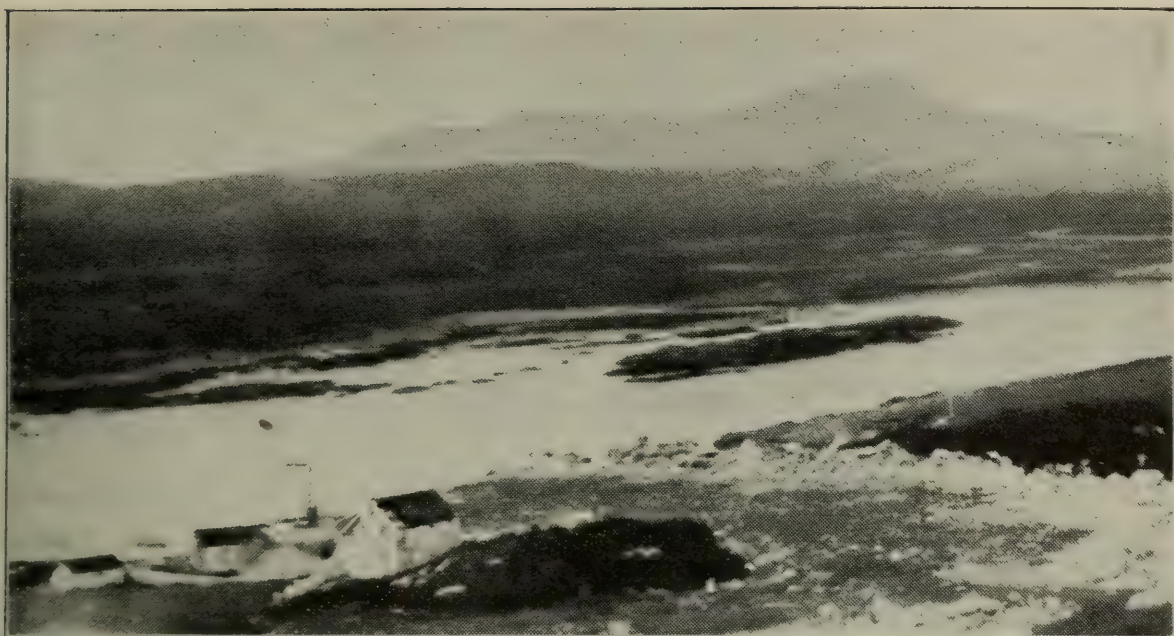
* "Life of Stevenson," vol. II, p. 169 (Scribner's, New York, 1901).

the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me," shows how he not so much set the story in this particular place as built up the action to suit the island atmosphere he loved. All who have read that "fantastic sonata about the sea and wrecks," know that the action and, indeed, the charac-



The channel between Earraid and Mull at low tide.

The black band on the rocks shows mean high-water line, about six feet high.



"Aros Bay," "Ben Kyaw" in the distance, Northern Lights colony in the foreground.

ters owe their nature to the situation and topography of the island. There is meaning more than literal in the statement that "any way the wind was, it was always salt air."

Actually on the spot, where one's view embraces practically everything mentioned in the story, it is easy to appreciate how the sea lies all round about the island and about the lives of the characters,

Mary Ellen and Charlie and the blindly faithful Maclean clansman Rorie, but especially Uncle Gordon Darnaway. One can picture that dour Lowlander, penned by circumstances on his ultimate Hebridean islet, "biting his nails at destiny," beset by the awe and the fascination of the sea, and obsessed at once by the tragic spectacle that is shipwreck and by greed for plunder from the broken ships, to the



The farmhouse on Earraid, said to have been there "since Noah was a baby," Iona in the distance.

point of having killed the sole survivor from a brig, the *Christiana*, wrecked on his shore. One sees him in that other storm, at the time of the story, lying on the rocks above Sandag Bay down there below us, and watching yet another ship going down among the breakers called the Merry Men, till the sight puts him into a complete frenzy, a sort of diabolism, a worship of the sea as the embodiment of "the auld sin o' the warld." Roaming at large like a wild goat on his island, he eludes the well-meant pursuit of his servant and his nephew, until he sees they are aided by a kingly negro saved from the night's wreck. Him he mistakes in his madness for the ghost of his victim, and flees straight from him into the swift-running tide, which engulfs them both—"and if ever they came up again, which God alone can tell, it would be ten minutes after, at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea-birds hover fishing." A grim tale of wild folk and mortal deeds, fitting outgrowth to spring from this waste of rocky islands, buried reefs, and sudden mighty storms. Fitting, too, where one is hearing melancholy songs, tales of old and recent wrecks, and eerie superstitions that neither Christianity nor science has ever fully dislodged from the minds of the dwellers therein.

It does give one a thrill to have all the setting spread out before one and to be able to follow out the details of the story. That little bay with straight rocky sides and a steep sandy beach filling the inner end is "Sandag Bay," where Charlie Darnaway dove to find the wreck of the Armada ship, and where the *Christiana* had broken her back on the sands, to fire his uncle into a wrecker's frenzy of rapacity and murder. MacPhail, the postmaster of Iona, told me that there actually had been a wreck in that bay, a bit before Stevenson's time, and that the skipper mistook this blind cove for the deeper entrance to the channel between Earraid and the Ross of Mull (see map, p. 185). That Stevenson heard this tale in 1870 seems as likely as not, so that for him to combine this wreck with the indubitable Armada ship sunk near Tobermory, on the other side of Mull, would be but a simple movement for his nimble and romantic fancy. The third ship, that of

the Spanish treasure-hunters, wrecked among the Merry Men during the action of the story, was evidently a pure figment of the romancer's brain, born whilst he thought of the other wrecks and of the fate of ignorant sailors in a badly rigged ship storm-tossed on that sharp-fanged coast.

As for the terrain itself, it is only a half of a square mile, more or less, of Highland moor set into the sea—rock, bog, grass, and springy beds of heather; nothing, of course, approaching a tree, and hardly an acre of level ground in its whole extent. As we climbed about, my sympathies were strong with Charlie Darnaway in his chase after his poor mad uncle, the day after the storm, and I had no difficulty in imagining the physical distress of the Edinburgh divinity student, soft from a winter spent over his books. Those crags and hummocks would be truly heart-breaking to ascend, and in the haste and disregard of a pursuit, especially, so slippery and uneven to descend that one would be in constant jeopardy of a turned ankle, or even a cracked skull. In "Kidnapped," Stevenson shows that he had not forgotten the quality of his rambles on Earraid, by making David's journey from the channel back to Sandag Bay, a distance of hardly quarter of a mile, cost him half an hour of painful scrambling from rock to bog, and hummock to crag.

Earraid is given a peculiar quality of semi-insularity by the tidal channel to the east. At low tide it appeared like a sandy-bottomed canyon with a rill of salt-water trickling through it. On our return journey we crossed it, almost literally dry-shod. The floor of the channel, before the turn of the tide, stood easily five feet above the level of Aros Bay outside, but in two hours high water would fill it quite a fathom deep. So deep it was when David Balfour saw it first and jumped to the conclusion that he was marooned on a desert island.

There are not many living things on Earraid, but what there are harmonize with the personality of the island. The poisonous vipers that Stevenson's romantic heart loved to dwell upon were not at all in evidence. There were, however, picturesque black-faced horned sheep,

and a dozen or so of goats as wild as deer. Once, for a moment, I saw on the beach of Sandag Bay some of the spotted white seals of the region. Besides these, there were only sea-gulls wheeling overhead with plaintive, "human" cries, the long-necked black cormorants gossiping on their rocks, and the limpets amongst the seaweed, poor and patient as Keats's oyster.

Of more scenic value than the surface of the islet are its surroundings—the Paps of Jura far off to the southeast, the rocks to the immediate west, the mountains of Mull to the northeast looming over the nearer low green pastures, with Ben More dominating them all, that noble peak spoken of as "Ben Kyaw" in "The Merry Men," and in "Kidnapped" serving as David's only landmark. It is not to be called a smiling prospect, the view from Earraid, for every way you look there is but treeless moor and crag and sea-worn rock, set off against broad tracts of empty sea. Yet, even apart from its grandeur of mass and expanse, this landscape on such a sunny day as I saw it first had its points of tender beauty—the gleam of green and silver water, relieved by the whiteness of breakers on the rocks and the moving purple shadows of the clouds, the brilliant green of the rain-washed verdure toning off to the purest blue in the mountain distances, the majestic sunbeams descending in a glory of mist far out on the western plain of the ocean, the bright bell-heather and the harebells, and the orange lichens on the rocks at my feet.

And over across the sound to the northwest lies the sacred isle that men call Iona, or Icolmkill, or simply "I"—the village, the cathedral, and the ruined nunnery standing out bare and clear against the treeless green of the island, whose actual beauty seems haloed by its ancient piety and sway.

Finally, to the south show the rocks and reefs and little bird islands that create the Merry Men and the Roost. These are the rocks of which Stevenson writes so tellingly that "they go down together in troops into the sea like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbors ashore . . . but when the sea is up,

heaven help the man that hears that cauldron boiling."

Thus I saw them, that first day, the great rocks gathering like kine in sunlit water, but that evening a wind sprang up from the southwest. To mine hostess of the Argyll I spoke of wishing to see a proper storm in those waters, and she replied: "It'll be a storm itself we're having the night." It was. The next morning the *Dinara*, the weekly steamer to Skye, declined to land passengers or mail, or even bread for Iona, but stood by in the harbor of Bunessan till the next day. Coll MacDonald's ferry dared not ply, and even the *Hesperus*, the Northern Lights tender, successor to the Stevensons' *Pharos*, felt uneasy in Aros Bay, and took herself off to a quieter roadstead. All this in the partial shelter of Iona Sound. What the Merry Men, on the exposed southern side of Earraid, were up to, literally defies description.

Storm-bound on Iona in good earnest, I clambered to a promontory opposite Earraid, and watched the mad water leap and dance over the reefs that are sown out in the vicinity of Sandag Bay. Truly the Merry Men were holding carnival, and I could almost hear their song at a distance of over two miles, as they smashed and spouted and sucked away at the jagged immovable rocks. Charlie Darnaway is made to speak of these breakers as running fifty feet high, "but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that." No more can I say exactly how high, having seen them only from afar, but if what I saw on the similar coast of Iona be any measure, I can say they leapt as if goaded by the wrath of God or the fury of the devil.

All day long the wind held, and all day long monstrous billows came tirelessly piling in upon the rocks of Iona to fill the island with the thunder of their breaking. Toward night the gale fell off, and by morning there was but a smart breeze, though the swell was still running high in the sound. Learning that boats would venture out, I hired a native yawl and two Gaelic sailors to sail me through the Merry Men and up the little bay to the gut that just keeps Earraid an island.

Some sail, as Scotch, English, and Americans alike would say. A rough

passage over the sound against wind and tide, then right in amongst the rocks, so that the spray from the breakers wet us, now bearing full upon a reef marked only by boiling white water at one moment and showing its discolored teeth at the next, as the billows sucked away from it, then sheering away from that danger only to run ten yards to windward of a spray-washed cliff. Happily the canny Gael at the tiller had nerves of whipcord, and he knew those reefs and their tricks as an animal tamer knows his lions, so that he took us safely into the entrance to the channel and back home again. For all that, there could be no question as to the fate of any vessel, large or small, that should try to navigate in that passage without such intimate and instinctive knowledge as his. Hence the inevitability of the third wreck in "The Merry Men." From this angle of approach, too, one could understand how the *Christiana* was cast away, for Sandag Bay did look to an unpractised eye enough like the entrance to the gut to deceive any skipper on a stormy night, seeking anxiously for refuge. Scarcely, however, does it seem the place for a ship to be driven into after a whole day's struggle, as the uncle pictures it: "A sair day they had of it; their hands was never aff the sheets, and it perishin' cauld—ower cauld to snaw; and aye they would get a bit nip o' wind, and awa' again, to pit the emp'y hope into them. Eh, man! but they had a sair day for the last o't! . . . But, man! the dunt that she cam' doon wi' when she struck! Lord save us a'! but it's an unco life to be a sailor—a cauld, wanchancy life."

We must allow something, after all, to the author's imagination. The greatest trouble with a literary pilgrimage like this one is just that we somehow expect, against reason, to find everything exactly as described, not realizing that the picture was painted for us by a man who, by his very quality of art, should be exceptionally endowed with imagination and sentiment, and that he was working under the excitement of creation and pre-occupied with the dramatic emotions of his self-borne characters. Such being the case, we must expect to find the actuality, viewed in cold blood and prose, a little less brilliantly colored.

Less, however, than any other literary setting I know does Earraid let you down. If Stevenson has overstressed the vipers in his zeal for the romantic, at least he left you to discover the seals, those mysterious ladies out of the sea, for yourself. If he has, as he admits in the preface to "Kidnapped," moved the Torran Rocks several miles nearer to Earraid, if he has somewhat altered Sandag Bay, and transported to it an Armada ship from twenty miles away, why, that is but testimony to the godlike power of the creative imagination.

The firm-handed way in which Stevenson moulded his material is further shown by the fact that though "Kidnapped" and "The Merry Men" deal with much the same period of time, the latter half of the eighteenth century, in the one he represents the islet as uninhabited, while in the other he has the rather superior family of Darnaways living there. A similar freedom in adapting his setting to his purpose is manifested when he makes David Balfour haunt the rocks on the northwest of Earraid and yearn for the warmth and companionship of the fire-sides of Iona, seen so clearly across the sound, while in "The Merry Men" it suits him to take no cognizance of that blessed isle, and to allow the reader to think of "Aros" as unsheltered from the great desert ocean to the west.

But Stevenson's variations from his model are as nothing to his conformities with it. The picture in "The Merry Men" is practically identical with that in "Kidnapped," and both, as I learned from my pilgrimage, are close to the original. The "Memoirs of an Islet" and the references in the letters are really less positive evidence as to the hold that Eilean Earraid had taken upon Stevenson's imagination than the fact that twelve and fifteen years after leaving it he used it as setting for two stories, complete and unchanged not only in its general character and location but in all details of contour, vegetation, climate, and surroundings. I make no doubt that during that summer of 1870, the boy, on the threshold of a creative manhood, let his romance-weaving mind rove about the islet, making it the scene of any number of fantastic and thrilling adventures in

the manner of his favorite Scott. From these, after a lapse of ten years and more, he selected with a maturer mind the material for that grim "story of wrecks, as they appear to the dweller on the coast," and for the episode of Davy Balfour's miserable experience as a castaway.

And why should not Earraid have made this impression on him—him, a Scotsman, a scion of that line of light-builders to whom the western islands were a work-

ground and a monument? Yes, even though one be alien to such traditions of family and nation, Earraid, with its semi-insularity, its heathery crags, its outlook upon storied Iona and a quadrant of the unbroken ocean, with its deadly reefs and weirdly mewing sea-birds—Eilean Earraid just herself, hard, wild, strange, withdrawn from the paths of men, captivates the imagination and bewitches the heart of any one who has a vein of true romance.

The Peril of Labor

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN



If a skipper of a ship in a fog keeps the strictest outlook, he may even yet strike a hidden reef and go down. In such a case we regard the disaster as practically unavoidable,

because he was following the best-known rules of the sea. But the errors of leadership of organized labor cannot be thus typified. They may rather be compared with the possible action of some eccentric aviator. When our great Pacific fleet was moving south along the west coast of South America, suppose an opinionated flier had become convinced—after sailing for days close to a shore hidden to the zenith by dark clouds—that there were no Andes to the east behind those clouds. From his own personal observation there could be seen only thick mists produced by the cold antarctic current condensing the moisture in the upper air. Of course, he had heard that geographers and scientific folk had declared the existence of a lofty mountain range close to the Pacific coast; but, he reasoned, these academic persons were mere theorists, for to the observant traveller there were in fact no such mountains. Therefore, obstinately sure of his opinion, he decided to act on it. One fine morning he rose from the mother ship in his plane to about a thousand feet and

steered due east at full speed for Brazil and the Atlantic Ocean. Needless to say, no trace of him would ever have been reported. And so it must be with any leader of labor who fanatically plunges into the rugged world of industry without the guidance of established economic experience. If he acts in this way, he obviously imperils the organization he represents. But why should he go to smash to prove what has been already established by scientific methods?

II

As every one knows, there has sprung up in recent years a class of leaders who have been both a cause and a result of the growth of unionism. Unionization has been forced in many cases where it would otherwise have lagged, and the nature of the union has called to control men of a special type. Most of them must be of a sort suited for propaganda and the dissemination of views adapted to extend the influence of the unions. Mentally they are committed to a point of view; they are not as a rule searchers after economic truth. Hence the agitator is frequently found in office. But in the class of workingmen, just as in other classes of men, there are included all types of mind, the conservatives and extremists, the ignorant and intelligent, the industrious and lazy, the reasonable and

unreasonable, the evil and the worthy. To hold his place, therefore, the labor leader must be primarily a politician; he must adjust his policy to the views most largely held by his group. To keep his following he may pose as a conservative, and yet, in fact, aid in dangerously revolutionary operations; to get the support of the general public he will advertise the patriotism of the unions as if they were the only class engaged in the war, and at the same time abet strikes and cessation of work to gain a party point at the expense of the very existence of the nation. A unionist code of morals has sprung up which places the union above the state wherever their interests conflict and justifies acts which would be condemned by the accepted thinking of civilized society. Truculence, bullying, brutality, persecution, even arson and murder, have been used to carry a point. Such things, of course, are repugnant to the great number of reasonable and fair-minded working men. Hence it has become common to say we must distinguish between the often vicious point of view of the leaders and the generally sensible attitude of the men in the unions. It may be that, by the very nature of the organization in a union, the unscrupulous get to the front and do not rightly represent their constituency. If a leader, for instance, has received a bribe to call off a strike which he has threatened for the very purpose of blackmail, the rank and file are supposed to know nothing of it. But, whatever the cause, a situation has come about in which the leaders practically supply their membership with their reading, direct the general course of their beliefs on the subjects of labor and capital, and have even countenanced a systematic agitation against any opposition to their views. The independent press, so far as it reaches the workers, is the only corrective.

III

VERY few persons can think correctly in any subject. Our colleges and universities have had almost no influence on the economic thinking of our people, except to provide with fact and argument those who have already preconceived convictions. To-day the way the country goes

on a great economic issue is a matter of chance, the accident of the presentation of the question by self-interested politicians. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that union members hold as many erroneous and false economic views as those in other walks of life. The point of danger about it is that organized labor can base its combined action on these mistaken opinions and drive it home to the irretrievable danger of its membership and society as well. If its leadership can force its thinking on its members, it is not of much practical importance to say that it does not correctly represent the mass of reasonable workmen. It is of importance, however, to note the thinking of these labor leaders and to test its quality by some economic standards. It is well to inquire of the aviator driving into the clouds hiding the Andes whether his opinions are well-conceived.

Without going far afield, it is obvious that unionist opinion finds itself in antagonism to the existing economic system; its immediate demands are for higher wages and better conditions of employment, but its writings and arguments go much farther. Of course, those leaders who court popular support aver that they detest socialism; but their protestations are not convincing. Everywhere in unionist utterances is to be found a conviction that the share paid to labor is unjust; often that labor produces the whole product; that under the present wage system the workers are enslaved; that the share of the capitalistic employer is large at the expense of wages; that wages can be advanced to any limit because of the amazing expenditure of the rich; that profits are an inexhaustible fund on which a laborer should draw by every means at his command; that employment at wages fixed by his own desires is a right; that industry should more and more be controlled by the state; and, in general, that the existing system of distribution of the product is so unjust that labor should be placed in more or less power over the management of industry to the end of obtaining a larger share for labor. This brief summary, however, is very restrained. The radicals have so "bored into" the unionist pronouncements as to make the above statement of their de-

mands seem like colorless conservatism. But, without making the unionists (whose demands range from higher wages to revolutionary communism) responsible for the opinions of the extremists, it is clear that in general they were taught to look for "a new social order" at the end of the war; and the change of the present industrial system to a new social order is, of course, only a change to socialism. All the persistent agitation of the unionists sooner or later merges into the current of socialism. Inevitably there appears sooner or later the antagonism to private property and capitalism. This conclusion may be met by a superior smile of the *intelligentsia* and the remark: "Of course, that is the end in view; it was not necessary to make this labored demonstration of it." Nevertheless, it is not the end which the great mass of intelligent workers in this country desire; but they are being insidiously swept on to that inevitable end by the guidance of their leaders. Unless one is mistaken in reading human nature, we are likely to see a cleavage in the ranks of the workers on the fundamental differences between conservative and radical temperaments, lines which are so fixed in human nature that they do not conform to the divisions between employees and employers.

IV

THE crux of the situation lies in the necessity of the leaders to hold their following by showing increasing energy in propaganda both as to numbers and dogma; while at the same time the true meaning of the agitation is becoming clearer and clearer, and the futility of carrying on industry without encouraging the saving of capital as well as insuring its safety, and the resistance of common sense and human nature to a weakening of property rights, is everywhere emerging. No writing or teaching on the fallacies of socialism has had much effect on the thinking of the world compared with the unexpected and amazing demonstration of its actual working in Russia. Sovietism is nothing but socialism plus force; socialistic theory enforced by a most brutal tyranny. The world has had teaching on socialism by Russia on such

a colossal scale that it has been made clear to the meanest understanding. Not only the socialistic, but the unionist, agitation has felt the jolt.

As the unions seem to have passed more and more under the influence of the extremists, the fuller understanding of the aims of the leaders has stiffened the fundamental instincts of the Anglo-Saxon to resist attacks on the safety of capital and any infringement of its rights to property. It is not a matter of argument. It is the action of primary instincts under which the present industrial world came into being with its accumulated aids to the cheap production of the very essentials of modern life. It has been stated by a biographer of President Wilson that it is an issue between "human rights and property rights." In fact, property rights arose only because they were human rights. Historical jurisprudence has shown us that law came from within, not being imposed from without; that the habits and customs of a people were crystallized into its codes. Property rights developed out of primitive need. There is nothing immutable about property rights; they are what they are because the race is what it is. They are expressions of the wishes of the race shaped during many centuries.

The right of a man also to the use and control over his capitalistic tools and equipment, whether it be a carpenter's hammer, a man's factory, or a farmer's horse, is as little open to question. The claim of a farmer to his capital in the form of a horse and to the returns for its use and depreciation, admit of no argument with the rank and file; it is based on a primary sense of right over his own possessions. It is more necessary to the protection of the man of scanty property than to the rich, who can easily take care of themselves. Against these fundamental requirements the steadily expanding demands of the extremists have been held up; against this *impasse* socialistic and revolutionary agitation has come to a halt.

V

As radical leaders have been brought up against this barrier they have come to see that their subversive views will

never be accepted voluntarily by possessors of capital and property. The colossal egotism of the fanatic, who so believes in his self-appointed judgments (as against that of the commonweal) that he intends to force them upon others contrary to their will, inevitably leads to the policy of "direct action," or force. Consequently, the problem to leaders of organized labor to-day is how to force their demands upon a resisting public. In what way, in default of peaceful persuasion, can the policy of "direct action" be carried out? How can the primary instincts of man be overcome?

The first method—by physical force, by strikes, intimidation, boycotting, picketing, threats, and assaults—has admittedly not been successful in gaining the ends of organized labor, even for such simple purposes as an increase of wages. It is now generally agreed that, in an ordinary condition of the labor market, if order is preserved by the state, strikes are ineffectual. Force can, of course, be applied equally by both sides, if the state fails in its duty. In Italy, for instance, the Fascisti gave the Communists a dose of their own medicine and forced their retirement. In Russia we know that the power of an unparalleled tyranny has not been able to make a success of revolutionary doctrine. It has reduced a granary of the world to a devastated, starving territory. Lenine and the Kaiser have both sufficiently demonstrated the futility of a policy of force.

Another method has by experience proved much easier and more effective. If the source of legislation can be controlled, even extreme doctrines can be enforced on others against their will by law. This is "direct action" by political means. Leaders of organized labor and extremists find this an effective method because politicians are open to deals for votes. Thus the Adamson Law was forced upon Congress in the sole interest of the railway brotherhoods. After the experience with government control during the war the unions very naturally prefer to deal with pliant politicians. If nationalization of railways and industries were established, similar class legislation could be passed by bargaining for votes. Such direct action does not depend upon argu-

ment and persuasion but upon success in political strategy. Industry under it would cease to be governed by efficient management, but instead it would pass under political control, and the end would be a certain rise in cost of living. Only when an *imperium in imperio* is created will it be possible for truculent leaders of the railway brotherhoods effectively to say, as they did in August, 1919, in opposing the return of the railways to their owners: "The brotherhoods were in no mood to brook the return of the lines to their former control." Or, if their demands are refused, they reply that "in that case, we cannot restrain our men; we do not know what will happen." But, where, we ask, is authority lodged, in the unions or in the Government of the United States? Can the opinions of the few be forced on the majority? Direct action by politics is a two-edged sword which, like physical force, can be used on both sides. It is a dangerous weapon to introduce. Capital, too, can resort to direct action. It is better to avoid its use on either side.

VI

THE resort to force and direct action is the tacit admission that the demands of organized labor will not be voluntarily accepted. Nevertheless, they are being pressed with all the authority of the large union membership. But, if the leaders are untrained in economic analysis, if they adopt impossible and fanatical plans that are ruinous to industry, their policy is certain to bring disaster, not only to the community but to the men who make up the unions. We have recently had some remarkable illustrations of the manner in which the wrong-headedness of labor leaders has compromised their following.

In the painful readjustment of costs and prices to a lower level, after the crisis of 1920-1921, so that demand might again be able to call for continuous production, the leaders of the railway unions clung to the idea that they could make an exception to economic law in their favor. It was well understood that high materials and wages had held up the level of war prices; but materials had fallen, as well

as wages in other industries. With great audacity they decided to insist for themselves on war wages. They had been afflicted with a megacephalous conception of their power to enforce their wishes. After the precedent of the Adamson Act they set out to threaten the very government with "direct action." Since January 1, 1917, the outlay of the railways for labor per annum had increased from \$1,465,000,000 to more than \$3,900,000,000; and yet, because the Labor Board granted a reduction of 12 per cent in wages on July 1, 1921, amounting to about \$400,000,000, they called a strike. They were not satisfied with having \$2,000,000,000 more wages than in 1917. Or, compared with December, 1917, their wages had increased from 55 to 113 per cent, while cost of living had gone up only 24.5 per cent. The strike was a challenge to the United States through the Labor Board. The strike was, in effect, a blow at lowered freights for the farmers and consumers in general. In spite of all this, the leaders proposed to shut off coal and food from the cities, to cut off millions from the use of the railways, to hold up measures for the reduction of unemployment just when business was slowly recovering—in support of inane and impossible demands. Public opinion forced the calling off of the strike.

In utter disregard of public necessities the leaders made their membership accessory to an economic error whose consequences would have been almost infinitely disastrous. The assumption in such strikes is that, occupying a key position by which they have a power to paralyze industry, the public and the government have no option but to grant their demands, no matter how extreme they may be. The effect is exactly the opposite. The irresistible conclusion is forced on the country that action should be taken to prevent in the future any small group of persons from holding up the nation, for its own selfish purposes. If men take employment on the railways, which are affected by a public interest, they must accept the fact that they are not as free to indulge their whims about stopping work as they would be in a private industry. The attitude of the railway unions disclosed a wholly mistaken

psychology, a state of mind out of touch with the practical world in which we live. In taking such a position the leaders compromised their membership in the eyes of all other citizens, and made them seem as if they were no better than highwaymen. This is an imputation that the great body of intelligent railway men would instantly resent.

Nothing has been settled by calling off the railway strike, except possibly to reduce the country's belief in the power of the unions. The problem still remains, for the contumacious attitude of the leaders remains the same. When the federal court in Indianapolis declared that the coal-miners could not force unionization on a district where it was not wanted and forbade the employers to "check off" union dues from miners' wages, the answer of the unions was practical defiance. The hold of the leaders would, of course, be much weakened if they had to depend for funds on the voluntary payment of dues by members of the union. The effect on public opinion has been cumulative. The action of the miners on top of the railway fiasco tends to create an almost universal prejudice against the doings of all labor-unions. And yet the unions have legitimate and useful functions to perform. In truth, labor is imperilled by its own leadership.

VII

FOR some unaccountable reasons the leaders of the unions have assumed that truculence, threats, and ugly intimidations are the only means by which they can accomplish their purposes. Their Prussian methods of bullying and the use of force have no other results than the creation of bad blood between the men and their employers. If their leadership were worthy of the name, it would aim at establishing such relations with the other necessary factors of production that amelioration of conditions and better pay would be made possible rather than impossible. Again and again officious leaders have intervened to prevent friendly relations between workers and employers, in order to keep their membership in hand for combined action on any policy set by the leaders. The idea of one big

union, or that employers should not be allowed to negotiate with their workers, except through an outside representative of the unions, bears in the same direction. These "oral laborers" are more concerned in keeping themselves in office than in forwarding the real progress of their members.

An army is always in peril under a stupid or incompetent general. It may be led to defeat and slaughter against its own will. That the members of unions have suffered incalculably from bad leadership is only too true. The bane of the working men is the low quality of their leaders. In temper, in intellectual power, in disrespect for the long process by which civil liberty has been won for all classes, in contempt for law and order, they are, with some obvious exceptions, often unfitted for leadership. But, in the main, their mistakes have been due to lack of economic training and insight. Men have seldom sought the study of economics and the ways of increasing wages from a desire to get at the truth, and afterward gone into unionism; but, as a rule, those who have had a personal stake in labor organizations or who have already fixed *a priori* convictions afterward have gone into economics to find support for these convictions. The creation of labor colleges is a case in point. It is like establishing an institution to teach free silver, or protectionism.

Assuming that the lucubrations of earnest but untrained labor leaders are more to be trusted than the impartial, scientific study of all economists since Adam Smith, the results which have been reached on wages and allied topics of distribution have been largely ignored. It may be said, obviously, that economists do not agree on these subjects; but it should be understood that the many differences of economists are the inevitable concomitants of a live and progressive science. Nevertheless, a general residuum of accepted principles affecting wages can be counted on. Without going into detail here,* it is clearly understood that an increase of efficiency is a cause of higher wages. Every one knows that more pay

can be commanded by a skilled than by an unskilled laborer. Moreover, if the joint efforts of the factors of production (resources, management, labor, and capital) can be made to yield more product, more can be paid to each. In fact, higher wages in the United States than in some other countries have prevailed for years, because our productivity was greater. By working in accord with, rather than against, positive economic forces, gains to labor might be easily achieved, rather than defeated. In bringing such results to fruition unions can play an important part. There is no opposition to organization of labor in itself, but only to the abuse of its power by wrong-headed leaders.

The peril to labor, moreover, lies not only in the lack of economic understanding by their leaders, but in the frequent cases where half-baked theorizing crystallizes into fanatical bigotry which then governs the policy of the unions. Thus some leaders may be absolutely sincere, and yet their fanaticism makes them blind to conditions which might have been used to the advantage of the general body of members. During the English coal strike the opinions of the leaders of the miners were, no doubt, honest; but that did not prevent action which, at a critical time in the recovery of business, cut ruinously into English exports, weakened her foreign exchange, crippled the chief industries of the nation, and worked evil not only to the coal industry but to the finances of the state. The effect was the same as if they had been avowedly disloyal to the state.

In looking forward to the possible betterment of our industrial relations we must admit the fact that the union leaders encourage industrial inefficiency by "making work," and are insisting on policies directly antagonizing the racial instincts regarding the safety of capital and property as well as the accumulated respect for constituted authority exercised by the modern state. Direct action can make little headway against such obstacles. Such an attitude can be likened only to that of the eccentric aviator who would drive ahead regardless of all evidence that the rugged Andes do lie behind the clouds on the Pacific coast.

* See the writer's "Latter-Day Problems" (Scribner's) on *The Hope for Labor Unions*, and other similar studies.

What Shall I Believe?

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING

Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University; author of "What Am I?" etc.



NOT long since a friend asked me if there was a conflict between science and religion, and, when I told him that I was convinced there was not, he requested me to make

this article. Long before the conversation with my friend I had, however, reflected on the questions which he and my forum audience raised. What shall I believe? Or, if one prefer, Why should I believe? What is there, when one examines frankly and fearlessly the realms of science, of art, of literature, of history, that, apart from profound emotional experience, from tradition, and from the will to believe, allows or even compels one to believe?

In those who ask this question I can, I confess, find no spirit of irreverence, although it may be that that which they revere above all other things is the truth. But this means that the truth is regarded by them as itself a good—indeed, as perhaps that good which is better or higher than anything else. And it is worthy of remark at this point that again and again in ecclesiastical history the truth as an immaterial, ideal, and universal entity has been regarded as an essential characteristic of the nature of the Divine Being.

The question, What shall I believe? is, then, not irreverent. It can be so regarded only provided one presupposes that it is the very nature of the Divine Being to disapprove of all sincere questioning. But to maintain that this is the nature of the Divine Being is to give an answer to the implicit question, In what kind of a Divine Being shall I believe? It is an answer to a question which, if it is not asked by devout believers now, was certainly asked by those who in the past determined that very dogma which forms the content of certain specific beliefs to-day. For present unquestioning belief is itself in many instances the historical product of questions that have been answered by those great masters of the church who in the past sought the truth, and acknowledged the progress of rational and free inquiry, albeit their answer may have been that the truth is accessible only

an address on the subject before a forum consisting of the congregations of two churches. I accepted the invitation, and in due time forth I went, made my argument, and stood a strenuous cross-examination for an hour afterward.

I relate the incident, because through it I discovered an interest on the part of the members of two orthodox congregations in having the principles of their faith brought into contact with certain specific knowledge that has arisen in our modern civilization, especially that knowledge which is identical with science. I found that there was the demand for free discussion, for question and answer, with no dodging of the issue. In brief, I discovered that a question was present in the minds of many devout and reverent people, the question, namely, as to what is the bearing of the results of modern science, when these results are fairly stated as the scientist states them, on one's faith and belief.

That my audience was typical I am convinced. It consisted largely of church-members. At one time or another they had come to believe. Either they had been brought up in an environment in which it was the tradition to believe, or they had had a highly emotional and unanalyzed experience, or, consciously or unconsciously, they had exercised the will to believe. But now, whatever may have been the origin of their belief, and still holding to it, they desired to examine its relation to science and to reason, as well as to tradition, emotion, or the will to believe.

This incident has led to the writing of

through that divine enlightenment and aid which come from revelation. But, again, to maintain that one shall believe in a Divine Being who reveals the truth, is to ask and then answer the question, What shall I believe?

In a previous article the question was asked, What am I? * and the appeal was made to science in order to find an answer. The result was that it was found that even the very answers that science itself gives to this question carry one beyond science and into a realm in which personality is discovered to be an entity that is unitary, qualitatively new, and free from the limitations of those scientific realms to which it also belongs. It was found that the personality belongs to those realms with which, not science, but religion, art, literature, and philosophy deal. True personality is found only at this level. I am all that science claims, but I am also that which was recognized to be a fact long before there was any science, and must still be so recognized.

The answer to my first question led me, then, beyond science, so that, as I approach my second question, I am familiar with the conviction that science is not all, however counter to this its own claim may be.

In seeking an answer to my new question I take belief as I find it and ask, What are the facts, apart from tradition, emotional experience, and the will to believe, that lead one to believe? It would thus seem that I am searching for proof, for demonstration, at least to a certain extent, and I confess that I am. But proof and demonstration have degrees. The lesser degrees are supplemented logically by probability, psychologically by conviction. For example, that the individuals of a species vary in structure and function can be directly observed, but that one species evolves from another by virtue of minute variations that are advantageous, is not directly demonstrable. Nevertheless by the strict Darwinians this is believed to have been the most probable course of evolution. However, no one has ever seen evolution actually taking place by such means. Science is replete with similar examples.

Belief also may have different degrees, and, accordingly, different definitions. It may be defined, for example, as "the holding to be true in the absence of direct proof and demonstration"; also as "the holding to be necessarily true, with the opposite regarded as inconceivable"; or, finally, as "the holding to be true notwithstanding demonstration to the contrary." But with this psychological question I am not primarily concerned. Rather, my question is, What facts can I discover that compel me to believe, and, believing, what is the content of my belief when it is reasoned about? Finally, what is absolutely essential to belief and what is not?

What means, now, shall one take in order to answer these questions with a maximum of proof and demonstration, and a minimum of assumption? I answer that such a means is furnished by again asking and giving an answer to the question, Are there certain facts that science is incapable of dealing with? The reply that I find myself obliged to give is, "Yes, there are."

Science deals with electrons, atoms, energy, evolution, cells, machines, statistics, and a host of other things, but as yet we have no strictly and exclusively scientific account of personality, love, sincerity, goodness, beauty, justice, and the like. Yet these are as undeniably and directly experienced as are any of the whole gamut of scientific facts. Indeed, at that level at which personality comes in contact with personality, it is to such facts that all science, both pure and applied, is ultimately subservient as a means to an end. For either science is good in itself, which means that knowledge for its own sake, like beauty, is good; or science is but a means to that which is good—such as the production of works of art, the bettering of the material and social conditions of living, the alleviation of pain and suffering, and the like. And I am not sure but that one may doubt whether, when the account is balanced, and the evil that science is capable of producing, as in war, is debited against the good, science has produced an age that is better than those ages which were without science.

I shall denote these non-scientific facts

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1922.

by the well-recognized term "values," and then distinguish among values two kinds, namely, ethical and æsthetic, identifying the former with *the good*, and the latter with *the beautiful*. There is no doubt that we experience these values, that we are actuated by them, and that we judge things by their means. Thus values are efficient causes, forces, powers in our lives, albeit they are immaterial. In brief, it is by values that we live. Also there is no doubt that neither of these two kinds of values is reducible to, or definable in, any other terms ultimately than itself. Sooner or later in any attempt to define values a point is reached beyond which one cannot go. The good and the beautiful are, as the scholastics would say, *sui generis*. Thus, for example, to till the soil is good, because it produces food; food is good, because it keeps men in health; health is good, because it conduces to life; and life is good, —but why? And what is that good which life is? The good is an ultimate concept which one can only liken to the beautiful and admit to be an undeniable and final fact of experience.

Nor is the outcome different if, having versed ourselves in the history of such ethical doctrines as Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Utilitarianism, we compare these as to their merits. For by such comparison we endeavor to arrange the three in accordance with a scale of goodness in order to find which doctrine is the best or highest good as a rule of life. But goodness itself as the common factor in respect to which we compare these doctrines is not itself comparable with anything else. It is as much a fact in this universe as is length, but it is a different kind of fact, and there is no scale on which goodness and length can be compared.

Seemingly, then, I must admit that I live in the presence of goodness as the common factor or invariant of those particular facts that are good. In experiencing those facts I experience it, and experiencing it, I arrange those facts in a scale according to degrees of goodness, or in a series of means to ends, until in the one instance I reach the highest good, and in the other an end which is not in turn a means, but is good for and by itself alone.

Values, then, are experienced, and, being experienced, are reasoned about. We find particular instances of things that are good as well as of those that are bad, and we reason about them. In fact we discover by reasoning that there is a distinction between concrete, particular good things, such as a brave act, a kind word, an honest man, a just nation, and the good as an ideal. The actually existing particular good may never reach the ideal. Further, we find that the good is dynamic in character. It is a force, an impelling power, in the sense that it inspires and leads men to action, whether it is the concrete or the ideal good, or both, of which they are conscious.

Indeed, even when men explicitly deny the good, they implicitly presuppose it. They act on the basis of the good whether they will or no. Whatever course of action is adopted is presupposed to be better than any alternative course that is not, and, therefore, to belong to the realm of the good. For example, to give up one's life as something evil is to presuppose that something is good, namely, either death itself or that to which the sacrifice of one's own life may lead. Such is the motive indeed that actuates many of those who die for their country in war. The good, then, is something that cannot be escaped. It is experienced, presupposed, and lived by, although there may be radically different and even contradictory views as to what the good is in particular circumstances.

However, in the broader realm of values that includes both the good and the beautiful, there are also directly and undeniably experienced evil and ugliness. These may be called negative values. Evil and ugliness are no more identical with the things with which science deals than are goodness and beauty, and yet they are in opposition to, and in direct conflict with, goodness and beauty respectively. How, now, shall these negative values be accounted for, especially evil? What is its status, its place in the scheme of things?

Things that are commonly regarded as evil are, perhaps unfortunately, too familiar to demand illustration. But in order to present two typical ways of dealing with evil, or with the problem which

it presents, two examples of evil may be selected, namely, war and poverty.

Is war an evil? The answer depends on the point of view, which in turn depends on one's philosophy. But what philosophy can possibly allow or maintain that war is not an evil?

The answer to this question is found in that very special and widely influential philosophy which is called Idealism, or, preferably, Objective Idealism. This philosophy originated in Greek thought in the fifth century B. C., but reached the climax of its development in the nineteenth century in the system of Hegel and his followers, among whom are included our own Emerson and Royce. A constant stimulus to the modern development of this philosophy has been science. For science seems to be in its implications absolutely deterministic or fatalistic, non-moral, soulless and godless, and Idealism promises a way of escape. This is accomplished logically by distinguishing between appearance and reality, between the related and the relater, between the opposed or conflicting and the synthesizing, between the many and the One. Science is held to be concerned with only the first member of each of these pairs of terms and therefore to imply something beyond or transcendent to, and different in kind from, the things of science. Accordingly, the conclusion is reached that there is One Absolute and Spiritual Being who is ultimate reality, synthesizer and relater, in contrast with all other things as the manifold of illusory appearances. In that One all oppositions and differences are held to disappear. There is in the Absolute One no right and left, no up and down, no attraction and repulsion, no cause and effect, no subject and predicate. And the case is not different with evil. It, too, in the Absolute disappears.

Idealism, then, is that philosophy which holds that there is an Absolute One that may be identified with perfect and complete Personality, all-knowing, all-powerful, and all-good. Human history is regarded as a manifestation of that One, so that nothing which appears in history is *admitted to be* ultimately evil. All evil is mere appearance. Its character as evil is lost, absorbed, transformed in an all-inclusive Being. Evil seems to

be evil, therefore, and a very real fact, only because it is regarded from a limited point of view. But as viewed by an All-Knower it vanishes. Thus it is that the evil of war, as a seemingly very specific and horrible evil, is argued out of existence. Indeed, who of us have not heard the argument, quite in keeping with Idealism, that the Great War would be seen to be a good if one could only have a sufficiently broad knowledge of all the circumstances and results past, present, and future, connected with it?

But this idealistic method is not the only way of disposing of evil. There is also a scientific method. Science, and especially that naturalistic philosophy which grows out of science, must have its own solution for each of the pressing problems that Idealism claims to be able to solve, or yield to Idealism; and evil presents such a problem. The scientific and naturalistic way of treating evil is well exemplified by the solution that is given to the problem of poverty.

Is not poverty, and the suffering which it entails, an undeniable evil—poverty as it affects a large part of the world's population? It would certainly seem to be until one considers evolution and its factors—at least those factors that Darwin emphasized. Those factors are (1) the differences, both great and small, among all the individuals of a species; (2) the chance occurrence of these differences; (3) the chance advantage given to some individuals by certain specific differences; (4) the unfavorable character, in some respects, of the environment; (5) the fact of great fecundity, and, therefore, of the lack of sufficient food for all individuals; (6) the resulting struggle for existence and survival of the fittest in the sense of the strongest; and (7) the inheritance by each successive generation of the average of those individuals of the preceding generation that survive. This is, in brief, the Darwinian recipe for progress—a progress which shall include the production of new species and the differentiation and specialization of structures and functions, both physical and mental—but a progress whose only standard or norm is constant or increasing adaptation to, or usefulness in, each specific environment. In such a scheme everything is either a

means to or an incident of this one end, and poverty is no exception. Poverty is hard on the individual; it is the price to be paid by the individual for being weak; but it disappears as an evil if it is regarded as an incident that is necessary in order that the species may progress toward fitness and strength. Nor is the argument different as applied to nations. No wonder that the Germans, science-mad and swallowing whole a Darwinian ethics, preached the doctrine that small and weak nations have no right to survive.

There are these two chief ways of nullifying evil, of showing that it is not what it seems, and there may be other ways. But if there are, then there is always one remaining philosophy that allows evil to stand at its full face value and that finds all methods of arguing it out of existence to be invalid. Whether or not one accepts this perhaps more uncomfortable view will depend on whether or not some method of disposing of evil other than by fighting it is convincing, but, according to my philosophy, there is no such method. Evil is evil, and it cannot be transformed or argued out of existence. There are evil persons, evil motives and deeds, evil institutions and practices, evil forces. Indeed, running through all evil things is evil itself.

I find, then, in answer to my question, What shall I believe? that the world is peculiarly divided and then redivided. There are the indifferent non-values of science—such things as atoms, masses, motion—and there are values; values are æsthetic and ethical, and these logically include, the former, the beautiful and the ugly, the latter, good and evil.

Directing my attention to the last two, I find that there is in the affairs of men a conflict between good and evil. I find, too, that each exists both in particular cases and as a principle. I put the goods together, both the particular instances and the principle, and recognize in the combination a reality or a power in the sense that the Good is efficient in influencing men to action and in leading them to be their best and highest selves. The Good is an immaterial force. I likewise recognize in the combination of particular evils and the principle of evil a reality that works efficiently to oppose the

Good. I then observe humanity, in whom and in whose affairs the fight takes place, and discover that the only means by which evil is combated is by the Good. I study history, and again the conflict is revealed. But this means, it seems to me, that throughout history, working in men, inspiring them and aiding them, there has been a reality, a power, that is identical with the Good, and that, taking things by and large, the Good has not been vanquished. Rather, I believe it has been winning. I must admit, however, that I cannot prove this. It is only my belief, and belief begins where demonstration ends.

I have reached, then, a certain basic answer to my question, What shall I believe? Part of that answer I can demonstrate, namely, that there is something in the world besides physical fact, and that is goodness, or the Good. I can demonstrate, also, that the Good throughout history has actuated and inspired men. It has always been working. But I am not able to demonstrate that this reality always will work, or that, working, it always will be victorious. However, I believe that it will both continue to work and be victorious. This, then, is my first answer to my question.

It is an answer, however, that is derived, not by arbitrarily limiting science in order logically to find opportunity for the Good, but by finding first the fact of the Good and then the necessity of acknowledging the limits of science. It is an answer, too, that identifies the Good, not with a power that is confined to human affairs, but with a cosmic reality—a reality in the universe that exists side by side with those realities with which science deals. Belief in such a reality is trust and confidence; it is a belief that means hope, humility, and reverence, and the conviction that in those efforts and endeavors that are the best in human nature there is the presence of a Moral Ally. Belief in a Being of this kind is belief in a God who, if he is not known and understood intellectually, is nevertheless used by men in the business of living.

But the objection will doubtless be raised that this conclusion gives far too limited an answer to my question, and

that there is much more in belief and faith than the conviction that there is a power in the universe that is identical with the Good. While the objection is granted in part, the reply may nevertheless be made that whatever other content faith and belief may have, they would not be faith and belief in God were they not identical with the conviction that the Good exists and is a power as this has been thus far defined. It is impossible to conceive of God as evil. The conviction that there is a Power that not only makes for but that is righteousness is the very essence of religious faith, toward whatever else faith may also be directed.

There is nothing in principle, however, to prevent the development of this conviction into a greatly enlarged belief. Indeed, such a development is demanded by the very fact that no two personalities are ever quite the same, and because the ethical, religious, and æsthetic nature of the personality is all too richly endowed to be satisfied with the mere conviction of the presence, the conservation, and the increase of the good in the universe. Only one principle of limitation to such an extension of belief must be recognized. This is that as regards those things in which science is authority, science must be allowed to have its way. What shall I believe in addition to my faith in a Power that makes for righteousness? Why, whatever appeals to me as a personality that is in some respects unique, and therefore whatever satisfies my own emotional and æsthetic nature, so long as the specific beliefs that thus arise do not conflict with reason or with science. And what would I have others believe? Only that which appeals to and satisfies the emotional and æsthetic nature as well as the rational character of each personality. There thus appears the principle of the freedom of belief—a principle that might well be recognized side by side with the principles of the freedom of the reason and the freedom of the will.

This very principle of the freedom of belief as it has historically gone hand in hand with its sister principle, the freedom of reason, has as a matter of fact led to the development of a number of specific beliefs, or specific concepts, concerning the nature of the Divine Being. This de-

velopment, however, has always been influenced by the contemporaneous cultural forces in other fields. Thus the fact is that in the historical development of Christianity the Divine Being has been conceived of as Personality, as Power, as All-knower, and as Spirit. Particularly important, however, in this list of attributes is spirituality, for if there is any one concept more than another that traditionally has been regarded as necessary to the nature of the Divine Being it is this. Yet the study of the sources of the influences which historically led to the conception of God as a Spiritual Being shows that this, like other concepts concerning the Divine nature, was at least in part the product of other cultural forces. Thus it is the historical fact that in the thought of Plato and Aristotle there were present the conceptions of the perfect as opposed to the imperfect, of the ideal, the immaterial, the conscious and the personal as opposed to the material, of the eternal as opposed to the ephemeral, of the omnipresent as opposed to the limited, of the true and the rational as opposed to the false and the irrational, and of the intuitive as opposed to the discursive. These conceptions played an important rôle in the period from the second to the fifth century when in the thought of such theologians as Justin Martyr, Origen, and Augustine the Divine Being was first clearly conceived of as spiritual. The spiritual is the perfect, the ideal, the immaterial, the personal, the eternal, the true, and the intuitive, one or all. Thus the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle not only was of profound influence on Christian doctrine but still is of influence through the tradition that was established with the formulation of that doctrine.

When modern science began to develop in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there was, however, the opportunity, psychologically at least, for the development of still further conceptions as to the nature of the Deity, notwithstanding the fact that in certain respects these conceptions logically were inconsistent with science. These inconsistencies were doubtless at first overlooked, as they are even now overlooked. But their removal does not in the least violate the essence of genuine belief or make im-

possible the existence of a deep and devout religious faith. It makes impossible only certain specific and unessential theological conceptions, thus to demand a distinction between theology and faith.

Throughout the Middle Ages, when there was little if any science, there was an ever-growing use of reason, not as a basis for faith, but in order to clarify dogma and to establish the principle of the authority of the church. But in this twofold appeal to reason there was peculiar irony. To use logic to clarify dogma, although the outcome of such reasoning might be the conclusion that one must accept and believe dogma in order to know, was logically to make the infallible fallible and to condition belief by reason. This human tendency to use reason continued to develop when modern science, with its appeal to nature, to experiment, and to its own authority, made its appearance. But the result was that reason as serving faith now had certain novel facts and theories with which to construct new arguments that were regarded not as displacing, but as supplementing, other conceptions of the nature of the Divine Being.

The first great period of modern science was characterized by the development of the mechanical conception of the universe. This conception was the result of the experiments, the observations, and the reasoning of such master minds as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and Laplace. The general guiding-point of view of these pioneers was that only natural causes could be accepted as accounting for natural effects. The specific result of their discoveries was the theory that ultimately there were only two kinds of natural causes: the one, the push of one body striking another; the other, the pull, through gravitation, of bodies on one another. Bodies were naturally in motion, and not at rest, as Aristotle and the church had maintained, and the operation of specific causes of these two types kept all bodies in the whole universe in motion. The result was what is known as the dynamic conception of the universe. In such a dynamic universe every cause is itself the effect of a preceding cause, as far back as one may go. But could this series, this regress of causes and effects,

be infinite? The answer to this question on the part of the theologians and even of some scientists of the period was that it could not, but that there must be a First Cause, a Prime Mover who was Himself Unmoved, a Creator, a Mechanist. Thus it was that there was added to the traditional group of conceptions of the nature of the Divine Being a new group. But may it not have been theology and not religion that was enriched or at least altered thereby?

It is at this point, however, that a specific conflict between science and theology appears. The theologians and the scientists did not at first see the inconsistency of this answer with the genuine implications of science, but this inconsistency became apparent as those implications later became recognized, and especially as still further fundamental scientific conceptions were developed. Lavoisier in 1790 established the principle of the conservation of matter, and later Rumford, Joule, and others the principle of the conservation of energy. As a matter of fact, the science of mechanics implied that for every effect there was a preceding cause in a world of nature that is a group of moving and mutually attracting bodies, and that the series of such effects and causes could have no beginning—in other words, that there was no First Cause, no Prime Mover. Here was a direct conflict between science and theology, and, seemingly, theology must yield. But the conservation of matter and energy also demanded further yielding, for the implication of these two principles is that the creation of something, either matter or energy, out of nothing, is impossible. Matter and energy are only transformed, not created; matter comes from preceding matter, and energy from preceding energy, in both cases without any beginning. Thus again there was direct conflict between science and that specific theological view in which the Divine Being was regarded as having created the material world *ex nihilo*.

But if the mechanistic theory of the universe was the first great development in modern science, the theory of evolution and the general group of biological sciences that centre around that theory form the second. Evolution as a theory

was itself long in evolving, but when it reached maturity in the work of Darwin and his successors, it radically altered every field of human knowledge. Especially did it render logically possible a new explanation of the origin of all living beings and of all those refinements in the usefulness and adaptiveness of organs and functions that so impress the observer of nature as "evidences of design." This explanation was, briefly, that species evolved from other species and were not especially created and eternally fixed, and that the usefulness of organs and functions was the result of the accumulation, through heredity, of minute variations that were advantageous. Criticism and new discoveries since Darwin have somewhat modified the specific explanation made by that great pioneer, but no scientist, whether he is a follower of Lamarck, of Darwin, of De Vries, or of some other leader in the field of biology, doubts that purely natural factors quite adequately and satisfactorily account for all so-called instances of design. This means again, however, that that specific theological view which was based, especially in the eighteenth century, on the argument that the wonderful adaptations found in nature implied a Designer, if it did not conflict with science, was at least rendered unnecessary by science. Just as the science of mechanics does not logically allow of a cause that is first in time and uncaused, or of a creator who makes something out of nothing, so does evolution render at least superfluous the conception of a being who, external to and distinct from the universe, is nevertheless its architect, its designer, or its purposer. In brief, the argument from design loses its cogency in the face of the equally valid explanation that evolution furnishes, just as the argument for a first cause is nullified by the implications of the laws of mechanics and of the principles of the conservation of matter and of energy.

However, that this is the fact has been frankly recognized in both philosophical and theological circles, especially since the time of Kant, with the result that the concept of a First Cause has been interpreted to mean, not first in time, but first in order of reality, first in importance, first transcendently. Similarly the pur-

posive, the teleological, the design element, has been interpreted, not in analogy to what a human mechanist, or architect, or designer does, but as meaning the presence in the universe of the Good and the Beautiful as another aspect of things than that which forms the subject-matter of science. That these are the correct interpretations is, indeed, the verdict of practically all philosophy from the time of the Greeks to the present—a verdict that is opposed only by that philosophy, called Naturalism, which maintains that the *sum* total of the sciences is the only valid philosophy there is. However, it seems to be quite impossible, as we have previously seen, for this naturalistic philosophy to establish its case, even for such a familiar fact as personality.

I conclude, then, that there is an essential distinction between religion and theology; that theology is influenced by contemporaneous tendencies in other fields of thought, such as science, to build up specific theories that are, however, not in the least necessary either to theology or to religion; and, finally, that the irreducible essence of all genuine faith consists in the conviction that in the universe there is a Being who is that reality which is the Good, and which may be identified with the Spiritual, the Transcendent, and the Eternal.

We may now reach a definite answer to our original inquiry. On the one hand, it has been found that, quite apart from believing because of the influence of religious tradition, or because of some deep emotional experience, or because it is possible to will to believe, there are specific reasons for belief that come from a candid examination of all the facts. Belief is quite congruous with science, with history, and with all other bodies of knowledge. It is congruous because that which is believed in is directly experienced as fact. Only one principle of limitation has appeared, and that is, that to science must be allowed the decision as regards certain questions. But to yield to science in this respect is to yield in nothing that is essential to deep and devout religious faith.

If this limitation is observed there still remains, however, ample opportunity for

the exercise of the greatest freedom of belief. Indeed, the principle of the uniqueness of personality not only permits but may even demand those more specific beliefs that are traditional and that may alone satisfy the ethical and æsthetic nature of the personality. In fact, the very recognition of this principle shows that it is irrational to suppose that any two individuals can ever have quite the same belief and faith. A personality is a unique entity, and so also must the belief that arises in a personality be unique.

This recognition of the uniqueness of one's own personality as a special instance of the uniqueness of personality in general demands, however, that the right of each personality to a belief that satisfies that personality, even though it satisfies no other, shall also be recognized. This means that the right of the individual to base his belief on any foundation whatsoever—authority, tradition, emotional experience, the will to believe, and reason, one or all—must be acknowledged, and it must be admitted that if any one of these does not appeal, for example, reason, then there is no way of making it appeal. One who cannot or will not reason cannot be made to reason. Nevertheless, it is only to place oneself in line with the general tendency of the spiritual development of mankind in the broadest sense of this term as including science, literature, art,

and religion, to appeal to reason as at least one basis for faith. In the historical development of religion itself that appeal has in fact not only always been made, especially by the great masters of the church who have formulated doctrine, but it has been made more and more frequently as that development has progressed. Also, life in modern times, in all of its aspects, has come to be founded to an ever greater extent on reason. It is only in keeping, then, with both history and the spirit of the times to appeal to reason as at least supplementing tradition, emotional experience, or the will to believe, as a basis for faith. But one may have a knowledge of all the more important facts of science, history, art, and literature, and one may reason on the basis of this knowledge, and still find the widest freedom for the ethical and æsthetic development and expression of one's personality with no conflict resulting between what reason shows and what is essential to faith. Reason in alliance with science discloses only certain limitations to this freedom.

In fine, the appeal to reason shows that there is a rational justification of faith, but it discloses also the rational demand for a wide freedom of belief, so that the non-rational nature of the personality may be satisfied, and for the recognition of the correlative principle of toleration.

The Love-Vine

BY DOROTHY LIVINGSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



the back of his desk, opened it at random, jotted down the date, July 5, 1919, and wrote:

BECAUSE the afternoon was wet and dull and he had been left quite alone in the apartment, Strong, with one of his brown fingers, beckoned a book from the row at

"Viewing things now from the sixth floor of our New York flat, to her I must have appeared the perfect ass. The idea of a full-grown man, first officer of a sizable liner, grouching about the deck at five in the morning, sifting, to the best of his ability, deck-chairs, cushions, and sundry, seems absurd. But at the moment of our first meeting my mind was far from effects in heroes and heroine-ship."

He drew lines of disapproval through this much.

"I'll begin where I met her and do preliminaries some other time."

As I secured the rope supporting the last group of chairs, a vision in pink, something she calls organdie, was blown around the corner of the for'ard cabin. The vision smiled upon me through the ends of a veil, and some curls—golden, but red where the sun shone upon them.

"Have you lost a diamond necklace?" asked the vision, in a tone that convinced me she had been watching.

"Only a passport," I said gracelessly, still free from the contagion of her.

"I wonder," she remarked thoughtfully, and now I saw her eyes were marine-blue, moving one hand from behind her back, "if this is it?"

I darted toward the green booklet.

"For heaven's sake——"

"Please! Everything is here."

"I beg your pardon," I said, and meant it.

"I'm going to identify you, that's all. Now let us see: Age, 36; Height, 6 feet; Forehead, broad; Eyes, gray; Nose, straight; Mouth, large; Chin, square; Hair, black; Face, oval; Scar on left cheek; Occupation, traveller; Signature of bearer— What's your name?"

"Johnston Cunliffe Strong!" I had become anxious to prolong our conversation.

"Right!" She handed me the booklet and waited for me to say something.

"I can't tell you what I owe you for this," I began.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" Her face became closed like a bud with laughter. "And you are a most foolish youth to carry so much money so carelessly."

I placed the notes she returned me between the visa leaves of the passport and pocketed all. Then I realized she was again waiting for me to speak.

"When I was twenty-one," I explained, "I had saved twenty pounds which I put in an Australian bank; the bank failed and I lost all, and I have never since trusted a bank."

"I don't blame you! But how did you come to be in Australia?"

So I told her how I had loved a certain

actress of thirty-five, how she had allowed my sapling adoration, and how upon entering the greenroom one day gods and ideals had smashed when she had said to the manager: "Ah, shut up!" How I had sought the sea for diversion. All this and many other things followed on the trail of a lost passport, yet I never realized how quickly she had become aware of most things that to the rest of the world were a closed book. I knew only that for the first time since I was twenty I wished the society of one woman in particular.

Going out from breakfast the purser drew me aside to allow some one to pass, and upon turning, I saw her, with a man, enter Suite A.

"Who are they?" I asked my friend.

"Robertsons. Bride and groom! She is fascinating but he is rather a cad, I understand."

"Because she is fascinating?" I said, and went to my quarters.

We came up outside the islands. The *Nirvana*, sister of our *Valhalla*, had wirelessly reports of exceptionally bad weather. Our barometer predicted hurricane weather, but the night was as clear and beautiful as any night I have ever seen. I admit that part of the loveliness was due to the idea that just below me she stood looking out upon the vast tropic glory of it all. By standing on the starboard side of the bridge I could see her, and the fact that her husband was there, too, did not mar my pleasure. Strange what stuff a man's made of, after all!

Discipline is slack in the South Seas, so when my watch ended I took a couple of turns up and down the deck, hoping—not in vain—for an invitation to the empty chair beside the Robertsons'. A kind of friendship had sprung up between the husband and myself, for he was a likable sort of chap, possessed of all I had not: good looks, charm, polish, and an extensive education. All three of us had been to the same places, but our French was the greatest bond of all.

The skipper sent for me. Robertson gave me his card and called after me he wished to arrange a party when we reached port.

"That ought to be about sundown of to-morrow," I said, and hurried away.

As I went up the ladder I noticed that the wind had veered to due north, and that the sky ahead was overcast. I found the skipper in the chart-room.

"Notice the weather? Barometer?" he asked.

"Ominous?"

"Bad," he replied definitely.

groped blindly. . . . Mental eclipse, a blinding crash, cool, soothing water, then air! Ah, how sweet it was! Air!

I struggled madly but the vicious sea roared and dashed in ceaseless paroxysms of fury. I saw no trace of the vessel. I determined to float, and was tossed here and there. My ribs pained and at moments I was senseless, but the cool water revived me. Something came upon



"Please! Everything is here."—Page 210.

By ten o'clock we were well into it, but we had had time to prepare, and with a lusty crew and a ship like ours I had no fear.

By midnight all the port life-boats had been washed away, the rail was gone, and the angry sea tugged untiringly at the for'ard hatches. Manganese, too, is a nasty cargo. The skipper and I had been caught in the pilot-house. He held to me and screamed something into my ear, when, with a mighty lurch and an obvious shifting of ballast, the *Valhalla* was tossed on her side and refused to right herself.

Hellish din was in my ears, a moment of supreme agony when breathing was impossible; the wheel pierced my side, I

my wrist with a crushing force. Again and again it came. Mobilizing all my strength, I clutched at it, but it was some time before I found a hold.

At dawn I scrambled on to the raft. Then I must have slept.

When I came to, the sea had calmed a bit and I espied a speck—it seemed half-way to the horizon.

I paddled, prayed, and *willed* myself toward the speck, but the sun was blinding bright when I reached—*her*.

She wore a life-belt. I picked her up for dead.

To see the sky the next day you would never guess it knew how to do anything but behave. We sighted land about

high noon. We were without food, but the contents of my flask—a silver one—had kept us alive. She was very weak, and the energy the sight of land had called forth disappeared when we found all efforts to reach it were apparently futile.

The storm had revolutionized even the currents. The surface of the water was alive with Portuguese men-of-war and sting-rays which pestered us every time we gave them an opportunity. Their stings are nasty, too. The constant sight of fish in the clear water nearly drove us mad, for we were starving. The sharks were thick about us; they seemed to know how far gone we were. It would be only a question of hours until we would have to give in.

Some time in the night I realized we had struck a current of some kind. I hardly cared whether it took us ashore or to sea, so long as we moved. I wakened her, but her strength had already been overtaxed, and she received my news with a calm, tired smile.

In the pitchy darkness that precedes the dawn, I smelt the stench of stale fish. We were near something, but I dared not paddle on account of the sharks. When day finally came we were but a stone's throw from shore. Beneath us were the wonderful coral formations of the South, and tiny fish were everywhere. The sharks had deserted their prey.

Making a fish-net of the back of my porous shirt I secured our first meal. I had to carry her ashore, but water from a fairly good spring soon revived her.

Near by, two negroes, deaf mutes who understood nothing but their own signs, fished for a livelihood, and gave us cuttings of yam and sweet potatoes to begin a garden. I could not make them tell me anything about the surrounding country, and finally abandoned my attempts.

Soon after I had erected a kind of "benab" of bamboo, guinea-grass, and mud I contracted pneumonia. Our solemn-faced black neighbors took me in hand. I was given a strong concoction of coffee, lime-juice, and rum, and my reed bed was placed in the sun. She was given herb sap with which to anoint me,

and I convalesced under her constant, untiring care.

They kept poultices of wild-plum leaves on my head to bring down my temperature, and I always managed to pull these well down over my eyes that I might watch her without her knowing I did so. Once, when I apparently slept overlong, she came near, so near—the fragrance of her intoxicated me so that I caught her arm, but she gently disengaged herself and arranged a new roll of grass beneath my head.

She still had but the filmy white dinner-gown she had worn when I picked her up. She told me she washed it in a pool near by each night, and at sundown she would tie the pink sash about her waist, and laughingly called this "dressing for dinner."

The tropics seemed to accentuate her ethereal loveliness; her hair was more brilliant. . . . She had become alarmingly dear to me, and it was perhaps my utter weakness that caused me to forget all else, until one day she came to me as I sat propped up in the sun.

"Johnnie," she said—she called me Johnnie and I called her Valerie—"are you absolutely sure my husband *was* killed? Couldn't he have been picked up as I was?"

"No one could have lived in such a sea. There was no wreckage even that he could have held to, and you know we searched thoroughly."

"Yes, I know! Of course I know; I can't think why I ask when I know—" she answered hopelessly, looking out to sea.

"What's the matter, Valerie? Aren't you happy—here with me?"

I don't know why I said such a thing.

"Yes, yes, Johnnie; but poor Jim—I sometimes—always in the night, Johnnie, I seem to see him—his eyes— Oh, it is awful! Always his eyes, imploring me to help him. Last night he called and called: 'I'm not dead, Valerie; I'm alive! Help me! Help me!'"

That was the beginning. Before, the shelter in which we lived, the garden, the fishing had distracted her; but the time was now at hand when she had only the wreck of a man as companion, and the horror of the whole thing seemed to possess her. She lost interest in everything

and became listless, sitting always looking out to sea and waiting for assistance which never came.

The black men prepared a fish for me and brought it with a yam one morning.

tation, so I struggled to the scene of the catastrophe. One look was enough.

"Love-vine!" I announced. "Beastly thing! Kills everything it comes in contact with—there is no escape! Chokes all vegetation, *anything*, to have its way.



I had to carry her ashore.—Page 212.

They were our advisers in everything. Later that morning she came into our "benab," her face ghastly, and dropped to her knees beside my bed.

"The garden!" she sobbed. "Something has killed everything! A vine is growing all over it!"

I had seen a good deal of tropical vege-

In some countries it is a criminal offense to have it found on one's property. *Love-vine*—!"

"Love-vine!" she repeated. "Yes, it must have its way—*always*!"

I wondered what she meant.

Our neighbors were informed, and they stood, silent witnesses of our plans to

escape starvation. We decided to offer them my watch and ring, with the hope that they would find a means of obtaining food. They received the things and left the camp.

Things were getting pretty bad by the fifth day. We had eaten the black men's food, but this would give out in time. I could not sleep, and lay thinking. Suddenly Valerie burst in upon me from behind the curtain of banana-leaves which separated our quarters.

"They are coming back over the hill!" she cried, and ran out to meet them.

I staggered after her. Sure enough! those faithful souls were returning. And their return meant two things: we would have plenty of canned food and beans, and there *was* a town somewhere near.

God knows I was content enough here with her, and I felt that in time she would overcome the nightmare about Robertson. I had searched for him even when I had abandoned all hope of finding him. No one could have lived in such a sea without a belt or spar to hold to; and she had assured me he had just secured her belt about her when the ship capsized.

During the days at sea the friendship between Robertson and me had waxed strong, and being then unaware of the greatness of my passion for her, no jealousy had marred that friendship. Even those days of her mourning for her husband failed to incite me with aught but reverence and pity, and with the self-assurance of an amateur I thought only time was necessary to make my suit successful.

Our silent helpers carried me to the shelter of our "benab." They are terribly superstitious about the potency of the moon's rays, and it was now full. Recent events diverted my thoughts from sleep. Recovery was a matter of honor; I was bound to take her to the town and ultimately to find a means of transportation. During those brief moments of reasoning my enthusiasm dropped to zero. The thought of losing her—and of a sudden this became even probable as a thousand incidents arose in my memory to prove her devotion to the drowned man and no particular interest in me. A weird hope-

lessness overwhelmed me as this realization took root. My fever returned, and after long hours of battling with devils of fancy, I lapsed into a twitching sleep.

The sound of footfalls on the shell beach awakened me in time to see our two neighbors tearing about in a frenzy of surprise. One burst into our quarters and, with unearthly guttural sounds, urged our attention toward the hill and the sea. On the hill nothing was visible, but by laying his forehead to the earth he tried to impart to me the knowledge that it would be only a matter of moments until there would be plenty to be seen there. But the sea offered a different aspect. The moon divulged the fact that almost within ear-shot a creature struggled in a death-grip with nature.

I boarded the raft and shoved off.

The supernatural had certainly had a hand in bringing Robertson back to us. I knew a great gladness at his return, for his poor distorted face and blanched hair told of his days out there in the great unknown. He had been sucked down by the sinking *Valhalla*, and ejected to the surface when the boilers exploded. A member of the crew in a salvaged life-boat had picked him up.

Hunger had come gradually upon them while they were becalmed near the scene of the wreck. Then they had seen *it* floating, face down; they had picked it up and later:

"My God, he was only thirsty!" Robertson told us.

"His act seemed to turn his mind," he went on. "He drank sea water and went raving mad. I had to make an awful fight for it because he was a big brute, but he died—died with threats and curses for all mankind.

"Then I came upon a cask of fresh water in the boat, not much, but it kept me alive, and from time to time flying-fish lighted in the boat. Luck was with me, after all, you see! And I got into a current that brought me here."

At this point our neighbors directed our attention to several figures silhouetted on the crest of the hill. Our dilemma, however, was short-lived, as the black men, by trying to secrete the beans and canned



"Love-vine!" I announced. "Kills everything it comes in contact with."—Page 213.

provisions, imparted to us the fact that the law was tracing them to their lair to discover how they had come by the watch and ring.

"That will be easily explained," I said; but Robertson, with maniacal alacrity, grabbed up the sacks, slung them into the life-boat, and dragging Valerie down, insisted upon her getting in.

"Come on, Strong; no telling what may crop up!"

"No!" I protested. "It will be easy, old man. Hold on!"

But I saw the love-vine! If the law travelled for two days to find a satisfactory explanation only for their pains—? No, the law would be compensated for its clever ruse in tracing the two scamps. I had no idea in what country we were, and if it was of the Spanish-American variety, I realized our safety lay in our absence when the law arrived. The supplies would last, and we could explore the coast and return when we desired.

There are things too big to understand.

To these the Oriental bows. And one he calls The Great Destroying Power.

Why half the world is distorted that a fourth may know more complete happiness—the other fourth is never heard of—one cannot understand. Why is the fourth an unrecorded nonentity? We call it life, and are satisfied.

With Robertson and Valerie, myself and the provisions sailed The Great Destroying Power.

We were to take our turns as lookout. Action had imbued me with new strength, so I took first watch. Robertson slept. At sunset of the next day he awakened, and I suggested that he relieve me. He refused, so Valerie and I sat together through the night, with only the sea and moon and stars as companions while Robertson slept. This went on for days, he devouring all canned goods and refusing to watch or to eat the beans which we knew he should eat.

"Look here, old chap," I ventured one day, "you'd better lie low on cans and eat some of these, or the consequences may be serious. It's dangerous, Robertson."

"You can darned well shut up on beans, because I won't eat them. When a man's been starving he will eat what he pleases!" These were the first words he had said since we had shoved off. He sat always at the tiller, muttering to himself and cracking his knuckles. Sometimes a harsh laugh burst suddenly from him, and at such moments it seemed Valerie's nerve would snap.

To prevent beriberi I wet both sacks in the sea, laid them in the bottom of the boat, and spread beans between them. These soon sent out sprouts which Valerie and I ate while we cruised about in search of land—*any* land. Constant showers kept our thirst appeased.

On the tenth day at sea Robertson struck his wife when she tried to induce him to eat. The same night he caught me by the throat and slit my back with a piece of tin.

"Starve me, will you?" he yelled in my ear. "Starve me and take my money?"

But when I freed myself he dropped

down exhausted. His fever rose rapidly, and by the time a whaler picked us up, he was a very sick man.

"Same old owl!" the skipper told us, and I was glad Valerie was ignorant of his particular vernacular. "An I ain't seen none these nine year. The cans got 'im. But I'll be puttin' inter Savanny fer provisions, an' we kin hope on."

The old man acted as medical adviser. Valerie nursed him by day, and because his delirium was worse at night I sat with him then, although she came constantly to offer assistance and to see that all went well.

The strain of the days through which she had passed, while not detracting from her beauty, caused a great sadness to fill her beautiful eyes; her face became wan and resigned, and where she went she created an atmosphere of hushedness. Even the hard sinners in the crew offered their savage homage in various ways, and the skipper had given her his quarters, and entered always as a usurper for occasional clean linen or a chart.

"But we'll do it, won't we, Johnnie?" she said one day when Robertson seemed worse. "We'll *make* him get well, you and I."

And——

"When a man can command the sea to behave he can surely make another man obey! You *make* him, Johnnie—dear!" and she placed both hands on my shoulders and drew me down to her.

"Lips please, big brother!" And a bit of her old-time mirth returned, with its same old contagion.

What a honeymoon she had had!

"Sure thing, little sister! We'll make him—*bully* him until he recovers in self-defense."

Sure enough, Robertson began to mend. Cooler days came, and presently he recognized Valerie.

"Change your dress! Where's Strong?" he remarked, and dozed off.

We sent for the skipper, but he failed to find it an occasion for rejoicing. He was a glum old customer.

As we neared land, Robertson's condition improved.

Land to the shipwrecked! Only as one of the wrecked do I realize what this means, and words refuse to come. A big

lump fills my throat, quite like the one my flag never fails to produce!

"Johnnie!" A cool slim arm was slipped through mine as I stood on deck, hands in pockets, watching home come home.

"Is he asleep?" I asked, without looking at her.

"Johnnie!" she exclaimed. "You're crying!"

"It's home, little sister."

"Home!" she repeated quietly, and the little arm was withdrawn to find a handkerchief.

"Let's go down and tell him," I suggested.

He lay motionless in the dark room, his two thin arms dropped, listless, on the sheet.

"You tell him and I'll go." I felt my intrusion.

"We want you, too, Johnnie!"

"Johnnie! What was that?"

"The anchor." I now made as if to

leave. Something was smothering me. I could not remain.

"How it frightened me! It must be my nerves."

"Johnnie!" Her scream arrested my retreating steps, and I ran back.

"What!" I cried, and I did not recognize the voice as my own.

"He won't move."

The skipper came in.

"Just what I was afraid of," he said.

"As the anchor goes down life goes out. Peculiarity of the disease!"

Beriberi. . . .

Valerie would not marry me for more than a year, for, after her fever—during which she seemed to forget all the horrors of our adventure—she insisted upon letting her hair grow thick before our wedding. It—the hair—is all little golden ringlets now, and— But there she is at the door!—"



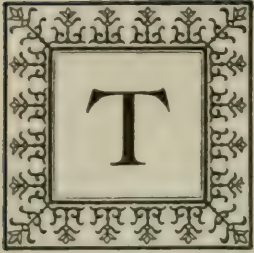
"What!" I cried, and I did not recognize the voice as my own.

The Classic Pattern

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Author of "Educating the Binneys," "A Home of Her Own," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITTLE



HERE was the usual difficulty in believing that the girl standing at the wicket could possibly have grown up so quickly. But I had her own word for it that she *was* Mari-

belle Binney, and that, after all, she was only eighteen. A moment earlier I myself had belatedly descended into Circleville upon a stale cloud of smoke and cinders. Outside the station, there had been nobody. Inside, there were hot, concealing shadows, contrivances for selling chewing-gum, and Maribelle. But young girls, at least if they were Binneys, didn't composedly buy tickets and stow away time-tables at that time of night unless—unless— I had to speak to her.

The tall young creature had smiled down at me a little disconcertingly. But she met all my meddling inquiries. They were taking the ten-three to Chicago. Her father was resting over in the corner opposite—possibly he was even asleep. Seven or eight meetings every week, in strange places, did exhaust him, even now that Maribelle herself went along to see that he had enough to eat and got aboard the right trains and all that. "But perhaps you hadn't heard that father's carrying on what you might call a drive."

"A *drive*?" The word seemed grotesque. Wilbur Binney was diligent and single-minded; he was all piety and virtue. But one couldn't help knowing it was his temperament to putter, and that as to all financial values he had retained the innocence of paradise.

"Oh, I don't mean he's raising money. That wouldn't be so hard, I suppose," the girl set forth with perfect simplicity. "It's missionaries that he wants to find—

new ones. They've given out—at least among our own church people. People say it's because of the war. And since father isn't going back to India himself, he's arranged to do this instead. No, he's not strong enough to go about in this way. But, you see, when it's what he wants more than anything . . ."

There was no time to ask about results. And I felt that would have been indiscreet, anyway. There were in fact only three minutes in which to recall myself to Mr. Binney and to discover that ill as he looked, he had a new quality. Some urgent flame was searing him.

I pretended I knew about what he was doing, and murmured something that must have sounded congratulatory. He laid his hand upon Maribelle's shoulder and looked at her with adoration. "She makes it possible," was all he said.

Their train whistled and I went outside with them.

"Oh, no, please—at the other end," Maribelle called after me. I had started toward the sleeper with one of their bags. "We always take the day coach. It's quite comfortable, really." From this I knew that the bag I held must contain sandwiches for a succession of inadequate and clammy meals.

The girl was all competence and tenderness as she got her father aboard the hot, littered train. Something held me there watching them till they were out of sight. Perhaps it was my sudden conviction that the relationship of these two was of a peculiarly classic pattern. Purely the products of a new world, they were nevertheless the unchanged father and daughter of antique fable.

To this new impression of the Binneys I was to find in a day or two that Circleville had its sharp correctives to supply.

"Poor Mr. Binney," they called him now, in a tone that just stopped short of contempt if it didn't in the least stop short of patronage. They couldn't believe in him enough to praise or even to tolerate his single-handed effort to relieve the missionary shortage. And perhaps, in any case, frugal and prose-bound people that they were, they would have shrunk from seeing Wilbur Binney squander that thin and scanty essence that was his life-blood in a cause that wasn't personal or domestic or visibly immediate. The idea that possessed him was the sort of thing at which their own bridled imaginations halted stubbornly. And to nobody, of course, did the whole enterprise seem as fantastic and unnecessary as it did to Wilbur Binney's wife.

The color of her opinion was in fact so easily imaged that I made no effort to see Leota. Rather the contrary. But within a week the missionary's wife and I were inevitably sharing a seat of an interurban trolley-car, with an hour ahead of us. It soon became clear enough that up to the moment of her skilfully shaped confidence I hadn't understood the situation at all. And it was only indirectly that I seized it now—only by translating what she said into the terms of my own understanding, supplying all the clues and annotations that my old knowledge of the Binneys furnished me.

The thing that somehow everybody had omitted to tell me, that Maribelle, with that delicacy of hers, hadn't mentioned, Leota promptly told me now. She couldn't of course, in decency, stress it too inhumanly. But the rather dreadful truth was that she had secured her heart's desire. Nothing had been more frankly admitted between us, during the years that she had found me a sympathetic confessional, than the fact that Leota dreaded a return to India, to the missionary life, beyond all human possibilities. Well, the fates had listened to her. And this is what the fates had contrived.

Three months earlier the doctors had told Wilbur Binney, no longer that he must keep on postponing his return to India, but that he must never return at all. This was what I hadn't known. He was in the category of incurable chronic

cases, and there wasn't any appeal. Had he been alone, a free agent, I could have my own secret surmises as to how this pronouncement would have affected him. The urge to fling himself, however feebly, upon the breast of that inert unchristian hemisphere he yearned for would, I suppose, have been irresistible. But the husband of Leota Binney and the father of Leota's unnumbered lovely children was far from being a free agent. The luxury of dying outright for a cause was clearly quite outside his range of choice.

He had had to betray, it proved, how much he minded.

"It didn't seem reasonable of him to take it so." Leota spoke with singular mildness, but I saw that she was striving not to seem to exult in her own deliverance. "A man with all that Wilbur has—his pleasant home, and the children, and his easy, congenial work at the seminary. And they tell him that if he is careful and stays in this climate, he can easily keep the upper hand of his trouble.

"You know he's never been in the least a moody man. Perfectly serene through all that struggle out in India, though we usually had a sick baby of our own to worry over.

"But after that last interview with the specialist in Chicago, he came creeping home and scarcely spoke to any of us for a week, even Maribelle—and I believe he's more attached to her than he was to Dorcas, even. You would think it had never occurred to him before, in all these years he has been ailing so, that things might turn out this way. He just groped about the house as if he somehow couldn't feel or see things any more.

"Then one day I went into his study when he was out, and I saw he had unpacked his hand-bag.

" . . . You remember, I've told you about it before. The bag that has always stood there strapped and bulging by his door ever since we came back from India—as if he expected to start the next day on some sudden summons. Sort of a symbolic comfort to him, I suppose, though he never said a word to explain it. But now, finally—he'd given in. The bag stood in his closet, empty."

Leota paused and looked toward me for the usual comment. Then she turned

from my squirming silence and brightly went on with her tale.

"People saw how it was, and wanted to do things for him. But what could they do? He simply wouldn't talk about his affairs to anybody, not even to me. And the little things that distract the rest of us don't distract him. As for the children, they might as well not have been there—except Maribelle. Maribelle is a girl that for my own part I don't understand at all, nowadays. But her father seems to. And Heaven knows how he would have pulled through this summer without her. She's given up everything, it seems to me, that a girl of her age ought to have, and done everything, almost, that a well-brought-up girl ought not to do. But I won't go into that now.

"Well, what I am getting to is that within a few weeks after the time I'm speaking of, Doctor Pettigrew, who is always making those important sudden trips of his, or at least he acts as if they were important, in the interests of the National Board of Missions, came out this way and stopped overnight with us. I had hoped that when the doctor saw how wretched Wilbur looked he'd find something consoling to tell him. But that isn't the doctor's way. The first minute we three were alone together, he and Wilbur and I, he came out with this serious news of a missionary shortage. Up to this time they hadn't made it public."

Leota swiftly interpreted my blank look.

"Oh, well, I suppose that to you a thing of that sort may not seem of much consequence. But perhaps you can guess how it would seem to Wilbur. It actually frightened me to have him know it, in that sudden way, now that he couldn't go out to the foreign field himself.

"But the strange thing was that in a way it seemed to do him good—stimulated him. Some people might think that Wilbur's view of things is a little narrow. And there's no doubt that he's too good, or too idealistic, maybe, to get on in the world. But, anyway, his feeling was, as he told me afterward, that with a big need like that existing, he had to rouse himself to help meet it, at whatever cost. So he had his plan ready in an hour. And

the doctor, before he left the next morning, gave it his official sanction.

"Think of Wilbur, in his weak condition, racing through the Middle West, all through this hot summer, asking busy people to drop their own affairs and start out for that impossible India! It seemed lunacy to me when he first proposed it, and it does now. But you can't take too strong a stand against a powerful man like Doctor Pettigrew.

"Still, I should have opposed this campaign more forcibly if I had realized what it entailed in regard to Maribelle. The child hasn't been of the slightest help to *me* all summer, and she hasn't made a single preparation for going to college. You know she enters the State University in September."

I seized upon this mention of Maribelle as an excuse for shifting the theme. It was so much less uncomfortable to talk of Maribelle than of her father, even though from Leota's point of view the radiant young creature was not without her definitely irritating qualities. In fact, I was to discover that ever since Maribelle had allowed her actual self to become at all apparent, it had been quite clear to her mother that in a newly grown-up daughter almost any other type of personality would have been preferable. Yet I saw she drew consolation from the fact that Maribelle was lovely to look upon and that people praised her.

My companion's tone became even conventionally maternal as she repeated to me the extravagant commendation of Maribelle's teachers, and assured me that the girl expected to complete her college course in three years, and so on. The string of formulas began to rattle from her lips like beads.

"With a mind like hers, they tell me that the work will be nothing. And she can manage the expense very easily, ministers' daughters get so many discounts. Then she can earn quite a little——"

But here the glibly boasting mother stopped short and blushed. Then she laughed a little. She had remembered that perhaps I might remember, too.

"That is—we did of course have an education fund for the children. I told you about it years ago. But we've had to borrow from it now and then. Oh,

mostly for Wilbur's sickness, though he himself doesn't know. And it took a good deal for Joshua's freshman year. He's not as quick as Maribelle. . . ."

As we separated, fifteen minutes later, I thoroughly perceived how ineffectual, even more, how almost basely self-regarding, had been my wretched little resolve, on coming this year to Circleville, that I would allow a definite rift of formality to develop between the Binneys and me. For after five days spent in the same community, here I was caught up again as unreservedly as ever into the current of this curious family. I had to confess to myself that I really did care what became of young Maribelle—and of her father. And since Leota had told me that "the campaign" would be over in three weeks, and that her husband was already preparing for the final meeting, to be held in Circleville, I knew that I should have to see it through. Already I felt as uneasy, as sensitive to an impending crisis, as though the missionary cause were mine also.

It proved to be all below the surface, the agitated expectation of those few weeks.

Though one caught brief sombre glimpses of Wilbur Binney, bent on his apostolic journeys, yet one was far from hearing any shout of encouragement for his weariness.

But if the general silence was ever so faintly hostile, it was by no means inattentive. From an unguarded source or two, a seamstress or some such non-participant, I learned that it was well known just where Mr. Binney was spending each day of each week, and precisely what measure of success he was attaining. Rigidly withholding itself from open inquiry, the town nevertheless succeeded in satisfying its curiosity in exact detail. I have no explanation of how this was accomplished.

Circleville was likewise elaborately aware, and in whispered concert it powerfully disapproved, of all that was implied in Maribelle's lieutenantcy. Only a cold occasional word or so was dropped. There was no vociferous disparagement. But one understood plainly that if Maribelle had been *their* daughter, she would not have given up her summer to any

such unnatural pursuit. To the need of such a parent in such a cause they conceded no legitimacy whatever.

On the other hand, there was the surprising fact, unspoken also, of Leota Binney's tremendously altered status. Extravagantly as Leota preferred Circleville, she had always in a sense been obliged to buy her way within it. Circlevillians had had their reserves about her. This was partly snobbery because she was a Snead, that is to say, a nobody, and partly the result of her not having had the warm humanity to compel their liking.

But all that was changed. Leota and Circleville were become closely, recklessly, intimate. This almost ostentatious social gesture in the direction of his wife was so far perhaps the only visible result of Wilbur Binney's missionary campaign. Leota moved in an atmosphere of sympathy quite new to her experience, and no doubt luxuriously sweet. And she reacted dramatically, simulating the traditional wife with a grievance, overburdened, long-suffering. Not that she complained, publicly, except in the most indirect and ladylike fashion. She didn't have to. I even heard somebody say she was "brave."

And from Circleville's point of view there was, of course, a strong case against Wilbur Binney. If the missionary's life was not his own, as his neighbors passionately believed, then it was true that he was seriously damaging the family property. With all Maribelle's care, he was growing thinner and yellower and weaker every day. He was taking liberties with the single source of supply of an excessively large family. The collapse of a man of such responsibilities would be an offense against the domestic code not readily to be condoned.

I suspected that somebody must have hinted something of this sort to Maribelle, because her manner came to suggest a certain mild defiance as their coalition, hers and her father's, became continually more close. It struck me that it was with almost a retaliatory accent that she withheld herself from that web of secular affairs in which her mother was always trying to entrap her between trains. And for the Circleville

frivolities with which all her contemporaries were busily dallying, she had only an occasional bright look of angelic scorn. There was no real flattery in her coming to me for a quiet half-hour now and then—she merely knew I didn't share the prevailing attitudes.

Now, of course, I am stricken by a sense of the meagre use to which those precious intervals were put. I was older, I had a certain prestige with her. I might have preached to her a wholesome egotism that would have saved her. Or I might at least have tried to do this. For, after all, in any important issue, above all in any point involved in her relationship to her father, I am by no means sure that I could have influenced Maribelle. Young as she was, she knew so well what she was about. And her self-control was so complete that it was only through odd little omissions, now and then, rather than through anything she actually said, that I acquired my curious suspicion in regard to the girl. A suspicion that I shall never verify. I shall never ask her now whether or not she has her secret reserves as to her father's propagandist doctrines. The time for asking that is past.

Dropping in at the Binneys' one morning, I had found the girl and her mother engaged in some dark and drippy process of preserving fruit.

"Maribelle isn't going to college, after all," Leota let fall, with elaborate carelessness. I understood that I was being called as referee into a situation already acute. Then, as nobody said anything, she went on, with a hint of passion: "She's simply getting to be her father's *slave*!"

Maribelle giggled at this, very youthfully.

"He certainly needs one," she remarked cheerfully. And then, to me, in explanation: "And that was, of course, why I had thought of staying at home. I was afraid I couldn't do enough for him in the week-ends. He's so dependent, poor thing, since he has been such an invalid."

"You would think that with the house actually bursting with children, some of the rest of us might replace Maribelle a *little*," Leota threw in.

Maribelle was conscientiously bent over her steamy mass of plums. "Father did say something this morning about my not giving up college. What really consoles him for my going,"—she looked up with a queer little smile,—"*is that I've promised to take up Hebrew. It does seem a little dull, but I don't mind. Then when I've learned enough, I can help him with that book he's been writing for so long. A sort of Biblical commentary, you know.*"

I looked at her flushed and charming face and wished I might dress her in something exquisitely frivolous and send her to a party. But I had repented the wish in an instant. It was, after all, a mere ignoble sharing of the cause of Leota and the other Circlevillians. For I knew well enough what these would have done to Maribelle if they could. Strip from her her generosity and vigor and intelligence, equip her with superficial arts and a conventional wardrobe, and pack her off with the hope that she would "*make*" a desirable sorority immediately, and become engaged before the year was over to some son of a prosperous father. Everybody knew that such was the provincial parent's view of the possibilities of coeducation.

But though it was all very well to despise this popular ambition, you couldn't, whatever your point of view might be, feel at ease about Maribelle. There was something awesome in the girl's resistance, in her strength. She was in no danger whatever of slipping into one of the familiar easy grooves. But she was perhaps at every moment of her life exposed to some wilder danger—something up to which that courage, that perhaps fanatical loyalty of hers, would lead her straight and unwavering.

For my own part, I wasn't in the least committed to the wish that the citizens of our town, even a handful of them, should spring forth to proselyte remote continents. Yet more and more I found it sinister that Circleville at large, that nursery of foreign missionaries, that seat of theology and theologians, should exhibit so calculated an indifference to the fact that on a certain Wednesday evening, rather early in September, the



Drawn by Arthur Lille.

"You would think that with the house actually bursting with children, some of the rest of us might replace Maribelle a *little*," Leota threw in.—Page 222.

pious effort of Wilbur Binney was to reach its public climax. A few days later the exhausted apostle, his conscience presumably appeased, would return to his post in the theological seminary, and Maribelle would enter college. Everybody knew all this, and everybody still pretended that he didn't. For that final output of energy and hope one could see that Circleville had merely its cold rebuke in waiting. No hysterical response would the mistaken man elicit from this sane and cool-headed group.

I was still lingering on, in a state of fascinated dread, when the day of the meeting came. Just an ordinary dull little evangelical gathering you would have supposed it to be if you had been passing through the town. But Circleville and I knew differently.

The day itself I can still image clearly—a day of sickish, stationary heat. The earth was spread with a thick, tawny haze. Fences and trees seemed to lean obliquely against each other in a dizzy unreality. The thick sweet odor of ripe grapes, the strong pungent smell of marigolds in the near-by garden, reached me almost unconvincingly, as through interpolated screens.

It was with a stillness like that of night that the crisis of noon arrived and passed. I suspected myself of a touch of delirium. For the afternoon seemed to swell, formidably, as I contemplated it. It was such a hopeless sort of bigness. You felt there could be no end to this hot, still, round phenomenon.

At what I suppose must have been about four o'clock Maribelle stopped in. She had come, she said, to return some books. But she stayed on uneasily. Soon I saw that she wanted to talk about her father. There were so few people, nowadays, to whom she could talk about him. And she could at least count upon my understanding her.

She was rather white, I noticed, and uncharacteristically nervous.

I asked if Mr. Binney wasn't well.

"Oh, he's not ill," she said, "but he's rather strange. He has stayed shut up by himself all day long. We've never known him to do it before. Do you suppose he is—praying—or——"

"He feels it's so critical—this talk?"

"Oh, it's just that!" she breathed with intensity. "He cares so much about rousing these especial people. If I could only be sure they would understand——"

I hesitated: "They're generous. They always give."

"Oh—*money!*" She was youthfully scornful. "But they won't give themselves. What he asks is that they drop their little lives and *go!*"

She wouldn't pause or rest. Before she left I had agreed to join their family group for the evening. It was Maribelle's urgent idea. And I was glad, now that the moment had come, to make this slight public demonstration of loyalty to the Binneys.

So three hours later Maribelle and I sat side by side in the slowly filling church. Each additional presence was indescribably comforting. So long as people didn't stay away altogether, I felt that the ordeal could be borne. Yet they were drifting in with the air of leaves on a light wind. There was an elaborate suggestion of having come by chance, and with no idea of what it was all about.

It was a nerve-straining matter waiting fully half an hour for an audience of respectable size to assemble. At last the church must have become quite half full. The organ burst into a shrill sigh, and kept on pumping drearily away, in despairing prelude, until Wilbur Binney rose—a severely modelled, inelastic figure, not without a kind of dignity.

Circleville may have had a right to its reserves, perhaps even to its sulkiness. But it hopelessly missed the clew to the grim desire in the look of the man who stood there facing us. He believed himself to have shirked sacred duties. I was sure of that, and I was sure his soul was sick from it. And the thing our eyes were bent on, as though we had been a psychological clinic, and Wilbur Binney the exposed and quivering "subject," was the man's struggle to gain relief from his miserable sickness. An unbearably intimate spectacle, it seemed to me. I felt that the lights should have been dimmed.

It was noticeable that he faced us without books or documents. Such wasn't the custom among Circleville preachers. It was understood among us

that only the superior and highly paid city clergy, men with the expensive silver tongues of angels, spoke without notes. But Wilbur Binney spoke in this fashion now.

I hadn't expected to listen. In fact, I deliberately yielded him only a small, blurred area of attention.

But before he had been speaking more than a minute or so, a word penetrated to me. It was the word *famine*. He repeated it—*famine*. He was speaking very concretely. My surprised attention half surrendered, and I found I was following him closely when he finished with his first point, which had to do with the impulse to relieve hunger. He was being definite and a little startling. He was even being "timely."

Then he quickly changed his tempo. "But it's another famine I'm concerned with." He launched this in a slow, distinct voice that was still free from conventional pulpit solemnity. "A famine far more terrible—a famine of holiness. It is well to prolong the beating of the eager human heart for a year, if you can, or for ten. But I am speaking of eternal life. I am asking you to relieve a famine among people who are *hungry for eternity!*"

There was an effectiveness in this. And more effective even than the extravagances he uttered were the look of the man himself and the sound of that odd recurrent rough note in his voice—the note of an unsubduable emotion. The values he presented were so luridly real to him. He meant it all, so profoundly.

And yet, I couldn't feel sure that the human beings all about me were yielding any quiver of response. Men easily classified as professional churchgoers sat heaped within the outer corners of the pews, so expertly balanced between sleep and waking that they actually retained, even while luxuriously half-unconscious, a certain loose control of movement and expression. But they weren't thinking, they weren't feeling. Nor was there the most delicate interruption of the trivial rhythm of those miniature fans oscillating over chiffon bosoms. Above these, smooth, solid faces seemed to convey that there was no conceivable arrangement of words, nor any modulation of

voice, through which a man so irrevocably classified as Wilbur Binney could surprise or rouse them.

The Binneys themselves were sitting rigidly still, even the youngest of them. I didn't, somehow I couldn't, look at their faces. But as I sat staring straight ahead, a thin, very cold hand was slipped into mine. It was Maribelle's. I allowed myself an excessively slight pressure of her fingers, still without facing her.

Yet I could almost have wondered how it was that the girl had not long ago squandered her emotional response. To this very argument, no doubt, she had listened almost daily for months. And I could feel no certainty that it intellectually convinced her. So why should its final repetition affect her as profoundly as those cold, trembling fingers told me that it did?

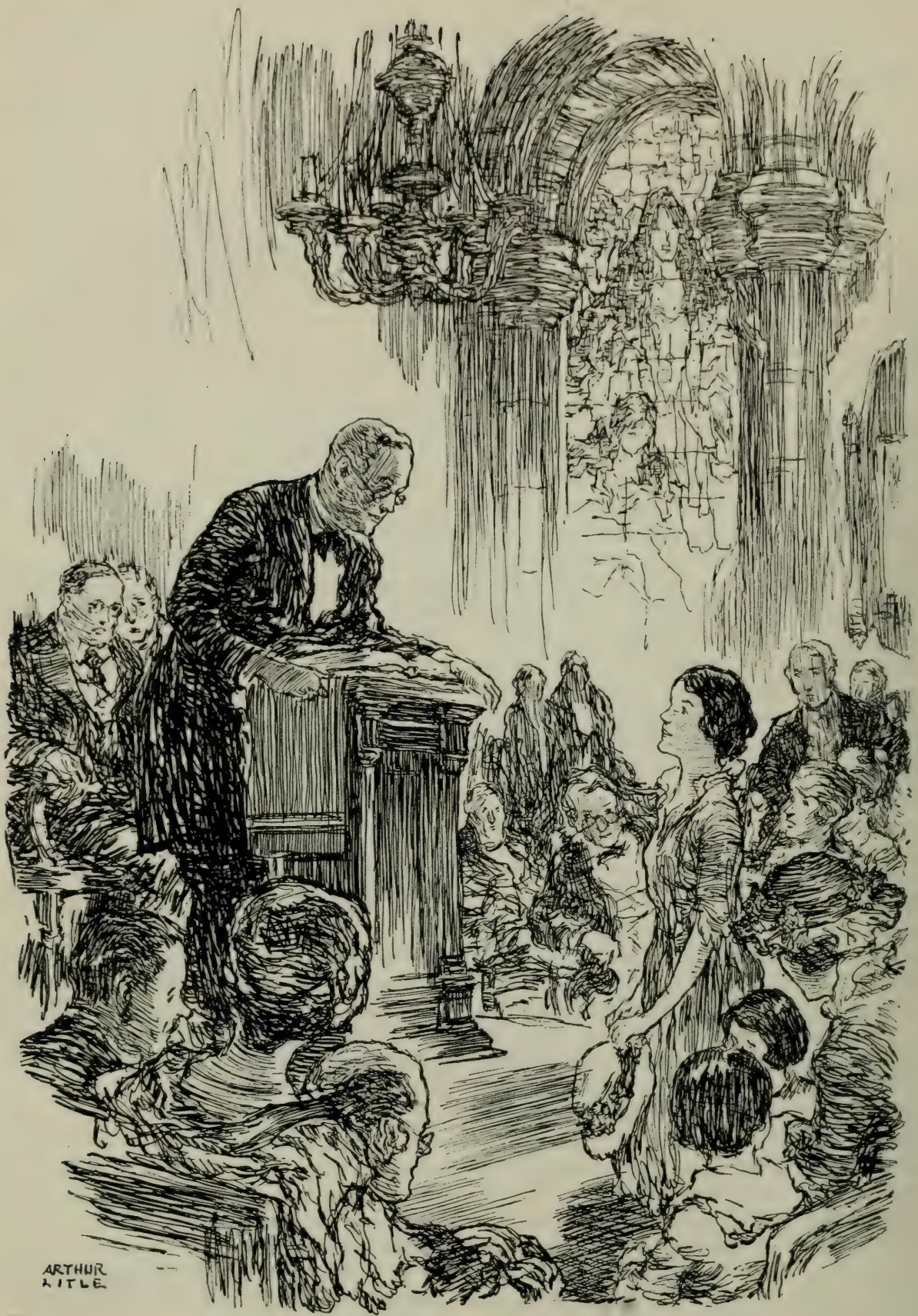
Leota had all this time been sitting inexpressively at my other side. Now I felt a touch upon my arm. She was offering me a fan. She was smiling faintly, the meaningless small social smile she so often wore, and her face was flushed from the warm atmosphere. The icy chill of sheer sympathy had not smitten her. She was not even aware, I think, that there was an issue in the air. And for her, indeed, there was none. Should missionaries be evoked from nothingness or should they not, she at least was safe. India, and life itself, had remitted their menace.

The talk wasn't long—twenty minutes, perhaps. Toward the end the speaker halted a little uncomfortably. There was a point not contained in the programme which honesty evidently compelled him to make.

"You will not expect to find this work easy. You will not expect to find it even—safe. It is not safe. You will be facing danger, I must warn you, you will be facing practically a certainty of some degree of disease.

"But the true worker in this field will always be glad to pay for his high privilege, whatever it may cost him."

He paused as if he had finished. Then he came to the edge of the platform. I knew what was coming. There was no longer any question of listening or not listening. In fact, I listened so well that



ARTHUR
KITLE

She stood waiting hopefully for the sign that he should make.—Page 227.

I can almost remember his exact words. They were something like this:

"I have said enough.

"Now I want those of you who have agreed with me, to prove it. I want you to pledge yourselves to go across the intervening land and seas to relieve this famine I have told you of. I mean pledge yourselves here and now, with your brothers near you—the pledge to go and do your utmost for seven years.

"You will be tempted to think it over. But there isn't time for that. Your hearts should settle it. And you may say you are needed where you are. I take that for granted. There isn't one of you who hasn't an exigent household or a delicate little child or a responsible profession. But incomparably more than any of these can need you India needs you. . . . I beseech you to pledge yourselves now, openly. A dozen of you, if there are so many; two of you, if there are so few."

The missionary sat down and covered his face with his hands. There was an intense stillness. Not even a fan was moving anywhere. But the silence was that of rigidity rather than surrender. I glanced furtively at the faces about me. They expressed nothing but complacency—as if they were satisfied at last to demonstrate to Wilbur Binney how useless his whole effort had been. "We could have told you weeks ago that there wouldn't be the slightest result from all this pother," proclaimed those unyielding shoulders, those obstinate chins.

It seemed a long time that we waited in the challenging silence. But one couldn't measure it. Then Wilbur Binney rose again.

"If there is no one—" His voice broke. The silence persisted.

"*Is* there no one—?" came from him in a hoarse cry.

But in a moment he had recovered himself. "Then I will commit this cause—" he began.

But as the first rapid words dropped from his lips Maribelle's cold hand left mine. In the same instant she sprang from her seat, sharply arresting her father's speech with a sound you would have supposed too slight to reach him—a spontaneous little sound of youth and lovingness. Then, without a look at her mother, at me, at any one, but hastily flinging her hat behind her, she reached with incredible quickness the aisle, then the open space below the pulpit. There she paused, and with a bright air of encouragement looked up into her father's dark and frozen face.

She stood waiting hopefully for the sign that he should make. But one saw that he could make none. A man stricken by the horror that stood out upon his face had no longer words to utter, or any will behind the words. Though there had never been speech in that place so eloquent as his dumbness was.

"I pledge myself," Maribelle began in a steady voice—and went on, unprompted. Then she sat quietly down in the front pew.

There was nothing more to wait for. Wilbur Binney could do nothing. Perhaps the wisest and ablest of us could do nothing, then. In hasty, embarrassed fashion, without a look for the father and daughter we were leaving alone together, we found our way out of the church.



Poking Fun at Grammar

BY C. H. WARD

I DID not see till recently the article in SCRIBNER'S by Meredith Nicholson on "The Teaching of English." It seems to me likely to do a good deal of harm. It is of the same kind as a good many articles on education, resting on vague theory and not at all on facts and experience. Meredith Nicholson's prominence seemed to me to be likely to make this article especially harmful and I asked Mr. Ward, the head of our English department, to write something in the way of a reply. I enclose herewith what he has written and hope that you will publish it.

Our education is being attacked all along the line by those that think that hard work is out of date and that school ought to be made a playroom. People complain steadily of the dreadful results of our schooling and the illiteracy that appears in school and college graduates, and in the same breath say that grammar and all disciplinary studies are preposterous. They do not seem to connect the illiteracy with the fact that their own preaching has pretty well disposed of grammar and other disciplinary studies and that a large part of the results they deplore comes from the wide-spread adoption of the easy and the soft. The results of the whole campaign are painfully evident to one who has received boys from all over the country. One great difficulty is that the advocates of the alluring theories have the platform. They are heard and read everywhere and the general public are easily convinced. A few who are on the other side are hard at work teaching and are enduring with what philosophy they can the effects of the new inspirational methods. It is for this reason that I hope that you can use the enclosed article.

Very truly yours,

HORACE D. TAFT.

THE TAFT SCHOOL, October 15, 1921.

POKING FUN AT GRAMMAR

MY DEAR MODERN NOVELIST:

You have recently given pleasure to the public by picturing what you would do if you were a teacher of English. Your sketch is racy, persuasive, and true to life. You exhibit, moreover, a virtue which was never a constituent of any previous essay of this sort—*e. g.*, Milton's "Education"—by poking fun at yourself for venturing into "this wide field wherein so many fools disport themselves." You intimate at the outset that you have received an invitation to express your opinion about grammar; you announce that you are amusing us and yourself with your "benightedness." And throughout the article you continue in every sentence as scrupulously truthful and as obviously an entertainer.

Yet your patent truthfulness will be misunderstood in the strangest way—a way which a novelist, unaccustomed to

the perverting power of literal minds, would never suspect. Some thousands of teachers and superintendents and pedagogical experts will apply your merriment to *the whole body of actual teachers in actual schools*; they will pass on to one another the glad message that M. N. advises *all teachers* to discard grammar in *all schools*. Incredible—isn't it?—that your plainest meaning will be turned topsyturvy. I adjure you, my dear M. N., as you wish well to American children, to aid me during the rest of your life, whenever you find opportunity, in upholding your truth against this comical distortion.

Stretch your novelist's imagination to conceive some of the false deductions which educators will draw from your playful paragraphs. You say, "I doubt whether I could pass an examination in English grammar," and you thought the purport obvious enough. But all the thousands of inefficient teachers to whom those words come will interpret thus:

"Oh, goody! I don't have to know any grammar. My kiddies don't have to know any. The right kind of English teacher ought not to know any. Hurrah!" You took it for granted that your phrase "the fury of the grammar hounds" would be interpreted in terms of urbanity, but in fact it will be rendered, quite apart from context, "Any one who advocates the study of grammar is a hound dog," or "a bloodhound on the track of little Elizas who are trying to escape into the blessed land of literature." Probably several hundred of your readers have consulted the *Century* to get light on your quaint epithet and have decided that you imply "a mean, contemptible fellow; a dastard; a poltroon; as, a low hound—so low and dastardly in nature that he would be willing to have grammar taught in the schools." Many a lazy teacher will be enamoured of you because she supposes you to say that "grammar makes a hateful mystery of English speech," and "the sensible student casts grammar aside with disdain."

They, in their ignorance, will suppose that you say such things. They will quite overlook the statement which qualifies your whole delightful humor, and which you supposed would need no emphasis: "Having an intuitive sense of the proper and effective manner of shaping sentences, there would be no text-books in my schoolroom." You are describing what your genius, in your school, with your fertility of resource, your quick sympathy with youthful needs, would do. You never thought of advising all us mediocre teachers in average schools to emulate your high talent. No, there is no excuse for misunderstanding you; you frequently enough repeat that you are discussing simply what your special aptitudes *would* do *if* some sad fate obliged them to labor in a small school composed of delightful and ambitious young Modern Novelists: "This is what I should do if I were responsible." You take pains to show that you are speaking of unreal conditions: you have written a poem and have read Greek; you sometimes make grievous blunders in grammar; you would exclude all inspectors and reformers; you would leave the choice of subjects to the students; you would efface yourself com-

pletely as an instructor; you would have every confidence that students would understand the point of any rules of usage to which you referred them. Surely you have insisted sufficiently upon the unreality.

In this respect you have done much better than your fellow author Milton, who once made the same sort of venture into the wide field where so many fools disport themselves. Still a discerning reader has no difficulty in perceiving that Milton intended to portray a purely ideal school. The teacher, for instance, is of this sort: "He who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with . . . might in short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor as would not fail to make of them renowned and matchless men." You and I understand at once this hypothesis of an ideal condition. We grant that if a Milton were privileged to gather about him a hundred and fifty Miltonic boys, he could perfectly succeed in the programme he outlines. You, with your hatred of grammar, concede instantly that a Milton, teaching young Miltons, is correct in saying: "First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar." You know that a Cardinal Newman, teaching young Newmans, could win his boys to a noble ardor by the means of grammar, which he admired so much; he is a fellow poet, and you know that he could make of grammar a kindly light. Of course you, teaching in your Indiana school in 1922, would completely fail to win your boys by grammar, to season them to a love of virtue and true labor; but you know that Milton could have succeeded in Indiana. You grant that all his lofty ideals would be realizable: "to inflame them with the study of learning . . . to teach them geometry and trigonometry by playing . . . soon to enter upon the Greek tongue by overcoming the difficulties of grammar . . . to save an army by learning to manage a crudity . . . to make both facile and pleasant Orpheus, Theocritus, Opian, Nicander, Dionysius . . . to furnish them with proairesis, that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil . . . to lead their young

and pliant affections through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian remnants . . . may have easily learned at any odd hour the Italian tongue . . . the Hebrew tongue at a set hour might have been gained, whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee and the Syrian dialect . . . to enable them to write perspicuously, elegantly . . . would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common playwrights and rhymers be, and what glorious use might be made of poetry . . . forming them to be able writers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things."

Achievements like those are nothing for you and Milton. You know, as you indicate in your essay, that it is easy to learn Italian and to teach youth to write well. You show us how you would triumph without grammar. You would register their vulgarities on the blackboard to visualize them "as long as necessary"; you would make it appear that clean and accurate speech is a part of good manners; you would efface yourself completely as an instructor; you would teach effective speech and writing by memorizing short passages; you would make the English speech the most natural thing in the world. There is no doubt that you and Milton could produce results which, compared with our school results, are as heaven to ant-hills. You and Milton!

"Why," you will ask in bewilderment, "should any practical educator expect average teachers in ordinary schools to copy the processes of me and Milton?" It is a hard question. The best answer is to show how so learned and astute a critic as Samuel Johnson once did thus misapply Milton's plain meaning. He dragged Milton's hypothetical school in the mire of reality by saying sceptically: "Every man, that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension." Johnson, you see, thought that Milton was boasting what he could do in an ordinary school, and thus ma-

lined the great poet. How, then, can you, judged by readers far less acute, hope to escape being classed as one of the fools that disport themselves in the wide field of education?

If dull readers misjudge, you will not be perturbed; for you are conscious of the sound sense of your real meaning. I am not pleading that you should care to evade slander, but that you should have affection for American youth. You have unwittingly prepared a damage for them, a damage which will continue through the coming years, which is great and will increase in proportion as your fame and our love for you increase. By the hope that fame and love may prosper I conjure you to help me undo the harm. Deign to say publicly that you are not advising fifteen thousand high schools to abandon grammar. Your witty literary mind will never realize the need of such a disavowal, but it can get an inkling if it will consult successful teachers in Indiana. I suppose you don't utterly scorn the professors of English in the colleges of your most literary State in the Union; you grant that they have a bit of practical knowledge of education as it most lamentably is to-day. Gather their opinions of how your essay will turn to poison in our schools.

In order to persuade you that such consulting may result in great good, I offer you the following facts, which cannot be better introduced than by your own words: "In these free States we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken or written English."

Do you know any particulars about the depth of the evil in your own State? Six years ago Professor Brown, of the college that made you Litt.D., organized the administering of a simple test to all the college freshmen who matriculated that fall in Indiana; only half of them knew the difference between one sentence and two sentences. Two years ago the same kind of test was applied to the freshmen of the University of Wisconsin after they had been in residence a month; not a third could distinguish between a whole sentence and a fraction of a sentence. Seven years ago the Harvard School of Business Administration (to which only college graduates are ad-

mitted) announced that only a fifth of the theses submitted by students would receive a passing grade if marked as freshman composition. This year Yale tells us in print that a sixth of its freshman class are "illiterate." The list of horrors could be indefinitely extended. If you never went farther with us grammar hounds than to publish with your novelist's skill some of this record of illiteracy, especially as it flourishes in secondary schools, you would do a notable service.

Do you know what remedy for illiteracy is proposed in your State? What proportion of the successful, experienced teachers do you suppose would agree that improvement can be hoped for by abandoning grammar? You must make clear when you put questions to them that you are not referring to Modern Novelists. You must cater to the lowly minds of instructors by saying explicitly: "I am asking about all teachers, whose average of intuitive skill is much less than mine; and about all students, whose average capacity for profiting by literary examples is infinitely less than mine." Thus you will guard against wrong answers. You will discover that many excellent teachers do not make grammar hideous, do not use it as a mechanical toy; but employ it with effective purpose to educate young people.

If your genius smiles sceptically at an "effective" purpose in grammar, restrain its smile. In your happy ether of intuitive knack with composition you know only one part of grammar, a part that is not much taught nowadays and in which there was never much faith. Indeed, the "grammar" that you have in mind is a supposition. It exists only in such captivating screeds as that written two years ago by an Amherst professor for a most literary magazine, and in another put forth by a New York educator at the same time in a most reverend review, and in those frequent joyful skits, written in just your vein, by a host of well-meaning people. One and all they inveigh against grammar without knowing what it is. Grammar is not nowadays a matter of rules for correct usage, but a body of knowledge of how sentences are constructed. You might some time enjoy

investigating this region—just as I suppose you like occasionally to read about Alaska or the planetesimal origin of the earth. Perhaps you would find a place even in your ideal school for the sort of grammar that is the only teaching device yet discovered for showing the average literal mind the difference between one sentence and two sentences.

You seem not to know that your diatribe against grammar is all compact of phrases and guesses that have been often repeated in these last two decades. They are trite, everywhere bandied about, everywhere popular. You show a naïve ignorance of present-day conditions when you say that you would exclude from your classes "all principals and trustees and insist on protection from physical manifestations of their indignation." There are plenty of principals and trustees to guard you from the other party, and they would most zealously protect you without your insistence. You would daily receive flowers and congratulations. You seem to suppose that the grammar hounds are in power and that you are the first champion to appear against them; yet all your brave words of ridicule appear to experienced teachers as merely a dull and late addition to a chorus of ignorance. How happy must be that state of life in which a critic of education can originate all these concepts without a suspicion that they are antique!

And you are most happy in another regard. You have never been told that among teachers of English the knowledge of grammar was never so slight as at present, that in the schools there was never so little grammar taught as now. You do know, however, that ignorance of the mother tongue was never so great as now. Hence your reasoning—true enough, doubtless, for your ideal school—will appear to logic hounds and base practical people to be false.

Though you are so unacquainted with the minor elements in our Tragedy of Poor Old English, you do know the central theme—to wit, that our youth are uneducated. About this you are much concerned; you cogitate it; in your anxiety you write an essay proposing a remedy. You do well. All teachers of the mother tongue are grateful for your

interest. Can you not during the next year try to learn what the best teachers have proposed as a remedy? At first you will be disinclined to such an investigation, for teachers must appear to you to be pedagogic hounds of base degree. So it may be in order to remind you that some of them could say of themselves—with a truth and modesty equal to your own—"Having an intuitive sense of how to construct sentences, grammar will be the great engine to lift our youth out of the slough of illiteracy." There are secondary teachers who, like you, write poetry; I know two of them. What do you suppose they would do with grammar if they built pedagogic castles in Spain? They would use it for the mental and moral and æsthetic upbuilding of pupils. May I suggest to your catholic mind—which I am sure will welcome the information—that there are university professors who can in all humble verity declare of themselves that they have an intuitive sense of using language. Would they exclude grammar from their ideal schools? A few would. The great majority would use it as the very basis of decent teaching; for they have, as you most happily have not, an acquaintance with the workings of the average freshman mind, and a sense of how to direct it, and a knowledge of the only way in which it has ever been led to proficiency in the use of English.

Do you notice that I keep insisting on the average? You must not impatiently judge grammar hounds by observation of any one boy. Perhaps that boy has inherited a charm of style and a scunner against grammar; he can be taught without a knowledge of syntax formally schematized; indeed, he will teach himself. So will about five per cent of our most desirable young citizens. What is more, about five per cent of our adults who might teach composition could succeed without grammar; but these rare spirits never go into school work; they are to be found only in editorial sanctums and novelists' studies. We must, since we are a democracy, consider always the ninety-five per cent of students and teachers. So far as can be judged at present, the ninety and five will inevitably go to hideous ruin unless they practise the grammar method.

To furnish reasons and testimony would be bad form in such a literary magazine, where I am commenting upon such a literary essay as yours. But I may be allowed to indicate where evidence is to be found. In 1919 a literary-minded committee of the University of Wisconsin English faculty formally announced to the world the creed that no adequate instruction in composition is possible except upon the basis of familiarity with the facts of syntax. Their report was published with approval in the *Bulletin of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English*. (You will be glad to know that the editor has an intuitive sense of how to use his native language. At times in his life he has, like you, been able to read several foreign languages.) The Wisconsin creed has been indorsed at the University of Iowa. (By the way, the critical Mr. O'Brien says that the literary journal of that university has a higher average of artistic short stories than any other publication in America.) You can for yourself easily learn what is thought about grammar by the most intuitive minds at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Minnesota, California, Washington—and as far as you choose to travel.

There is no need of travel. Just as the poet, abiding at home, could see Pisa's leaning miracle, so you can learn in Indiana that grammar is considered a necessity by the nation that is most literary-minded and that has best established a universal respect for good use of its mother tongue. All is displayed for you in "How the French Boy Learns to Write," a book made in the very town where you were born. The author fervently believes that the example of France applies to American conditions, and that there can be no proper teaching of English composition without a foundation of grammar. When you have digested this book, ask yourself an entertaining question: "What must a French novelist think of an American novelist and doctor of letters who advises teaching the mother tongue without the aid of grammar?" Well, what do you suppose he would think? I can imagine fairly accurately; but when I try to fancy how he would express his thought, how his Gallic wit would convey the truth and still remain polite—

then I have a great curiosity to see his deft contriving.

Oh, my dear Meredith Nicholson, let's cut the kidding and get down to brass tacks in this last paragraph. Can't you see the evil you have done? Can't you guess how incompetent teachers everywhere like to excuse their ignorance and failure by quoting a literary fellow who has poked fun at grammar? Can't you guess how devoted teachers everywhere (those overworked and underpaid ones that you speak of so feelingly), builders of democracy in this time of stress, are discouraged and weakened by your jibes? There is, for example, in Omaha a woman who has for a quarter of a century fought the good fight of grammar, doing incalculable good to her city, bringing immeasurable help to thousands of boys and girls by teaching them some skill in the use of English. This invaluable servant of democracy you have scoffed at. You have wantonly heaped opprobrium upon

the same sort of priceless service by deriding a teacher in Worcester, a woman who for thirty years has proved that there is no health in school English courses except by way of grammar. You have merrily jeered at conscientious workers in the Northwest, who have for the past four years been planning to show the teachers of their Inland Empire how to build upon grammar in this age of shifting pedagogic quicksand. You have made a mock of serious efforts in Oklahoma and Maryland and your own State to show young people the straight way to mastery of their language. You have sneered at all that is most hopeful in our nation's hard struggle to improve instruction in the mother tongue. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Please help along a good cause by publishing, just as soon as you can, an essay, not on what *you* would do *if* the impossible happened, but on how the best teachers have to proceed when they actually labor in real classrooms.

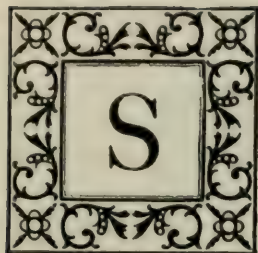
NOTE BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

There is always a keen pleasure in shooting an arrow into the air, knowing that it is bound to fall somewhere and in all likelihood upon the head of some one who is moved to shoot it back. Mr. Ward has a good eye and a steady hand: my arrow now reposes in mine own bosom! Still I am consoled in my suffering by the knowledge that I have elicited this interesting and forcible reply to my playful remarks on the teaching of English. I am grateful for the rejoinder, not more for its information, so pleasantly communicated, than for its disciplinary rapping of my knuckles. Mr. Ward's courteous refusal to accept the invitation I generously extended to all masters of grammar to search my pages for infelicities reveals a spirit of good sportsmanship that I greatly appreciate. Several other critics, including an anonymous friend writing from Coblenz, have called me sharply to task for a bull that roars from the very midst of the article in question. A professional critic of the highest standing, having diligently searched the volume containing the offending paper, chalks up three errors against me, and seems rather tickled that the score is so low in the writing of one so obviously uninstructed as I am. While I confess to a degree of astonishment that my paper should anywhere be taken seriously, I must insist that not for much fine gold would I add a straw to the burdens of the teaching profession. I am not unaware of the perplexities and embarrassments of those who in these changing times undertake the instruction of indifferent or hostile youth. The method I so innocently suggested as a possible solution of the problem of better English would doubtless fail miserably. And so, having sauntered a little too blithely into a region that is best left to expert guardianship I beg for safe-conduct through the lines and beyond the gate to those familiar fields of complacent ignorance "where all is possible and all unknown."

M. N.

Empty Bottles

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON



HE looked down from the windows of the Club dining-room, the spark from her cigarette glowing like a belated firefly in the warm September dusk. The cautious

murmur of waiters floated up, the soft shuffle of their feet across the stone flagging; there was a flicker of candles above white cloth and shining silver; beyond the terrace the dark foliage caught the dissolving globes of milky light that came from the lamps upon the balustrade. An echo of steps sounded below her, a running fire of talk and laughter; the waiters scurried to their places as the party drifted toward the table.

The girl left the window and walked to the mirror. She lifted her hands to her hair with a slow encircling gesture, "A Tangara in Ivory"—she remembered she had been called that. The full gray eyes in the glass opened wide beneath dark lashes. As a description it rather pleased her.

"Betty, I think I need a thrill," she said.

"What's the matter with Jimmie?" responded Betty from the stool where she was struggling with a recalcitrant slipper. "I thought he was quite a ball of fire, Elaine?"

"He *was*, that's just it. Now he's worse than a husband. I'm tired of Jimmie. I need something subtle and complex and—inexhaustible!"

"Something you can cerebrate upon for a long time," responded Betty promptly. "I don't blame you; we all do. Well here's hoping." She rose and smoothed her dress. "Jack brought a mild man from the West to-night. He's anything but interesting to me, but *you* might dig something out of him. Come on, old dear, we're late."

The party settled into place around the table. Elaine looked casually about her.

There were no changes in the alignment, the same sleek heads swayed toward the same unblemished shoulders. Evidently there had been no quarrels in the last fortnight. It was a little disappointing. She caught a glimpse of her husband hovering with soft rapacity above the woman to his left. She could imagine him breathing heavily through his nose in the unpleasant way he had. So that affair was still on! Betty had heard it was off. She turned to the man next her.

"What do you think of all this?" she said.

"It'll do." His eyes swept the table with a far-away glance. "I suppose you have these parties every night?" He looked at her with distant directness, his face glowing like beaten copper against the light of the candle.

"We do lead complicated lives, don't we?" she confided. "You must find it all very involved after the splendid simplicity of the West! Tell me about the West!" she murmured with soft urgency.

"I don't know as I could tell you all about it in one night." His smoke-colored eyes seemed to place her in the background of some larger vision. "It's a big place, the West."

"Yes," she breathed, "I know. I love to dream about it. We need wide spaces, we city dwellers—we lead such feverish lives—we're so difficult, and so complex!"

"You do crowd some. I've noticed that," he answered. "About complex—, I don't know."

"Oh, but we *are*!" she exclaimed. "Don't you find us so?"

He hesitated for an instant. "You think more about yourselves if that's what you mean. It isn't the same thing. With us—we call that—just childish. It's only the way we look at it," he added with gentle dignity.

"Oh," she laughed, "how lovely! Really"—her eyes opened wide—"I never thought of it that way before. Maybe we're not nearly so subtle as we think we

are. It's a fascinating idea!" She looked at him with parted lips. "If we're not, then you are!" she exclaimed.

"What?" he asked blankly.

"Subtle—full of wisdom."

"Oh!" he smiled tolerantly. "I didn't follow you." He looked about the table and then turned to her. "Ranching does give a man some wisdom, I suppose."

"Yes," she murmured, "I think it does. Do you know"—her shoulder just touched his sleeve—"You're not a bit easy to understand. I imagine you must live alone, on a great ranch with only mountains for company. Do you?"

For an instant his gaze cut like the edge of a knife, then its sharpness disappeared in a flash of humor. "I have twenty men in my outfit, and we handle about ten thousand sheep. That's plenty of company, even if you don't count the sheep."

"Yes," she smiled, "I should say it was. You oughtn't to have any trouble sleeping with all those sheep to count. But a crowd isn't always company, is it?"

He shook his head.

"I feel that so often." There was a note of self-pity in her voice. "We go through life strangely isolated from each other—we can't even understand those who are closest to us." Her eyes were veiled and wistful as if she contemplated some melancholy vision hovering beyond the circle of light. "Tell me, do you still believe in women in the West?"

"Oh, yes," he answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"And protect them?"

"When they need it," he said dryly.

Her hands dropped lightly upon the table, and she fixed her gaze on the rose-colored flame that wavered so delicately within its silken covering. "I imagine your wife wouldn't need any protection."

"I haven't any," he said simply.

"You may be very fortunate. Perhaps it's a part of your wisdom. Look, Mr. Ross," she touched his arm, "that's my husband." At the moment Morris Pennington was engaged in fixing a comb in the hair of the woman next him; he gave her shoulder a little pat, arched his head with grotesque fatuity, and leaned back, breathing heavily. His face made a gray blotch in the subdued light.

"Yes," said Ross, "I met him before dinner."

A sudden beat of little drums, a plaintive cry of ukuleles, swept with a gust of alien sound across the chatter about the table. Some of the diners rose, and a young man appeared at Elaine's side. She glanced at her dinner companion. He was studying Morris Pennington with evident curiosity.

II

THE party stood in groups about the disordered table. A feeling of slight suspense stirred in the air; Betty's eyes held the concealed preparedness of the hostess whose guests are about to go. Pennington poured two drinks from the bottle on the table and pushed a glass in front of the woman at his side. Then he walked over to Elaine.

"My dear, if you're going home with Jack and Betty, I'll go home with Edith."

"You'll see that I get home, won't you, Jack?" asked Elaine sweetly.

"Why, certainly—we told you."

"We'll take care of you, Elaine darling," interrupted Betty. "Don't worry about her, Morris, she'll be quite safe with us." She gave Elaine a little hug and smiled brightly at Ross.

"All right," said Pennington. "Good-night, Betty, it's been a fine party. Night, Sturges. See you later." He bobbed vaguely at Elaine and pursued his course to the other side of the table.

It was fairly early and the terrace was still dotted with tables. Against the background of the night they shone like suddenly revealed interiors; the warm radiance of faces, the sheen of silver and white linen, glowed in concentrated brilliance within the enveloping darkness. One of the men, stretched far back in his chair, stared steadily with pale, insolent eyes at Ross. A woman at the next table leaned out and touched Elaine's arm. "Oh, my dear!" she said impressively. Her glance swept the tall figure at Elaine's side; she felt him stiffen suddenly as if repelling an invasion of privacy; unconsciously his gait fell into the suspicion of a swagger.

They threaded their way through the wide hall to the stairway. Betty and

Elaine disappeared up the stairs and the two men went out to the driveway to get the car.

The veranda was filled with a chattering, moving crowd; a line of motors passed the steps in halting procession, made the wide turn beyond the archway and shot in single shafts of light through the long alley of the trees. Ross watched the crowd with casual curiosity. He had always found Easterners in the West quite simple, inevitably giving themselves away in the face of problems he was accustomed to solve in silence. They seemed about the same in the East. They knew business, that was their game, but here they were laughing and pushing all over the place like a bunch of "dudes." His broad shoulders straightened, and the edge of his stiff shirt slipped out beyond the line of his waistcoat. He tucked it in with a sudden feeling of embarrassment that annoyed him.

"Oh, here he is," said Elaine, at his elbow. "We thought you'd be standing under the elk head in the hall. Do they still seem to crowd?" She looked at him as if she had struck some subtle note of sympathy.

"Yes," he answered, a little surprised at her intuition.

"There's Jack!" said Betty vigorously making her way to the steps. "I'm going to ride with you, Jack. Get in, children." She jumped into the front seat beside her husband.

The night was faintly pungent with the smell of falling leaves; in the meadows beyond the roadside the mist lay in pale drifting folds upon the grass. A low moon shone dimly through a haze of ghost-like vapor; between the black shadows of the trees, the road was splashed with silver. There was a damp, rich odor of corn in the air; a smell of browsing cattle and of water running between sedgy banks, the fragrance of shrubbery and cut grass and distant gardens. Dark well-oiled drives slipped suddenly from the road, plunged into foliage-shrouded tunnels, and swept in dotted lines of light toward the blank houses. On the horizon the lamps of the great city burned in an unwavering arc against the sky. To Malcolm Ross, seated by Elaine, it all seemed civilized and finished, breathing

a secured contentment that seemed for the moment something desirable.

"Do you live near the Sturgeses?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. Her hands glimmered faintly against the robe that lay against her knees; she swayed toward him and the curve of her dark hair emerged from the shadow.

"I love to ride at night! Don't you? Do you feel the mystery of it, that strange sense of going on and on forever? I wonder if you do?"

She seemed to reach out in some subtle pervasive way; vaguely Ross felt the current of her presence, disturbing and unfamiliar.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I'm used to it. We have a lot of riding to do at night."

"Of course," she murmured. "And how you do ride, you Westerners! I've seen you. They say we don't understand horses in the East. Is that true?"

"You don't know them." He spoke with calm assurance. "They're a luxury here. With us they're a necessity. Every man rides. Have you seen them do stunts?"

"Yes," she cried enthusiastically. "Do you know I'm going out to the West some day! I feel as if I craved it—as one of your sheep craves salt." She lifted her hands suddenly from her lap. "Our lives are so smug and orderly, and regulated! It's deadly! We have no risks, no danger. Only the danger of—disintegration,—I suppose you'd call it, and there—" her voice dropped into a wistful, pathetic note, "we're not protected. It's different in your country, isn't it?"

Betty turned her head. "What's all this I hear?" She twisted around until she could see Ross. "Temperamental, isn't she?"

Neither spoke and Betty cheerfully turned her back on them.

"She wouldn't understand," Elaine whispered, as if to herself.

The lights of the car plunged into a black gulf; on either side of the road the woods stretched up, dark and silent. Sturges increased the speed, his back seemed glued to the seat. They swept round a turn, the lights caught the tree trunks, leaped forward, and shot suddenly

beyond a dark object moving in front of them. The car ground to a slow stop behind a man walking unconcernedly down the centre of the road.

As the car stopped, the man wheeled about. Elaine's heart jumped, seemed to drop with a sickening descent. She gave a little shriek and buried her face in the cushions. In the tingling blackness before her eyes a figure, sinister, masked, with something dully gleaming in his hand, burned in livid outlines. She heard his voice, nervous, savage, trembling with an odd note of desperation. She lifted her head, as if forced against her will.

"Quickly!" he shouted. The object in his hand flashed uncertainly in the light of the lamps.

"All right," said Jack. His voice sounded very clear and distant. "Get out, Betty."

She felt a hand on her shoulder. "Don't be frightened," Ross whispered. With a sudden cat-like movement across the seat he had turned off the lights and sprung out of the car.

There was a grunt of dismay in the darkness, the thud of a small object falling upon the ground; then footsteps, retreating up the road. They ceased, and she heard a swift crashing through the underbrush.

Ross turned on the lights. "I wish he hadn't run," he said.

Elaine drew a deep breath. Sturges looked as if he had just dropped from a distance and found himself unhurt. He eyed Ross a little sheepishly.

"I thought the damn man might shoot us." His arm tightened around Betty.

Ross walked to the front of the car and picked up the pistol. "Well, he couldn't see in the light, and he couldn't see in the dark," he said reflectively. "Considering the bad start he made, I should say he used good judgment." He weighed the pistol in his hand. "Some army kid, I reckon. I'd like to have got the coyote just the same." He put the pistol in his pocket. "All right back there, Mrs. Pennington?" he called cheerily. "Let's go, Sturges."

"Did you hit him?" Elaine's voice was a little awestruck, and her eyes shone out of the darkness.

"No, he just ran," sniffed Ross, with reminiscent amusement. "He was pulling a bluff, you see."

"And you called it, didn't you?" her voice deepened with admiration. "My, how quickly you think! You turned off those lights and jumped out of that car—I didn't know what you were going to do! You really saved us all from—from—Oh!" she shivered—"it might have been very unpleasant! I was frightened." She leaned toward him. "I'm glad you were here. I'd have been awfully frightened if you hadn't been. I'm afraid I lost my nerve, didn't I?"

"You were a little scared," he laughed. "It came kind of quickly and it jarred you."

She slipped her hand within his arm so gently that he scarcely felt the pressure. "It jars yet—a little," she said. "I'm not as brave as I thought I was. I didn't think I'd act that way. Did you?"

"I didn't know how you'd act," he answered.

"Well, I hope you're not too disappointed in me. I want you to like me." He felt the faint pressure of her hand upon his arm. "We really know each other, after what's happened. You've seen me at my worst, I guess. I can see you now, putting out the lights and jumping out of the car, all in one swift beautiful movement! That's pretty talk, but it's true. I'm not trying to flatter you—you wouldn't know what it was. But I can't help it—it is comfortable to know some one like you."

He did not speak, and she sat in silence, watching the road that vanished into the mist before them. They were passing through an estate; on either side lay an unbroken line of wall, toned to a gray similarity by the moonlight. Sturges slowed down a little and then steered the car beneath an archway.

"This is where I live," she said.

Ross looked directly at her. She could see the grave lines of his face quite clearly in the moonlight. "Do you often come home without your husband?" he said.

She held his arm in a light clasp and then withdrew her hand. "I have to. If I didn't, I wouldn't get home at all." The bitterness in her tone cut with a fine edge.

He was silent, his face impassive, inscrutable in the dim light. Apparently he was staring ahead. She leaned back against the cushions.

"Will you come and see me?"

He nodded.

"To-morrow night for dinner?"

"Yes," he answered.

The car swung deftly up to the broad steps and stopped. "Here we are, all safe and sound," cried Betty.

Ross helped Elaine out. She ran to the front seat. "Good-night, Betty. It's been a real experience, hasn't it? Do you know, my knees are positively shaking! 'Night, Jack, old dear, take good care of her on the way home." She held out her hand to Ross. "I'm going to steal your guest to-morrow night, Betty. Do you mind?"

When they reached the road again Betty looked back at Ross.

"So you're going to dine with Elaine, are you?" Her tone was that of pleasant inquiry.

"Yes," he answered.

She turned away, apparently quite satisfied. "Jack, I think Elaine must have hired that hold-up man," she whispered.

In the seclusion of his own room Ross sat and contemplated his discarded shoes. Meditatively he rolled a final cigarette, and stared at his bed. Some one knocked; without moving he shouted, "Come in." Sturges, dressing-gowned, put his head through the door.

"Got everything you want, old man?"

Ross jerked his head. "Come in a minute." Sturges walked to the mantelpiece and looked inquiringly down upon him.

"Nice party, Jack," said Ross thoughtfully.

"Had a good time, did you?"

"Yes; good lot, those men."

"And women?" Sturges's eyebrows shot upward.

"Oh, yes," said Ross nonchalantly.

"Betty, she's a great little girl. Tell me, what do they do, the men?"

"Oh, business mostly."

Ross cleared his throat and looked around the room as if thinking of something to say. "What's Pennington do?" he asked.

"Nothing," responded Sturges cheerfully. "Takes care of his wife."

Ross leaned down and picked up a shoe.

"Does he work steady?"

Sturges laughed. "Well, you see, she takes pretty good care of herself."

"Oh, she does." His face was blank.

"That doesn't leave him much of a job, does it?"

"You're going there to-morrow night, aren't you?" He looked at Ross with sharp amusement.

"Yes," said the other rising. "What time do we go to work in the morning?"

III

Ross became uncomfortably aware of his footsteps echoing across the polished hardwood floor. One hand went to his tie and then dropped with abrupt irritation. The man ahead of him led the way with a flat-footed obsequiousness that was somehow annoying. The delicate ordered precision of the hallway, its trim spaciousness, choked him a little; he squared his shoulders and fell into an easy swagger. His glance followed the stairway winding in a slim white spiral toward a shaft of orange light that fell from the West window. He heard the leisured click of heels upon the stairs, and then the sunlight leaped into a warm radiance about a white figure that stood smiling pleasantly down upon him.

"Good evening, Mister Man," she said.

Ross looked up with difficulty, as if the light confused him.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pennington."

She descended with an exquisite deliberateness, and he stood waiting, his hand resting upon the mahogany railing of the stairway. He did not move even when she had reached the step above him. For a moment she paused, a little smile on her lips, as if she were aware of something hoped for, but not entirely expected. Her eyes were very gray and deliberate; she held out her hand, slowly, almost beseechingly.

"It was good of you to come."

He moved his shoulders with a sudden gesture of escape.

"Feel all right to-day?" he asked cheerily.

"Not quite." She shook her head, and walked to the door without looking at him. "We're going to the Leicester Hunt for dinner. Come on."

Ross helped her into the car, and then glanced at the porch.

"Get in!" she said impatiently. "You don't mind going alone with me?"

The car swept with a crisp crunch around the circle of gravel in front of the Hunt. In the flagged doorway stood the steward, a discreet smile of welcome on his youthful face. Ross stretched his legs comfortably, Elaine's wrap trailing over his arm. There was an air of delightful solitude surrounding the little house; its low white outline seemed a part of the countryside, as if it had grown old with the hills, and the blue mist-wreathed valleys that lay about it. Peaceful country, he thought, so settled and farm-like. And then this Club, with a man in a dress suit, put right down in the middle of it. Little one-horse homey place. What funny things they did in the East! Banged themselves to pieces in big houses, and then came out to little farms like this! His eyes followed the pale, gold-powdered purple of the hills that melted into a shimmering mist on the horizon.

"Nice place," he said. "Seems quiet for a Hunt."

Elaine laughed. "It's not always as quiet as this." She paused at the stairway. "I'll be down in a minute."

Ross wandered about the living-room looking at the prints that covered the walls. They showed horses in extraordinary action,—large horses with red-coated gentlemen falling in impossible postures. The corners of his mouth dropped sardonically. The air of horse was everywhere, horse as an amusement, something to be enjoyed! Sporting enough, but not useful. They ought to live on their horses; they wouldn't need any hunting, or pictures then! A hot resentment flamed up in him, he felt fiercely, proudly alien to it all, and yet, strangely covetous of something that lay behind it. He buttoned the single button of his dinner jacket, with unconscious fingers. It made him feel grotesque, and he undid it.

Elaine's voice sounded from the stair-

way calling the steward. Ross turned, and she came toward him. "We're going to eat dinner outside. Burr will bring our cocktails there." She put her hand through his arm. "How do you like our little Hunt? We have it all to ourselves this evening."

The wind came softly through the open arches of the piazza; the candles burned with an uncertain radiance in the twilight. Beyond Elaine's face Ross could see the slow, subtle change of color in the encircling hills, the deepening folds of shadow that spread like a dark veil over the valley below them. A crescent moon, a pale shell of silver, lay against the dusky horizon; there was a smell of wood smoke in the air, pungent, breathing vaguely of unrest. The intimacy, the friendly isolation of the little table pervaded him, he felt a sense of ease and comfort, as if he had known Elaine for a long while.

She leaned forward and regarded him seriously, the smoke from her cigarette drifting in a blue cloud between the candles. "It's odd being out here with you," she reflected. "I didn't know you before last night. You fit in somehow, don't you? I hate nervous men." She frowned and crushed the cigarette against her plate. "Tell me, what do you really think of me?"

Ross grinned comfortably.

"I hadn't thought. I'm just enjoying myself."

"But you must think," she exclaimed. "I'm not always like this." She sighed. "I wish I were. Oh—how simple life could be made!" She leaned back in her chair and regarded him, her hands clasped behind her head. "Why do we get all tangled up in it?" There was a wistful perplexity in her face as if she sought some hidden source of injustice.

Ross gazed beyond her into the moonlit valley.

"We don't, some of us. Life's always been pretty simple for me." He dropped his eyes to meet hers. "What's your trouble?"

"Why should I bother you with my troubles? I seem to want to, though." She looked up quickly. "I don't know why I talk to you the way I do. It's positively queer."

"No, it isn't." His voice was gravely

sympathetic. "I guess you have a pretty hard time of it."

"I have a rotten time of it," she exclaimed bitterly; "I sometimes think—Oh well," she laughed, "it doesn't matter what I think. It isn't interesting to you, anyway." She rose. "Come on, we'll go down to the kennels and hear the hounds bark. Don't you want to hear the hounds bark?"

Ross leaned over one of the candles and lit his cigarette.

"You're a funny girl," he said.

"Am I?" she smiled. "Will you please keep on thinking that as long as you know me? Promise me—you won't ever think anything worse, will you?"

He touched her hair very lightly with his hand. "I won't," he answered.

Two shafts of light pierced the darkness behind them, opened, fanlike, upon the shrubbery, the grass, a sector of yellow gravel. They heard the sound of wheels, crunching to a slow stop before the door of the Club; then voices and laughter. The door banged to, and the windows in the lower room were suddenly illuminated. Elaine paused; her lip caught between her teeth. She looked at Ross.

"It's a party. Maybe we'd better go in for a minute. What do you think?"

"I suppose so," he said impassively.

She hesitated, gazed for a moment at the hills, nebulous above a pale lake of mist in the moonlight. Then she walked slowly toward the house.

A blaze of light, a wave of hot perfumed air, the greeting of many voices, met them. Betty's arm shone above a circle of clustered heads; she crossed the room, two men following her.

"We're just starting," she said breathlessly. "To-morrow we're going to Bob Hemingway's." She indicated one of the men. "It's a big party; the Hulls and some Englishmen are coming over from New York. We called you up this afternoon." Her eyes rested momentarily upon Ross, standing a little detached from the group. "You're coming with us. Bring him along—it'll do him good."

"We'll need you, Mrs. Pennington," said Hemingway. "It wouldn't be a party if you weren't there. Special

assortment of balls of fire coming from New York—they'll expect to be devilled within an inch of their lives." His florid, heavily grained face had a challenging smile.

She flashed a sudden, unwilling response, as if, instinctively, she caught the challenge, threw it back at him.

"Well," she said, "it sounds interesting."

"It will be," he answered solemnly.

Her eyes wandered toward Ross; he had turned away, was staring at a picture on the opposite wall; there was a suggestion of uneasiness in the stiff, uncompromising set of his shoulders.

"Oh, come on!" broke in Hemingway, impulsively. "You know you enjoyed the last party. This will be the best yet."

"Morris going?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Mr. Ross!" Ross turned and she beckoned to him. "This is Mr. Hemingway and he wants you to motor over to his farm to-morrow. Can you do it?"

"I hope you can," added Hemingway cheerily. "Mrs. Pennington is coming."

Ross shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't to-morrow night."

"How about the next day?" Hemingway asked.

For an instant Ross paused, looked at Elaine as if seeking guidance.

"I could then," he answered.

"All right," said Hemingway. "Come as early as you can." He turned to Elaine. "I'll expect *you* to-morrow night."

IV

It was late afternoon, and Ross sat alone looking out into the garden. He sat without moving, his lean hands passive upon the arms of the wicker chair. The deep repose of physical well-being enveloped him, gave a certain powerful immobility to his attitude of waiting. As a matter of fact he had been waiting for Elaine nearly all day. For the thousandth time he visualized her slow, exquisite step, her slow, drifting motion as she came toward him. She seemed only a face—very clear—and then a shadowy image that drifted, indefinite, delightful, vague as the outline of a dream. Years ago, as a boy, he had watched clouds for

long hours, against a clear blue sky; he had repressed the habit, and now, curiously enough, it had come back to him, strangely humanized. He settled slightly in his chair, as if to reach, for the moment, an even deeper centre of repose. He felt no impatience; the passage of time had been short in his absorbing occupation.

A voice behind him broke his day dream into iridescent fragments. His heart jumped, and he caught his breath. The thrill of actuality, more poignant than any dream, pervaded and stifled him. He rose deliberately.

"Have you been waiting long?" said Elaine.

He shook his head.

"I've been sleeping," she yawned. "When did you come?"

"About eight o'clock."

She held out her hand. "Shame I didn't get up. We had quite a party last night. I wish you'd been here." She looked reproachfully at him, still holding his hand.

"I wanted to come. You don't know how much." He seemed to struggle in the apology; between his far-sighted eyes a little wrinkle grew with the focus of his glance.

"It couldn't be done," he added, simply.

"You should have tried harder," she answered. "It might have been better—for both of us." She put her arm abruptly into his. "I'm sick of parties anyway. Let's take a walk."

Beyond the slope of lawn a country road vanished in glimmering whiteness through the green and gold of the surrounding wood. Elaine walked toward the gateway that cut the low stone wall. "I'm going to take you out into the country—what there is of it," she said.

Their feet padded noiselessly through the dust; it rose in a white cloud before them. Above the delicate tracery of the pine branches the sky shone with the deepening blue of late afternoon. It was very quiet, an acrid smell of burning brush was in the air, from the depths of the wood a bird's call echoed through the trees; burdened with a sustained and melancholy note of warning.

Elaine stopped. "Listen—that's the wood-pewee! My father always said it

was the bird that warned Ulysses on the Island of Circe. He was a quaint man, my father. Do you know about Ulysses?" she added a little shyly.

Ross shook his head.

"He was a wanderer. 'Forever roaming with a hungry heart.' You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh," she shook her head, "so do I. I get so restless! It's like searching for something all the time, and never knowing quite what you want." She looked wistfully at him. "You seem so poised, so completely at rest. You never get upset over anything, do you?" She laughed. "You're what Bob Hemingway calls an indifferentist. And yet"—her hand slipped through his arm—"I don't think you really are an indifferentist, are you?"

"I don't know what you mean," he answered. "Whatever it is, I guess I'm usually too busy to be it."

The edge of the wood appeared before them, a glimmer of light through the brown line of tree trunks. Beyond it the meadow dropped to a stream just visible between two rows of dwarf-like willows. They walked down the slope, Elaine wading luxuriously through the long grass.

"It's the last of summer, isn't it?" She leaned down and pulled a handful of feathery blades. "It hovers about us for one last moment—like to-day, and then"—she threw the grass into the air—"it goes, like everything else. I wonder where it goes. You're wise, do you know?"

Ross smiled at her. "You run on like a stream, Elaine," he said, with amused tenderness.

They reached the willows, and Elaine seated herself on the bank. "Let's sit here for a while and watch the water. Come on!" She patted the grass at her side.

For a moment they sat in silence watching the rippling color that broke from the waves in tiny flashes of gold and orange. In the still pools above the current the light from the setting sun glowed in vivid crimson and yellow against the steel-blue reflection of the sky. A faint mist rose above the sedgy banks, blurring the stretch of meadow with its ghostlike

breath. Elaine leaned forward, her chin upon her hands.

"You'd never believe we were anywhere near that awful house, would you? Maybe you didn't think it was so awful?" She smiled whimsically at him. "You would if you knew as much as I do."

"Pretty bad, was it?" he said seriously.

"Yes, it was pretty bad." Her gaze rested upon the still water that lay so tranquilly beneath its shimmering mirage of color. "Oh"—she stretched out her arms with a sudden gesture of escape—"the wearying, scattering distractingness of our life! I wonder sometimes how we ever live it! We scurry about from one little thing to another like driven animals, and we don't even know who drives us! Altogether it's an odd performance!" she said, with a little twist to her smile.

"You seem to enjoy it," he answered.

"No, we don't," she said bitterly. "It's just habit, and a craving for excitement, that's all."

"Tell me"—her eyes were fixed on the water—"are you ever sorry for things you do?"

"Sometimes," he answered.

"Oh, I do such foolish things, and then I hate myself, just *hate* myself!" She turned away and Ross caught the profile of her face glowing faintly in the reflection from the stream. "I don't know why I do them either."

He touched her hair, a light touch, curiously awkward in its restraint.

"I'm beginning to understand how you all live. It isn't healthy, Elaine."

"It isn't." Her voice trembled. "I wish I could escape, but I can't. I was born into this life, it's eaten into my fibre so deeply it's become a part of me, I guess. If only—" she stopped abruptly.

"If what?"

"Oh, I have no reason to complain. We're masters of our own fate. We make ourselves, day by day. Only"—she laughed bitterly—"now and then we see what we've made, and sometimes, my dear, we're not very proud of it."

The eagle-like look in Ross' face had gone, his eyes were more vague and far-seeing than ever. "I don't think women are always masters of their fate. I think men have a lot to do with that. It's always been my belief," he said decidedly.

"Oh! but you have so many beliefs. I think the West must be a land of beliefs. Tell me, Malcolm"—she hesitated over the name—"why is that?" Her face touched his coat, rested against it, as if for one instant she smelt the tang of rough homespun and tobacco.

"I don't know that it's true," he said. "We can't trust everybody any more than you can. We've got some bad men out there, and some bad women. They're kind of separated more from the others though. It's hard to explain." The wrinkle grew between his eyes. "You see, when we're bad why we're bad and no mistake. We don't think or talk much about it—we just go ahead. There isn't any bluff that way with us. I guess it's the country," he said reflectively.

"How is it the country?" she questioned, her eyes on his face.

"Well," he continued in a slow voice, "you can't bluff wind and rain and cold the way you can people. That's what we're up against all the time. The trouble with you is you have too many people."

"We're too civilized, you mean?"

He hesitated for a moment as if formulating some expression for his thought. "It's not exactly my idea of civilization, not what I've seen. It's too many people and too much money all bunched together. A man gets soft. You know a man's got to be awfully wise before he gets soft, otherwise he's liable to just get rotten. I don't know whether you all are wise enough yet." He looked sombrely out over the water and the lines of his face tightened. "I know I couldn't stand it," he said.

Elaine leaned back, her hands clasped behind her head.

"You think things out, don't you?"

"I have to," he answered without a hint of self-appreciation. "You see, I wasn't educated much when I was a boy."

"Was it hard, your boyhood?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he said with a reminiscent smile, "I suppose it was."

"Tell me about it," she pleaded.

"Not much to tell, just what everybody else had. Plenty of work and a little fight. It's that way now," he added in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Plenty of work and a little fight," she repeated to herself. "I'd like to tell that to somebody! You're right we are—so soft that we're absolutely *rotten!*" She stood up, and her fingers closed tightly against her palms.

"Do you know, it hurts me to think that you could find it out so easily!"

Ross got slowly to his feet. His look was humble, almost beseeching. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Elaine," he said. The dark color of his face seemed gray in the twilight. "I don't know how I came to do it. You understand I didn't mean to, don't you?"

For an instant she did not speak or move, only stood looking at him with eyes that shone quite unaccountably in the still pallor of her face.

"I can't imagine your hurting any woman," she said. "You needn't apologize to me." She held out her hand. "Come on, I'm going to take you back."

Ross' fingers closed about her hand, he looked dumbly at her as if incapable of speech or movement. She could imagine that she heard the beating of his heart, that she could feel it pulsing through her in a current of deep inarticulate desire. For an instant she fought against an overpowering weakness, an irresistible force that drew her toward him, and then her head drooped, she put out her hand, and reached blindly for his shoulder.

"I wish you'd take me away," she sobbed.

His arms closed about her like the gates to some deep perilously sought refuge.

"Away from—everything?" he said in a steady voice.

"Yes, from everything—but you."

V

Ross stood at the window looking out into the dusk. He was not given to visions, and yet in some unaccountable way he kept seeing Elaine's face, a pale and insubstantial image floating within the shadows that crossed the garden. It gave strength to his resolution, fortified him in the decision he had reached an hour ago when she had asked him to take her away. The conventions meant nothing to him—the fact that he would take her from someone to whom she belonged

meant a great deal. It had happened now and then, within his observation; he had always regarded it as a species of theft. Any punishment awarded was usually merited. But in her case it was different. She was dying spiritually, and she had appealed to him. That gave him the right to act, to fulfil the almost overwhelming desire which otherwise he would have beaten down mercilessly. The resolution had grown in his mind, had crystallized into a definite intention. He did not pick at it—turn it over and over, as a weaker man would have done. His only concern now was one of method.

He dressed leisurely, rolling cigarette after cigarette with steady fingers. There was only one way to do the thing, have it out, straight from the shoulder, with Pennington. A divorce could be arranged, people went to Reno or some such place. He remembered a lawyer, a man of unpleasant, oily manner, who had come through the country, hunting. He had put him up at the Ranch, and had listened, for one short evening, to stories told with a disgusting enjoyment. He would take care of all that himself—there would be no stories told about Elaine in Reno, or anywhere else. A cold anger against Pennington swept over him. Pennington was an obstacle capable only of creating the semblance of indecency. A man like that had no right to any woman, and the sooner he was told the better. He dug his brush through his hair with vicious strokes. Pennington might as well be seen, and the whole thing settled.

His knock at the door brought Pennington in the last stages of dressing.

"Oh, hello," he said, standing in the doorway as if expecting Ross to state his mission.

Ross merely nodded.

"Elaine," Pennington called, over his shoulder. "Mr. Ross is here." He smiled affably at Ross. "Almost dressed—let you in in a minute. How've you been?" Beneath his lifted chin he completed the final touches to his tie.

"Quite well," said Ross.

"Have a good time here, don't you?" His pale eyes wavered expressionlessly in the vicinity of Ross' face. "Get over, last night?"

"No."

Pennington cleared his throat. The difficulty of the conversation seemed to oppress him and he looked back into the room.

"All right, Elaine?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Come in," he said expansively, swinging the door open.

Ross felt, rather than saw, a spot of vivid rose glowing beneath the shaded light that hung above the couch. Elaine was seated there looking at him. She did not speak, and for an instant he let his glance dwell on her, absorbing the color of her gown against the gray stuff of the couch, the exquisite pallor of her face, and the dark outline of her hair that rimmed her low forehead. He realized that her eyes were fixed on him with a startled, almost frightened look; for an instant it troubled him, gave him an unfamiliar sense of doubt and insecurity. He brushed it aside and turned squarely to Pennington.

"I came to have a talk with you," he said.

"Right O! Sit down, won't you?" Pennington seated himself on the couch. "Have a drink," he said suddenly, as if he had forgotten something.

Ross shook his head.

Pennington waited, his fat white hands resting upon his knees. His eyes moved unhappily as if he were suffering from some internal disturbance, and he began to fidget with the buttons of his waistcoat.

"Mr. Pennington," said Ross gravely, "I'm in love with your wife."

Pennington rubbed his chin, his face showed mingled relief and amusement.

"You are, are you? I wondered what you were so damn serious about! Well," he said cheerfully, "I can't blame you. Lots of men have been in love with Elaine, although I don't know that any of them ever bothered to tell *me* about it." He smiled pleasantly and then looked around at Elaine.

Her face was hidden, her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"You don't get me," said Ross gently. "I want to marry her."

The other looked at him with blank astonishment.

"What!" he stammered.

"I want to marry her," repeated Ross.

Pennington's forehead puckered into a frown. He eyed Ross narrowly as if he had suddenly grown into something formidable and threatening.

"How long have you wanted to marry her, may I ask?"

"For some time."

The muscles about Pennington's mouth twitched irresolutely, he continued to regard Ross with a puzzled, almost frightened air.

"You know really I don't understand this at all!" He turned sharply around. "Elaine, what's this all about anyway?"

"He means what he says, I suppose," she said in a dull voice.

Pennington breathed heavily through his nose. "Why, damn it all," he said feebly, "this sounds like a comic opera. We don't do that way here. Elaine," he almost shouted, "get up and tell me what in the devil this all means! Do you want to marry this man?"

Elaine got to her feet, her eyes went from one to the other with a dazed, almost uncomprehending look. "I told him this afternoon I wanted him to take me away." She looked piteously at Ross, as if seeking his aid.

"That's what I want to do," he answered promptly.

Pennington walked over to him. "Well, you can't do it, and I'll tell you that right now. This is a bit of damn foolishness, and nothing else. Elaine doesn't want to leave me. She may think she does, but she doesn't. I know her much better than you do." He shook his head significantly. "This is a piece of acting, this is."

Ross' hands gripped the mantelpiece. He opened his mouth as if to speak, and then looked down.

"You're wrong," he said quietly.

"No, I'm not," snapped the other.

"You are!" His voice shook with an intense effort at control. "She's unhappy here. I think she would be happy with me."

"She'd be unhappy anywhere," grunted Pennington. "I tell you—you don't know her." He looked at his watch. "Let's stop talking nonsense and go down to dinner."

Ross shot out an arm; a spasm of pain flickered over Pennington's face and he pulled himself away with unexpected agility.

"Man, you've got a grip," he snarled.

"Hadn't you better ask her what she thinks?" the other suggested in a polite voice.

"I don't propose to ask her anything," said Pennington glaring at him.

"Yes, you do," Ross replied firmly.

"If you don't, I will."

Pennington tossed his head as if to escape from the intolerableness of the situation. He turned to Elaine. "Do you want a divorce?" he said, with the suggestion of a sneer.

She twisted her handkerchief in a tight band about her fingers, and stared vacantly before her, as if at something that had unexpectedly arisen.

A dizziness swept over Ross, a part of his brain seemed suddenly to turn over; he caught himself and took a deep breath, every nerve in his body tingling in an effort to give her support.

"Do you want a divorce?" repeated Pennington.

"I—I hadn't really thought about it," she said in a frightened voice.

"Well, think about it now," he answered brutally. "If you want one, I'll give it to you." He waited, a glitter of triumph in his eyes. "Of course, you can't live here," he went on. "I don't suppose you'll mind that, though. I understand there's social life of a sort on a ranch." He looked in the direction of Ross. "What do you raise, sheep or 'dudes?'"

The knuckles of Ross' hands upon the mantelpiece were white, and his face was still as a carved image.

"If you want it you can have it," continued Pennington in a slow, purring voice. "I'll see Johnny Hutchinson tomorrow. Give you alimony, *pendente lite*, or whatever they call it." He waved his hands graciously. "That's what Montie gave Lillian Margeson. She's living in the West somewhere, Indiana, I think. I suppose she's happy—at any rate we don't hear much from her." He

stopped in front of Elaine. "Well, what do you say?"

She sank down suddenly on the couch. "Oh, don't start to-morrow," she cried in a stifled voice.

Pennington smiled contemptuously at Ross. "You're a good deal of a fool, my dear man," he said. "Grabbing me by the arm and telling me I don't know my own wife!" The anger in his eyes was evaporating, he breathed less heavily through his nose, and his face resumed its habitual look of mild and futile rapacity. "I'd no objection to your seeing Elaine. I haven't now. Only"—he glared ineffectually at Ross—"you mustn't try to break things up. It isn't done."

Ross looked beyond him to Elaine—a crumpled, listless figure, pathetically remote in its attitude of defeat. He saw the dim drift of her hair, the curve of her face, tragic, appealing, and yet, so inevitably beyond his help. A savage impulse swept over him, to run to her, to carry her from the room; it beat within his brain, shot in sudden nervous spasms through the lean fingers that clutched the mantel. He looked steadily at her, but she did not lift her head. The impulse ebbed, gave way, he felt a sickening sense of paralysis, a soft yielding resistance, wrapping him in its folds, striking like a chill mist into his heart. He realized that he did not know her, that he did know the man who was standing before him, that he was, and always would be, hopelessly alien to them and all their kind. It came upon him, a sudden revelation, filling him with an anger that burned above a stark and aching loneliness.

Elaine lifted her head; she looked at Pennington with a dull weariness, as if she contemplated something repulsive, inescapable, familiar to the point of disgust. Her face seemed a little sunken, the lines of the mouth a little deeper, in the shadow of her eyes hovered a restless flicker of pain. She raised her hands to her hair with a slow encircling gesture, and then dropped suddenly on the couch, her head buried in her arms.

Very quietly Ross walked from the room.

The Present Hour

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I, WHO am God, being Love,
Flowing through all the universe of space,
Within, above,
Petal and star obedient to my will;
Forever present, though time veil my face,
In struggling hearts, though alway baffled, still
From all eternity a white desire,
An upward leaping flame of fire,—
At all mankind waxed wroth.

I, who had granted them joy for growth,
Sorrow and pain whereby to find their way,
Saw them betray
The higher hope wherein their race had birth.
The sons of God went crawling close to earth,
Forgot the upward urge, crept down the slope
Whereon I bade them climb; in lust and greed
Betrayed the higher need;
Forgot their fellows, leaving them to groan
While each man sought his own,
Broken and scattered, who had held high aim
Of being one in me. Then, near and far
Hot gleamed my rage, from star to molten star,
A universe in my white wrath aflame.

.

Alone, alone, for wrath is isolation, I
Quivered through earth and air and sea and sky,
Casting off man, knowing no hope for him.
Then my might waxed dim,
And mine omnipotence within me strove,
Shot through with sudden dread:
Were I not less than God in being less than Love?

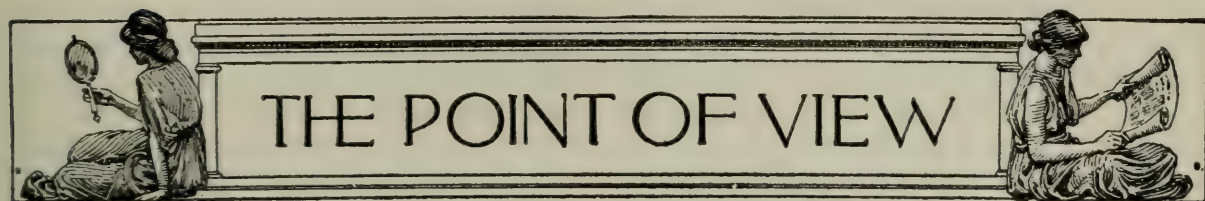
Should Love grow faint and frail
The vast of things would crumble; world by world
And sun by sun, in trembling ruin hurled
A universe lie dead.

Sudden my Godhead swept exulting back;
My very self their lack,
Breath of my being is the human wail.
Enduring passion of creative power,
I, in the creatures of an hour,
Hope, bear, believe, endure, and may not fail.

.

I bend mine ear
Once more above the utter need of men,
Striving to hear,
As erst from all eternity, again
The whispers faint that syllable my name.

From out a world of broken faith and promises forgot, there came
 Even now the word which sayeth all things, Love;
 The very word a prayer,
 The word a golden stair,
 Whereon the stumbling heart of man climbs to my heart above.



I AM a great friend of little pilgrimages to shrines so obscure that even their most ardent worshippers would be surprised to hear that they had drawn a single traveller over long roads. So these words were enough to start me travelling: "Edward Rose (died 1653), buried outside the south wall of Barnes parish church, left a bequest to provide a constant succession of rose-trees to grow on his grave." I wanted to see whether Mr. Rose's rose-trees were still living.

Mr. Rose,
of Barnes

The last stage of the journey from Princeton, on the D. and R. canal, to Barnes on the Thames, was not costly. An autobus took me, for the modest sum of sixpence, from Piccadilly to the edge of the borough, and as I walked across the common which separates Barnes from its railroad station—a vast field with grass so withered from the long drought as to suggest grave doubts about finding the roses of Mr. Rose in bloom—my imagination was busy with his character. Had he been a sentimentalist who had loved roses all his life, tending them with his own hands so long as he was able, and leaving to all future generations a record of his tireless affection for them? Or was the bequest an illustration of another sort of passion strong in death; the tyrannous habit of an inveterate punster, playing his favorite game of juggling with words even in the face of the last enemy? I hoped vaguely that some answer to these questions would come to me beside his grave.

The church of Barnes is concealed behind acres of those infinitesimal brick dwellings which abound in the suburbs of London, and suggest, by their refulgent door-knobs, their curtains white as hoar frost on the pane, and their yards as small and gay as colored handkerchiefs, the gratitude of women escaped from crowded tenements to homes of

their own, managed on incomes as tiny as the buildings which house them. The older and probably the wealthier part of the borough, lies beyond the church, and I did not explore it; for I could not imagine that the house of Mr. Rose survived, and I was intent on him.

The parish church of Barnes is not large, and if all the dwellers in the multitude of little homes, whom I liked to imagine as happy as their houses looked pleasant, should determine to attend it, let us say on the first Sunday of the year, surely they would have to come in many relays. Nor is the building in its present form very old. I noticed only the old brick of the tower—those bricks of soft, warm red which, perhaps, even more than the lines of the architecture, give its charm to near-by Hampton Court. But the little churchyard was crowded with old trees and old graves, snuggled up to the walls of the church as if their occupants had loved it in life and wished to lie close to it in death. I walked twice around the building looking for a rose-bush or the name of Edward Rose, while the murmurs of worship floated out through the open windows. My pilgrimage was at its height, my quest was incomplete, and then suddenly my ear caught the unmistakable sounds of the end of worship. The congregation was coming out! Should these pious folk find me lurking in the churchyard, plainly convicted of absence from morning prayer? Seized with sudden panic I fled, and Barnes knew me no more.

That no highly floriferous rose-bush was visible on August 14, 1921, in the yard of the parish church at Barnes—that the name of Edward Rose is not there writ on any tombstone so that he who runs may read—I can swear. But I cannot swear that beside a modest stone bearing half illegibly the

name ROSE, a rose-tree, much depressed by drought, may not have been sturdily holding its own and waiting for better days to bloom.

Yet my pilgrimage did not fail. I saw, indeed, no rose on the grave of Mr. Rose, but my spirit went out to search for his. I thought of him with pleasure and I was enough interested in him to wish very much to meet him. What more can one do for the most living of strangers? As for the impiety—well, it was wise to avoid scandal to the most pious part of the people of the gentle borough of Barnes, but I fulfilled, after two hundred and sixty-eight years, the pathetically human wish of Edward Rose that he should not be forgotten—and to carry out the last wish of the dead, is not that an act of piety?

THEY are of all sorts and kinds—our pet superstitions. Some of them we play with, and pretend to adopt, because we find them amusing; some, and those of the most senseless, we take seriously. What, for instance, could be more utterly silly than the refusal to accept a black pin? And yet, only a few years ago I heard a woman who asked for a pin decline a black one, although it was more appropriate for its destined use than any other could be. She was a person who rather fancied herself, on account of her exclusive social position. "Oh no," she said, with a deprecatory apologetic smile, "I don't think I could take a *black* pin." In my childhood I had heard of that superstition, but didn't believe that it prevailed any longer among civilized people.

Really, beside such puerility, you regard with respect the belief prevailing among certain savage tribes that a man's name (being an integral part of himself) must not be mentioned, lest it come into possession of an enemy who, by the aid of magic, may use it to work him harm. In fact, the belief that one's name is a part of oneself can be understood by any one who has toiled over the naming of the characters of fiction. For truly the name is part of a fictitious person, and must fit him if he is to seem to live. It is only in real life that you can live down an unsuitable name.

Then there is our unlucky Friday. How many people there are who really do regard it with apprehension. But somewhere in

the world each day in the week is unlucky. Why discriminate? Sunday, to be sure, is fortunate except in Christendom, where its bad luck is only a retribution for desecration; with one curious exception. Why should it be believed that if you fall ill on a Sunday you will surely die? And why, among good Christians, should a Sunday excursion in a sailboat be considered more ill-omened than, for instance, a ride or a drive? For that matter, the horse may need his rest, and you make him work. I don't know of any superstitions about motor-cars, but there might well be some.

As to Monday: In Russia no one took a journey on Monday. In Germany one didn't enter a new building, make a marriage, or send a child to school for the first time on that day. One doesn't know what they do now, but these superstitions are comparatively recent. Tuesday, as far as one can learn, seems to be comparatively free from ill luck, but one must look out for Wednesday. On that day witches were out and storms brewed and Judas betrayed Christ; and it was made one of the fast-days of the Church. Thursday has been unluckiest of all. There was hardly anything you could do. You couldn't be married, or attend to your cattle, or comb your children's hair. But there was one thing you could do. You could hold public meetings. Thursday was the day of judgments, since Thor confirmed laws with his hammer, and the other meetings followed naturally; incidentally, our own college commencements. But Friday, our ill-omened Friday, seems to have been lucky, especially for courting and marriage and for games of chance. It was Christianity which, failing to eradicate the worship of Venus in the south and Freya in the north, on the one hand, preached that since Venus and Freya were devils, their day must be unlucky, and on the other hand laid stress on the memories of Christ's Passion; although the Eastern Church personified Friday and then turned her into Saint Prascovia (Saint Friday) to be specially venerated on that day. Saturday really seems to be the only all-round unlucky day, when you must cease from most kinds of activity. Yet if you are impious enough to begin to spin on a Saturday you must spin your spindle full, else the witches will get your yarn and make knots in it. But all these legends will never make any difference to you if Friday is your pet super-

stition. Better be on the safe side, you will say.

The superstitions of the card-table are many. You laugh about them, play with them because they are picturesque, choose the pack from which you have drawn the deal, change your seat to get on the lucky side of the table, and perhaps, if you take your game quite seriously, you always slip into your chair from the right, and never, never from the left.

The ballroom, too, has its omens. Once, sitting in the chaperons' row of chairs behind those of the dancers, I saw a girl walk across the room and seat herself in the chair of a young girl who used it only to hang her favors on, since she never stopped dancing. "Why does she do that?" I asked my neighbor, an Englishwoman. "She's Scotch," said my neighbor. "She thinks that a popular girl's chair will bring her luck. She hasn't been dancing much." I thought it would have been more to the point to have had the poor dear taught to dance better—but there she was, she and her superstition.

Quite recently I have encountered a new superstition, perfectly absurd and yet evidently compelling to a large number of women. The other day I received a note from a friend, apologizing for the enclosure it contained. Her own copy had been sent to her by a woman whom she couldn't refuse, and who, by the way, was the wife of a man in high official position. A well-educated woman, accustomed to the world. It was as follows:

"The Endless Prayer Chain.—'God bless our Soldiers and Sailors and keep them in the hollow of His hand.'—This was received by me on May 16th, 1921. It is said to have gone around the world. Copy it and see what happens on the seventh day. It is said that all who write it will be taken care of, and one who breaks the chain will meet with misfortune. Send it to seven married women, and on the seventh day you will meet with great joy. Please do not break the chain. It was started on Flanders Field. Sign your name in full."

When one thinks how many groups of "seven married women"—and I'll venture to say, without much thought of the Soldiers and Sailors—have exclaimed impatiently: "What an awful nuisance this is, and *why* did she send it?" I've a great mind not to do it—but one never knows; better

be on the safe side," and with a thrill of real apprehension of the mysterious misfortune threatened by the breaking of the chain, have copied the missive and selfishly sent it on its troublesome way to seven times seven women—well, when one thinks of that, one realizes that we are still in the bonds of superstition.

As for me, I broke the chain. This was not my pet superstition.

ALL day it rained, and that, in a country which is accustomed to reckon on a clock-work thunder-storm at noon and otherwise blazing blue sky and sunshine, is distinctly disconcerting. It was peculiarly disconcerting on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when all Denver—
and all Denver at this time of year includes a goodly proportion of the inhabitants of the Eastern States—had taken to the mountains in pursuit of that happiness which the Fourth of July guarantees us as an inalienable right. What did the signers of the Declaration mean by the pursuit of happiness, anyway?

The Pursuit
of Happiness

We, and most of the other inhabitants of Denver, started for home that afternoon down the Big Thompson. The Big Thompson is the kind of canyon you have always dreamed about, if you are an Easterner, and never expected to see. A wild, brown river goes tearing through the heart of the hills. Great walls of rock rise up on either side. Whole mountains seem to block your path, and then, suddenly, the road doubles and you see the passage through. Pine-trees grow, apparently by faith alone, straight out of the rocky walls. Flying buttresses of rock, wine-red and brick-red and gold and green, project into the river and the river leaps and roars and tumbles, mile after mile of seething creamy foam. Today gray clouds sit upon the hills and all the rocks are terrible with rain. The river tears at the rocks, shaping and making the canyon as you watch. You are seeing Nature at her work, you are gazing on creation, a sight almost too wonderful for the eyes of man. Is this what the signers of the Declaration meant by happiness?

Our car, in second gear, slides down the red road cut into the side of the cliff. We hug the rock wall at the turns and send the warning notes of our horn echoing raucously far ahead. Again and again we pass

little plateaus, green and tree-shaded, backed by sheer walls of rock. Each one has a whole flock of flimsy wooden cabins conscientiously labelled with their names, "Mutt and Jeff," "Wildrose," or "Bidea-wee." For every settlement there is a store or two dispensing the necessities of life, gasoline and cigars and soda water; and for every other settlement, a dancing pavillion where couples whirl to the strains of a hoarse Victrola. Is this, perhaps, what the signers meant by happiness?

There are other sheltered spots along the river where man has pitched his tent, a strange contraption of weather-beaten canvas attached to the stern of the family Ford. While father, in hip boots, whips the foaming stream with a fly-rod, mother, buxom but as unconcerned in khaki knickerbockers as her youngest daughter, is keeping up the camp-fire. Perhaps this is what the signers meant by happiness?

Now we are out of the canyon and embarked on the countless miles across the plains to Denver. The driver has told us that the road is bad, but we, being Easterners, are unconcerned; we do not know what a bad road is. Endlessly it stretches away across the plains, twisting and turning, up hill and down, a boundless sea of mud; soft mud that slides and slithers under your wheels; thick mud that sticks and clings; winding, crisscross ruts, inches deep, that shake and pull you this way and that if you swerve by so much as a hair's breadth from their devious path; mud holes where you stall and must climb out again in low gear; little ponds which your car fords gallantly, its wheels churning up fountains of red spray. And all because of that unscheduled rain. In dry weather, and the weather is supposed to be dry, it is not a bad road at all.

The cars stretch out along the road before and behind us as far as the eye can see. There are, at a cautious guess, two hundred of them. The pursuers of happiness have turned to the pursuit of home. Any motorist east of the Mississippi would cast one glance at that expanse of mud and pronounce the road impassable. If one man dared negotiate it he would be proclaimed a hero. But here they all plunge in with glorious unconcern, Fords and Marmons, limousines and touring-cars, sedans and trucks and roadsters. They are driven by skilled chauffeurs, by nonchalant, long-limbed men in wide-brimmed hats, by stal-

wart mothers of families, by little boys of twelve. And every car is loaded to the gunwales with camping equipment, with tents and frying-pans, with babies and baskets and bird-cages.

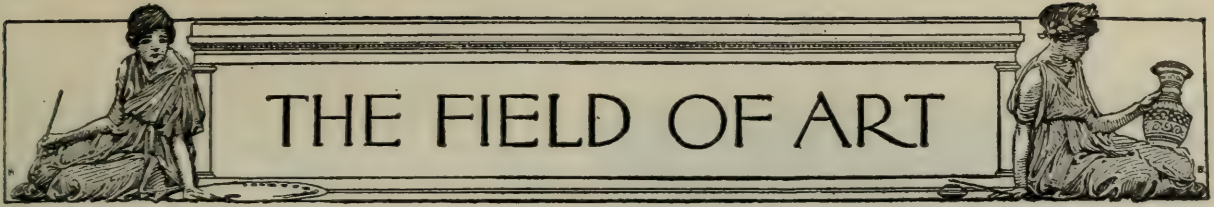
The rain slants down cold and gray. Night comes on and the search-lights flash out, each one fixed, as steadily as possible, on the lurching rear of the car ahead. Slowly, slowly, one after another we creep and slither and skid. Woe betide the miserable few who are going in the opposite direction. There are not many places where the road is wide enough for two and they must wait in those places while scores of cars stagger past. Occasionally there is a break in the line, a stretch of harder road-bed, and some bold spirit seizes his chance to dash, skidding madly, ahead—and gains two places.

A bridge is down, we must make a *détour*—we are travelling, let me tell you, on the Lincoln Highway—and the *détour* takes us across the fields of a young farmer who stands at his gate and collects a quarter from each car, the easiest money he has earned in many a long day. A *détour* in this country, where the roads run parallel and very far apart, means three sides of a square and each side all of a mile long. Except for that there is nothing to choose between main-road and cross-road mud.

Back on the highway again, but suddenly the whole line comes to a reluctant, jerky halt. Trouble up ahead, what is it? Three big ten-passenger motor-buses are in the ditch, and their scarlet bulk, gay even in the wet darkness, blocks the road. Men and boys clamber out of all the near-by cars, descend into the ditch, heave, strain, and push the buses out. Caked with mud, the men climb back into their machines and the long line of lights slides on again. Why did any Western member of the A. E. F. ever complain of the roads in France?

There is an illusion here of the road to Verdun as the endless line of cars lurches through the blackness and the rain along the muddy track between the sodden fields; but those convoys travelled for a purpose, a matter of life and death—and these are travelling in the pursuit of happiness.

Whatever the signers of the Declaration think of our definitions of happiness they must feel satisfaction in the fact that we most certainly do pursue it.



On the Making of Bronzes

BY LOUISE EBERLE

TO the ninety and nine the mystery of how a statue gets into bronze is far greater and more interesting than the mystery of how a sculptor, without the painter's advantage of color or background, or the illusion of distance, can produce a work of art that, equally with the painted picture, touches the heart and the imagination of mankind.

A sculptor showed a friend the detailed process of making a cast, and the friend summarized this whole point of view:

"Then all you had to do was to make the original model," was what he said.

So this is the story of the cast—leaving the sculptor's interests to take care of themselves.

When the sculptor has conceived his idea and brought it forth, with infinite study and patience and labor, and it stands before him in perishable modelling wax or clay that any vagrant chance might ruin, the great man steps back and sends for that humble artisan, the plaster-caster, and places his child's life in his hands, so to speak. And it is curiously like the mythological tale of Ceres, to whom the child Triptolemus was intrusted, and who horrified the mother by nestling the infant in a cosy bed of coals to make him immortal. The artist is supposed to be temperamental, yet he grows accustomed to submitting each piece of his

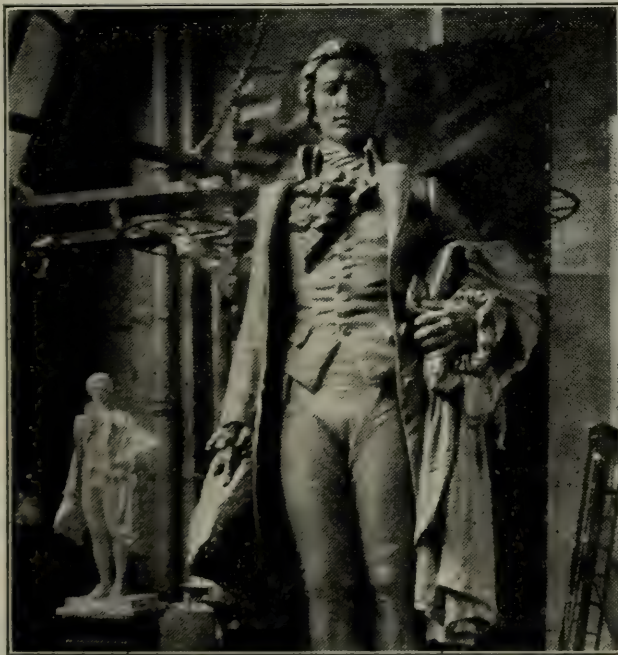
life-work to an intricate process that can be bungled more easily than most things, and that always includes a moment when the whole thing hangs over the abyss of possible total loss.

We'll suppose the sculptor is modelling Psyche. Being small, she is in olive-gray

plastiline (modelling-wax) in which minute detail can be obtained better than in clay. When she is finished, as far as the artist is concerned, he hands her over to Tony or Francisco, or whoever is doing his casting, hands over all the subtleties of his art, in soft material that a touch would mar.

Tony wraps her very gently in soft wet paper. Then he takes lumps of modelling-clay and rolls them flat, with some handy imple-

ment like an old beer bottle. From these sheets he cuts pieces which fit into every fold of drapery or around every turn of the figure, without overlapping and without gaps. The coat of clay is from one to one and a half inches thick, and the work is neater, even, than a pastry-cook's, the caster's resemblance to whom is made perfect by the white plaster dusting him and the square paper cap he often wears. When the coat is done he takes a big bowl and mixes just enough water and just enough plaster and just enough salt—salt makes the plaster harden quickly. Meanwhile he has



Original model and enlargement of "Alexander Hamilton," by James Earle Fraser.



"The Spirit of Life," by Daniel Chester French.

fenced off a part of the now corpulent figure of Psyche—usually he fences off half, so as to have two parts—and onto the fenced-off part he pours his plaster mixture. When it has set he removes the fences, greases the edge of the plaster so that the next batch will not stick to it, and cuts nicks in it so that the pieces will lock together afterward. Then he pours on more of his mixture, and so covers the entire figure with a plaster shell.

When this shell has set and is removed in its sections, Psyche's clay coat and the paper wrapping are taken off as carefully as they were put on, and Psyche goes back into her shell, which is held together immovably by still another coating of plaster, in a solid piece this time. And as the sectional shell was built close about the base on which the statue stands, with no interven-

ing clay or paper, the shell goes back in the same relative position as before, so that there is between the figure and the shell a space as wide as the thickness of the clay coat the figure wore when the cast was made. All this time the caster has been heating over the gas-burner a pot of smelly and coarse gelatine—which is glue, of course. When the mixture is just right it is poured like so much fudge filling in through a hole in the top of the shell till all the space between Psyche and her prison wall is filled and she herself is completely buried in warm glue.

When this glue is about the consistency of very stiff blanc mange, the plaster shell is removed in its sections, and there is a mass of glue, a duplicate of what Psyche was in her overcoat of paper and clay. But what is to separate this kernel from its clinging seamless wrapping? When one sees the caster take up a knife, one remembers the judgment of Solomon, and is inclined to cry out for the preservation, at any cost, of the lovely thing within. But the knife makes a slit here and a cut there, and one discovers that the gelatine coating is highly elastic, for the cut parts are drawn back, and with a good deal of pulling and squeezing poor Psyche is extracted in shapeless hunks and dabs from her yielding jacket, and thrown in handfuls back into the plastiline bin. And now all that is left

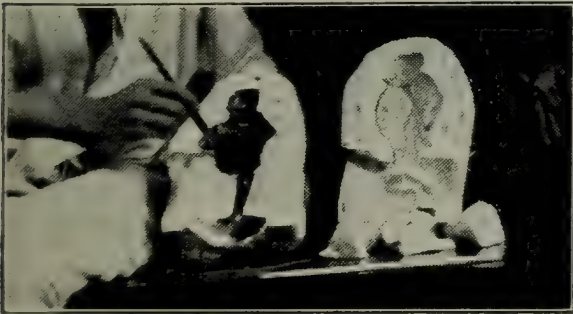


"Gittel," by A. St. Leger Eberle—a bronze cast made by the "lost wax" process.

of the artist's conception and labor is a hollow shell of wabbly gelatine that may contain bubbles just where the subtlest bit of modelling was, and that is only good for two or three days at best, for the gelatine keeps on hardening, and is worthless when its pliability is gone.

This empty mould is then cleaned—kerosened, alumed, talcum-powdered—anything to remove every suspicion of plastiline from its inner surface, and then it is put back in its outer shell to keep it from

Now that the plaster cast stands complete, the result is only a beginning for the bronze caster. Off goes the figure to a bronze foundry where they specialize in the fine work that sculptors require. The figure is oiled, and a piece mould is made of it just as the piece mould was made of the padded-out Psyche, except that this mould is in many more sections. For a piece mould of a plaster figure must have no "undercuts"—that is, pieces whose outlines double back, as under a fold of drapery or around a limb,



Left.—Painting the melted wax into the oiled piece mould.

The front and back parts of the mould are then tied together, and enough of a stiffer wax is poured in to form a hollow mould of the figure.

Right.—The piece mould partly taken off the finished wax.

Another wax and the plaster shell from which the mould was made are beside it. Note the "dowels" by which the pieces of the mould are made to lock together.

stretching anywhere, and is filled brimful of the same plaster mixture of which the shell itself was made.

It is at this point that the artist can once more claim to be something in connection with his work of art, for, when the plaster hardens, the gelatine mould is pulled and coaxed off, and there stands the lost Psyche, restored to her creator in a form more permanent than the one in which he created her.

The artists like this gelatine mould, for, besides producing good results, it may be used over again for two or three figures in the round, or for from five to twenty casts of medals, according to their simplicity or complication of design. This does not mean that only this limited number of casts from any figure, by the gelatine-mould process, is possible. Casts may be made from the other plaster casts that came out of the first glue mould. But if copies are made from copies—first, second, third, and so on—outlines become blurred and sharp edges dulled.

and that could not, consequently, be lifted off without injury either to the mould or the figure. When the whole statue is covered with the sections of a plaster shell that fit together perfectly—with nicked edges, called keys, to lock them—these are lifted off the statue (which is uninjured this time) and are put together again. Then coats of wax stiffened with resin are painted into the interior if it is accessible, or else the hot wax is poured in and out several times until there is a hollow wax shell about a quarter of an inch thick. This wax mould is not as sharp as the original, and seams appear on it wherever the pieces of shell joined each other. A number of these waxes are generally made, for—especially if the statue is a small one—it is probable that there will be several bronze casts, and a wax is necessary for each bronze. The sculptor retouches these waxes, using a heated metal tool with which he can work the wax into shape, and if he spoils one there is another to take its place. And, as it is necessary, even with the advantage of a piece mould, for the cast-

er to make a figure of any complications in sections, there is the amusing spectacle of the artist sitting at work, surrounded by legs and heads and arms and bodies, welding them with his hot tool, and correcting any flaw in the wax.

The perfected wax goes into the hands of the caster again, and then he does two of the most mysterious-looking of all the mysterious things in the process. The inside of the wax shell is filled with a core of plaster and cement and pulverized terra-cotta, for both the

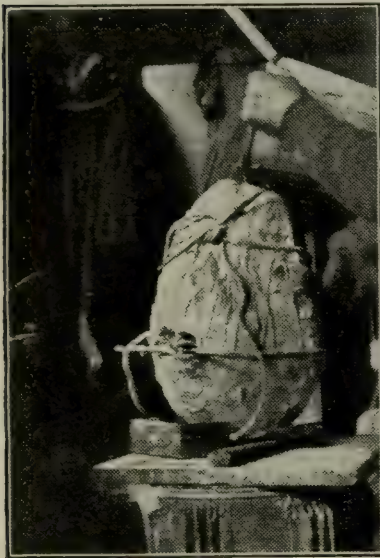
weight and the cost of bronze make a solid statue unfeasible. Then the caster sticks inside-out, duplicate of the statue.



The artist's finished model (in plastiline), which is to be cast in plaster of paris.

brought to a common terminal near the base of the figure. They are called "gates," and when they are done the statue is covered with a very thick shell of the same mixture which went into the core, poured on solid.

After this the whole thing is put into a special oven and the wax shell is melted out. The melted wax rods run out first, of course, and through the channels thus provided the rest of the wax is able to escape also, till there is nothing left but the core



Left.—Pouring the glue (or gelatine) into the shell and around the head which is inside.

Centre.—The shell open, showing the gelatine, which has set. The original model has been removed and the space it occupied filled with plaster of paris and water.

Right.—The plaster has set, and the gelatine mould is being pulled off. Notice its flexibility. Several plaster copies can be made from this mould.

long iron nails into the statue in the less important parts,—only four or five nails if the statue is small. These are not driven in up to the heads, but project on both sides, and their purpose is to join the core to the shell that is about to be made, so as to keep the two in unchanged relationship while making the final cast. The other mystery is the cutting and rolling of long rod-like pieces of the wax, which are stuck to the statue here and there, their loose ends all being

After this double shell has been emptied the whole thing is buried upside down in the ground, for such protection alone will prevent the bursting of the shell when the bronze is poured in. Only the "gates" protrude, and now their purpose appears, for in through them is poured the white-hot iridescent bronze which must reach every part of the statue at practically the same time so that there may be no failure of the bronze to form a perfect whole because of any dif-



Left.—Armature of laths being made for enlargement of statue.

Centre.—Armature partly filled in with plaster of paris, and showing the nails whose heads give the exact outline of the final statue.

Right.—The plaster enlargement complete, showing also the original from which it was made.

ference in temperature. When it has cooled it is unearthed, the terra-cotta shell is broken away, the core dug out, leaving a hollow bronze statue adorned with bronze rods where the gates were. When these are filed off, the statue is bathed in nitric acid, and is really done at last, all but the coloring of the bronze.

So there is your bronze statue, and, considering it, one wonders how poor people can ever become sculptors, since the mere making of a single bronze copy has complication and expense every step of the way. Yet the process is a simple thing compared to the making of an enlargement.

The large statue begins just as the small one did, from the artist's model in plastiline, as far as the plaster cast. If the figure is to be more than life-size the small plaster cast with which it is to begin is generally cut in two, and half of the enlargement handled at one time. The artist goes over the small white

plaster figure, marking with a lead-pencil a small cross on every tiny accent, even to the slightest elevation. These multitudinous marks are called "points," and it is from

them that the name "pointing up" has been given to this process of enlargement.

The pointing-up machine has two great steel pivots, which reach from floor to ceiling. They are set in sockets, and are connected, so that if one is revolved the other will revolve exactly to correspond. To each pivot is attached a platform, one small and one large, and on the tiny platform, close against the pivot, the small figure is firmly fixed, while on the larger platform by the other pivot a few boards are set up to form a core for the skeleton or "armature" that is to be built.

Directly over the small platform is a wooden arm that swings out at right angles from the top of the pivot, and then back again on a joint, so that it can be manipulated with perfect



"Armature," or skeleton, with figure partly set up in clay.

freedom. It terminates in a long metal needle, and when the point of this needle is placed in contact with the plaster figure, a larger needle, at the end of a longer arm, connected with the smaller arm by a series of levers, automatically swings to a point in the air that exactly corresponds, on an enlarged scale—the scale being set to whatever degree of enlargement is required. The machine is, in fact, an old-fashioned pantograph, working in three dimensions instead of two. With this infallible guide a lath-and-plaster figure is built about the wooden core on the large platform, looking for all the world like a cubist rendering of the statue, enormously enlarged. Not every shading of form is reproduced, but wherever there is a decided projec-

tion in the statue there is one to correspond in the skeleton, but about two inches within what is to be the surface of the finished work.

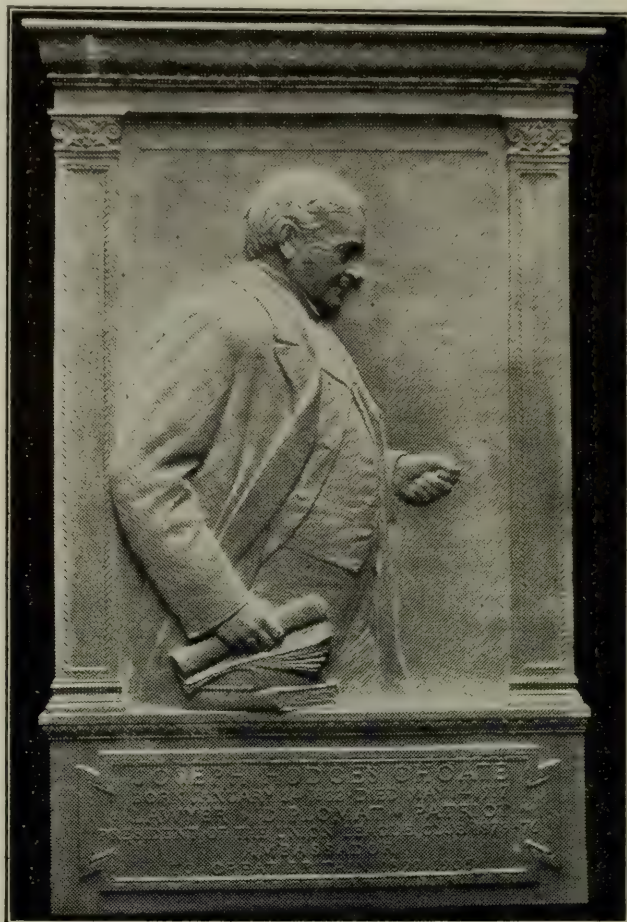
When the armature is complete the small needle is directed at a point marked on the small figure, and a nail is driven into the corresponding place in the wooden skeleton. Then the small needle is swung to touch another of the points, and another nail driven into the skeleton. And so from point to point, until the big skeleton has become a porcupine, the heads of the nails representing exactly the surface of the large statue-to-be.

Two destinies are possible for the porcupine. If the figure is intended for tempo-

rary purposes, the spaces within the nails are filled in with plaster of paris, giving an exact enlargement of the statue.

But if the enlargement is to be a bronze also, then the spaces are filled in with clay, and the work once again comes under the sculptor's hand. No radical change is possible, of course, but the fact that he can pull out nails under a surface he wishes to lower, or add on indefinitely, means ample leeway.

The sand-casting process is used for large figures (unless their detail is very involved), and for small things in which there are no undercuts, such as medals and reliefs. A fine French sand is used which, when pressed into a mass, retains its shape. This is beaten onto the object in sections, somewhat like a



Joseph Choate, by Herbert Adams.

piece mould, and these sections are then placed together with an iron frame about them. This frame does not have to be built anew for each cast, for since the shape of the outside of the sand shell does not matter it can be made to assume one of several general forms, and fitted into the iron frame that corresponds. It is then kiln-dried, which makes the sand quite hard, the bronze is poured in, the iron frame removed, the sand knocked off, and the statue revealed, complete.

There are other processes, but those described are in general use by that skilful group of men called casters—who leave the sculptor nothing to do but to make the original mould.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Economic Conference

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the series of important movements on the great financial markets toward the end of 1921, the rise of foreign exchange was in some ways the most remarkable. Whether and to what extent

The Rise of Foreign Exchange

the sweeping decline of 1919, which carried sterling exchange from \$4.75½ in March of that year to \$3.18 in February of 1920 was influenced by the international market's judgment on the rejection of the Peace Treaty by the United States, with the consequent collapse of expectations for this country's political and financial co-operation in rehabilitating Europe, is a debatable question. International exchange may be termed the solvent of the whole world's ideas, hopes, and disappointments, not only regarding economic conditions but in regard to political occurrences which bear on the economic. But for the very reason that movements of exchange reflect a score of separate influences, it is unwise to give too much weight to a single cause. The fact that the interval between the spring of 1919 and the early months of 1920 was a period of wild inflation in the whole world's commerce, credit, and currency, would of itself account for great depreciation in exchange rates on the debtor countries.

London alone of the sound European states quotes an actual premium on gold; which is done, as most people know, through sale to the highest foreign bidder, at a premium above the fixed Mint price per ounce in British currency, of the weekly arrivals of gold from the South African mines. The premium is made possible through the discount on the pound sterling in foreign markets. This foreign bid per ounce, on February 6, 1920, when the gold was bought mostly

for India, South America, and the United States, represented a price of 149¾ if the normal Mint price in British currency is taken as par. The highest price in 1921 was 136; it had got down below 115 last December. The franc sold on the New York market for 5¾ cents in 1920; it brought 8⅓ last December. The Italian lira had risen from 3⅓ to 4%.

In the closing weeks of 1921, exchange on Sweden, Holland, and Spain went to the highest rates in a year and a half; exchange on Switzerland crossed parity on the rise, the first time it had touched par of exchange since the middle of 1919. As for the rate of nearly \$4.25 for sterling, reached on December 12, that embodied a rise from \$3.55 last summer and was fairly in sight of the \$4.49 rate of September, 1915.

FOR the very extraordinary rise in exchange rates during December, which carried sterling up nearly 25 cents per pound within ten days, the common explanation was that professional speculators for the decline who had misjudged their market were taking fright and were being compelled to buy at rapidly

Speculation in Exchange Rates

rising prices to cover their engagements. That this sort of speculation was a potent force there is no doubt whatever. Speculation in foreign exchange has for three years been of world-wide extent; it has displayed great boldness; its scope of operation has probably been greater than the similar undertakings in any field of financial values during the whole history of speculation—a fact perhaps not surprising when one recalls that selling exchange for the fall or buying it for the rise is speculating on the economic fortunes of the countries on which the bills are drawn; also that the news and events on

which such speculation must be based are an open book for the whole financial world's consideration.

The machinery of speculation in exchange differs in some essential particulars from that which exists in nearly all other markets. A Wall Street speculator who "sells stocks short" has to make next day the actual delivery of the stocks which he has sold. He does this through borrowing those stocks from some one who actually holds them and who will lend them for a consideration; but the operation will not be completed until the speculator buys for cash in the open market the same amount of the same stocks and returns them to the holder from whom he had borrowed for immediate delivery. If he buys in his stocks at a lower price, he gets his expected profit.

The New York speculator for the fall in sterling exchange sells a draft on London, which can be obtained only through his possession of an equivalent London bank balance, either previously owned or acquired through borrowing in Lombard Street. In effect, the New York "bear speculator" in exchange has become indebted to the London money market. The debt must eventually be repaid, and repayment must be effected through his purchase in New York of a draft on a London bank for the sum required. If he has sold at \$3.75 per pound sterling and has repurchased at \$3.50, he will have gained a handsome profit in excess of interest paid on his London loan. But if the rate for sterling rises when he thought it would fall, his losses mount up very quickly, and the larger the outstanding "bear account" which is forced to change its mind about the outlook, the more rapid the movement of exchange rates above the price at which he bought.

In the violent rise of a few weeks ago, an abnormally large speculative account of the kind unquestionably existed—an account which had been accumulated and obstinately maintained on the basis of wide-spread predictions that an imminent crisis was at hand in the financial affairs of Europe. Quite unmistakably, the unexpected readjustments at Washington in the world's political relations caused something of a panic among this mob of speculators committed for the fall.

BUT outright speculation for the fall in rates had not been the only influence. Merchants in the United States, in South America, in Canada, in the Far East, accumulate a debt to London based on their actual import of English merchandise. In the usual order of events, such a merchant terminates the transaction by purchasing drafts on London for the necessary sum, payable at a London bank, and remits such drafts to the English seller of the imported merchandise. But if it seems to him that sterling exchange is likely to decline, say from \$3.75 to \$3.50, he may deem it wise as a matter of business policy not to buy exchange at the higher price, but to borrow in London the sum required to meet his English payment and to await the expected fall in sterling before repaying his loan and closing the business operation.

**International
Merchants
and the
Market**

This is not a speculation in the same sense as the operation previously described, which was based on no commercial transaction whatever. But the motives, the reasoning, and the effect on sterling rates are the same with the one operation as with the other, and the probability of a sudden rush to cover obligations, through purchase of actual sterling bills on the rise by a great body of foreign buyers who had misjudged the situation and overstayed their market, is the same with the merchants as with the speculators.

So much for what may be called the machinery of the season's rise in foreign exchange. In so highly speculative a market, it is possible to assume, and there have been those who did assume, that the violent upswing of rates which occurred in the autumn of 1921 was nothing more than reaction from a greatly overdone previous speculation for the decline. Nevertheless, two facts must be kept in mind—that this season's recovery brought exchange rates on the majority of sound European markets to the highest since the great after-war depreciation began in 1919, and that a strong and sustained movement of foreign exchange rates without significance. The quotation on this occasion, as on many occasions—not only since the war, but during it and



Drawn by Charles R. Knight.

NEANDERTHAL MAN KILLING A WILD BOAR.

Short, stocky, and uncouth in appearance, the Neanderthal man shows unmistakably his primitive ancestry, and a comparison with the later types depicted in this article reveals him as a very lowly form of the human animal. Several practically complete skeletons of the Neanderthals have been discovered in various parts of central Europe, and all are singularly alike in their general make-up. They averaged about five feet two inches in height, with huge heads, projecting eye-ridges, and deep, receding chins. Broad in the hips and shoulders, short-waisted, and short-legged below the knee, these savage little men must have proved themselves doughty antagonists in their struggles with the more highly developed races which succeeded them. [P. 280.]

—“Mural Paintings of Prehistoric Men and Animals,” page 279.

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Leaves from My Autobiography

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD—MR. GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE—LOWELL AND AMERICAN SLANG—LORD ROSEBERY'S TACT—A CHANCE TO AVERT THE SPANISH WAR—QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOMBURG

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS

[FIFTH PAPER]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE



KNOW of nothing more delightful for a well-read American than to visit the scenes in Great Britain with which he has become familiar in his reading. No matter

how rapidly he may travel, if he goes over the places made memorable by Sir Walter Scott in the "Waverley Novels," and in his poems, he will have had impressions, thrills, and educational results which will be a pleasure for the rest of his life. The same is true of an ardent admirer of Dickens or of Thackeray, in following the footsteps of their heroes and heroines. I gained a liberal education and lived over again the reading and studies of a lifetime in my visits to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. I also had much the same experience of vivifying and spiritualizing my library in France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

London is always most hospitable and socially the most delightful of cities. While Mr. Gladstone was prime minister and more in the eyes of the world than any statesman of any country, a dinner was given to him with the special object

of having me meet him. The ladies and gentlemen at the dinner were all people of note. Among them were two American bishops. The arrangement made by the host and hostess was that when the ladies left the dining-room I should take the place made vacant alongside Mr. Gladstone, but one of the American bishops, who in his younger days was a famous athlete, made a flying leap for that chair and no sooner landed than he at once proposed to Mr. Gladstone this startling question: "As the bishop of the old Catholic Church in Germany does not recognize the authority of the pope, how can he receive absolution?"—and some other abstruse theological questions. This at once aroused Mr. Gladstone, who, when once started, was stopped with difficulty, and there was no pause until the host announced that the gentlemen should join the ladies. I made it a point at the next dinner given for me to meet Mr. Gladstone that there should be no American bishops present.

At another time, upon arriving at my hotel in London from New York, I found a note from Lord Rosebery saying that Mr. Gladstone was dining with Lady Rosebery and himself that evening, and there would be no other guests, and inviting me to come. I arrived early and

found Mr. Gladstone already there. While the custom in London society then was for the guests to be late, Mr. Gladstone was always from fifteen minutes to half an hour in advance of the time set by his invitation. He greeted me with great cordiality, and at once what were known as the Gladstone tentacles were fastened on me for information. It was a peculiarity with the grand old man that he extracted from a stranger practically all the man knew, and the information was immediately assimilated in his wonderful mind. He became undoubtedly the best-informed man on more subjects than anybody in the world.

Mr. Gladstone said to me: "It has been raining here for forty days. What is the average rainfall in the United States and in New York?" If there was any subject about which I knew less than another, it was the meteorological conditions in America. He then continued with great glee: "Our friend, Lord Rosebery, has everything and knows everything, so it is almost impossible to find for him something new. Great books are common, but I have succeeded in my explorations among antiquarian shops in discovering the most idiotic book that ever was written. It was by an old lord mayor of London, who filled a volume of his experiences in an excursion on the Thames, which is the daily experience of every Englishman." To the disappointment of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery also had that book. The evening was a memorable one for me.

After a most charming time and dinner, while Lord Rosebery went off to meet an engagement to speak at a meeting of colonial representatives, Lady Rosebery took Mr. Gladstone and myself to the opera at Covent Garden. There was a critical debate on in the House of Commons, and the whips were running in to inform him of the progress of the battle and to get instructions from the great leader.

During the entr'actes Mr. Gladstone most interestingly talked of his sixty years' experience of the opera. He knew all the great operas of that period, and criticised with wonderful skill the composers and their characteristics. He gave a word picture of all the great artists who

had appeared on the English stage and the merits and demerits of each. A stranger listening to him would have said that a veteran musical critic, who had devoted his life to that and nothing else, was reminiscing. He said that thirty years before the manager of Covent Garden had raised the pitch, that this had become so difficult that most of the artists to reach it used the tremolo, and that the tremolo had taken away from him the exquisite pleasure which he formerly had in listening to an opera.

Mr. Gladstone was at that time the unquestionable master of the House of Commons and its foremost orator. I unfortunately never heard him at his best, but whether the question was of greater or lesser importance, the appearance of Mr. Gladstone at once lifted it above ordinary discussion to high debate.

Mr. Gladstone asked many questions about large fortunes in the United States, was curious about the methods of their accumulation, and whether they survived in succeeding generations. He wanted to know all about the reputed richest man among them. I told him I did not know the amount of his wealth, but that it was at least one hundred millions of dollars.

"How invested?" he asked.

I answered: "All in fluid securities which could be turned into cash in a short time."

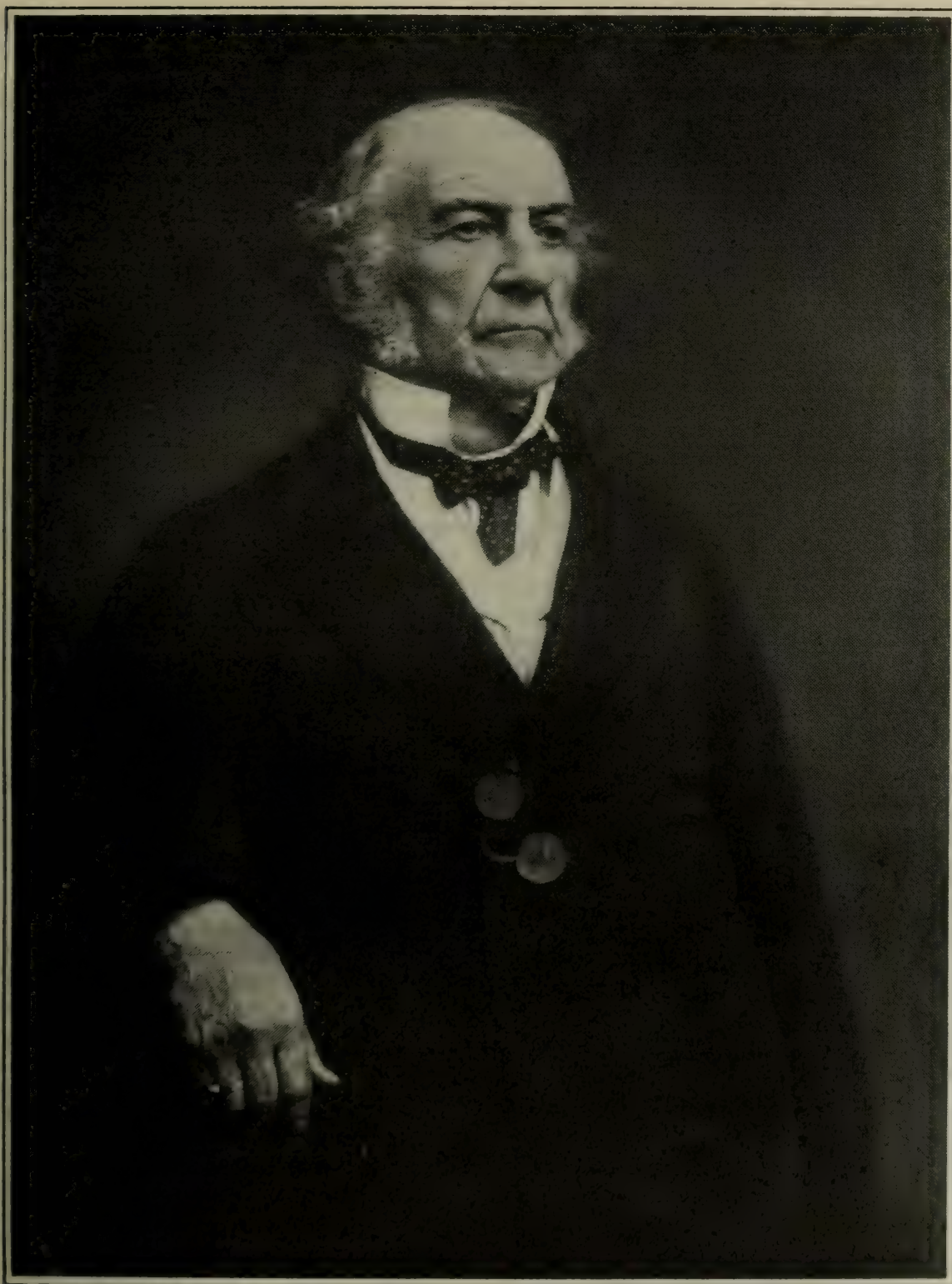
He became excited at that and said: "Such a man is dangerous not only to his own country but to the world. With that amount of ready money he could upset the exchanges and paralyze the borrowing power of nations."

"But," I said, "you have enormous fortunes," and mentioned the Duke of Westminster.

"I know every pound of Westminster's wealth," he said. "It is in lands which he cannot sell, and burdened with settlements of generations and obligations which cannot be avoided."

"How about the Rothschilds?" I asked.

"Their fortunes," he answered, "are divided among the firms in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, and it would be impossible for them to be combined and used to unsettle the markets of the world."



From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.

Mr. Gladstone in 1880.

But Mr. ——— could do this and prevent governments from meeting their obligations."

Mr. Gladstone had no hostility to great fortunes, however large, unless so invested as to be immediately available by a single man for speculation. But fortunes larger

than that of one hundred millions have since been acquired, and their management is so conservative that they are brakes and safeguards against unreasoning panics. The majority of them have been used for public benefit. The most conspicuous instances are the Rockefeller

Foundation, the Carnegie Endowment, and the Frick Creation.

Henry Labouchère told me a delightful story of Mr. Gladstone's first meeting with Robert T. Lincoln, when he arrived in London as American minister. Mr. Lincoln became in a short time after his arrival one of the most popular of the distinguished list of American representatives to Great Britain. He was especially noted for the charm of his conversation. Labouchère said that Mr. Gladstone told him that he was very anxious to meet Mr. Lincoln, both because he was the new minister from the United States and because of his great father, President Lincoln. Labouchère arranged for a dinner at his house, which was an hour in the country from Mr. Gladstone's city residence. Mrs. Gladstone made Mr. Labouchère promise, as a condition for permitting her husband to go, that Mr. Gladstone should be back inside of his home at ten o'clock.

The dinner had no sooner started than some question arose which not only interested but excited Mr. Gladstone. He at once entered upon an eloquent monologue on the subject. There was no possibility of interruption by any one, and Mr. Lincoln had no chance whatever to interpose a remark. When the clock was nearing eleven Labouchère interrupted this torrent of talk by saying: "Mr. Gladstone, it is now eleven; it is an hour's ride to London, and I promised Mrs. Gladstone to have you back at ten." When they were seated in the carriage Labouchère said to Mr. Gladstone: "Well, you have passed an evening with Mr. Lincoln; what do you think of him?" He replied: "Mr. Lincoln is a charming personality, but he does not seem to have much conversation."

Among the very able men whom I met in London was Joseph Chamberlain. When I first met him he was one of Mr. Gladstone's trusted lieutenants. He was a capital speaker, a close and incisive debater, and a shrewd politician. When he broke with Mr. Gladstone, he retained his hold on his constituency and continued to be a leader in the opposite party.

Mr. Chamberlain told me that in a critical debate in the House of Commons,

when the government was in danger, Mr. Gladstone, who alone could save the situation, suddenly disappeared. Every known resort of his was searched to find him. Mr. Chamberlain, recollecting Mr. Gladstone's interest in a certain subject, drove to the house of the lady whose authority on that subject Mr. Gladstone highly respected. He found him submitting to the lady for her criticism and correction some of Watts's hymns, which he had translated into Italian.

The British Government sent Mr. Chamberlain to America, and he had many public receptions given him by our mercantile and other bodies. On account of his separating from Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule, he met with a great deal of hostility here from the Irish. I was present at a public dinner where the interruptions and hostile demonstrations were very pronounced. But Mr. Chamberlain won his audience by his skill and fighting qualities.

I gave him a dinner at my house and had a number of representative men to meet him. He made the occasion exceedingly interesting by presenting views of domestic conditions in England and international ones with this country, which were quite new to us.

Mr. Chamberlain was a guest on the *Teutonic* at the famous review of the British navy celebrating Queen Victoria's jubilee, where I had the pleasure of again meeting him. He had recently married Miss Endicott, the charming daughter of our secretary of war, and everybody appreciated that it was a British statesman's honeymoon.

He gave me a dinner in London, at which were present a large company, and two subjects came under very acute discussion. There had been a recent marriage in high English society, where there were wonderful pedigrees and relationships on both sides, but no money. It finally developed, however, that under family settlements the young couple might have fifteen hundred pounds a year, or seven thousand five hundred dollars. The decision was unanimous that they could get along very well and maintain their position on this sum and be able to reciprocate reasonably the attentions they would receive. Nothing could better illustrate the

terrific increase in the cost of living than the contrast between then and now.

Some one of the guests at the dinner said that the Americans by the introduction of slang were ruining the English language. Mr. James Russell Lowell had come evidently prepared for this controversy. He said that American slang was the common language of that part of England from which the pilgrims sailed, and that it had been preserved in certain parts of the United States, notably northern New England. He then produced an old book, a sort of dictionary of that period, and proved his case. It was a surprise to everybody to know that American slang was really classic English, and still spoken in the remoter parts of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, though no longer in use in England.

The period of Mr. Gladstone's reign as prime minister was one of the most interesting for an American visitor who had the privilege of knowing him and the eminent men who formed his Cabinet. The ladies of the Cabinet entertained lavishly and superbly. A great favorite at these social gatherings was Miss Margot Tennant, afterwards Mrs. Asquith. Her youth, her wit, her originality and audacity made every function a success which was graced by her presence.

The bitterness towards Mr. Gladstone of the opposition party surpassed anything I have met in American politics, except during the Civil War. At dinners and receptions given me by my friends of the Tory party I was supposed as an American to be friendly to Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. I do not know whether this was the reason or whether it was usual, but on such occasions the denunciation of Mr. Gladstone as a traitor and the hope of living to see him executed was very frequent.

I remember one important public man who was largely interested and a good deal of a power in Canadian and American railroads. He asked a friend of mine to arrange for me to meet him. I found him a most agreeable man and very accurately informed on the railway situation in Canada and the United States. He was preparing for a visit, and so wanted me to fill any gaps there might be in his knowledge of the situation.

Apropos of the political situation at the time, he suddenly asked me what was the attitude of the people of the United States towards Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule bill. I told him they were practically unanimous in favor of the bill, and that Mr. Gladstone was the most popular Englishman in the United States. He at once flew into a violent rage, the rarest thing in the world for an Englishman, and lost control of his temper to such a degree that I thought the easiest way to dam the flood of his denunciation was to plead another engagement and retire from the field. I met him frequently afterwards, especially when he came to the United States, but carefully avoided his pet animosity.

One year, in the height of the crisis of Mr. Gladstone's effort to pass the Home Rule bill, a member of his Cabinet said to me: "We of the Cabinet are by no means unanimous in believing in Mr. Gladstone's effort, but he is the greatest power in our country. The people implicitly believe in him and we are helping all we can."

It is well known that one after another broke away from him in time. The same Cabinet minister continued: "Mr. Gladstone has gone to the extreme limit in concessions made in his Home Rule bill, and he can carry the English, Scotch, and Welsh members. But every time the Irish seem to be satisfied, they make a new demand and a greater one. Unless this stops and the present bill is accepted, the whole scheme will break down. Many of the Irish members are supported by contributions from America. Their occupation is politics. If Home Rule should be adopted the serious people of Ireland, whose economic interests are at stake, might come to the front and take all representative offices themselves. We have come to the conclusion that enough of the Irish members to defeat the bill do not want Home Rule on any conditions. I know it is a custom when you arrive home every year that your friends meet you down the Bay and give you a reception. Then you give an interview of your impressions over here, and that interview is printed as widely in this country as in the United States. Now I wish you would do this: At the reception put in your own

way what I have told you, and especially emphasize that Mr. Gladstone is imperiling his political career and whole future for the sake of what he believes would be justice to Ireland. He cannot go any further and hold his English, Scotch, and Welsh constituencies. He believes that he can pass the present bill and start Ireland on a career of Home Rule if he can receive the support of the Irish members. The Americans who believe in Mr. Gladstone and are all honest Home Rulers will think this is an indirect message from himself, and it would be if it were prudent for Mr. Gladstone to send the message."

On my return to New York I did as requested. The story was published and commented on everywhere, and whether it was due to American insistence or not, I do not know, but shortly after Mr. Gladstone succeeded in carrying his Home Rule bill through the House of Commons, but it was defeated by the Conservatives in the House of Lords.

His Irish policy is a tribute to Mr. Gladstone's judgment and foresight, because in the light and conditions of to-day it is perfectly plain that if the Gladstone measure had been adopted at that time, the Irish question would not now be the most difficult and dangerous in British politics.

I had many talks with Mr. Parnell and made many speeches in his behalf and later for Mr. Redmond. I asked him on one occasion if the Irish desired complete independence and the formation of an independent government. He answered: "No, we want Home Rule, but to retain our connection in a way with the British Empire. The military, naval, and civil service of the British Empire gives great opportunities for our young men. Ireland in proportion to its population is more largely represented in these departments of the British Government than either England, Scotland, or Wales."

Incidentally to the division in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, which had not at this time broken out, was the great vogue which a story of mine had. I was dining with Earl Spencer. He had been lord lieutenant of Ireland and was very popular. His wife especially had been as great a success as the viceregent. He was

called the Red Earl because of his flowing auburn beard. He was a very serious man, devoted to the public service and exceedingly capable. He almost adored Mr. Gladstone and grieved over the growing opposition in the Cabinet.

The guests at the dinner were all Gladstonians and lamenting these differences and full of apprehension that they might result in a split in the party. The earl asked me if we ever had such conditions in the United States. I answered: "Yes." Mr. Blaine, at that time at the head of President Harrison's Cabinet as secretary of state, had very serious differences with his chief, and the people wondered why he remained. Mr. Blaine told me this story apropos of the situation: The author of a play invited a friend of his to witness the first production and sent him a complimentary ticket. During the first act there were signs of disapproval, which during the second act broke out into a riot. An excited man sitting alongside the guest of the playwright said: "Stranger, are you blind or deaf, or do you approve of the play?" The guest replied: "My friend, my sentiments and opinion in regard to this play do not differ from yours and the rest, but I am here on a free ticket. If you will wait a little while till I go out and buy a ticket, I will come back and help you raise hell."

The most brilliant member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet and one of the most accomplished, versatile, and eloquent men in Great Britain was Lord Rosebery. I saw much of him when he was foreign minister and also after he became prime minister. Lord Rosebery was not only a great debater on political questions, he was also the most scholarly orator of his country on educational, literary, and patriotic subjects. He gathered about him always the people whom a stranger pre-eminently desired to meet.

I recall one of my week-end visits to his home at Mentmore, which is one of the most delightful of my reminiscences abroad. He had taken down there the leaders of his party. The dinner lasted, the guests all being men, except Lady Rosebery, who presided, until after twelve o'clock. Every one privileged to be there felt that those four hours had passed more

quickly and entertainingly than any in their experience.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and the very best of English weather, and we adjourned to the terrace. There were recalled personal experiences, incidents of travel from men who had been all over the world and in critical situations in many lands, diplomatic secrets revealing crises seriously threatening European wars, and how these had been averted, alliances made and territories acquired, adventures of thrilling interest and personal episodes surpassing fiction. The company reluctantly separated when the rising sun admonished them that the night had passed.

It has been my good fortune to be the guest of eminent men in many lands and on occasions of memorable interest, but the rarest privilege for any one was to be the guest of Lord Rosebery, either at his city house or one of his country residences. The wonderful charm of the host, his tact with his guests, his talent for drawing people out and making them appear at their best, linger in their memories as red-letter days and nights of their lives.

All Americans took great interest in the career of Lord Randolph Churchill. His wife was one of the most beautiful and popular women in English society, and an American. I knew her father, Leonard Jerome, very well. He was a successful banker and a highly educated and cultured gentleman. His brother, William Jerome, was for a long time the best story-teller and one of the wittiest of New Yorkers.

Lord Randolph Churchill advanced very rapidly in British politics and became not only one of the most brilliant debaters but one of the leaders of the House of Commons. On one of my visits abroad I received an invitation from the Churchills to visit them at their country place. When I arrived I found that they occupied a castle built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in which few modern alterations had been made. It was historically a very unique and interesting structure. Additions had been made to it by succeeding generations, each being another house with its own methods of ingress and egress. Lord Randolph said:

"I welcome you to my ancestral home, which I have rented for three months."

Though this temporary residence was very ancient, yet its hospitalities were dispensed by one of the most up-to-date and progressive couples in the kingdom. In the intimacy of a house-party, not too large, one could enjoy the versatility, the charm, the wide information, the keen political acumen of this accomplished and magnetic British statesman. It was unfortunate for his country that from overwork he broke down so early in life.

A CHANCE TO AVERT THE SPANISH WAR

No one during his period could surpass Baron Alfred Rothschild as host. His dinners in town, followed by exquisite musicales, were the social events of every season. He was, however, most attractive at his superb place in the country. A week-end with him there met the best traditions of English hospitality. In the party were sure to be men and women of distinction, and just the ones whom an American had read about and was anxious to meet.

Baron Rothschild was a famous musician and an ardent lover of music. He had at his country place a wonderfully trained orchestra of expert musicians. In the theatre he gave concerts for the enjoyment of his guests, and led the orchestra himself. Among the company was sure to be one or more of the most famous artists from the opera at Covent Garden, and from these experts his own leadership and the performance of his perfectly trained company received unstinted praise and applause. Baron Rothschild had the art so necessary for the enjoyment of his guests of getting together the right people. He never risked the harmony of his house by inviting antagonists.

Lord Rothschild, the head of the house, differed entirely from his amiable and accomplished brother. While he also entertained, his mind was engrossed in business and affairs. I had a conference with him at the time of the Spanish-American War, which might have been of historical importance. He asked me to come and see him in the Rothschild banking-house, where the traditions of a century are preserved and unchanged. He said

to me: "We have been for a long time the bankers of Spain. We feel the responsibility for their securities, which we have placed upon the market. The United States is so all-powerful in its resources and spirit that it can crush Spain. This we desire to avert. Spain, though weak and poor compared to the United States, has nevertheless the proudest people in the world, and it is a question of Spanish pride we have to deal with."

In answering him, I said: "Lord Rothschild, it seems to me that if you had any proposition you should take it to Mr. John Hay, our accomplished minister."

"No," he said; "then it would become a matter of diplomacy and publicity. Now the Spanish Government is willing to comply with every demand the United States can make. The government is willing to grant absolute independence to Cuba, or what it would prefer, a self-governing colony, with relations like that of Canada to Great Britain. Spain is willing to give to the United States Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, but she must know beforehand if these terms will be accepted before making the offer, because if an offer so great as this and involving such a loss of territory and prestige should be rejected by the United States there would be a revolution in Spain which might overthrow not only the government but the monarchy. What would be regarded as an insult would be resented by every Spaniard to the bitter end. That is why I have asked you to come and wish you to submit this proposition to your president. Of course, I remain in a position, if there should be any publicity about it, to deny the whole thing."

The proposition unfortunately came too late, and Mr. McKinley could not stop the war. It was well known in Washington that he was exceedingly averse to hostilities and believed the difficulties could be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, but the people were aroused to such an extent that they were determined not only to free Cuba but to punish those who were oppressing the Cubans.

One incident which received little publicity at the time was in all probability the match which fired the magazine. One of the ablest and most level-headed mem-

bers of the Senate was Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. The solidity of his character and acquirements and his known sense and conservatism made him a power in Congress, and he had the confidence of the people. He visited Cuba and wrote a report in which he detailed as an eye-witness the atrocities which the government and the soldiers were perpetrating. He read this report to Mr. McKinley and Senator Hanna. They both said: "Senator Proctor, if you read that to the Senate, our negotiations end and war is inevitable."

The president requested the senator to delay reporting to the Senate. The excitement and interest in that body were never more unanimous and intense. I doubt if any senator could have resisted this rare opportunity not only to be the centre of the stage but to occupy the whole platform. Senator Proctor made his report and the country was aflame.

STORIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

I was in London at both the queen's fiftieth anniversary of her reign and her jubilee. The reverence and love the English people had for Queen Victoria was a wonderful exhibition of her wisdom as a sovereign and of her charm and character as a woman. The sixty years of her reign were a wonderful epoch in the growth of her empire and in its relations to the world.

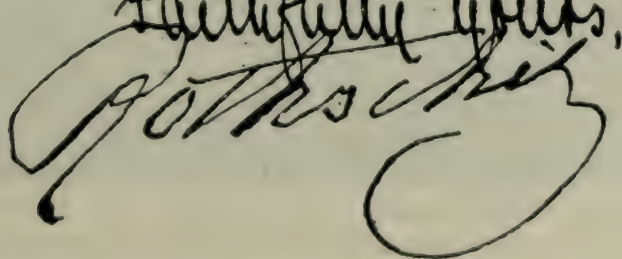
Once I said to a member of the Cabinet, who, as minister of foreign affairs, had been brought in close contact with the queen: "I am very much impressed with the regard which the people have for Queen Victoria. What is her special function in your scheme of government?"

"She is invaluable," he answered, "to every prime minister and the Cabinet. The prime minister, after the close of the debate in the House of Commons every night, writes the queen a full report of what has occurred at that session. This has been going on for more than half a century. The queen reads these accounts carefully and has a most retentive memory. If these communications of the prime ministers were ever available to the public, they would present a remarkable contrast of the minds and the methods of different prime ministers and especially

New Court.
St. Swithun's Lane.
22nd. June. 1878.

Dear Mr. Dehew.

Many thanks for
your kind letter and for the
interesting information you
give me. I am afraid that
there is nothing to do at present
but to wait. Believe me.

Faithfully yours,


Facsimile of letter from Rothschild.

those two extreme opposites, Gladstone and Disraeli. The queen did not like Gladstone, because she said he always preached, but she had an intense admiration for Disraeli, who threw into his

nightly memoranda all his skill not only as a statesman but as a novelist. The queen also has been consulted during all these years on every crisis, domestic or foreign, and every matter of Cabinet importance.

The result is that she is an encyclopædia. Very often there will be a dispute with some of the great powers or lesser ones, which is rapidly growing to serious proportions. We can find no report of its beginning. The queen, however, will remember just when the difficulty began, and why it was pushed aside and not settled, and who were the principal actors in the negotiations. With that data we often arrive at a satisfactory settlement."

I remember one garden-party at Buckingham Palace. The day was perfect and the attendance phenomenally large and distinguished. While there were places on the grounds where a luncheon was served, the guests neglected these places and gathered about a large tent where the royalties had their refreshments. It was an intense curiosity, not so much to see their sovereign eat and drink, as to improve the opportunity to reverently gaze upon her at close range. The queen called various people whom she knew from this circle of onlookers for a familiar talk.

When the luncheon was served the attendant produced an immense napkin, which she spread over herself, almost from her neck to the bottom of her dress. A charming English lady, who stood beside me, said: "I know you are laughing at the economy of our queen."

"On the contrary," I said, "I am admiring an example of carefulness and thrift which, if it could be universally known, would be of as great benefit in the United States as in Great Britain."

"Well," she continued, "I do wish that the dear old lady was not quite so careful."

At a period when the lives of the continental rulers were in great peril from revolutionists and assassins, the queen on both her fiftieth anniversary and her jubilee rode in an open carriage through many miles of London streets, with millions of spectators on either side pressing closely upon the procession, and there was never a thought that she was in the slightest danger. She was fearless herself, but she had on the triple armor of the overmastering love and veneration of the whole people. Americans remembered that in the crisis of our Civil War it was

the influence of the queen, more than any other, which prevented Great Britain recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

Among the incidents of her jubilee was the greatest naval demonstration ever known. The fleets of Great Britain were summoned from all parts of the globe and anchored in a long and imposing line in the English Channel. Mr. Ismay, at that time the head of the White Star Line, took the *Teutonic*, which had just been built and was not yet in regular commission, as his private yacht. He had on board a notable company, representing the best, both of men and women, of English life. He was the most generous of hosts, and had every care taken for the individual comfort of his guests. In the intimacy for several days of such an excursion we all became very well acquainted. There were speeches at the dinners and dances afterwards on the deck for the younger people. The war-ships were illuminated at night by electric lights, and the launch of the *Teutonic* took us down one lane and up another through the long lines of these formidable defenders of Great Britain.

One day there was great excitement when a war-ship steamed into our midst and it was announced that it was the German emperor's. Even as early as that he excited in the English mind both curiosity and apprehension. One of the frequent questions put to me, both then and for years afterwards at English dinners, was: "What do you think of the German emperor?"

Shortly after his arrival he came on to the *Teutonic* with the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. The prince knew many of the company and was most cordial all around. The emperor was absorbed in an investigation of this new ship and her possibilities both in the mercantile marine and as a cruiser. I heard him say to the captain: "How are you armed?" The captain told him that among his equipment he had a new invention, a quick-firing gun. The emperor was immediately greatly excited. He examined the gun and questioned its qualities and possibilities until he was master of every detail. Then he turned to one of his officers and gave a quick order that the gun should be immediately



From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, I. W.

Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales about 1862.

investigated and all that were required should be provided for Germany.

I heard a picturesque story from a member of the court of Queen Victoria's interest in all public affairs. There was then, as there is generally in European relations, some talk of war. The queen

was staying at her castle at Osborne on the Isle of Wight. He said she drove alone down to the shore one night and sat there a long time looking at this great fleet, which was the main protection of her empire and her people. It would be interesting if one could know what

were her thoughts, her fears, and her hopes.

The queen was constantly assisting the government in the maintenance of friendly relations with foreign powers by entertaining their representatives at Windsor Castle. When General Grant, after he retired from the presidency, made his trip around the world, the question which disturbed our American minister, when General Grant arrived in London, was how he could be properly received and recognized. Of course, under our usage, he had become a private citizen, and was no more entitled to official recognition than any other citizen. This was well known in the diplomatic circles. When the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries in London were appealed to, they unanimously said that as they represented their sovereigns they could not yield precedence to General Grant, but he must sit at the foot of the table. The Prince of Wales solved this question with his usual tact and wisdom. Under the recognized usage at any entertainment, the Prince of Wales can select some person as his special guest to sit at his right, and, therefore, precede everybody else. The prince made this suggestion to our minister and performed this courteous act at all functions given to General Grant. Queen Victoria supplemented this by extending the same invitation to General and Mrs. Grant to dine and spend the night with her at Windsor Castle, which was extended only to visiting royalty.

I remember that the Army of the Potomac was holding its annual meeting and commemoration at one of our cities when the cable announced that General Grant was being entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. The conventions of diplomacy, which require all communications to pass through the ambassador of one's country to the foreign minister of another country before it can reach the sovereign, were not known to these old soldiers, so they cabled a warm message to General Grant, care of Queen Victoria, Windsor Castle, England.

One of the most delightful bits of humor in my recollections of journalistic enterprise was an editorial by a Mr. Alden, one of the editors of the *New York Times*. Mr. Alden described with great

particularity, as if giving the details of the occurrence, that the messenger-boy arrived at Windsor Castle during the night and rang the front door-bell; that Her Majesty called out of the window in quite American style, "Who is there?" and the messenger-boy shouted: "Cable for General Grant. Is he staying at this house?" I can only give a suggestion of Alden's fun, which shook the whole country.

One of the court officers said to me during the jubilee: "Royalties are here from every country, and among those who have come over is Lilioukalani, queen of the Hawaiian Islands. She is as insistent of her royal rights as the emperor of Germany. We have consented that she should be a guest at a dinner of our queen and spend the night at Windsor Castle. We have settled her place among the royalties in the procession through London and offered her the hussars as her guard of honor. She insists, however, that she shall have the same as the other kings, a company of the guards. Having recognized her, we are obliged to yield." The same officer told me that at the dinner the dusky queen said to Queen Victoria: "Your Majesty, I am a blood relative of yours."

"How so?" was the queen's astonished answer.

"Why," said Lilioukalani, "my grandfather ate your Captain Cook."

WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOMBURG

During my summer vacations I spent two weeks or more at Homburg, the German watering-place. It was at that time the most interesting resort on the continent. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was always there, and his sister, the dowager empress of Germany, had her castle within a few miles. It was said that there was a quorum of both Houses of Parliament in Homburg while the prince was there, but his presence also drew representatives from every department of English life, the bench and the bar, writers of eminence of both sexes, distinguished artists, and people famous on both the dramatic and the operatic stage. The prince, with keen discrimination, had these interesting people always

about him. There were also social leaders, whose entertainments were famous in London, who did their best to add to the pleasure of the visit of the prince. I met him frequently and was often his guest at his luncheons and dinners. He fell in at once in the Homburg way.

The routine of the cure was to be at the springs every morning at seven o'clock, to take a glass of water, walk half an hour with some agreeable companion, and repeat this until three glasses had been consumed. Then breakfast, and after that the great bathing-house at eleven o'clock. The bathing-house was a meeting-place for everybody. Another meeting-place was the open-air concerts in the afternoon. In the evening came the formal dinners and some entertainment afterwards.

Both for luncheon and dinner the prince always had quite a large company. He was a host of great charm, tact, and character. He had a talent of drawing out the best there was in those about his table, and especially of making the occasion very agreeable for a stranger. Any one at his entertainments always carried away either in the people he met or the things that were said, or both, permanent recollections.

I do not think the prince bothered about domestic questions. He was very observant of the limitations and restrictions which the English Government imposes upon royalty. He was, however, very keen upon his country's foreign relations. In the peace of Europe he was an important factor, being so closely allied with the imperial houses of Germany and Russia. There is no doubt that he prevented the German emperor from acquiring a dangerous control over the czar. He was very fixed and determined to maintain and increase friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain. He succeeded, after many varied and long-continued efforts, in doing away with the prejudices and hostilities of the French towards the English, an accomplishment of infinite value to his country in these later years.

I was told that the prince required very little sleep, that he retired to bed late and was an early riser. I was awakened one night by his equerry calling me up,

saying the prince was on the terrace of the Kursaal and wanted to see me. The lights were all out, everybody had gone, and he was sitting alone at a table illuminated by a single candle. What he desired was to discuss American affairs and become more familiar with our public men, our ideals, our policies, and especially any causes which could possibly be removed of irritation between his own country and ours. This discussion lasted till daylight.

Meeting him on the street one day, he stopped and asked me to step aside into an opening there was in the hedge. He seemed laboring under considerable excitement, and said: "Why do the people in the United States want to break up the British Empire?"

I knew he referred to the Home Rule bill for Ireland, which was then agitating Parliament and the country, and also the frequent demonstrations in its favor which were occurring in the United States.

I said to him: "Sir, I do not believe there is a single American who has any thought of breaking up the British Empire. We are wedded to the federal principle of independent States, which are sovereign in their local affairs and home matters, but on everything you call imperial the United States is supreme. To vindicate this principle we fought a Civil War, in which we lost more lives, spent more money, destroyed more property, and incurred more debt than was done in any contest of modern time. The success of the government has been so complete that the States which were in rebellion and their people are quite as loyal to the general government as those who fought to preserve it. The prosperity of the country, with this question settled, has exceeded the bounds of imagination. So Americans think of your trouble with Ireland in terms of our federated States, and believe that all your difficulties could be adjusted in the same way."

We had a long discussion in which he asked innumerable questions, and never referred to the subject again. I heard afterwards among my English friends that he who had been most hostile was becoming a Home Ruler.

At another time he wanted to know why our government had treated the British ambassador, Lord Sackville West, so badly and ruined his career. The Sackville West incident was already forgotten, though it was the liveliest question of its time.

Cleveland was president and a candidate for re-election. Sackville West was the British ambassador. A little company of shrewd Republican politicians in California thought if they could get an admission that the British Government was interfering in our election in favor of Cleveland, it would be a fine asset in the campaign, and so they wrote to Lord Sackville West, telling him they were Englishmen who had become naturalized American citizens. In voting they were anxious to vote for the side which would be best for their native land, would he kindly and very confidentially advise them whether to support the Democratic or the Republican ticket. Sackville West swallowed the bait without investigation, and wrote them a letter advising them to vote the Democratic ticket.

There never had been such consternation in diplomatic circles in Washington. Of course, Mr. Cleveland and his supporters had to get out from under the situation as quickly and gracefully as possible.

The administration instantly demanded that the British Government should recall Lord Sackville West, which was done, and he was repudiated for his activity in American politics. It was curious that the prince had apparently never been fully informed of the facts, but had been misled by Sackville West's explanation, and the prince was always loyal to a friend.

One year Mr. James G. Blaine visited Homburg, and the prince at once invited him to luncheon. Blaine's retort to a question delighted every American in the place. One of the guests was the then Duke of Manchester, an old man and a great Tory: When the duke grasped that Blaine was a leading American and had been a candidate for the presidency of the United States, all his old Toryism was aroused, and he was back in the days of George III. To the horror of the prince, the duke said to Mr. Blaine: "The most outrageous thing in all history was your

rebellion and separation from the best government on earth." He said much more before the prince could stop him.

Blaine, with that grace and tact for which he was so famous, smilingly said: "Well, Your Grace, if George III had had the sense, tact, and winning qualities of his great-grandson, our host, it is just possible that we might now be a self-governing colony in the British Empire."

The answer relieved the situation and immensely pleased the host. Lord Rosebery once said in a speech that with the tremendous growth in every element of greatness of the United States, if the American colonies had remained in the British Empire, that with their preponderating influence and prestige the capital of Great Britain might have been moved to New York and Buckingham Palace rebuilt in Central Park.

At one dinner one of the guests of the prince suddenly shot at me across the table the startling question: "Do you know certain American heiresses"—naming them—"now visiting London?"

I answered: "Yes"—and naming one especially, a very beautiful and accomplished girl who was quite the most popular débutante of the London season.

"How much has she?" he asked.

I named the millions which she would probably inherit. "But," I added, "before you marry an American heiress, you better be sure that she can say the Lord's prayer."

He said with great indignation that he would be astonished if any American girl could be recognized in English society who had been so badly brought up that she was not familiar with the Lord's prayer.

"All of them are," I replied, "but few heiresses, unless they have come into their inheritance and can say 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' will inherit much, because American fathers are very speculative."

He continued to express his astonishment at this lack of religious training in an American family, while the prince enjoyed the joke so much that I was fearful in his convulsive laughter he would have a fit of apoplexy.

Once at a dinner given by the prince, an old lady of very high rank and leading position said suddenly to me, and in a

way which aroused the attention of the whole company: "Is it true that divorces are very common in America?"

I knew that a denial by me would not convince her or any others who shared in this belief, then very common in Europe. Of course, the prince knew better. I saw from his expression that he wished me to take advantage of the opportunity. I made up my mind quickly that the best way to meet this belief was by an exaggeration which would show its absurdity.

Having once started, the imaginative situation grew beyond my anticipation. I answered: "Yes, divorces are so common with us that the government has set aside one of our forty odd States for this special purpose. It is the principal business of the authorities. Most of these actions for divorce take place at the capital, which is always crowded with great numbers of people from all parts of the country seeking relief from their marital obligations."

"Did you ever visit that capital?" asked the prince.

"Yes, several times," I answered, "but not for divorce. My domestic relations have always been very happy, but it is also a famous health resort, and I went there for the cure."

"Tell us about your visit," said the prince.

"Well," I continued, "it was out of season when I was first there, so the only amusement or public occasions of interest were prayer-meetings."

The old lady asked excitedly: "Share meetings?" She had been a large and unfortunate investor in American stocks.

I relieved her by saying: "No, not share meetings, but religious prayer-meetings. I remember one evening that the gentleman who sat beside me turned suddenly to his wife and said: 'We must get out of here at once; the air is too close.' 'Why, no,' she said; 'the windows are all open and the breeze is fresh.' 'Yes,' he quickly remarked, 'but next to you are your two predecessors from whom I was divorced, and that makes the air too close for me.'"

The old lady exclaimed: "What a frightful condition!"

"Tell us more," said the prince.

"Well," I continued, "one day the

mayor of the city invited me to accompany him to the station, as the divorce train was about to arrive. I found at the station a judge and one of the court attendants. The attendant had a large package of divorce decrees to which the seal of the court had been attached, and also the signature of the judge. They only required to have the name of the party desiring divorce inserted. Alongside the judge stood a clergyman of the Established Church in full robes of his sacred office. When the passengers had all left the cars, the conductor jumped on to one of the car platforms and shouted to the crowd: 'All those who desire divorce will go before the judge and make their application.'

"When they had all been released by the court the conductor again called out: 'All those who have been accompanied by their partners, or where both have been to-day released from their former husbands and wives to be remarried, will go before the rector.' He married them in a body, whereupon they all resumed their places on the train. The blowing of the whistle and the ringing of the bell on the locomotive was the music of their first, second, or third honeymoon journey."

The old lady threw up her hands in horror and cried: "Such an impious civilization must come speedily not only to spiritual and moral destruction, but chaos."

Most of the company saw what an amazing caricature the whole story was and received it with great hilarity. The effect of it was to end, for that circle, at least, and their friends, a serious discussion of the universality of American divorces.

The prince was always an eager sportsman and a very chivalric one. At the time of one of the races at Cowes he became very indignant at the conduct of an American yachtsman who had entered his boat. It was charged by the other competitors that this American yachtsman violated all the unwritten laws of the contest.

After the race the prince said to me: "A yacht is a gentleman's home, whether it is racing or sailing about for pleasure. The owner of this yacht, to make her lighter and give her a better chance, re-

moved all the furniture and stripped her bare. He even went so far, I am told, that when he found the steward had left in his stateroom a tooth-brush, he threw it out of the port window."

It will be seen from these few anecdotes how intensely human was the Prince of Wales. He did much for his country, both as prince and king, and filled in a wise and able way the functions of his office. Certainly no official did quite so much for the peace of Europe during his time, and no royalty ever did more to make the throne popular with the people. I heard him speak at both formal and informal occasions, and his addresses were always tactful and wise.

While at Homburg we used to enjoy the delightful excursions to Nauheim, the famous nerve-cure place. I met there at one time a peculiar type of American, quite common in former years. They were young men who, having inherited fortunes sufficient for their needs, had no ambitions. After a strenuous social life at home and in Europe, they became hypochondriacs and were chasing cures for their imaginary ills from one resort to another.

One of them, who had reached middle life, had, of course, become in his own opinion a confirmed invalid. I asked him: "What brought you here? You look very well."

"That is just my trouble," he answered. "I look very well and so get no sympathy, but my nervous system is so out of order that it only takes a slight shock to completely disarrange it. For instance, the cause of my present trouble. I was dining in Paris at the house of a famous hostess, and a distinguished company was present. The only three Americans were two ladies and myself. I was placed between them. You know one of these ladies, while a great leader at home, uses very emphatic language when she is irritated. The dinner, like most French dinners, with many courses, was unusually long. Suddenly this lady, leaning over me, said to her sister: 'Damn it, Fan, will this dinner never end?' The whole table was shocked and my nerves were completely shattered." The great war, as I think, exterminated this entire tribe.

I was delighted to find at Nauheim my

old friends, Mark Twain and the Reverend Doctor Joseph Twichell, of Hartford, Conn. Doctor Twichell was Mark Twain's pastor at home. He was in college with me at Yale, and I was also associated with him in the governing corporation of Yale University. He was one of the finest wits and remarkable humorists of his time. Wit and humor were with him spontaneous, and he bubbled over with them. Mark Twain's faculties in that line were more labored and had to be worked out. Doctor Twichell often furnished in the rough the jewels which afterwards in Mark Twain's workshop became perfect gems.

I invited them to come over and spend the day and dine with me in the evening at Homburg. Mark Twain at that time had the reputation in England of being the greatest living wit and humorist. It soon spread over Homburg that he was in town and was to dine with me in the evening, and requests came pouring in to be invited. I kept enlarging my table at the Kursaal, with these requests, until the management said they could go no further. I placed Mark Twain alongside Lady Cork, one of the most brilliant women in England. In the course of years of acquaintance I had met Mark Twain under many conditions. He was very uncertain in a social gathering. Sometimes he would be the life of the occasion and make it one to be long remembered, but generally he contributed nothing. At this dinner, whenever he showed the slightest sign of making a remark, there was dead silence, but the remark did not come. He had a charming time, and so did Lady Cork, but the rest of the company heard nothing from the great humorist, and they were greatly disappointed.

The next morning Mark Twain came down to the springs in his tramping suit, which had fairly covered the continent. I introduced him to the Prince of Wales, and he was charmed with him in their hour of walk and talk. At dinner that evening the prince said to me: "I would have invited Mark Twain this evening, if I thought he had with him any dinner clothes."

"At my dinner last night," I said, "he met every conventional requirement."



From a photograph by Lock & Whitfield, London.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Photographed from life, July 17, 1876.

"Then," continued the prince, "I would be much obliged if you would get him for dinner with me to-morrow evening."

It was very much the same company as had dined with the prince the night be-

fore. Again Twain was for a long time a complete disappointment. I knew scores of good things of his and tried my best to start him off, but without success. The prince, who was unusually adroit and tactful in drawing a distinguished guest



Sandringham,
Norfolk.

December 3/90.

Dear Mr. Dufferin,

Have my kind
of you to have
sent me some
cannons back South
which arrived
safely on the 7th
and were much
appreciated
by a large party

Facsimile of letter

out, also failed. When the dinner was over, however, and we had reached the cigars, Mark Twain started in telling a story in his most captivating way. His peculiar drawl, his habit in emphasizing the points by shaking his bushy hair, made him a dramatic narrator. He never had greater success. Even the veteran Mark himself was astonished at the up-

roarious laughter which greeted almost every sentence and was overwhelming when he closed.

There are millions of stories in the world, and several hundred of them good ones. No one knew more of them than Mark Twain, and yet out of this vast collection he selected the one which I had told the night before to the same com-

assembled at
dinner to celebrate
the anniversary
of the Prince's
birth-day!

many thanks
Am your friend
to the Prince and me,

Truly yours

Arthur Twiss

from the Prince of Wales.

pany. The laughter and enjoyment were not at the story, but because the English had, as they thought, caught me in retailing to them from Mark Twain's repertoire one of his stories. It so happened that it was a story which I had heard as happening upon our railroad in one of my tours of inspection. I had told it in a speech, and it had been generally copied

in the American newspapers. Mark Twain's reputation as the greatest living humorist caused that crowd to doubt the originality of my stories.

Mark had declined the cigars, but the prince was so delighted that he offered him one of the highly prized selection from his own case. This drew from him a story, which I have not seen in any of

his books. I have read Mark Twain always with the greatest pleasure. His books of travel have been to me a source of endless interest, and his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is the best representation of the saint and heroine that I know.

When the prince offered him the cigar, Mark said: "No, prince, I never smoke. I have the reputation in Hartford, Conn., of furnishing at my entertainments the worst of cigars. When I was going abroad, and as I would be away for several years, I gave a reception and invited all my friends. I had the governor of the State of Connecticut and the judges of the highest courts, and the most distinguished members of the legislature. I had the leading clergymen and other citizens, and also the president and faculty of Yale University and Trinity College.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon my butler, who is a colored man, Pompey by name, came to me and said: 'Mr. Clemens, we have no cigars.' Just then a peddler's wagon stopped at the gate. In England they call them cheap jacks. I hailed the merchant and said: 'What have you in your wagon?' 'Well,' he answered, 'I have some Gobelin tapestries, Sèvres china, and Japanese cloisonné vases, and a few old masters.' Then I said to him: 'I do not want any of those, but have you cigars, and how much?' The peddler answered: 'Yes, sir, I have some excellent cigars, which I will sell you at seventeen cents a barrel.' I have to explain that a cent is an English far-

thing. Then I told him to roll a barrel in.

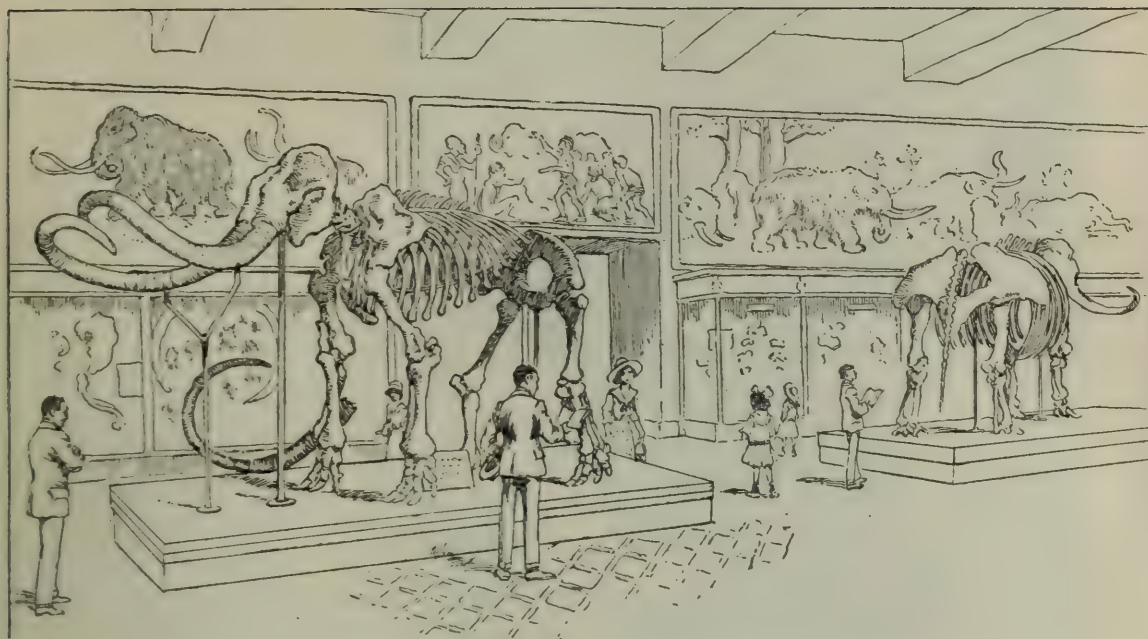
"It was a great occasion, one of the greatest we ever had in the old State of Connecticut," continued Mark, "but I noticed that the guests left unusually early after supper. The next morning I asked the butler why they left so early. 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Clemens, everybody enjoyed the supper, and they were all having a good time until I gave them the cigars. After the gentleman had taken three puffs, he said: "Pomp, you infernal nigger, get me my hat and coat quick."' When I went out, my stone walk, which was one hundred yards long from the front door to the gate, was just paved with those cigars." This specimen of American exaggeration told in Mark Twain's original way made a great hit.

I met Mark Twain at a theatrical supper in London given by Sir Henry Irving. It was just after his publishing firm had failed so disastrously. It was a notable company of men of letters, playwrights, and artists. Poor Mark was broken in health and spirits. He tried to make a speech, and a humorous one, but it saddened the whole company.

I met him again after he had made the money on his remarkable lecture tour around the world, with which he met and paid all his debts. It was an achievement worthy of the famous effort of Sir Walter Scott. Jubilant, triumphant, and free, Mark Twain that night was the hero never forgotten by any one privileged to be present.

(To be continued.)





The sketch by W. M. Berger shows a section of the Pleistocene Hall with the actual skeletons of mammoths and mastodons; and above them a glimpse of two of the large murals in position on the wall.

Mural Paintings of Prehistoric Men and Animals by Charles R. Knight

[IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY]

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY THE ARTIST

THE painting of the large panels recently placed on view in the Pleistocene Hall presents many difficulties, as a number of points must be taken into consideration before work on the murals themselves really begins. The whole scientific side of the question must, of course, be very carefully considered and the most characteristic types of animals selected for the various landscape backgrounds. The probable appearance in life of the different species presented, their form, color, and typical attitudes, are all discussed in detail as well as the important question of a relative scale for the creatures throughout the entire hall. One must realize that the animals pictured do not exist at the present day, and the artist is obliged, therefore, to use his knowledge and imagination to the fullest extent in the recreation of so many

varying types. When a decision has been finally reached upon all the foregoing points, the question of the artistic composition and color scheme becomes paramount, and a number of charcoal sketches are made in order to arrive at some general schematic arrangement for the groups in question. The color sketches for the different panels are naturally very important, as they are, after all, the original paintings from which the larger pictures are copied, and must therefore be very fully carried out, with due regard for the completed effect of the finished murals when placed finally upon the walls. It is safe to say that these sketches take up at least four-fifths of the time required to complete the entire work, and represent no end of laborious research and many abortive attempts to attain a satisfactory result.



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Siberian woolly mammoths seeking new feeding-grounds.

The woolly mammoth seems to have been a very highly specialized type of pachyderm which inhabited the colder portions of Europe, Asia, and North America during a very long period of time. As a protection against the bitter cold of a northern winter, the huge animal was covered with a dense coat of under wool (reddish brown in color) and an outer covering of long, blackish hair, which grew thickest on the head and shoulders. The very long recurved tusks, dome-shaped forehead, and humped back must have imparted a very strange appearance to these great creatures, whose actual remains (frozen in the ice) have been discovered on several occasions in certain parts of Siberia. The food of the mammoth probably consisted of pine shoots, and the succulent leaves and branches of the hardwood-trees found in that region. We can imagine with what misgivings our prehistoric ancestors regarded these mighty beasts and how they rejoiced when perchance the hunters of the tribe were able to trap or otherwise destroy an old individual whose waning powers of resistance rendered him at last an easy prey to their puny weapons.

NOTE.—The frontispiece is the result of very careful study on the part of the author and, to his knowledge, the first picture, based on actual measurements, produced in this country. In it he has tried to show the physical strength and mental acuteness so necessary for man's future development, even in his more primitive stages. Though scientific opinions differ greatly as to the amount of hair on the bodies of the Neanderthals, the author is convinced that they were so covered, and that to a very considerable degree. Mentally the Neanderthals, while primitive and savage, were nevertheless cunning and resourceful to a degree, else they would have had no chance for existence, surrounded as they were by fierce predatory animals and still more rigorous climatic conditions. They knew the use of fire, but their weapons were rude, clumsy affairs, and not well fitted for aggressive combats with either man or beast. It is very important to remember that these so-called men were certainly not degenerate types of modern man, but a distinct species, lower in the scale, perhaps, but still very intelligent and well fitted to their time and place in the world's history.



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Summer-evening scene in the Mississippi Valley, showing a herd of American mastodons bathing.

The particular skeleton used as a basis for the restoration of the mastodon (and exhibited just beneath the picture) was found in a bog near Newburg, on the Hudson, some fifty years ago, and was bought by a certain Doctor Warren, of Boston, who had it mounted and placed on exhibition in his private museum. The bones were very well preserved and the great creature had evidently been mired and perished just where it was found by some workmen who were digging for loam in the aforesaid bog. For years the specimen remained on view until it was finally purchased by the late J. P. Morgan, who presented it to the Museum in New York. It is with difficulty that we conjure up the image of this enormous animal browsing about on the shores of the Hudson

River in a climate very much like our own, and the reason for his final extinction is completely wrapped in mystery. In form the mastodon was more primitive than the modern elephants, with short, massive limbs and a long, heavy body. The head was carried low, and the trunk and rather short and very thick and powerful. It, too, was covered with a thick coat of hair and wool as a protection against the elements, and this great mass of hair must have greatly increased its apparent size. The differences in form between the mastodon and the mammoth have been very carefully worked out, and a comparison of the two creatures is easily made, as the companion mural at the other side of the door shows a herd of mammoths drawn to the same scale.

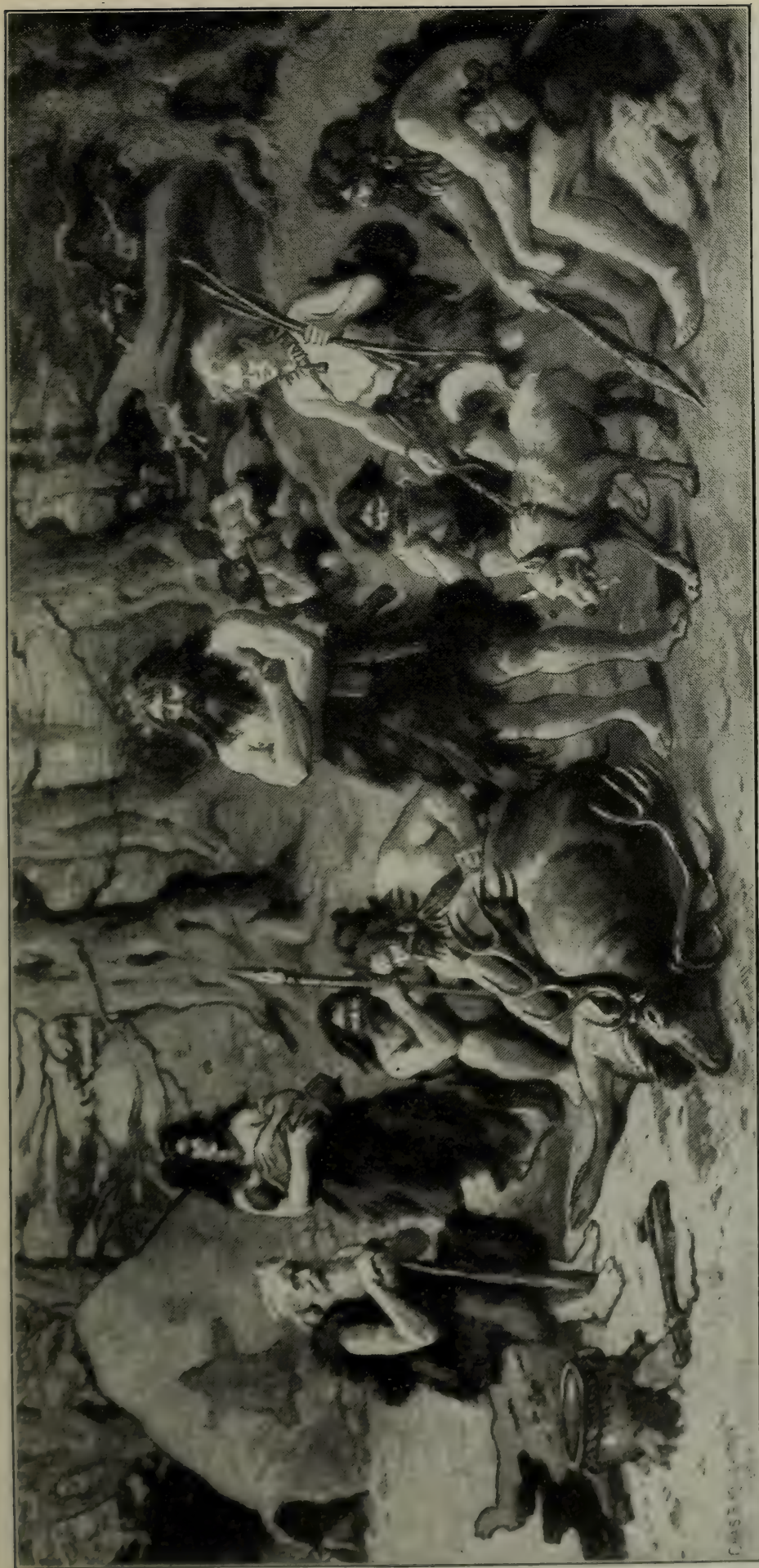


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Men of the Cro-Magnon race drawing mammoths on the walls of the Font de Gaume cavern in France.

The Cro-Magnon people are the most highly developed type of prehistoric men yet discovered, and are justly celebrated for their skill in depicting various forms of animal life on the walls of numerous caves and rock shelters in eastern and southern Europe. It is surmised that their art may have been semireligious in character, as most of the so-called paintings (drawn, as a rule, with black and white, and red chalk) are placed far back in very remote parts of the caverns in question, and are often reached with difficulty by present-day archaeologists. That they were a tall and powerfully built race we know by the skeletal remains often found buried in or near the caves which they inhabited. Doubtless they often fought with, and may have annihilated, the much more primitive Neanderthal tribes with whom they came in contact, though this point is mere conjecture on our part, as nothing is definitely known about their life habits. From the great quantities of bone awls or needles found associated with the skeletons, we infer

that the Cro-Magnons cut and sewed the skins from which they made their clothing, much after the manner of the modern Esquimaux. They also made lance-heads of bone, and captured and used as food several species of large game animals, such as reindeer, bison, and several species of wild horses. The flesh of these creatures they roasted over the fire, cracking the bones to get at the marrow within, and using the skins as clothing and bedding for their chilly and miserable retreats at the entrances of the rock shelters which they perforce inhabited. Fire was also of great use to them as a protection against wild animals which roamed the interminable forests in search of prey, and would most certainly have attacked any stragglers found wandering abroad after nightfall. Indeed, life in these early times must have been one continuous struggle against the forces of nature, and only the strong and fortunate individuals survived the ordeal.



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Men of the later Stone Age returning from a stag hunt.

Archæologists are of the opinion that the age of roughly chipped flint weapons was followed by a long period in which the implements of war and the chase were further finished by the difficult and very laborious process of polishing the hard stone with a mixture probably of sand and water. With these finely wrought weapons the men of the period contrived to kill great numbers of wild animals for use as food, and the present mural attempts to show a band of these hardy Nimrods returning from a successful stag hunt. The great red deer of the period was a most imposing creature, carrying a splendid set of horns, and was no mean adversary for men armed with very primitive weapons. By the use of dogs, however, which seem to have been employed in this work, the task was made much easier, as the game could be caught and held by a pack of these savage brutes until the hunters could come up with their quarry. Along more æsthetic lines, on the other hand, these skilful pursuers of big game were sadly lacking, as

we find no evidences of art among them, with the exception of some very crude designs on the earthen vessels which they contrived to make in a fairly serviceable manner. Yet in some mysterious way the human race was surely evolving into a higher sphere than that occupied by the Cro-Magnon men, whose artistic talents were of such a high order, and the late Stone-Age men undoubtedly lived in huts or sod houses, where the community idea became a necessity, and the first notion of a definite home began to flourish in the minds of our ancestors. For as ancestors we must certainly regard these rugged and resourceful men who by dint of brains and brawn had made for themselves a dwelling-place where they might live in comparative security, meanwhile developing those communal instincts which in after ages were to materialize into what we now call modern civilization.



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Winter scene in Siberia with woolly rhinoceros, saiga antelopes, and mammoth.

A bleak waste of snow stretching to the horizon, where dark-blue hills cut sharply against a yellow rift in the cold, gray clouds, constitutes a fitting background for the weird form of the great woolly rhinoceros and serves to accentuate the frigid character of its environment for the greater part of each year. The mural attempts to show these mighty creatures at home on the Siberian tundra, that bleak and desolate region which stretches for thousands of miles across northern Asia. In the middle distance some small animals may be seen, standing or resting in the snow. These are saiga antelopes, an animal which still survives, though the great rhinoceros has

passed away. The woolly rhinoceros must have been a most singular-looking beast with its long shaggy coat of reddish wool, and the two massive horns projecting from its nose. We have certain knowledge of its actual form from a very excellent colored-chalk drawing found in one of the French caves, and also from a specimen found frozen in the ice in Siberia. Strange as it may seem, the color and texture of the hair in this specimen is much the same as that found on a modern Sumatran species, and proves how conservative nature is in maintaining a really serviceable thing through countless ages.



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Autumn landscape in northern New Jersey, with cervals (the deer moose), tapirs, and giant beavers.

This picture represents a fall scene in a type of country with which we are all more or less familiar and shows the great cervals (a close relative of the modern moose) coming to drink in the fast-falling twilight of a crisp autumn evening. A complete skeleton of this remarkable animal was discovered by a Jersey farmer not many years ago, and was purchased by the Princeton Museum, which considered itself most fortunate in securing this splendidly preserved specimen for its collections. We are not accustomed to think of tapirs living so near New York City, but

the remains discovered prove their former existence in this vicinity. They were undoubtedly covered with long, thick hair as a protection in winter, yet it is not easy to imagine how an animal with their general make-up could have obtained sufficient food during the winter, unless the weather was much milder than that of our own time. The giant beavers, on the other hand, were eminently fitted for a cold climate, and, though more than twice as large as a recent beaver, could easily have survived in very severe weather owing to the vast quantity of available food always at hand.



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Patagonian panel, with animals of the region feeding on the semiarid Pampean plains.

Of all the animals depicted in the Pleistocene Hall, none perhaps are more grotesque in appearance than those of the Patagonian region. The great ground-sloths are naturally the most important of these, but the turtle-like glyptodonts are not far behind them in the matter of uncouth form. These latter are, of course, not related to turtles in any way, but are closely allied to the modern armadillos, those singular-looking animals that can at will roll themselves into a ball as a protection against their enemies. When attacked, the great glyptodonts, which could not thus roll

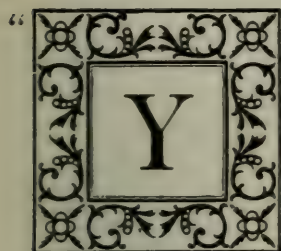
themselves up, were constrained to squat upon the ground and digging their great claws into the yielding soil, could bid defiance to any animal not powerful enough to turn them over. Indeed, the great sabre-toothed tigers themselves must have had difficulty in killing one of these heavily armored and ungainly brutes. The two other types in the background are, respectively, toxodon (the squatly creature at the left) and machrauchenia, a llama-like form with a long proboscis somewhat resembling that of a tapir.

Hadji Hamid and the Brigand

BY HERBERT E. WINLOCK

Assistant Curator, Metropolitan Museum of Art

ILLUSTRATION BY H. R. SHURTLEFF



YOU say that you buy these things from the natives and the dealers in Egypt, yes? But what I don't understand is how do they get them?"

That is a perfectly natural question and is put up to the museum curator again and again. He knows that the romance of the picaresque and the illicit often attaches to objects which he has collected for their scientific value or their æsthetic virtue, and sometimes he gets a hint—but usually only the vaguest—of a story that makes bootlegging sound as matter-of-fact and as humdrum as selling bonds. But even if he had the facts, a museum label would hardly be the place to give them.

For instance, there are some gold and silver cups in the Metropolitan Museum that once were part of a treasure of the Great Rameses. It would fill the entire case they are shown in if a label were written to tell the whole tale of how they were "found in 1906 in the ruins of ancient Bubastis." The story would have to begin with some workmen digging a railroad cutting through the ruins, who turned over the treasure with their hoes, and then quickly covered it up again. It would have to go on with how that night they came back to dig their find up and then fell into such a row over the division that by morning it was the gossip of the whole town of Zagazig, and by night the police were fishing a golden pitcher out of the thatch of one house and a silver bowl from under the bed in another. And then it would have to tell how the next day every antiquity dealer in Cairo was on the spot bargaining for what had escaped the search.

And even so, the story would not be complete. An affair like that, conducted with a lot of revengeful peasants looking for vicarious victims of their rage at the

police, is one of the things in a dealer's life besides the lucrative and enjoyable pastime of levying tribute from the tourist friends of Mr. Thomas Cook.

That day at Zagazig one of the dealers was shown a silver goblet from the treasure and was told to send his man for it, with the purchase money, the next night. The man came and paid over the money, but all he got for it was a broken head. Another dealer was given just one fleeting glimpse of a golden pitcher in the hands of the wily fellâh who had succeeded in keeping it away from the authorities. Off and on for months those two haggled over the price until at last a bargain was struck and the dealer sent his trusted agent down to Zagazig to fetch away the pitcher. The fellâh and the agent passed each other in a crowded market-place. One handed over a little bag of sovereigns and the other a bundle done up in a dirty old handkerchief, and they parted without a sign of recognition. But when the bundle was opened in Cairo, instead of the golden pitcher, out came a very battered silver one the dealer had refused even to consider buying.

"Sapristi," he said to me with a shrug, "I assure you, it is *une des risques de nos affaires*. I still bargain for it, and *Inshallah*, as the Arabs say . . ." but he never got that golden pitcher.

Most of these tales are never told, and it is only a few that can even be imagined. Still, there are those rare times after some trade has been made and the coffee-cups and cigarettes are out, when a dealer will feel reminiscent. Once Hadji Hamid Mohammed Mohassib felt that way throughout a long hot afternoon, and I sat deathly still for fear of interrupting the unexpected flow of memories.

No, it's not as easy for us nowadays as it was when my father, Hadji Mohammed, was young. He used to take a bundle of



Drawn by H. R. Shurtleff.

It was dark before we boosted the fat and puffy Mikhail up into his saddle and rode off through the narrow, black streets.—Page 290.

libdehs and tagiyeys—you know those little caps the fellahin wear under their turbans?—and go up to Esneh and Edfu and swap them for scarabs and little bronze gods. The caps cost him a piaster or two a piece, and the scarabs used to bring him five shillings—a pound—or even two. Money was made easily and without any risk in those days, and long before I was grown up my father was known all through the Saïd and even in Cairo as a prosperous merchant—and an honest one. It's different now with the inspectors and all the other dealers and the peasants who always want cash. Often I have to go loaded with gold and then I travel in the dark like the desert fox and pray Allah I meet no wolves. But sometimes I do.

In the summer-time my father has the servants put a wooden bench underneath the tree by our house, and hang a lantern so that his friends can sit in the cool of the evening with him. One night some of his old cronies had been chatting there—Ahmed the dragoman, Abdel Megîd the antiquity dealer, Sheykh Awadullah and some others—while the lesser people of the village had squatted on the edge of the shadows to listen to what the older men had to say to each other. It was late. They had gone home one by one and my father and I were about to go to bed when we saw one fellow waiting to speak. He was a northerner—a Behêri. You know you can always tell them from our Saïdis. He came up to my father and spoke to him very respectfully, telling him how the fame of Hadji Mohammed Mohassib as an honest antika dealer had spread even to his village, way down in the Fayoum. Therefore he had come all the way to Luxor to ask my father whether he would like to buy some gold coins which he had found. With that, he fumbled in his turban and pulled out one of those big Greek coins that weigh as much as two or three English sovereigns. He said that he had dug up a pot full in his garden and that in it there must be over five hundred. Naturally we showed no great interest, because to do so would have been very bad business, and my father told him that if he wanted to sell such things to us he would have to bring them to Luxor.

“By the life of the Prophet (upon whom be the peace) I am afraid to, my masters,” he whispered to us. “If the Omdeh of our village got news of this find he would take the half of it and then tell the Inspector that I had the rest. And worse than that. If I started out from my house with that pot full of gold, our village brigand down there would take it all from me, and I would be found on the canal bank beaten half to death for not sharing it with him before.”

Then he went into a long account of this brigand of theirs, Ahmed es Suefi, whom he called a real afrît with the very devils for his gang. The police were after him for killing a village guard out of revenge, but how can the police catch a man who is the cousin of the Omdeh of a big town, when the very Omdeh himself is afraid of him? The Omdeh may have hoped that some one would shoot this Ahmed in the dark and so relieve him of a very trying relative, but no self-respecting man could denounce his own uncle's son to the police, even to save himself from disgrace. So Ahmed es Suefi lived in the sugar-cane and sent out word to the Beys and the rich Copts who owned the plantations that he would set fire to their cane unless they gave him a present every month. They always sent it. They knew that with a single match he could burn up thousands of pounds of their profits. There he was, hidden by the poor because he robbed the rich; paid by the rich to leave them alone, and free to waylay those who passed along the canal banks and ease the purses of all who were not his friends.

“I can't bring that gold here, on my honor,” wailed the Behêri. “My wife's brother—may God destroy his house—goes to the sugar-cane all the time and by now Ahmed es Suefi knows everything about my gold except where I have hidden it.”

My father laughed, “W'allahi. So you want us to come instead so that this Suefi can rob us and split open our heads?”

“May God forgive . . .” he began, but we made much of the difficulties of the affair and refused many times to go before we got down to the real business of haggling over a price. At last he agreed

to take their weight in sovereigns for the coins, which meant a very good profit for us. But then, he couldn't spend the antika guineas in the market and he could bring out English gold, piece by piece, with safety—and for us of course, there was a great risk with no redress from any one.

So he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Malaish—it makes no difference. Only bring me cash, my masters—bring me English sovereigns, and may God increase your prosperity." Then he told us how to get to his village, how to find his house and what day to come, after which he went away.

Of course, my father is too old a man for such a trip, and it is always my part of the business to travel on an affair like that. He raised the money that we would need, according to the Behêri's story—well over a thousand pounds—and I made all the preparations for the day that I was to go, with this redoubtable Ahmed es Suefi in my mind.

You know the Copt, Mikhaïl, the Christian, who is my father's clerk, and you know how fat and pompous he is? Well, I bought him a new silk kuftan, and when he was dressed up in it he looked like a very well-to-do merchant. Then there was Abdullah Kheirullah, that skinny, black Sudani servant that we trust with everything around the house, and my wife's brother Semân. These two and I myself went as the servants of the prosperous-looking Mikhaïl. Among the four of us I divided the money so that each of us carried nearly three hundred pounds in gold packed in belts under our clothes—and I assure you that they were heavy.

We took the train to Wasta and changed for Medinet el Fayoum, with Mikhaïl always in the second-class compartment among the omdehs and the rich farmers, and all of us, his servants, in the third-class with the fellahîn. When we got off the train in the evening, it was I who ran and hired donkeys and asked the way to a village which we knew was way off to the south, while Abdullah and Semân stood around and addressed Mikhaïl as "Excellency," and he made a great talk about going to the southern village to buy cotton. What with getting don-

keys, and asking the way, and fussing about, it was dark before we boosted the fat and puffy Mikhaïl up into his saddle and rode off through the narrow, black streets. By that time we were sure that everybody who had seen us had put us down as a Coptic merchant and his party going about some business to the south. Anyway no one was following us, and when we got to the outskirts of the town we made our way around among the gardens and the rubbish dumps to the big canal that flows northward, past the village we were really seeking.

There was no moon—we had chosen the night on purpose for that—and under the trees along the banks it was as dark as inside the belly of a camel. We could scarcely see each other as the donkeys ambled along. Nobody was about. The peasants had left their farms long before and only now and then did we see a light in some hamlet away off across the black fields. We rode for a long time that night. How can I describe it to you? . . . the darkness that seemed so empty and so quiet, except for the barking of a dog, at last, a little way ahead. We were sure that that meant our village was near and all of us began to feel so safe that even Mikhaïl began to get facetious and whisper some joke about the Prince of the Afrîts himself being unable to see Abdullah's black face on such a night—and then half a dozen shadows rose up between us and the pale starlight reflected in the canal, and a voice bellowed out, "Peace be upon you."

Even the donkeys stopped and our hearts with them. We could scarcely move our lips enough to gasp out, "And upon you be the peace; the mercy of God and His blessing"—for we were all good Muslims and even if there was to be murder we could not refuse to greet the faithful. That is, we were all good Muslims except Mikhaïl the Christian, but in any case he was too choked with fear to have answered at all. I myself could just find breath to begin the recitation of the Fatah in a fervent whisper.

By the time we had answered their salaam the strangers had gathered close enough around us for me to see that each of them, except one little bearded man, had a shawl wrapped around his face, and

one of those heavy sticks—a naboot—in his hands. The little man shoved through the others and came up to the quaking Mikhail in the front of our party.

“Greetings from Luxor, Hadji Hamid Mohammed,” he said.

“May God give you peace,” replied Mikhail, his fat bulk shaking so that the little donkey under him almost rolled over. “But, my brother, . . . I am no Hadji Hamid . . . I am Mikhail Effendi Fakhouri, a poor cotton merchant of Assiout. I do not know Hadji Hamid—unless he is a man we passed on the road an hour ago.”

Even in the dark there was something terrifying about the little man as he drew himself up and snorted out at one of the others, “Is he not here, thou dog?” and that other came peering among us and finally pointed at me.

“I am not Hadji Hamid. By the life of our Lord . . .” I began, but the little man raised his hand and said very politely: “Your Excellency does not know me perhaps—Ahmed es Suefi, your servant and a robber of some reputation in these villages here.”

“Whatever is, is God’s will,” I murmured. “Yes, I have heard of you, Sheykh Ahmed.”

“That is better,” he said, grinning at me. “Now I shall tell you what you are up to. You came to buy a pot of gold coins from So and So, and I am here to get the money you have brought. So hand it over and then you can go back and get some more. If you make no trouble I will let you by the next time, and God will increase your prosperity.”

What was the use of pretending any more? Here, after all, was the brigand Ahmed es Suefi. He knew me and all of my affairs, and his men had half a dozen thick clubs to crack our heads if we made any fuss. And with broken heads what chance would we have to save those money belts? Perhaps it was the thought of one of those naboots coming down on my pate that made my tongue go slower and my head work faster, searching for an idea.

“Sheykh Ahmed,” I began, pulling out my wallet and untying the string, “there is no use denying. I am Hadji Hamid and I have come to buy antikas, but

nothing of great value.” I was sticking my hand into the wallet to get out what change I had. I drew out my check-book, and with it suddenly came the idea.

“But anyway I have often heard tell of you. In fact, I had heard so much of your deeds that I praised God that the English had taught us poor merchants a little cleverness. Do you think, my brother, I would be so foolish as to go about your country loaded with gold when I can write on one of these slips of paper that the English call checks, and each will be worth hundreds of pounds at the bank in Cairo? Never in the world! I told the ignorant fellâh I would only bring a check . . .” but I could get no further.

“May destruction smite thee! And these English beasts—they are not of the children of Adam. Curses on all their kind and on their religion for teaching merchants such tricks and ruining my livelihood.” He raged and spat and shrieked evil things. I offered him my wallet with the few piasters in it and a pearl-handled revolver (which would not shoot, by the way, because the firing-pin was broken), and a silver watch that was usually wrong. Mikhail produced a silver ring with a red glass ruby in it and the others had a little money for the journey, but altogether I doubt if we had five pounds to give him. Still he let us go, for there was nothing else for him to do. As he very plainly put it, we would be worth much more to him coming back with the gold coins.

All the time my money belt was pinching tighter and tighter under my clothes, for I knew that if ever that brigand’s vitals began to cool off he would search us in spite of everything we had told him. But luckily there was no end to his rage at the English for inventing checks, and he was still cursing them in the dark as we went on our way. We, on the contrary, praised God for the cleverness of those same English, while we drummed on our donkey’s ribs to make them go the faster.

The fellâh was waiting for us at his house. He produced his gold; we got out some scales, and each one stripped the money belt from his waist. For an hour or more we were weighing the coins and

stuffing them into our belts as fast as we took the sovereigns out. We worked hard to hurry through the business. The peasant was trembling with anxiety to get his new sovereigns buried before Ahmed es Suefi should call upon him, and we were dead-tired from fright and from carrying those heavy belts all day. The weekly market was to be held the next morning at Medinet el Fayoum and crowds of people would be going from all the villages. We borrowed the dresses and veils of some women—all but Semân who was to go as the head of our family—and at daylight we were on the road again, safely hidden among the throngs of people and their beasts flocking to the market.

After that we had no trouble all the way back to Luxor, and in the end we made a handsome profit out of the affair. There were some rare coins which we sold very well in Cairo, and the common ones made a good business for us with the tourists for several seasons. In time we forgot our trip to the Fayoum, except when old black Abdullah chuckled sometimes at "Mikhail Effendi, the poor merchant of Assiout," and perhaps we never really got over the way our hearts had sunk into our bellies under those money belts.

Then once, a long time afterward, I was in Cairo. Usually when I am down there I go to Turah to pass an afternoon with my friend Sadik Bey, who is the Mamour of the penitentiary. It happened that that day he had an inspection to make of the quarries where the most dangerous of the convicts make paving slabs. I went along with him and when he stopped to speak to the mulâhiz in charge, I stood waiting for him.

Suddenly a little bearded man bounded up from among the prisoners shouting

out, "Hadji Hamid! Oh, Hadji Hamid, don't you know me . . . Ahmed es Suefi?"

Sadik Bey and the mulâhiz turned on him drawing their revolvers, but I had recognized the little old fellow and I laughed and stopped them and went over to him, saying, "Of course I do. How are you, Sheykh Ahmed?"

"In peace and prosperity, the praise be God's," he answered simply. He was a pious man even with the chains clanking about his ankles. He bore me no grudge, but he did want to know how I had escaped him on the way back with the gold coins. He chuckled when he learned that we had had to wear women's veils and he grudgingly admitted that I had been clever to have brought checks instead of the money.

And then I told him about the money belts.

I believe that was probably the first time in his life that he was ever really stupefied. A look of bewilderment and amazement spread over his face, and his hands just dropped limp at his sides. "On your honor? . . . praise the Prophet? . . . this is not idle talk?" he kept saying over and over until at last a sort of relieved look came into his eyes, and he threw himself at my feet. "W'allahi, my master," he said, "at last I have met a man. If God is willing and if ever I get out of here, I shall work for you as long as I live—wages or no wages."

"And has he?" I asked finally, when it seemed evident that Hadji Hamid was going no farther with his tale.

"Not yet. I believe that he has still five or six years to serve." And then he added musingly: "But he would be a really useful man for me in antiquity dealing."

Germany after the War.

AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Formerly of the French General Staff; Author of "Foch: the Winner of the War" and "General Joffre and his Battles"



FOR a Frenchman nothing is more essential, at the present moment, than to know exactly what the state of affairs and the trend of thought are in Germany.

At the same time nothing is more difficult; for a Frenchman—no matter how impartial he may be, nor how hard he tries—finds it almost impossible not to have his view of Germany-at-peace distorted by his recollections of Germany-at-war. During the four years of that terrible conflict, the efforts which our country made, her sacrifices and her sufferings were too great for the world to ask that he forget, overnight, all that happened.

It behooves each one of us, however, to watch carefully, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, with detachment and coolness, the events taking place on the other side of the Rhine. The best way of doing so is, as they say, to "go and see." And that is what I have tried to do, for my part. I have been in Germany three times since the end of the war. The first time was in 1919, when I made a long automobile trip which enabled me to get a good view of the country; the second time was in 1920, when I was on my way back from a journey through central Europe, and the last visit was one of six weeks, which I have just concluded, to Munich, Dresden, and Berlin.

What struck me the most forcibly on my first visit in 1919, was the terrible food situation of the country. At that time much the most important question the Germans had to answer was whether they would have enough to eat. Well, a large part of Germany was far from having enough to eat. In the best hotel in Frankfort they served us putrid meat. When I complained bitterly to the *maitre*

d'hôtel, he said that he greatly regretted it, but that he absolutely had no other to offer us. In all the cities through which we passed, Eisenach, Leipzig, Hannover, etc., the food was everywhere simply uneatable. The bread was horrible, a sort of black putty, heavy and mixed with bran; eggs were unobtainable. The only place where we could get anything decent to eat was in Berlin at the Hôtel Adlon, which was exceptionally well provisioned because it was the headquarters for all the inter-Allied missions.

One can imagine, therefore, how greatly the inhabitants of the cities and industrial centres, especially, must have suffered from the war. The faces of the children were emaciated, the skin shrivelled. In the streets the crowds waited in long files before the delicatessen shops and the sight of a ham or a string of sausages literally petrified them with admiration.

In two years this situation has been entirely changed. To-day one can state absolutely that Germany has enough to eat. There are poor people, of course; the laboring classes and, more especially, the small tradesmen, those living on restricted incomes and petty office-holders, are in anything but enviable circumstances, for the cost of living has soared way beyond any increase in salaries or revenues. But this is true in all countries. On the other hand, we must remember that the number of the unemployed is infinitely less in Germany than in England or America.

Germany has managed, in short, to solve her difficult food problem much more rapidly and much more easily than one would have supposed possible. Her magnificent agricultural output furnishes her with part of her means of livelihood, and in exchange for her manufactured goods she procures from neighboring states the rest of the commodities which she lacks.

In 1919 Germany was far from being safe from the danger of bolshevism. A communist government was set up at Munich under the leadership of Kurt Eisner, and only by the use of force, by an energetic, even pitiless repression, was it overthrown. In Berlin the Spartacan uprisings took place. Men fought with rifles and machine-guns in the streets of the capital and before the imperial palace which still bears many marks of the battle. The energy of Noske, then minister of war, saved the situation. My friend, Theodore Wolff, editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, whom I went to see at his office, told me numerous details of the affair. When I called on Noske I found the War Office surrounded by a triple barricade of *chevaux de frise* and barbed-wire, like a blockhouse on the Hindenburg line during the war. Sentinels, wearing trench helmets, mounted guard in war-like fashion.

The Berlin streets, so admirably cared for before the war, had taken on a look of filthy untidiness that reminded me of the Russian cities immediately after the revolution. At the slightest menace of a communist uprising, soldiers, armed with machine-guns, barred the street, ready to fire on the insurgents.

In two years the transformation has been complete. Germany has become once more as industrious, as strictly disciplined, as orderly, as she was before the war. The peril of bolshevism has disappeared. Those who affect to fear it still—the Bavarian reactionaries, for example—are simply pretending and are making political use of the danger to terrorize the bourgeois class, attract to their standard as many adherents as possible, and pave the way for a return of the old order.

All the factories have started up again. At the present moment Germany is the country least affected by the economic crisis. She has even profited by it to a considerable extent, because the drop in her rate of exchange helps her exports.

The railroads are operating admirably, trains departing and arriving on time. A genius for organization, General Groener, has taken over the whole problem of transportation and reduced it to order and efficiency. Robberies, which were very numerous on the trains, in the sta-

tions, and even in hotels, have almost ceased.

Such is the exact picture of Germany as she is to-day. This return to order, upon the importance of which one cannot lay too much emphasis, exerts an influence both on the domestic political situation of Germany herself and on the politics of the whole of Europe. In the interior nothing could be of greater service to the cause of democracy. As long as the working classes are occupied and quiet, as long as there are no strikes and street riotings, just so long will the reactionaries be without any justification for a *coup d'état*.

On the other hand, the Lenine and Trotsky propaganda was extremely dangerous for Europe while there was reason to fear that Germany, Russia's powerful neighbor, might be corrupted by it. This peril was greatest during the summer of 1920, when the red armies, by invading Poland and reaching the gates of Warsaw, established direct contact with Prussian territory. From Germany the bolshevist contagion might have reached Czecho-Slovakia, a country particularly favorable to its development, and from there spread to other lands.

Now, on the contrary, Germany forms an unshakable barrier against bolshevism. One may say that Europe has about ceased to feel any further apprehension of "the red peril." The theories of Lenine have absolutely no chance of spreading to the west, but, on the other hand, it might easily happen that they should gain ground considerably in the east—in the Caucasus, in Asia Minor, and in central Asia. Bolshevism, that evil, conceived and nurtured in semi-oriental Russia, where material and moral conditions have helped to mature it, has been definitely rejected by Europe. Either it must disappear of itself, like a fire that is extinguished for lack of fuel, or it must be transformed, must evolve, must rid itself of its uncivilized, purely destructive attributes and adapt itself to the needs of a normal form of government.

The majority of the French are inclined instinctively to underestimate the strength and, even more, the sincerity of the democratic movement in Germany. They believe, willingly enough, that Ger-

many has assumed the republican form of government simply in order to "save her face," to escape, partially at least, the consequences of her defeat; that everything is camouflage in this so-called democratic country which, at the first chance, will let fall the mask and reveal herself as she really is—a Germany eternally reactionary, monarchical, militarist, and Pan-Teutonic.

To my way of thinking, we err in forming such an opinion, and I never fail to tell my countrymen so. The keen, unbiassed, clear-sighted observer, after a sojourn in Germany, carries away with him the impression that the democratic movement is extremely serious and grows more so with each day.

All the laboring classes, that is to say 20,000,000 men at the least, are firmly attached to the republic. They are enrolled in organized unions, and are at their beck and call. It is true they have no arms and it would be difficult for them to fight against machine-guns, but they could at any moment declare a general strike, stop all transportation, and paralyze the economic existence of the country. Should some reactionary demonstration, some new "putsch," take place, such as that of Kapp for example, everything indicates that they would not hesitate to have recourse again to those drastic measures the efficacy of which is indisputable.

To the socialist working classes must be added the lower middle class, the small office-holders, and a part of the rural population, except in Bavaria. The Clerical party, the Centre, which plays an ever increasingly important rôle in German politics, is far from being antagonistic to democratic ideas. The present chancellor, Wirth, a conscientious, sincere man, whose energy and good faith are beyond question, is a Catholic. The papal nuncio at Munich, Monseigneur Pacelli, one of the foreigners who best know Germany, where he stayed throughout the war, gave me many details concerning the important Catholic congress held this last summer at Frankfort. The chancellor was present and delivered an address, which was greatly applauded. The Catholic party, with its numerous affiliations, stands for order and social

tranquillity, and its influence cannot help but become greater and greater.

In summing up these forces, ranged more or less solidly on the side of the democratic government, one realizes that they are far from negligible. They represent the masses. But we must remember, on the other hand, that their adversaries, if unquestionably less numerous, are terribly audacious and active. They are, first, the former governing class, the Junkers, who have been stripped not only of much of their influence but also of a part of their fortune. Their investments have not augmented in value, or very little, while the purchasing power of their money has become less and less, and the cost of living has increased out of all proportion. For centuries the civil, military, and diplomatic representatives of the state, especially in the case of Prussia, have been drawn from among the Junkers. It is with grief and anger that they now see themselves superseded in authority by entirely new classes of people, nor is it astonishing that they are ready to make every effort to regain the position and power they have lost.

More tragic, more desperate still, is the situation of those officers who have been dismissed from the army in consequence of the reduction in the military forces. In France, following the return of the Bourbons in 1815, we had what was known as the *demi-soldes*—"half-pays"—poor, adventurous Bonapartists who detested the new régime and impatiently "champed the bit." Balzac has drawn them for us with powerful strokes in one of his greatest novels, "La Rabouilleuse."

The German ex-officers are not even *demi-soldes*, most of them having no pay at all. Many of them find it impossible to adapt themselves to civilian life. They live, literally, on the fringe of society. The band of adventurers that poured into Bavaria in the wake of Ludendorff, was formed of these men, ready for any bloody enterprise in which they had nothing to lose and everything to gain. It was from the ranks of these adventurers that the assassins of Erzberger were recruited. That murder aroused a commotion, a terror, throughout all Germany that served to strengthen the gov-

ernment of Wirth. Everybody realized that it was impossible to allow a handful of conspirators to assassinate, one after the other, the men of mark in democratic Germany, and a pronounced reaction in favor of the government took place in all parts of the country. Some time later the government of Berlin gave proof of its energy and power by obliging that of Munich to suppress the state of siege and the objectionable government it was maintaining, without excuse, in Bavaria.

The majority of the higher officials are the enemies, more or less disguised, of the republic. One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the democratic cause, M. von Gerlach, editor of the *Welt am Montag*—called my attention to a number of significant facts in regard to the unfairness of the magistrates especially. They are extremely severe on workmen who have committed offenses and impose the maximum sentences on them, while toward the "nationalists" and the reactionaries they show the greatest clemency. A man accused of murder has a ridiculously light sentence passed upon him, because, it is set forth in the judgment, "he was not animated by dishonorable motives!" This scandalous casuistry is almost an invitation to crime.

To the reactionary forces we must add the universities—the professors and nine-tenths of the student body. We have come upon a very curious and a very disquieting fact here, for, whereas in other countries, notably in France, the youth of the colleges are eager to embrace new ideas, in Germany, on the contrary, they are fiercely reactionary and opposed to progress.

I had, during my stay at Berlin, an interview of several hours with the distinguished scholar Einstein. If, at the present time, Germany has a genius of whom she may be justly proud, it is certainly Einstein. Yet he himself told me that "nationalist" students had tried to make noisy demonstrations in his classes; that he had received threatening letters; that he was taunted with being a Jew; with having made himself a naturalized Swiss subject because of his disgust with imperial Germany; for having refused to sign the manifesto of the Teutonic *savants*; and for having, throughout the

war, protested against the errors and the crimes of Germany.

But, in spite of these retrogressive forces, it is by no means certain that the democratic government will not survive, will not succeed in sending its roots deep into the soil of Germany. We must not forget that, for several years after the war of 1870, the third republic had a hard struggle to firmly establish itself. It was only after eight years, in about 1878, that it succeeded in finally overcoming all the opposition of its adversaries. Up to that time it had led a precarious existence. The same thing may happen in Germany.

It is certainly not astonishing that France watches with keen attention the violent struggle going on between the political parties of Germany and the evolution of her new government. She does so because she has tremendous interests at stake. France will be less fearful of a counter-attack and a policy of revenge on the part of Germany should she swing toward the Left and the republic be definitely established. If, on the contrary, the supporters of the monarchy and the army come back with power, their return will presage the resumption of armaments and the preparation for war.

The material disarmament of Germany, which the inter-Allied commissions are effecting to a greater or less extent, is evidently of tremendous importance. But of far greater importance still is the moral disarmament. As long as that has not been accomplished in Germany, just so long will Europe not breathe easily.

From the economic and financial point of view, the situation of Germany might be expressed by this formula: the money chests of the state are empty, but those of a large number of private individuals are full.

The depreciation of the mark was obviously the result of natural causes. The principal one is the necessity under which the German government labors of buying foreign exchange to meet the first payments exacted by the treaty of Versailles. This, of course, amounts to saying that German money has fallen in value because Germany has been conquered.

But along with the natural causes were many artificial ones which the govern-

ment at Berlin had the power, and even the duty, of so regulating as to prevent, or at least minimize, the lowering of the monetary unit. Now, such action was not taken. The government allowed the paper currency to increase in alarming proportions. At the end of September, 1921, it reached the astounding figure of 88,000,000,000 marks. In the course of one single week it was increased by 2,800,000,000 marks. No currency in the world could stand such an inflation.

The system of taxation, as it was conceived and put into operation by Erzberger in 1920 and 1921, was also responsible for the continual depreciation of the mark. Theoretically his system appeared to be excellent. It levied a tax on all fortunes over 172,000 marks. On the other hand, the public treasury is supposed to have first deducted, by the "Reichsmotopfer," an assessment of from 10 to 60 per cent.

If all these taxes had been collected, the state would have derived a large revenue from them. Unfortunately, they have not been collected. This fiscal reform, so tremendous, so Draconian in appearance, has been purely fictitious in large part. In spite of these taxes, never have private fortunes nor luxurious spending been greater than to-day. In the cities it is impossible to get a seat at a theatre, although they are very expensive—in marks! In the cabarets, the night restaurants (and heaven only knows how many there are!), where a bottle of Rhine wine or champagne costs several hundred marks, all the tables are reserved in advance!

So it is evident that there are any number of men in Germany to-day who spend money right and left and who apparently are not at all concerned over the depreciation of the mark. Take the case of Hugo Stinnes, one of the industrial magnates of Germany. Nearly all his available capital is in foreign countries—in Holland, in Scandinavia, etc. During the war and since the armistice he has taken good care not to bring into Germany the proceeds from his coal exports. His fortune is in crowns, in florins, in pounds sterling. It cannot, therefore, be touched—by the government. He, however, can easily manipulate his great wealth. Just as soon

as some "big business" enterprise in Austria, Hungary, Italy, or Roumania attracts his interest, he gets his powerful grip upon it, buys it with his so-called depreciated money, and gets away with it from under the very noses of his French and English competitors.

Many Germans, since the cessation of hostilities, have followed Stinnes's example. They have sent their fortunes, in part or in whole, out of the country. In consequence Germany has been drained of capital.

The Bourse of Berlin, far more than that of London, Paris, or New York, has contributed to the depreciation of the mark. When the downward trend in the rate of exchange began to get alarming, the public became panicky. There was a mad race to get rid of the paper money, which was no longer of any value, as quickly as possible. Everybody, even the man in the street, sold his marks—at no matter what price—in order to buy foreign currency.

A veritable epidemic of speculation broke out over the entire country. As the mark declined, valuable transferable securities and real estate, the price of land, of houses, stocks of banks and business concerns, increased in inverse ratio. The Germans have finally got to the point of classifying all valuables under two heads: first, "gold securities," represented by something real, tangible—shares of corporations or landed property; second, "paper securities," which are bank-notes or government bonds. Everybody is trying to get hold of the first and nobody wants the second.

There is no country in which the government, if convinced in the slightest degree of the wisdom of such a course, is not empowered to prevent, or at least limit, the sending of capital out of the country. During the war all the countries involved took effectual measures to prevent that. The purchase of all foreign securities was under the control of the government, which, on the other hand, by exercising a strict surveillance over the banks, made the sending abroad of large amounts of capital impossible.

Nothing prevented the German government from enforcing the same regulations. It would have been comparatively

easy, moreover, for her to have watched her exports, and assured herself that the value which they represented was returned to Germany instead of remaining abroad.

The Allies—French, English, Italians, Belgians, etc., who are the creditors of Germany, can and should, through the commission on reparations, remind the government at Berlin of her sacred obligations.

Unfortunately, none of that has been done, and the mark continues to decline in value.

In spite of this depreciation, Germany is still a rich country. Her fortune is not in bullion, but in her prodigious industrial and economic power, in her genius for work which enables her to produce more cheaply than any of her neighboring competitors and to dominate, in consequence, almost all the markets not only of Europe but of the world. Is it just, is it admissible, that this potential solvency should not constitute, to a certain extent, a guarantee in the hands of her creditors who are anxious to make her pay the indemnities of a war which she alone provoked, and which she waged with ferocity and a frenzy of wanton destructiveness, as the whole world knows?

If not, where would be the justice of it? Suppose that France could receive no indemnity, or almost none, from Germany—our country would be crushed under a triple burden:

First, the absolute necessity of restoring our devastated provinces, without which our economic existence would be menaced.

Second, the necessity of maintaining an army sufficiently strong to prevent any further offensive on the part of Germany until, by her acts, she gives proof of her pacific intentions.

Third, the payment of a domestic and foreign indebtedness much larger than Germany's.

On comparing the two countries, one is impressed with the fact that, all things being taken into consideration, Germany is undeniably in a better situation than France.

It is therefore just, indispensable, that Germany should pay to the limit of her power. The French are ready to promote

all efforts, all arrangements that would tend to further this end. They gave proof of this when they sent one of their ministers, M. Loucheur, to Wiesbaden to negotiate with M. Walther Rathenau an agreement concerning the delivery of goods in payment to be manufactured by German concerns.

This contract, ingenious and at the same time rather complicated, carries the impress of its two authors, who are both experts in economics. It attempts to regulate, to the satisfaction of both parties, the practical carrying out of such exchanges.

Public opinion in France not only endorsed this contract but even welcomed it. It determined, as a whole, to take no notice of the opposition on the part of the French manufacturers. These, it must be conceded, are undeniably injured by such an agreement. French industry has been hard hit by the economic crisis which is felt all over the world. It no longer receives enough orders nor finds enough markets. In Europe, because of the differences in the cost of hand labor and of coal, French industry is unable to compete with the German, and must rely therefore on domestic orders. It risks losing one of the most important of them all, the restoration of the devastated regions, to German captains of industry.

One cannot be greatly astonished, under such conditions, that French business men are not entirely pleased with the arrangements at Wiesbaden. The government, firmly supported by public opinion, has decided to go counter to their protests. It feels, and it is right, that the public good should take precedence over private interests.

The public welfare demands that the devastated regions should be restored as quickly as possible, and that Germany, in order to pay off a part of her debt to France, should contribute in large measure to restoring what her armies have destroyed.

France, in short, expects two things of Germany: first, security; second, reparations.

During my visit to Berlin I saw a great deal of my old friend, General Nollet, head of the inter-Allied Military Mission,

charged to effect the disarmament of Germany. This mission, which has worked zealously and continuously, is on the way to obtaining about all the results humanly possible. But results—and this is an important point—can only be approximate. Marshal Foch said to me one day, in his epigrammatic fashion: "One does not disarm entirely a people like the Germans!" He meant by that, that if Germany ever wishes to she will always be able, by more or less secret means, rapidly to get together a powerful armed force.

An army is composed of three elements. First, *l'esprit militaire*—the martial spirit—which animates it. This spirit will remain for a long time still deeply rooted in the German character. It cannot be otherwise. Second, the regular forces. Third, arms and ammunition. The "Reichswehr" has been brought up to 100,000 men. Only, at the express demand of Lloyd George, and contrary to the opinion of Marshal Foch, this army is composed solely of regulars, enlisted for a long term. It could, therefore, easily furnish a corps of instructors and commissioned and non-commissioned officers—a sort of concentrated military broth into which the government only has to pour hot water in the shape of reserves, which are never wanting in Germany. Each division of the "Reichs-

wehr" corresponds to a unit of the old imperial army; a company or a battalion represents a regiment, etc. As for military supplies, it doesn't signify anything that the Germans have destroyed or handed over guns, machine-guns, and cannon. Their numerous factories and their powerful industrial organization will make it possible—except perhaps in the case of large cannon—easily to replace those losses.

Who knows, furthermore, whether, in another war, if unfortunately we have another, the same sort of armaments will be used? The products of commercial chemistry, of which industry Germany is incontestably the leader, the gigantic strides made in aviation, may possibly, thanks to new inventions, completely revolutionize the science of war.

What is of the highest importance, therefore, is to know whether or not Germany really wishes peace. As long as that question remains unanswered one cannot reproach France—three times invaded in the course of a century—for taking every precaution and being continually on her guard.

And likewise can any one accuse our country of disturbing the peace, of upsetting the economic situation of Europe, when she limits herself to demanding of Germany a part, at least, of what she owes us?

Cardinal Mercier

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE incredibility of a tree of flowers!

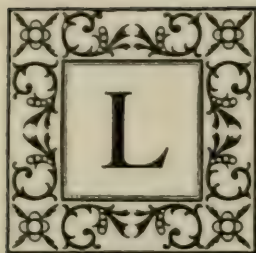
If it never had happened, these thousand thousand Springs,
We would never have thought it could happen; yet there they gleam,
Apple-trees—earth's white soul of a myriad wings;
And never a human so dull but halts and sings
A phraseless hymn of delight to the blessed things.

The incredibility of a holy life!

Humanity mocks and sighs the dream away,
Yet a face shines out of a shattered land, and a smile
Dissolves all doubt as the sun melts night-fogs gray;
And never a human but stands, in that flooding day
With a surer hold on visions, the things that stay.

James Gibbons Hunecker

BY NORMAN T. BYRNE



LAST spring America lost, in the person of James Gibbons Hunecker, her most vital critic, and lost in him a writer whose influence on American letters it is as yet quite impossible to determine. Born in Philadelphia in 1860 of stanch old stock, he grew up in an atmosphere fairly saturated with all that is best in literature, painting, and music. His early education at the hands of Catholic priests was designed to fit him for a clerical life, and there was much in his make-up to draw him toward the church. He was bashful and reticent; an oversensitive child possessed by a morbid love of his mother which manifested itself in a passionately sensuous devotion to the Catholic ritual. It was an æsthetic emotion prompted not only by an appeal to the sensations, but by that feeling of spiritual comfort and seclusion that the Catholic edifice gives to those who shrink from contact with reality—a feeling neither religious nor rational, but both æsthetic and neurotic.

But there were other forces. Intellectually vigorous and curious, vital, having a keen sense and sincere love for all that is beautiful especially if it were new and strange and a bit bizarre, being innately inclined to give chase to each new star that showed itself on the horizon, he finally wearied of the clerical repression and one after another tried the locomotive shops, law, and the pianoforte.

Alone in Paris during what was the most impressionable period of his life, from 1878 to some time in the early '80's, he dabbled in each of the arts and fairly drank in the culture and taste of the inimitable Paris of that period. A few articles written during this time for the Philadelphia papers led to newspaper work on his return, and finally to his advent in New York as a reporter. The rest of his story is well known. His study

of Chopin (1899) established him firmly as a music critic, and "Iconoclasts" fixed him as firmly as a dramatic critic. His remaining work is for the most part a medley of the seven arts, critical with the exception of two volumes of short stories done in the French style; "Melomaniacs" (1902) and "Visionaries" (1905); "Old Foggy," a critical farce which very well expresses Hunecker's lighter vein; "Steeplejack," an autobiographical ramble; and "Painted Veils," an attempt at a hybrid novel.

Personally Hunecker was enthralling. Quick and ready, he had an amazing flow of conversation that, although it was backed by an imponderable fund of information, leaped here and there, impressionably characterizing everything in a few salient words that were pregnant with meaning and never didactic. This same quality of lightness, of playfulness, of what sometimes seemed a lack of seriousness, moulded not only his conversation but all his writings, and showed itself in his curious attitude toward life. With Flaubert he held to a philosophy of disenchantment which says that "life is but a rope of sand," and that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Nearer to his heart was Jules de Gaultier's doctrine of the eternal pretense. Man is nothing but a series of masks which, consciously or unconsciously, he dons and doffs to suit his environment. Remember Oscar Wilde's horror of the human common denominator, and his interest in each man's pretense? But though sceptical and disillusioned, Hunecker was never a pessimist. With Nietzsche he uttered a rhapsodic *Yea* to life. The meaning of life was just the living of it: an escape from the horror of *ennui*. Sceptical of everything, he fell back on a Dionysiac enjoyment of all that life has to offer—the æsthetic escape. Nietzschean too was his egoism and his individualism, two delightful components of his character. In

all it made for subjective valuation, leniency, a freshening zest for life that was pagan in spirit, and a passionate love for art that was almost religious.

Interesting in what it reveals is a simple chronicle of a man's likes and dislikes—his prejudices, in short. Hunecker considered Velasquez the greatest harmonist in colors, Vermeer the greatest painter of daylight, and Rembrandt the profoundest interpreter of the human soul. Among musicians Chopin was dearest to him, Bach was his master, and he bowed before the genius of Beethoven. Flaubert was his greatest novelist and Gaultier his favorite philosopher, although if it had not been for the "Antichrist," another might have been. Critically he acknowledged Remy de Gourmont as his guide and master, although, again, he took his æsthetics of music from the German. His regard for his own ego was overwhelming, for Pilsner almost as much so, while women and the Jews came in for their share. He had a perfect mania for catchy phrases and quotations, in turn bejewelling and besplattering his work with them.

The list of his dislikes is longer and even more enlightening. He fairly hated Kipling, while the later works of Wells bored him, as did the earlier ones of Arnold Bennett. Cognac was too much for him; he preferred the pale beverage of Bohemia. Player-pianos, music-boxes, the Shavians, the Ibsenites, new religions, socialism, altruism, or universal brotherhood—he abhorred them all and never failed to deride them. Art theories he mistrusted. Programme music flayed his nerves. American hypocrisy and pseudo-national taste were the bane of his life. Metaphysics, logic, and philosophy he fled from. "Throw metaphysics to the dogs," he says in "Steeplejack," "unless you like a tortoise pace in a labyrinth and leading nowhere." Of Bergson's *duration*—"It's magnificent, but it's metaphysics"; and again, "All metaphysicians are mythomaniacs," and "Henri Bergson is a mystagogue."

Critically Hunecker hailed from France. He had too vital an appreciation of the beautiful to follow Brunetière, but he was frightened by the freedom of the impressionistic methods of Anatole France.

Nevertheless, after paying his customary pence to the bulwarks of convention, he acted and wrote much as if he were completely subjective. He scorned the idea of objective criticism. "In art, as in life, there is no absolute," he wrote; and further, "The didactic spirit ever fails to interpret." The critic's function then is "humbly to follow and register his emotion aroused by the masterpiece;" neither to praise nor to blame, but to relate his own prejudices. To escape utter freedom he required of the critic sympathy and sincerity, a complete cosmopolitanism, a "catholicity of taste and judgment," and even more than that, "an artistic temperament and a *credo*." But the critic, Hunecker held, was the most necessary nuisance—after women—in this world. "Art is art and not nature, criticism is criticism and not art." Oscar Wilde's creative critic is a dream. The critic really is an interpreter between the artist and the public, a vulgarizer, a middleman. Let him ply his pen modestly and amiably.

Undoubtedly, Hunecker was blessed with an artistic temperament, but the æsthetic *credo* which he himself required of any critic is not so apparent. Of course, he held art to be non-moral—some place he asks us to "consider the uneasy moral itch from which Ruskin and Brunetière suffered." He declares that there is no hierarchy of the seven arts, Pater's inviting argument being an "amiable heresy." Nor is there possible any commingling of the arts; they are of discrete substances; and Wagner was possessed by an "æsthetic nightmare." Music should be absolute music; but, just as Hunecker continually mingled the seven arts in his critical works, he did not scruple to enjoy music that was not absolute. Lastly, the anathema of art, for him, was the didactic, the doctrinaire, the propaganda; and he pointed successively to Tolstoy, Gorky, and Bernard Shaw.

Naturally the above facts left an indelible trail across his works, sometimes for good, and yet other times for ill. If a critic considers himself one of those rings in the series of interpreters that lie between the enrapt muse and the public, his work is apt to become *presentative*, sketchy, somewhat immature, and of the

nature of those popular versions of Einstein. It will lack depth. It will be too humble. More dangerous still to his critical work was Huneke's hatred of theory, his ignorance and disdain for philosophy, his scorn for the intellectual. Not only was he sceptical of the theoretic activity, but by his own confession he was completely unable to deal with it. It left his entire work singularly lacking in balance, profundity, or finality, as you will. The articles on James and Bergson are utter failures from even a presentative standpoint, while the same lack of complete mastery shows itself too often throughout his entire works. He was continually inconsistent, not with the superb independence of Emerson, but rather from carelessness. The same carelessness resulted, too, in a disconcerting number of misquotations, unacknowledged quotations, unauthentic data and utter falsification. Mistakes were of little concern to him. Thus his dates are often given from memory, gossip is given for fact, while he calls Nietzsche anti-Semite, and says that the "Antichrist" was written after the nervous breakdown. "Promenades of an Impressionist" and several articles are almost ruined by the continual lack of authentic material. He tells us that there is not one original idea in Bernard Shaw, repeats the same of Nietzsche, and a score of others, while his eternally accusing every one of plagiarizing all of their ideas grows exceeding tiresome. One has only to glance through modern French criticism to learn how successfully Huneke himself could reorchestrate other men's ideas.

Into his work, also, crept that irrational element of his life, dominated perhaps by the mother *imago*, that held him, however loosely, yet safely, within the bonds of the established church. He always gave his religion as Catholic—though in many ways he was sceptical. It was an unreasoning, inescapable respect for established authority, for venerable institutions, for time-worn reputations: a thing that, although held in check by all the natural vitality and genius of the man, nevertheless would out. Inexplicable except in view of the above is the touch of sentimentality that he sometimes uncovered. To anti-Catholic ideas

he *could* not be fair, nor quite fair to the man that held them, although he did esteem his art. His articles on Oscar Wilde and James Joyce might be cited, while of Nietzsche he wrote: "He used the battering-ram of a rare dialectic skill, and crash go the religious, social, and artistic fabrics reared ages since. But when the brilliant smoke of his style clears away, we still see standing the same venerable institutions." Quite as unwarranted is the persistency with which he uncovers the shadow of the cross. Of Gorky he wrote that "He shakes his fist at the eternal stars and makes the sign of the cross." Perhaps Gorky did, but it is certainly too much to repeat the same, in substance, of George Moore, Anatole France, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Shaw, and James Joyce.

If one were to choose one word that was to sum up all of Huneke's virtues, one would say that he was *refreshing*. He was an inestimable breath of fresh air that deranged the musty rooms of a criticism grown didactic and lifeless. Life and vigor were typified by his style—a sheen of sparkling phrases set in a rhythmical prose that borrowed much from his musical training. He was well versed in the seven arts, and if his knowledge of some of them was not always profound, his love of them was sincere, and the manner in which he criticised each one in terms of the other is a continual delight to his reader. His taste, entirely European in character, was rarely at fault. He was taken in by some things that were ephemeral, yet he rarely failed to notice each rising star of genius. His defense was fearless and his article always stimulating. Never didactic, never pedantic, if he was found wanting in philosophical ballast he did possess that sense of æsthetic value that the scholar too often lacks and that the critic must have. That was Huneke's forte—his taste and his verve.

Although his critical tenets made his work presentative, they also excluded the dogmatic moralistic judgments that were the curse of the last century. Subjective in character, his criticisms were attempts to get at *artistic* values and not moralistic or intellectual values. Take any one of

his better articles in "Iconoclasts," or "Egoists," or "Ivory Apes and Peacocks"; take his entire volume on Chopin—in it there is a sincere attempt to understand the artist, to appreciate his attempt. He does not bother to rate or censor; he is not much concerned with an analytic disintegration. An expression of the initial impression, the emotional thrill that a work of art gives to the sensitive spectator, an expression in terms that themselves are fairly pregnant with life—it is more than America could boast before.

Huneker's chief value lies, then, it seems, not in his works, which with the

exception of the study of Chopin will probably be forgotten comparatively soon, but in his having, in the freshness of his method, paraded before the American public his ideas on an art of which they were all but totally ignorant. As commentaries or studies his articles lack body; as stimulating introductions they are unparalleled. The part he played in the introduction of modern European art to America and in the attack on pedantic criticism will perhaps only be understood and appreciated by later generations and in the light of more mature results.

On Living Next to James Huneker

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR



I DID not know the late James Huneker in the sense of presentation, acquaintance, or friendship; yet, in another sense, I feel now that I knew him well; and there was a time

when he gave me some most uncomfortable quarters of an hour.

My sister and I had, in those years, a studio next to his, high up in a tall apartment-house in which the top floor only was given over to the arts or would-be artists, with the additional occupancy of a janitor and his wife. In the studio on one side of us lived a man and his wife who were painters; on the other—though his identity was for quite a long time hidden from us—the immortal James Gibbons! In the little apartment just beyond him lived the aforesaid janitor and his wife.

We were altogether new to New York and New York studio life, my sister and I, but not unfascinated by the independence of two rooms, a really marvellous view, a scant but sufficient amount of furniture, including a piano, and dreams galore.

We were neither of us musicians—we

meant rather to be writers—but we were, of old, lovers of music. From early years we had taken piano lessons, as a matter of course, from the old family piano professor who had taught our older brothers and sisters, just as we had taken dancing lessons from the family dancing-master. No one, I am sure, charged with our educations, ever seriously intended to make finished musicians of us; but in those days which lacked victrolas, a cultivation of a certain type which was in our family tradition required that we play the piano at least moderately well and that we read piano music at sight.

With the latter end in view, my sister and I had since early years read duets together. Beginning with overtures to "Norma," "William Tell," "The Barber of Seville," and the like, we had accumulated speed and a musical library, until we had attained to a four-handed arrangement of the Beethoven sonatas. We intended some day to play the Beethoven symphonies; meanwhile the sonatas were our delight.

I am obliged to confess we played them very badly. When we became too painfully aware of this, we reminded ourselves that it was only as a matter of practice in reading that we played them at all.

Nevertheless we found the greatest pleasure in attacking their manifold difficulties of tempo and notation.

Generally, I began my performance in the treble, then, when we had labored through the last page and had met valiantly on the last chords, we would exchange places at the piano, and each would then proceed to show the other how the part now attacked really should have been played.

I do not mean that we ever quarrelled. We never did. But rivalry and love of conquest are deep-rooted in the human heart. I am inclined to think it was something as fundamental as these which made it so difficult for us to keep pace together. One or the other of us was forever straining ahead.

If my measures were simple when my sister's were difficult, nothing was easier than for me to accelerate the tempo, and vice versa. This resulted in occasional appalling disharmony, not a few discussions, and even at times some hardness of feeling.

As a means of forestalling argument, we had numbered with a pencil the measures. When matters became too acute, I would stop and say icily: "Well, I am at number twenty-three. Where are you?" Or my sister would say in a loud voice, as she continued to play, not deigning to break off the measure: "Twelve! Twelve! I'm at twelve! You're behind! *Thirteen! Fourteen!* It isn't! That's a half note!"

So it was that often, like the fabled cornetist, we played not so much by note or by ear as by main force, and came to our destination by sheer unabated determination and persistence; grace-notes, trills, sixteenth notes, thirty-seconds, sometimes whole measures and platoons falling by the way.

Yet, dear me! the pleasure we had of our performance! I can still feel a lift of the heart remembering how, having finished and laid aside other matters, we decided we would play a Beethoven sonata; settled ourselves in our chairs in front of the piano, turned the pages, agreed amicably on which sonata it should be, settled ourselves for the fray, held our hands ready, glanced at each other, nodded for a sign, and began!

The heart has a native habit, I believe, of high hopes. We had played those sonatas very often and made havoc of them, yet we started in as freshly hopeful each time as though the Muses stood at our elbows.

Meanwhile events, impressions, suspicions, and confirmations went forward as to our neighbor in the next studio on our right.

That he was a musician was plain, or say rather a lover of music. For, though he played a great deal, yet he never by any chance practised at all. I never heard him play scales or any of those customary repetitions of various flexibilities known as "exercises." Here was no "*Gradus ad Parnassum*." Indeed, no! He played always *from* Parnassus. You would be at your task, or eating your salad, and surprisingly he would begin, as though suddenly Ariel had alighted.

I can give you no idea of the abruptness, the ease, the charm, the beauty, of the performance. Flying measures for the most part, wisps of smoke if smoke were harmony, breaths of breeze that faded and melted into nothing, if breeze were music, bursts of beauty and delicate force, then fairy-like recantation and abrupt stillness, and a beginning again of joy, delicate and wonderful as my ears have been witness to from nowhere else in the world but the throat of a canary. You held your breath! You did indeed! You forgot to eat your salad. So much of the temperament of the man there seemed to be in his playing. I can still hear, too, those full rich measures that would later break off abruptly; or he would play a nocturne, or the movement of a concerto almost to the end, then suddenly drop the whole lovely matter, not as it were through weariness, but as though lovelier forms still floated just beyond his touch.

We listened enraptured, and were not slow as to conjecture. We pictured him very young in our first imaginings, young and lithe and poetic—oh, yes, poetic; and wrestling alone with some great sorrow or heartbreaking experience; above all discontented, unsatisfied, with a certain irremediable disgust of the life he obviously loved and appreciated so much.

All this we built up out of three facts,

namely, his unwillingness—one would almost have said inability—to play any composition to its end; his unceasing devotion to Chopin, and his persistent, repetitious infatuation with the Chopin Revolutionary Étude.

I never knew any one who knew him; I have never come upon an intimate description of him, and I have read comparatively few of his writings; but I could swear from this evidence alone that he was a man of profound but disappointed sensibilities; of a splendid dream, but compromised attainment; something of a rebel spirit fighting, fighting unreasoningly, and finally by sheer habit, to the last; an iconoclast who alternately loved and hated the image he broke.

But the Chopin Revolutionary Étude that he loved was, like all the rest, in his hands only a fragment. He never played it to its finish. He would begin it passionately, feverishly, determinedly,

“*Te tum, te TUM!*
(Te Tum, te tum-tum!)
Te tum-tum-te TUM!
(Te tum, te tum!)”

So he would carry it on splendidly, the left hand taking its powerful determining part magnificently, but always either midway, or toward the last of his almost fiercely satisfying performance, he would tire; disappointment, disgust would return upon him; he would either cease playing altogether, or he would enter on some crashing transitional harmonies; and presently these would be again, as by incredible fairy magic, wisps of smoke, if smoke were harmony; breaths of wandering breeze, if breeze were music; the miraculous trill and fluting of some sweet-throated bird; then, abrupt silence.

I can see now how inevitably the man's spirit was portrayed in all this, but it remained yet for us to know what body that spirit wore.

One day coming out of our studio, I saw him coming out of his. He was in no way the ideal young poetic person we had pictured him. I remember being not only disappointed but shocked. His face and build are too well known to the present public to need description. I am thankful to say that I later outgrew some

of my young romanticism, and came to appreciate, in a measure at least, the meaning of that powerful, wonderful, almost gross, distinctly cynical mask, under which the restless, unsatisfied delicacy of his spirit walked the streets disguised; the massive stalwart tree, so to speak, in which that Ariel he so powerfully commanded was imprisoned.

Shocked as we were at first to find him so far from what we had imagined him to be, yet, from the vantage of older years, I know well enough now how much better is fact than fiction. The restlessness of his playing; its forever fragmentary character, its extraordinary facility, those delicate moonlit Chopin measures, those marvellous patterns of exquisite irregularity, and these suddenly broken into arbitrarily by the passionate almost crude crash and thunder of the Revolutionary Étude; as though shaggy Pan were to enter suddenly, terribly, on fantastic fairy revels, beating down fairy things with his hoofs; or as though Lear were to present himself mad, and calling on the heavens, in the midst of the most delicate measures of “Midsummer Night's Dream”—these things, I now believe, were better than biography, an indisputable index and an interpretation. This which was his style of playing—this was the man.

Well, I know that now; I had not fully grasped it then; nor should it be forgotten that at the time of which I write we did not know his name. But the mere fact that he was so much a musician had its effect on our playing. However commendable might be our efforts to play Beethoven “four-handed” as a means of learning to read music, must they not be somewhat excruciating to the ear of a man already a finished musician? So we adopted a continuous soft pedal, and allowed ourselves no fortes or fortissimos, sforzandos, or crescendos. We played the “Kreutzer” like pickpockets lifting shillings, or the “Moonlight” like thieves stealing treasure in the night; like Bottom, we roared through the most stormy passages “as 'twere any nightingale.”

But even so we had our misgivings; even so our music, we conceived, must wear upon the fine sensibilities of the temperamental musician next door. There

were times when I could have believed the Revolutionary Étude was hurled at us. Then, one day, we learned who he was. Marry! Alack! and good heavens! So this was James Hunecker! And we in our ignorance had played our Beethoven sonatas miserably in the near neighborhood of those acutely judicial ears! How could our ragged music have been less than excruciating to a man of his type! high-strung, nervous, of course, irritable even, as could be guessed from his characteristic playing.

Moreover, we had our own interests at heart. We were but unknown and newcomers. The janitor was of the usual New York disconcerting type. He had given us a bad turn or two in correcting several of our initial mistakes. Had we not put empty milk-bottles out in the area way at a too early or too late hour? Had we not ventured adventurously onto the roof at dawn one day, to view with awe the surrounding splendor—the city lying asleep, wearing “like a garment” “the beauty of the morning,” whereas, we were soon informed, the roof was not intended for our delight, but only for maids hanging out laundry! Might not the janitor appear some day with a terrible knocking at the door, like Banquo’s ghost, and inform us that our “banging” (he was precisely of a type to have called our musical efforts “banging”) was objected to by the musician next door, and we and our piano would better be seeking other fields and pastures new?

So we knew that as we valued peace and the possession of our studio we must take no further risks. We even shuddered a little, remembering our first reckless playing. Not that our fears abated our desire to play the sonatas; by some fundamental law, little understood, it rather increased it; but discretion was still the better part of valor, and we determined to play only at such times as we knew that James Hunecker was not at home.

When we heard him sally forth, then, like mice when the cat is securely away, we would fly to the piano, select our sonata, and begin. Indeed, we were on these occasions so pleased to be playing together and without the soft pedal that we developed more than our usual

patience with each other. Like love snatched under the shadow of the sword, our performance, snatched under the possibility of his return, took on keener value. I no longer stopped and said icily: “I am at sixteen! Where are you!” My sister no longer shouted: “Twelve! *Twelve!* You’re wrong! *Thirteen! Fourteen!*” as she played and pedalled furiously. We grew gentle: “My dear, I don’t believe we are together!” “I believe I’m out; let’s begin again!” Ah, the softening, the sweetening uses of adversity! How we played the “Moonlight” sonata now! How it dripped from our fingers with satisfaction and sentiment! We could play it to the full, and as badly as we pleased! He was not there!

Sometimes, when we were in the midst of it, we would hear the elevator and the heavy sound of his step returning. Then we would break off our measures as abruptly as ever he did his, to wait until another day.

So matters went on for a long time, and then the inevitable happened. We grew careless, forgot the danger of our ways, were not as keen and acute in our watching as I suppose we should have been. Oh, we were not purposely rash! We *thought* we had heard him go out, as I believe we had; but we must have missed his home-coming.

It was, I remember, a chill afternoon in February. It was the “Kreutzer” that we attacked. We found a good deal of difficulty in keeping together, and were obliged often to recommence. Then finally we determined to see the matter through by main force, each to play her part on to the end without stopping, come harmony or disharmony. Character and determination should be given preference over æsthetics.

I have no idea at what part of the performance we had arrived when we became aware of a storm bursting in the hall outside at a little distance, and the voices of James Gibbons Hunecker and the janitor raised in terrible and angry altercation. Ah, we knew then, like the Lady of Shalott, that our downfall had come upon us! We had tempted fate too often! Those tender sensibilities and delicate irascible musical nerves had borne their utmost and snapped at last. As the past flashes

on the eye of a drowning man, so the future flashed now on ours. Could we hope to compete in tenantableness with the immortal James Gibbons? Hardly! The studio we so much loved, its delights, its marvellous view, stolen journeys to the roof, all these were falling in the general ruin of ourselves and the Kreutzer sonata! Needless to say at the first sounds of the storm we had stopped playing! My sister sat petrified at the piano, her hands frozen to the keys. I flew to the door to stand in horror, with my ear to the crack, to catch what I could of the miserable, sordid altercation outside. What I caught immediately was the furious but hardly exaggerated statement in James Gibbons's most leonine roar that the janitor was a miserable drunken blackguard, who drew his pay and did not attend to his duties, and the hurled retort that Mr. Hunecker had better go to hell, for an "all-fired crank!"

So! I waved wildly to my sister at the piano! So, it appeared, the janitor was taking our part! Was this due to the last grudging tip we had given him; or, having no music in his soul, did he enjoy our music? Here I saw our studio saved to us perhaps, for janitors are powerful people! Let them corroborate who know.

There followed, however, a new burst which conveyed that Mr. Hunecker had most important work to finish for his publishers and meant to hold the janitor responsible!

Oh, why the janitor when it was ourselves! It seemed to me there was nothing for us to do now but open the door and meet the full fury, and take the entire blame. But just then—new confusion and amaze ensued. For it turned out suddenly that they were after all not talking about us and our playing at all, but rather storming about the thermometer. The latter, it seems, registered (this in Mr. Hunecker's infuriated and purple tones) a bare fifty! He was cold to the tips of his toes and fingers! and janitors of the drunken inefficient type of this one ought to be taken by the collar and thrown down ten flights of stairs as he had half a mind there to throw him. Here I heard the voice of the janitor's wife adding her shrill opinions to the fracas.

Well, never mind! Never mind, we were saved! Not our miserable playing, not the Kreutzer sonata, but the thermometer at fifty in James Hunecker's north studio had caused all this!

Well, so be it! We were weak in the knees, almost hysterically relieved, and though we did not know it exactly at the moment, we were permanently cured of the "Kreutzer." I remember that we made strong tea, rehearsed the happening a dozen times, and giggled a great deal.

Well, looking back, of course from older years, I have little doubt that it was the "Kreutzer" after all. The cold alone would, I feel sure, have been tolerable. (I know that north studio of his well now, and he must have endured cold in it often.) But the cold *and*, at our hands, the Kreutzer sonata were too much for him. He had, as I know now, a kind of fundamental sympathy with young people like ourselves who were learning to be writers. He had looked cynically always yet not unkindly in our faces when we met in the elevator from time to time. Reading there that we had no intention of worrying him or anybody, that we were in short harmless, rather shy and laughter-loving people, living like sparrows here in a vast city, with the hope of picking up some crumbs of success, I doubt very much if he would ever have objected to our playing, trying as I have no doubt it must have been to him. But the cold gave him his excuse. By a sort of transference, not unknown to psychologists, he shifted to the janitor the fury he very probably felt toward ourselves.

From then on, somehow, my zest for Beethoven four-handed sonatas was gone. My sister, more hardy than I, would have risked the "Moonlight" from time to time, suggesting that we each keep only one ear on the music, and the other very sharply on the elevator door. But no! Somehow I could not. The performance was likely to be too nerve-racking, not so much to him as to ourselves. So, there was less and less music of any kind in our studio, and, it seemed, more and more in his. More and more of that ease, that charm, that beauty of performance. Exquisite flying measures, escaping into nothing but sheer loveliness, harmonies that swayed and rocked and wavered,

then bursts of brilliant beauty and memorable force, then fairylike recantation and abrupt stillness. I have waited for that pause and delicate breakage many a time, and I like sometimes to believe that a little of that evanescent beauty may have subtly and slenderly influenced some of the things I wrote in those days. Yes; I like to think so; but of one thing I am certain—some passion or force in the man, magnificently evident in his persistent attacking of the Revolutionary *Étude*, had its influence on me, though I cannot say exactly how.

I have no words to convey the meaning or power of that impassioned music, breaking in again and again on my thought. I only know that something very direct and very precious was received by a young and growing spirit (to speak only for myself) from that interpretative music falling often from the hands of that spirit older and more experienced. Some cultivation of taste and deepening of sensibilities must also have resulted; the power and force of the man carrying you with him, whether you wished or not, into the clearer spaces that his own fine taste had attained.

It seems strange to me now that I who knew him not at all—save for those occasional inconsequential greetings when we chanced to meet in the hall or elevator—should yet in one sense know him so well. After some years he moved out of the old north studio into the larger south one, which the two painters had vacated, and then not very long after that he went away altogether. Meantime, I moved into the north studio myself. Where his piano stood—and however less adequately—my writing-table now stands; and the books on my book-shelves take the place of what must have been his. Though I have wandered often and far from it, though I have even allowed others from time to time to live in it, I

still come back to that old studio of his, and find, as of old, the memory of his music there, fresh and unspoiled.

My sister wrote him concerning some matters, within the last few years, and received from him, she tells me, a letter of warm courtesy, with a recollection at the last of it of the old days when we were neighbors. Since those years I myself saw him only once at the distance of a car's length in a crowded subway. It was but a little while before his death. I noted again that powerful mask which defended and protected truthfully and cynically enough all the delicate sensibility of his nature. I even recognized, with a certain pleasure, a characteristic way he had of carrying his cane, letting it hang, important but useless, from one arm.

Many still read his books and owe him much in the way of enlightenment and a certain delicate but almost bitter pleasure, and those who were his friends write of him with warm intimacy. I have no such message to bring concerning him; but I have seen the sun set over the city while he played, and again and again through the day I have had my own thoughts directed to beauty by that music of his, interpreting better than any words the moods that moved him, Chopin above all, it should be remembered! Delicate irregularities of loveliness; changing forms, emerging, passing, vanishing, and forever sweeping again into view; restlessness of a godlike, half-divine order, chained to vast immutabilities; visiting moonlight of the changing fickle moon, falling on faithful forests of the centuries; beauty of stillness and magic and enchantment. Then suddenly—all this swept away, demolished, routed, lashed, by some deep power almost cynical; and then, that magnificent determined attack, once more, of those first measures of the Revolutionary *Étude*.

The Gumbo Lily

BY BADGER CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



NEVER knew but one event to happen in the big Bad Lands, and that was the one that I got in on. Nothing ever happens there. Oh, of course,

a coyote catches a cottontail now and then, or a rattlesnake bites a horse on the nose, but generally the march of events keeps to the smooth prairie outside, for the Bad Lands are no parade-ground. I don't know why heaven decreed that my high and hopeful heart should be wrung beyond recognition against that wild and peculiar background, but heaven did, and my heart was.

I was down in the Bad Lands with Prof, helping him dig out all that was mortal of a *Megacerops robustus*. The *Megacerops robustus* was bedded down in gumbo, so it took a whole lot of pecking and scratching to clear away the draperies of his couch without breaking his bones, and we had been a couple of weeks on the job. Prof held honors from some great universities toward the rising sun and was steeped in Eastern culture, yet he wasn't effete, and he showed me proper respect as a high school senior, which is more than I can say for some roughnecks in my own native hills.

The other two men in the party had no intellectual endowments, taking no interest in science except to look up long names in Prof's books and spring them on each other as cusswords; but in the evenings at the ranch-house where we boarded, while those untutored minds were playing pinochle on the kitchen table, Prof and I would talk geology, and he would unroll before my attentive gaze "the eternal landscape of the past," as Tennyson has it. Prof could take a piece of fossil bone, assemble the rest of the skeleton around it, dress it in muscle and hide, and then turn it loose so I could

almost see the Lower Oligocene beast snorting around outside where the summer moonlight silvered the Bad Lands pinnacles.

But the Bad Lands have been pretty shy on society ever since late Tertiary times, so we were glad, one day, when somebody phoned out from town that a party of Sioux from the reservation, on their way to the hills for the Fourth, were going to hold a war-dance that night. Prof knocked off the day's work at three o'clock, and we all shaved and put on our neckties and went to town for the spectacle.

It was truly a weird and beautiful scene. The drums thumped and the lithe braves leaped and yelped in the fire-light, while the women at the edge of the dance bent their knees in time to the music and sang the songs of the blood-stained long ago. The warriors had on a whole lot less clothes than those girls that the church ladies objected to at our high school hops last spring, but the Ogallalas always seem able to get away with that kind of stuff at their dances.

It was a hot, black evening, and the sky had been flickering and rumbling ever since dark, but the light and noise that the Indians furnished were so much more interesting that nobody paid any attention to the weather. Then, all of a sudden, a corkscrew of lightning split the brooding night in two above the depot, and Gitche Manitou, the Mighty, as Longfellow has it, upset the rain-barrel.

The very first sprinkle seemed to be a stratum of water about six inches thick, and after that it came in fairly solid formation, with no noticeable slips or faults. I lost Prof and the fellows in the scattering, and as the burg was mostly vacant lots, I ran quite a ways through the torrential obscurity before I hit something solid and bounced off. Another coruscation of lightning showed me that a one-room shack had crossed my path,

and I found the door and dodged in without any formality. The shack was darker than the outside world, and I fell over a chair, sat up again, scratched a match on the floor—and with that dim and flickering light dawned the sweetest and saddest experience of my life.

My physical being was at her very feet as—ah me!—my soul has kept right on being to this very hour. Her hair was reddish-gold and her skin was creamy, and her startled eyes were like jewels as she blinked and tried to make out what kind of an animal had butted into the shack. She was a storm refugee like myself, and had arrived at this tin-roofed haven only a few seconds ahead of me, for she still held a suitcase in her hand. I have been accused of fussing seven different girls in my junior year, but there are times when the readiest tongue is mute. Even in that first glimmering instant I knew that it was all off, and though my open mouth said nothing, my heart rang with the words of Prince Geraint in Earl Ynoil's hall—"Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."

Wordlessly I rose up to the full height of my not contemptible stature, and lit a kerosene lamp on the table. Wordlessly I was searching my not contemptible mind for words, when there came a thumping on the board-floor behind me, and I turned to confront another, but far different, apparition. He was a good six feet tall, as most Ogallalas are, a man of about fifty, and skinny. His skinniness was prominent because he didn't have much on but his war-bonnet and moccasins, and a sort of horsetail bustle that stuck out about eighteen inches behind him. The best part of his make-up, though, was his paint. He was bright green from head to foot, with small, pink polka-dots. He looked like something that had just crawled out of the Age of Reptiles, or like a cartoonist's idea of some awful disease.

"Howgch!" he grunted aboriginally, shaking the rain-drops off of the feathers of his war-bonnet. "Plenty rain to-night, I guess."

"Miohippus crassispis!" I ejaculated, thankful to science for helping me relieve my nerves in the presence of a lady. "What are you, anyway?"

Something about my words made him draw himself up with savage pride as he answered: "I'm Flying Thunder. Who are you, white boy?"

He might have left off the "boy." In my eighteen-dollar laced boots I stood nearly as tall as he did, and I drew myself up with civilized pride as I said: "Harry B. Pine, a high school senior from the Hills, at present assisting Professor Drake's paleontological researches in Corral Draw. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Flying Thunder."

There was a fine dignity in my account of myself, if I do say it, and Flying Thunder relaxed and grinned a little as he shook hands.

"And now," I went on, sweeping off my Stetson and turning to the bright vision, "may we ask the pleasure of the lady's name we owe to which—whom the goddess Fortunatus has thrown—deposited in our midst?"

I got some snarled up on that, but I defy any man to look into such eyes for the first time and do better.

"I'm Elaine Truitt," she replied, modestly turning her eyes away from Flying Thunder's stringy but stalwart form, while her soft red lips twitched bewitchingly at the corners, "and I'm right glad to see you both. It was creepy here alone in the dark. Did you ever see such a rain?"

"'Elaine the fair,'" sang my heart, "'Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat!'"

"It doesn't rain here as often as in the Hills," said I out loud, "but when it does rain it precipitates cats and dogs—and *Megacerops robustuses*. You're a stranger in this country, no doubt."

"Not especially," smiled the fair girl. "I was born within fifty miles of here."

Think of it! I had lived all my life within a hundred miles of such a girl and never suspected her existence. I ought to have felt it in the air. How could such a creature spring from the dead, barren soil of the Bad Lands country? Then I bethought me of the dainty gumbo lily that blooms in beauty on bare slopes where no blade of grass could support a stultified life, and I thanked great Nature for her miracles. I was thankful for lots of things at that minute. I blessed the



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

The drums thumped and the lithe braves leaped and yelped in the firelight. —Page 309.

war-dance, and the storm, and the sheltering shack, and all things that had caused this lovely lily to bloom in my dim life. I even blessed the ghastly Flying Thunder, whose reptilian presence, as a kind of chaperon, might make her easier in the strange situation and prolong the interview for a few minutes. It was a scrubby interview, though, for again I stood wordless. Again I combed my not contemptible intellect for honeyed words that would nail her attention to me forever, but they eluded me like wet soap, and I had to let my eyes speak for me. And the moments were so precious! Soon she would go, and never know. When the rain let up she would drift away like the rain-cloud, leaving my life dark and drenched and slimy, and those nifty little shoes with the gray mud on them, which I would have given worlds to wipe away with my handkerchief, would tread distant ways where I could not follow.

"Listen!" she said suddenly, holding up one white hand. "Is that the train?"

Through the patter of the rain on the tin roof, which was growing lighter, we heard a locomotive bell clanging mournfully at the depot.

"I must go, rain or no rain," she said, picking up her suitcase with enchanting determination. "I came a long way to catch that train."

"I'm afraid you can't catch it now," said I, jerking open the door and seeing the red tail lights. "It's pulling out."

"Oh, it mustn't!" she cried, running to the door and giving me a thrilling little jostle with her shoulder. "But yes, it is. It's gone! What *can* I do? I've got important business in Rapid and must be there to-night—must! must! must! Mr. Pine, will you help me hunt up somebody in town with a car?"

Would I? An opalescent wave of joy surged up in me, and I clapped on my Stetson for a dash through the rain when Flying Thunder, who had been listening with one mottled leg thrown over the corner of the table, spoke up.

"I got a car," he said with primitive simplicity, "and I'll get you to Rapid or bust it."

"Noble old serpent!" I rejoiced, slapping his polka-dot shoulder. "Flying

Thunder and I will count ourselves honored to serve you, Miss Truitt. Command us! When do we start?"

Her jewel eyes rested upon us a moment before she answered. We were some hard-looking pair for a beautiful girl to trust herself with on a long, dark road, but the jewel eyes must have read the manly hearts beneath the green paint and the flannel shirt, for she flashed us a smile that made me catch my breath.

"Thank you both a thousand times," she said, "and we can't start any too soon for me."

"All right," said the variegated Ogalala with aboriginal brevity. "Let's go."

I blew out the lamp and we threaded the dusky mazes of the mud toward the place where the candles in the Indian tents made glimmering yellow squares against the dark, and on the edge of the camp Flying Thunder stopped beside a car. He stowed away his war-bonnet in the top somewhere, put on the chains as if he had worked in a garage all his life, slipped on a coat over his coat of paint, and then, pulling his horsetail bustle around to one side, slid in under the steering-wheel. "All ready," he announced, and Elaine and I climbed into the back seat, and the car buzzed out into the road.

"Do you think we'll ever make it?" sighed the silvery voice beside me in the dark, as the wheels slithered and sloshed through the sticky gumbo.

"We'll make it like a shot, gentle lady," I soothed, with sublime confidence vibrant in my tones. "We may not be an airplane or a limited train, but 'that which we are, we are——'"

"One equal temper of heroic hearts," she interposed, "'made weak by mud and fate, but strong in will.'"

We both laughed with the delicious freedom of kindred souls. How many girls could blaze away offhand with quotations like that? I thanked my stars for the hours I had given to immortal verse in school, though the mathematics instructor often intimated they should have been plugged in on plane geometry. I thanked my stars for it all—for the wild, wet wind that swept the dark road, for the happy chance that had borne me away from the *Megacerops robustus* into fiercely pulsating life, and for the sinewy,



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

"And now, . . . may we ask the pleasure of the lady's name?"—Page 310.

speckled savage whose unerring hand gripped the steering-wheel and left me free for higher thoughts. I sang:

“‘What is the moral? Who rides may read
When the night is dark and the tracks are
blind——’”

She interposed again:

“‘A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed’
When he keeps a poor girl from losing her
mind.”

She desecrated Kipling, but I loved it, and again thanked the wheeling constellations for this wonder girl, whose perfumed breath almost fanned my cheek in the ambrosial gloom, whose white hand lay so close to mine under Flying Thunder’s horse blanket. For this charmed hour had I lived all my long eighteen years. After all the fussings and philanderings, the dreaming and disillusionment and despair of my wasted youth, now, at last, I read life’s glorious meaning in the stormy sky of that Bad Lands night.

And so we “fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,” and the strong, exultant throbbing of the aboriginal car was even as the throbbing of my heart. Only once did it cease—the car, I mean. The hind wheels skidded into an abysmal chuck-hole on a hill, and there, after a furious convulsion or two, Flying Thunder killed his engine. He used exactly the same word that the proud Anglo-Saxon uses at such times. Then, in the sudden silence we heard the noise of another motor from afar on the wind, and down the back trail we could see the menacing eye of one lamp, a yellow eye with a green eyebrow over it.

“Oh, dear!” cried the mellow voice beside me, and I felt the rounded shoulder quiver against mine. “I know that light. They mustn’t catch up with us or it means trouble, trouble, trouble for me. And we’re stuck! Oh, do something, Mr. Pine, quick!”

Glorious chance! It was the work of a palpitant instant for me to leap from the stalled car, rip a board off of somebody’s pasture gate with the strength of a great love, rive it asunder over the top of a fence-post, and stick the pieces under the hind wheels. I was behind the car when Flying Thunder tried to start and

had to take the consequences from the spinning wheels, but I cared not. The wheels soon gripped, the chains bit into the boards, and then, dashing the mud from my eyes, I sprang to the running-board with a ringing laugh of triumph. In the queen’s service!

“Forgive my nerve,” said I as the car moved on up the hill, “but are the people in that car after you, sure enough?”

“They are that,” she replied, with unmistakable terror in her accents. “They’ve been watching me for weeks. If I had caught that train to-night I could have beaten them, but now things look pretty blue for me.”

The cold hand of a grisly suspicion for a moment clutched my heart. What, after all, did I know of this fair creature at my side? I had heard of beautiful murderesses, beautiful bandit queens, even—oh, sacrilege!—beautiful bootleggers. I thought of Merlin and the lissome Vivien, and of all the mysterious mazes of a woman’s heart.

“We don’t seem to be gaining any,” she went on anxiously, gazing back at the baleful eye of the pursuing car. “They guessed my plans some way, and they must have been in town by the time we left it. If I can only get to Rapid half an hour ahead of them—if I could only get that much of a lead, they can’t stop me.”

“Don’t you worry, red-hair girl,” said our warrior-driver over his shoulder. “I got the best car on the Reservation. Now you watch him go.”

The simple, unquestioning faith of the noble green-red man whelmed me with a wave of scarlet shame for my suspicions.

“Thank you, Flying Thunder,” she said gratefully. “I know I’m a horrible nuisance, but this deal means so much to me. I’m telling you men that everything about it is straight and square, but the thing is so important to me, and I’ve kept it under cover so long that it is hard for me to explain it even now——”

“Not a word!” said I, laying my hand lightly on hers under the blanket. “We’d believe you against the whole United States Supreme Court. We’ll get you safe to where you want to go if we have to take turns carrying you. Trust us!”

The thing was plain enough, after all,

and I inwardly cursed my soaring imagination for my distrust. The world shall hear of my imagination in years to come, but now there are times when I wish I could throw the thing out of gear. I remembered, unimaginatively, that for years the country had been full of men and women taking up homesteads, and races to town on land-office business were

to the top of a high table where the road was sandier, and now Flying Thunder jammed his moccasined foot down where it would do the most good, and began to live up to his name. He taught me a thing or two about speeding that night. You might say he rode his car bareback, with a rawhide string around its jaw, as his ancestors rode their ponies. His



I was behind the car when Flying Thunder tried to start.—Page 314.

common. Nor did I like her less for being a homesteader. The tender grace of olden days mixed with a modern girl's eye to business made her even a rarer treasure.

"You're mighty good to me," she said simply, "and I'm gladder than ever that I happened to meet you both." And though she gently drew her hand away from mine under the blanket, the thrilling sweetness of her voice held in it no reproach, no rebuff.

We had climbed out of the Bad Lands

driving was primitive, elemental, passionate, and under his hands the machine began to pitch and plunge like a thumbed bronc. Elaine's excitement seemed to rise with the figures on the speedometer as the car swooped across the flat, and I could see, even in the dark, that she was a true daughter of the West.

"Powder River! Let 'er buck!" she cheered, the old cowboy yell sounding delicious from her lips. "Look back, Harry. Just look back!"

Dizzy with joy at hearing my name ut-

tered in such a dear familiar way, I looked back and saw that the baleful yellow star behind us was farther away.

"What did I tell you?" said I. "Trust Flying Thunder and me, and you'll make town with oodles of time to spare, and win your claim."

for the humblest, homeliest woman. For the most ordinary freshman girl I would spend time and treasure to save her from distress: for you, my life!"

She made no reply. How could she? What girl of her quality could let herself be won so easily? To slack off the ten-



He taught me a thing or two about speeding that night.—Page 315.

The last words slipped out accidentally, and I bit my lip. It sounded as if I was guessing at her business, but she took it kindly with a luscious little giggle.

"My claim? That was a centre shot," she laughed. "It's no common claim, Harry, but one of the best stock-raising propositions in the Hills—no desert claims for mine. And if I win it I'll thank you forever!"

"Oh, you needn't," said I in earnest undertones. "Chivalry isn't really dead, girl. Any true man would do as much

sion of the moment, she leaned forward and spoke in Flying Thunder's ear.

"Wass-te, Flying Thunder," she praised. "Big medicine! You're beating them."

Flying Thunder gave a joyous howl, such as his grandfather might have turned loose when he was shooting arrows right and left into a loping buffalo herd.

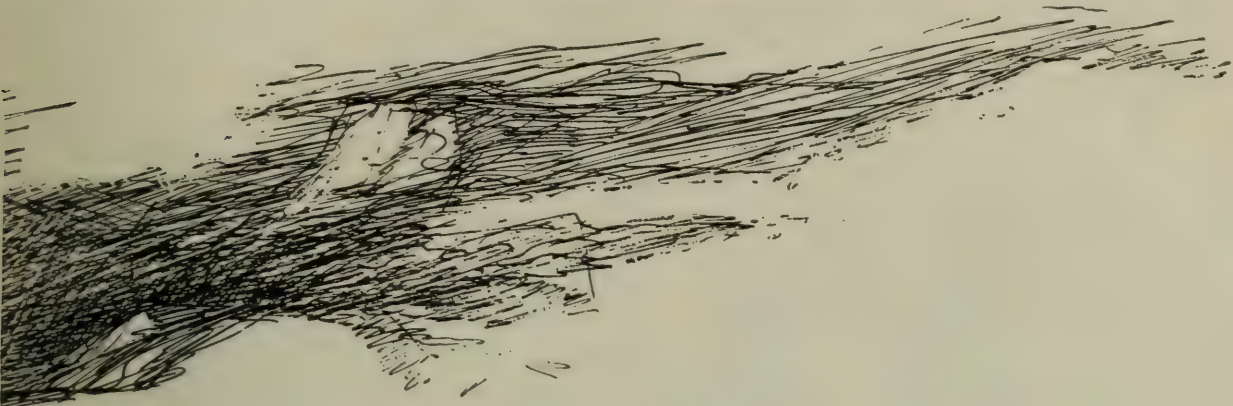
"Best car on the Reservation," he chanted. "Here comes a downhill. Now watch him go. Ee-e-ahoo!" And then for a minute I thought the forward fenders would climb the air like the wings of

an airplane and lift the car clean away from the dull earth.

Would that I might close my weary typewriter at this point, at the hour when Flying Thunder's car was bearing me forward on glad wings into the dawn of a triumphant love. But such hours never

man who was slowly pacing along the sidewalk with bowed head.

The man jumped at the sound of her voice and came toward us hurriedly. He had a cowpuncherish swing to his shoulders, but his clothes had a swell cut and were quite correct, except for a pippin of



last, save in the wistful dreams of one who has breathed in their glories for one divine respiration and then bidden them farewell forever. As I droop by this table, supposedly writing editorial stuff for our high school annual, it all comes back to me—the rush of damp air, the wild dance of backward-fleeing fence-posts on either hand, the pungent aroma of the horse blanket in the enchanted darkness, and the consciousness of the dear presence at my side—but the memory shivers along my nerves with a sense of exquisite pain. Bear with me, therefore, if I hasten on with swift fingers and a heavy heart.

The car lived up to Flying Thunder's brag. On, on we flew, by cactus flat and creek bottom, by far-flung pasture fence and slumbering ranch-house, until at last we lifted over a low divide and saw the town, a bed of sparkling lights at the foot of the looming hills. The baleful yellow eye behind us had long been out of sight, and in her gladness Elaine sang songs to which I faked a tenor. Oh, that glad, swift hour! All too soon we hit the town, and Flying Thunder was hurling his car madly and unlawfully through the empty streets. As we turned a brightly lighted business corner my lady suddenly put her hand on the shoulder of the reckless brave and told him to stop.

"Is that you, Harve?" she called to a

a fuzzy sombrero that must have cost about thirty dollars.

"You!" he exclaimed when he saw her face. "Good leather! How did you make it, sister?"

"Well, I missed the train—" she began.

"In-deed? You don't say!" interrupted the stranger, laughing. "I've only pestered a long-distance operator to death and worn out a pair of shoes walking the streets since train time."

"Well, anyway, there's no time to lose," resumed Elaine. "That old one-eyed car showed up behind us just after we started, and it isn't any too far behind now."

"So?" said the stranger, suddenly getting sober. "They're next, then. Wait half a second till I go into the hotel and phone."

He dashed away and, in a few brief moments, during which Elaine sat quiet but with her breath coming quick, he dashed back again and jumped into the seat beside Flying Thunder.

"Two blocks straight ahead and three to the left," he snapped with an air of command. "Once we get there, they can bring on all the one-eyed cars in the State."

There was something about this man that changed the atmosphere. My gladness evaporated in his presence, and I felt a strange, supernumerary sensation. At

Flying Thunder's speed, though, there was hardly time to think this much before we stopped at a house with one light in the up-stairs window.

"Come on in, boys," said the dictatorial unknown, hopping down to open the door for Elaine. "We'll need you a few minutes longer."

Light flashed up on the lower floor at the stranger's ring, and the door was opened by a man in a bathrobe. At the top of the bathrobe was a shiny clean collar and white bow tie, but below I could see the wrinkled bottoms of a pair of pajamas and bedroom slippers.

"Pardon the informality of my garb," he said, "but your statements over the phone regarding haste were so positive——"

"You're perfectly all right," cut in the man of the fuzzy sombrero. "What we want is speed, not form, as I told you this afternoon. Please shoot as fast and straight as you can, for they're after us, and we want to head off any chance of a row. The sooner the quicker."

We had gone through the hall into the living-room while he was talking, and there the man in the bathrobe instantly backed Elaine and the stranger up against the piano and began to say heavy words in solemn tones. My stricken heart! It had all been so cruelly swift that I scarcely had an inkling of the blow before it fell. My cup of dreams was dashed roughly out of my hand and shattered on the cabbage-roses of the parsonage carpet, as the minister began to roll out the words of the marriage ceremony.

Strange are the workings of a dazed mind as it staggers under a shock like that. When Flying Thunder, as the rite began, stealthily sneaked out and as stealthily sneaked back a few seconds later, arrayed in all the feathery glories of his war-bonnet, I could have smiled like a disinterested bystander! While the minister was speaking the terrible words that took her out of my life forever, I gazed dreamily at his feet and wondered if all the clergy wore such loud pajamas. My reeling brain recorded nothing of the ceremony except the trifling detail that it ended with an "Ay-men" rather than an "Ah-men."

The parson offered formal congratula-

tions, and was pulling some papers out of his bathrobe pocket when a heavy step resounded on the porch, and a stocky, bow-legged man in boots strode stormfully into the room. His wind-swept mustache was red, but it was the homely kind of red. It seemed to bristle with rage as he addressed Elaine.

"And I got you, young lady," he jawed. "I knowed I would when they told me you missed the train. You're a nice daughter, ain't you, now? Here I've raised you and fussed over you and piled the education onto you till you're fitten to marry at least a congressman, and here you try to run off and get hitched to Harve Caswell, a common, stock-wrestling pin-head just like me. Besides, how many times must I tell you that his dad done me out of eleven head of steers one time, and I ain't got no use for the breed? I won't stand for it! You——"

He died away suddenly and scanned his superb offspring more closely. She did not shrink. On the contrary, standing by the man in whose keeping she had just placed her beautiful life, she smiled at her acrimonious parent kindly.

"What?" he barked, turning to the minister. "Are they spliced already?"

"They are united," said the reverend gentleman, "for better or worse."

Truitt raised one hand to his wind-swept mustache and stared foolishly. Then his sharp blue eyes, which had been mostly riveted on Elaine, slowly wandered over us all, pausing at my sad, mud-smeared face, at the minister's bathrobe and pajamas, and finally lingering, fascinated, on Flying Thunder's lean but powerful polka-dot legs. A convulsive shudder seized his sturdy frame and he sank into a chair.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he gasped. "Some weddin' party!" and he buried his face in his hard, brown hands.

In an instant Elaine was on the arm of his chair, with one soft hand caressing his leathery neck, while she murmured in his ear.

"Go 'way from me!" he growled. "I've done got shut of you for good, I hope. You always were a hard-mouthed little outlaw, and I'm glad you're off my hands. Go 'way, I say. I don't want nothing more to do with you."

Yet even as he finished this ungentle speech he wound his left arm around her waist and held out his other hand to Caswell.

"There it is, you cub," he said. "Shake it! I'm glad that there thoroughbred milk stock of yours is in the family now, anyway."

All this time I stood among them as

the library. And if that girl, *the* girl, is hard-hearted when you meet her, send her to me, and I'll tell her something. 'For thou'—she smiled with agonizing roguishness as she spoke the words of that other, unhappier Elaine—"For thou art a knight peerless."

Sad as I was, I felt glad that the pain of the moment was all mine, that no shaft



. . . And finally lingering, fascinated, on Flying Thunder's lean but powerful polka-dot legs.—Page 318.

one in a dream. When the papers were finally signed amid light-hearted laughter, I sacrificially attached my name beside Flying Thunder's as a witness, and spoke no word. I heard Elaine praise Flying Thunder, taking his greenish-red hand in both of hers, heard Caswell's offer to pay him munificently for his night's work, and saw him wave the money majestically aside. Then, in a moment, heavy with sadness yet infinitely sweet, her jewel eyes were raised to me, and her hand rested warm in mine.

"Harry," she said, "you must come and see us when we get settled on the ranch. There'll be saddle-horses in the corral, trout in the creek, and poetry in

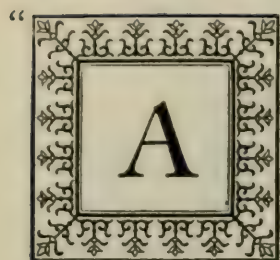
or splinter of the sudden love that had transfixed my heart during our wild night ride had touched hers. She looked up at me with the clear eyes of a sister, and I vowed she should never know that for one mad, glorious hour I had thought of her in the other, sweeter way. I could not speak a word, though. My lips were sealed, but they were not utterly incapacitated. Tenderly, reverently, though a little too far to one side in the agitation of the moment, I kissed the bride. Then, with the primordial Flying Thunder, I went out into the dim dawn, back to the dreary daily round, to the Bad Lands, and Prof, and the *Megacerops robustus*.

Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

II.—FRANCE—YESTERDAY'S HABIT TO-DAY'S HOPE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



“**A**S mayor of this village, I was the first into the town after the boches left—my wife was here in their hands.” So the keeper of the little bar-room assured me when I stopped in to rest on my walk back into Lens from the suburban mine where I had tried to get a job. “It is not possible to describe it. Nothing but winding paths across the dusty wastes of fallen bricks—fallen bricks that once were the little homes of my neighbors and myself.”

Whether one should cry or swear—or merely roll up his sleeves and go to the work of rebuilding—that has been the problem there at Lens, as also pretty much throughout all France.

Unlike the city which suffered years of bombardment, the mines were destroyed as a part of a definite programme to destroy enemy industry both during and after the war.

Shaft No. 13, for instance, bore the name of the company's founder, M. Elie Remaux. A man well over seventy, he was taken when the town was captured in the fall of 1914. One morning he was invited to attend a ceremony at his beloved shaft. Naturally he had to accept. With all the dignity of his white hairs and a life of achievement as the organizer of France's most successful coal company, he stood in the midst of his captors at a safe distance from the huge and handsome tipple and outworks. Then while the crowd about him grinned, an officer touched a button. With an earth-shaking roar, the hundreds of pounds of high explosive which had been distributed throughout the buildings and machinery threw them high into the air to fall in ten million pieces before the eyes of the aged and unhappy prisoner. In the same way

other tons of “h. e.” reduced the splendid steel surface structures of all the neighborhood's forty shafts to nothing but heart-breaking thickets of twisted, crumpled girders and mangled plates of boilers upturned at every angle as though in mute appeal for mercy.

To let the water into every one of the square miles of the dark galleries below ground required very little powder. Throughout the district the pits are inter-connecting and all are beneath the level of the numerous subterranean streams. No shaft is sunk in the Lens locality without first freezing the ground at this level and then lining the shaft with iron caissons so as to keep the water from pouring in. One explosion at this level was enough.

I saw a sort of blackboard on which some officer had put down with calm exactness the figures showing the metres and centimetres of height to which the water had attained on each inspection date. Month by month the level had risen satisfactorily. Finally came the last notation with a sort of “O. K.,” as if the inspector had been happy to finish the job. The water had filled every one of the pits up to the level of the surface!

“One pump has been working since November, 1920. It raises 180,000 cubic metres or tons of water every twenty-four hours, holidays and Sundays—unceasingly. We are installing others of the same type as rapidly as they can be secured. With them all going and with each raising its quota of 180,000 tons we shall not get all the water out until the end of 1923!”

A real problem has been to find enough natural channels to carry off this volume. I wondered why it might not be used for irrigation. I learned why when I went down into the upper levels which had been pumped into a slimy dryness. I



The hospital at Lens before the war.

was also consoled for my failure to get a job working in them. The invaders had made of the mines, during the four years, the cesspool of the army! In many cases, too, the bodies of horses and of enemy dead had been thrown in. The resultant collection of gases, in addition to those carried by the naturally sulphurous water, made even visiting the pits dangerous.

The same careful programme was ap-

plied to the entire occupied district of France. The details are given in a five-hundred-page report sent during the war to every Chamber of Commerce and every economic and commercial organization in Germany—"For the purpose of giving all a view of the results which will probably follow for us after the destruction of certain branches of the industry of our enemies." Prepared in February, 1916, by



The hospital and streets of Lens after its years of bombardment on the front line.

two hundred scientists and economic experts, it gave minute information as to the exact extent to which each industry had been destroyed and the resultant number of years and months in which it would give no competition in world markets. Also as to the exact kind of machines which had been destroyed and which would, therefore, be desired by France for the reconstruction. It ex-

trenches. "With the money given us by the government—in expectation of reimbursement by Germany—we are rebuilding as rapidly as possible and with the newest and most modern equipment throughout. Luckily our American blast-furnaces, installed just before hostilities, managed somehow to escape serious harm."

The report also helps make plain why



Laborers from all over the world are cleaning up the bricks of Lens and laying the rails.

pressed the hope that following this tip exactly these particular types would happen to be on the market when the war was over! It took care to state, also, whether this or that particular industry was damaged mainly by the ordinary mishaps of war or by the far-sighted economic mandates of the government.

Incidentally this document—with the help of a sight of Lens and other ruined cities—suggests why the particular sum total of reparations required of the vanquished invader happened to be arrived at.

"A total of more than three thousand shells of various calibers exploded within our gates," according to the superintendent of a plant close to the front-line

the attack came through Belgium. Three-fourths of the country's normal coal production of forty million tons lay in the region under or near invasion. Three-fourths of this three-fourths, or more than one-half of all, was, throughout four years, in enemy possession. Nine-tenths of the total iron production and considerably more than one-half of its steel was in the same hands from August, 1914, to November, 1918.

The marvel of the war is that France could somehow continue to fight. It is as if we here in America were forced to repel an invader who held New England and the State of Pennsylvania!

What mystic source of energy and inspiration enabled industrial France not

only to "carry on" but also to meet victoriously the crucial strains of the war under these amazing conditions?

The answer appears to me to have been suggested in our first article. France's strength lies in the effectiveness of that long-established "habit—habit and custom, m'sieu'," and the training it has given the French people in the art of accomplishing much with little.

that has been characteristic of the French temperament for a long time. Thanks to this, the French worker, the French farmer, and the French shopkeeper—also his wife—are able, under apparently any and all conditions, to show themselves well nourished and well groomed in body, alert and contented in mind, and active in spirit—active though conservative. The same holds true, also, for the French



Already the new tipples and outworks for the shafts are rising above the ruins caused not by bombardment but by the laying of high explosive by the invaders.

"In most of our mines we make great use of compressed-air pumps," the engineer explained down in one of the upper levels of the mine from which about one hundred tons were being got out in place of the three thousand tons daily in pre-war times. "As you see, these pumps are very small. To help them we French are famous for giving them grease. Imagine, m'sieu', for three years it was here in the water, yet now, as you see, it is doing its work as good-heartedly as ever. We French are trained to watch the little things—and to help them when we can, is it not so?"

The habit of making things go—and go comfortably—on a narrow margin—

employer—at least it has held true up till Armistice Day, 1918.

"This plant, messieurs, has served us—and served us well—for seventy-five years," an employer explained proudly to a group of visiting steel men from another country as they stood in the midst of an extremely tumbled-down plant. One of the visitors was not able to deny himself the pleasure of inquiring:

"How long do you think it would take to tear it down and build yourself and your workers a proper one?"

For the employer, as for all the others, the margin of profit has been a narrow one as compared with America. The chief reason is to be found in French

geography and geology and the comparative meagreness of the raw materials they furnish.

Take the matter of coal, for instance. Down in the old industrial centre of St. Etienne there are some rather limited seams with the surprising width of thirty or fifty feet. In the larger fields of the north, however, I saw hundreds of men working in seams not thicker than eighteen inches! An American operator would at least leave them till later if he did not ruin them getting at thicker deposits beneath. To increase the difficulty, these little veins have often been so disarranged by nature that they are not only on an extreme incline but also turned upside down! Sliding down the seam on its roof—lying on your own back—is like descending a glacier. One day I worked in a seam less than three feet wide which stood exactly on its end, vertically. We had to make our way up from one

level of timbers to another until finally we were ready to work where the coal fell away from our picks down the rough chute of planks into the darkness below, a distance of seventy-five feet! Just above our heads were the planks of a chute into which the coal fell from men above us another thirty or forty feet! Their lights through the timber cracks kept making me think that I was looking into the attic of a house lighted by the outside day above—until I recalled that between us and "outside" was the continuation of the seam and rock for a full 1,800 feet! The dust was so thick that I could hardly see my companion's sweaty back three feet away—also so potentially explosive that my mind kept running on to the difficulty of hanging my lamp securely, in

connection with the notice I had read up outside just before taking the "cage" down:

"In view of the explosion resulting in forty deaths a few weeks ago in a mine a few miles from here, every worker is begged to exercise the utmost care, etc., etc."

The necessity of earning either wages or profits under the restrictions of such con-

ditions leads, I submit, to that "protective behavior" which tries always to soften the sharp edges of a narrow environment with the padded gloves of "*habitude*." And such conditions typify the general state of France's material and industrial equipment throughout the period which has seen the blossoming of the world's industrialism since, say, 1870. Such conditions have not favored France's being more than a fairly dim light in the industrial firmament. Such conditions have favored France's adaptation



The comparatively slight unemployment in France is indicated by the number of women still employed above ground by the mines.

to her environment with the help of corner-cutting but comfort-securing thrift and conservatism.

With the loss of the iron ore of Alsace-Lorraine just as it was becoming most important, came also the spiritual blow. Its "repercussions," as the French say, have been carried into every field of the national life by all those born into what is called the "generation of defeat." As with individuals so with nations; unceasingly the mainspring desire to enjoy one's self-respect and the approval of some group causes the testing of this or that sector of its "Western Front" in the effort to find finally the right spot for making the "break-through" into the longed-for satisfaction and recognition. So when France was divested of the raw



These girls and boys push the cars of coal from the top of the hoist onto the screens, where it is distributed into the cars for shipment.

materials necessary to achievement in the sector of practical or commercial realism, she inevitably made an effort to leave at that point of the line a minimum of energies while she directed the full reserves of her aspirations against some point of lesser opposition and restriction. The resultant attainments in the sector of the æsthetic and the ideal have helped to establish the national conservatism of *habitude* by giving it, as it were, a spiritual flavor and justification.

Thus has been achieved a high degree of comfort, contentment, and all-round enrichment of life in spite of what we Americans would think a very limited amount of either economic or social opportunity. As always, also—whether with individuals or nations—the conscious recognition of the restriction of Opportunity serves to call out increased pressure in the sector of Security. Will you “hold fast what I give thee”? It depends on how easy it is to get something else.

As one sign of the French emphasis on security, take the attitude toward the business man. If he does not play safe and avoid all possible risk, he is likely to

be looked upon as a speculative climber. His good citizenship is hardly accepted at face value because his future, in the nature of the case, is highly uncertain. He is evidently a little careless in this highly important matter of “holding fast.” On the other hand, the functionary who possesses a federal job—at one-fifth the commercial risk-taker’s present earnings—has a solid social prestige which nothing can break. The reason is that nothing short of scandal can cause him to “let go”!

Throughout the life of France the thought of the future’s security stands in line ahead of the present’s opportunity and makes it wait—just as at the town post-office you must not rush to buy your special delivery or registry stamp until your neighbors have handed over to the clerk the monthly instalment that builds up the pension or “retreat” for their old age. Checks are slightly used in France, so it is the post-office which gives the crowds of citizens that in America would be transacting business at the ordinary bank. The government itself, like all the rest of the country, must depend upon that same narrow margin of resources to

maintain its army and its navy for the desired—the indispensable—maximum of national security. More than a few French private businesses are loath to make too good a showing, for fear the government might think seriously about taking them over as an additional source of national revenue. The result of all this, in turn, is further to lessen the human opportunities of business by lessening both the scope and the efficiency of the country's commercial facilities.

Last year, in spite of France's extreme shortage of funds, the state-operated telephone system showed a deficit of two hundred and twenty million francs! To this should be added another three-quarters or a full billion of francs lost in the way of profit which might have been gained by the business men of France if they could have used an efficient service. Whereas America has one telephone for every eight inhabitants, young and old, France comes far down toward the bottom of the list with only one—and that an unsatisfactory one—for every one hundred and forty-three!

The billion and a half or so of francs needed for improving the equipment will probably have to wait a long time in view of that earlier mentioned antipathy against direct taxation felt by the French citizen in general and the French farmer in particular.

Contributions indirects is the label borne by the packages of tobacco and cigarettes for which the citizen pays to the government monopoly two or three times their usual price in near-by countries. Some of the tobacco provided is hardly calculated to inspire patriotism. When the same plan of indirect taxation puts a forty-centime stamp upon every large advertising poster, the result would seem to be a still further lessening of business opportunity and, therefore, a still further emphasis upon security. Consistent with it all, too, is the marked tendency of the comparatively few captains of industry to pass the executive management of their businesses on down to the son or nephew instead of to some more capable executive who might prove, in the long run, perhaps, decidedly more beneficial to both the business and the family.

According to one paper's morning "novelette," the father reported financial misfortunes just as his son married a stylish young girl. For years, accordingly, the young couple worked almost double shift in order to lend the father money. Under the strain the young husband finally broke down and died. On the way back from the funeral, the old gentleman spoke to his daughter-in-law as they sat in the carriage with the fatherless grandson:

"The little fellow will never need to want—both your future and his are well assured.—Yes, it is so—I can tell you now. You see, all that I have said about my trouble was untrue. It was only in order to make sure that you two youngsters—with all your spirits and ambitions—should not live so extravagantly that the cupboard would be left bare for my grandson here and his future"!

The mingled feelings of the poor widow may be imagined—yet several of my French friends have said that the story, while exaggerated, is true, after all, to the underlying French emphasis.

"You see I could not marry—that is, marry well—a woman of family—until I had made my career in business. I had to wait till I was thirty-five. Only then had my business become an established and secure success," was the way a business man put the same problem of gaining both economic and social certainty.

The English-speaking stenographer I finally succeeded in finding in Brussels for a little copying gave another angle on the same thing:

"Before the war I was engaged to a young relative. But the war and the invasion completely ruined my family. My father died in the ruins of our home near the front! So my fiancé has had to marry another girl because his father needs her 'dot'—her money. His son and I are still in love—but I shall never see him again.—No, he could not marry me. He is twenty-five years old but marrying me meant quitting his father, and this he could not do. That would have meant too much risk for his future—and ours. I will probably have to marry a young man of little means whom my mother has picked out." (Business of wiping tears from the wryest of faces!)

So the institution of marriage, like many others in French life—up to 1918, at least—has had to throw up its hands and surrender before the insistent demands for social and economic security as made upon it by the public opinion of a people long organized on a narrow-margined economy. Under the circumstances wife and husband cannot afford to risk their futures simply for the privilege of

his work comparatively little of the energy which the American would put into developing the full possibilities of his business. Where the first is able to find little chance for the satisfactions of overcoming obstacles and solving problems, the other sees the opportunity that challenges his entire physical, mental, and spiritual capacities. The one's future is already made, the other's waits. The one



Husky steel-makers and their active Bessemer "converter" in a north France steel plant where more than 3,000 shells were delivered by the enemy.

being in love with each other. If one of them has social position and the other has money, that is enough. The result is likely to be the "*mariage à quatre*." That leaves both husband and wife free—with the help of two outside friends and a certain amount of discretion—to maintain a secure and respectable domestic establishment without being too much bored with each other. Under such circumstances the position of the husband is decidedly different from that, say, of a young American business man. As a federal functionary with a lifehold on his highly honorable position and married to a comfortable income, he need expend on

will, therefore, be interested in finding some new and challenging sector in which to obtain the satisfactions of fresh victories. The other will have found it. Something like that appears to me to be the origin of the art seen so generally in French life—the art of philandering. It is a development in the field of morals out of that same national narrowness of material resources and economic opportunities.

In much the same way I found here in America that among the laborers the narrowness of opportunity for self-expression and achievement on the job caused an increased interest in the possibilities

for them offered in the field of sex relationships. Among the French working men, naturally, marriages are not arranged upon the basis of economic security. But even there the problem of morals is complicated by the social permissions and approvals which make entirely commonplace a bit of gossip regarding the highest government officials and their mistresses.

All these social concomitants of economic conservatism undoubtedly help to create France's most serious problem—namely, the narrowness of the margin between the births and deaths of her population. In one morning paper I noticed a list of the families which had received a gold medal for the number of children. The list was too long for counting the total exactly. I found, however, that it contained 136 lines, each line averaging sixteen and five-tenths children. A total of 2,234! And that was for only two of France's eighty-odd departments! Recently many groups of employers have united with the government in not only aiding the mother in connection with the birth of children but in adding a family supplement to the wages of families of workers according to the number of chil-

dren. My mason friend at the boarding-house was naturally quite unhappy that in the building industry the supplement had not yet come to him—and his seven youngsters!

All of these characteristics appear to me to be those of a people well into, if not past, maturity—placed there partly because of the centuries of history in which there has been comparatively little foreign blood put into the French veins and partly because the originally limited natural resources had by war and use been reduced to a state which counselled the conservatism and contentments—the statics—of middle age. Such a diagnosis serves also to explain the French attitude toward certain matters in which we see sex but in which old people everywhere see nothing but physiology. Likewise it explains the surprising width of the gap between the French workers and their employers, the "bourgeoisie," in a democratic country. This, in turn, is largely accountable for those extremist philosophies among otherwise conservative workmen. To carry across the gap the efforts at class betterment must have a maximum of power and "punch" in order to accomplish the same result that can be ob-



These little gleaners in the fields near Lens are typical of the thrifty spirit of France—also of the hopefulness of the new generation now in possession of a wider-margined France.



"No one who has seen the combination of demoralized actuality and devoted aspiration pictured at ruined but reviving Lens can be anything but optimistic about France's future."

tained here in America by a much less aggressive programme. Class lines are generally the result rather than the cause of limitation of opportunity. They cannot harden where changes from one level to the other are so frequent that they are shown powerless to restrain the spirit of individual achievement.

But all this applies only to the France that this generation has known—the France of the miner's unceasing and untiring pick-strokes made possible by decades of "habit—habit and custom."

And that France is gone. The war has erased it. In its place is the France that stands upon an entirely different platform of material equipment—the France of hope.

"All during the war we Frenchwomen lived here at Lens as in a prison—always our houses falling in upon us. Once for six days and six nights the bombardment lasted. B-r-r-r—bang! bang!—always like that. With our hands over our ears we hid in our cellars. But we smiled, too. 'When this is finished,' we said, 'they will

be here, our husbands, our brothers, our sons!' Finally it stopped. We brushed off the dust and waited. But they did not come! No, they did not come! Then we said to each other: 'Up till now we have always hoped, but now we will never hope again, no, we will never hope again!'—Yet there is my husband, he that plays the bass viol there.—So one should always hope and keep hoping; is it not so?"

A half-dozen thoughtful-looking French citizens gathered together after the day's work of rebuilding Lens, practising with their fiddles in one of the one-story wooden barracks built among the wreckage—these struck me as typical of the spirit of Lens and of all present-day France.

"When our mines here are opened up again we shall make enormous quantities of coke and by-products. In addition, we shall send our by-product gas for lighting and heating Lille and other northern cities. Besides supplying electrical current for the canal here at Lens, we shall also send it, at a pressure of

120,000 volts, to users of power as far distant as Paris."

The sight of the hopefulness of ruined Lens makes it easy to believe the report of the government that of France's destroyed factories, employing twenty men or more, well over 75 per cent have already been restored.

"Right there, m'sieu', I used to see the dead soldiers lying line upon line—just like those sheaves of wheat there! Since then it has been dangerous to farm, for many shells explode treacherously. Nevertheless, the wheat is beautiful, is it not?"

Meanwhile there appears only a minimum of such grumbling as that of the citizens of one town who wrote the mayor that unless the roofs of the tiny shacks were mended they would have to sleep the whole winter with umbrellas over their beds!

Such a spirit makes it easy to be even more hopeful than the two judgments so frequently encountered:

"We French are mortally wounded—we can never recover!"

"France is badly wounded—we cannot come 'back to normalcy' within fifty years!"

Yes, France will "come back." Her time-tried habit of persistent effort and unceasing capacity for doing much with little—this can be trusted to carry on until by its sheer momentum it satisfies its hope.

But the real question is this: Will France be able to take the greatly enlarged position in the industrial and commercial world which her present post-war supply of raw materials now offers her?

In the whole field of European and, indeed, of world industry the most outstanding fact is this: by returning Alsace-Lorraine, the war has so increased France's supplies of iron ore that she now stands next to the United States as a potential producer of the world's steel. France is now the "Iron Queen of Europe." In addition, she now has the great potash deposits of the same provinces and, last but not least, the coal of the Saar. Will these new riches enable her to become a first-rate instead of a fourth-rate industrial power? Will those long-established, close-margined habits of yester-

day stand in her way or help her to fulfil the hopes of to-day and to-morrow?

"Yes, with us habit is strong—and even with our horses," a fellow miner was recounting as we walked back to the boarding-house together. "When we had our last strike here some months ago they took the horses up out of the pits. One of them had for years hauled out its cars to the 'parting' (switch) six times each day—and six times only. The first day and also every day after, Mister Horse—yes, m'sieu', it is quite true as I tell you—refused to make more than six trips with the plough across the field. Another had each day pulled a car fifty metres and then turned around for another. And they could not make him go farther than fifty metres without giving him a chance to turn around!"

Nothing means more to the workers of France than the answer to our question: Can France, for instance, expand her ideas of business so as to build up an international selling organization which will be able successfully to sell this new and sudden volume of twelve or thirteen million tons of steel? On the answer to that question may depend the length of time to be spent in France by the present thousands of laborers from the Algerian and Moroccan colonies and from Poland, Italy, Spain, and elsewhere. It is conceivable that, as many of the French themselves think, the selling of this great output will drift into the hands of the Belgians, Germans, or British who have long been organized for effective worldwide selling. Certainly France is seriously handicapped by her lack of experience in international finance, such as has always proved so helpful to the British salesmen. Within the past few months one of the few French financial enterprises of international proportions—the Industrial Bank of China—has suffered disaster.

It is, of course, probable that production will remain in French hands whether the selling does or not. Her habits of thrift in the use of fuel, for instance, are helping to the spread of her furnaces in this country. The results, nevertheless, of subordination to promotion by outsiders would not fail to be felt in various subtle and indirect ways by the working

men of France. In both fields success will require a serious and a steady adaptation of the traditional French spirit to one more favorable to operation upon the basis of large scale and of inevitable risk.

"The war and the suddenly increased earning powers of our working women brought—and established firmly in all classes—the movies, silk stockings, and

question: "If the war did not change these people so very much, what is there in the world that can?"

A real difficulty in the path of commercial expansion is the French newspaper. The most successful of the metropolitan dailies carry only four pages. Of the two pages left free of advertisements, several columns are devoted to some short story. There remains only fifteen



On all sides the farmers are rebuilding.

perfumery," according to a noted observer. "The peace can hardly provide any difficulties which we cannot master."

By many it was believed that the influx of soldiers from not only America but Canada and Australasia would suffice to turn the French attitude in favor of greater freedom between the sexes. In the manufacturing towns I saw signs of this in the street dancing of the public concerts given by the municipal bands. In general, however, the expected revolution in this connection has hardly happened. Perhaps it is too soon. The pendulum may swing again back from the present conservative reaction. Nevertheless, in France as in other parts of Europe, one finds often upon his lips the

or sixteen columns of news regarding France and the entire world.

"That is because the French are not interested in actuality. They care less for the event than for its interpretation. After reading about the happening in five or six lines to-day, they wait until to-morrow when some famous deputy or noted citizen will tell its meaning, especially its meaning to France."

That is one observer's explanation. Here is another:

"We French business men do not yet believe in advertising. You see advertising means risk. When we get business we make sure first to hold onto it before we take risk to get more. Our friends, too, are likely to say: 'What has gone wrong



"Besides supplying electrical current for the canal here at Lens, we shall also send it, at a pressure of 120,000 volts, to the users of power as far distant as Paris."—Page 329.

with Henri? Do you notice that he is advertising?"

Take your choice. In any event, the papers are forced either to a minimum of space or a maximum of subsidy at the hands mainly of the government. When this last happens, it strengthens the circulation figures of the radical papers which the workers can feel are honest even though extreme. In any case, those fifteen columns are sure to increase for France the difficulty of her relations with the outside world. One cause of Britain's success as a salesman and purveyor in the world's markets is undoubtedly to be found in the amazingly varied news and comment carried by her newspapers regarding the commercial and political situation of the entire world.

Ever since the war France has been worried with the fear that the French language might give over some of its prestige as the language of world affairs and diplomacy to English. Along with that is the fear as to the maintenance of France's intellectual and æsthetic prestige among the nations. Her newspapers seem to me largely to have justified those fears; they provide for the eyes of the French citizen the same limitation as that provided by the cotton so generally seen in the French

working men's ears. In addition, the thinness of the morning daily is perhaps a cause of the surprising importance given by French citizens, and especially French working men, to the spoken word—with the result that the most successful labor leaders are likely to be not so much the best planners and strategists as the most forceful orators. It remains to be seen whether the newest of French unions, the "Brain Trust," or Federation of Intellectual Workers, including for the most part writers, will thus play into the hands of the talkers rather than the thinkers.

In peoples as in individuals no trait is a mere "happen-stance." Each is part of a consistent whole. But the backbone that yesterday held a consistent France together is gone—now that raw materials are there in plenty. The French people are far from lazy and far from inept in the fullest possible utilization of all its resources. It has demonstrated that it can hang on to a spiritual ideal when any nation of a different training might have given up. No one who has seen the combination of demoralized actuality and devoted aspiration pictured at ruined but reviving Lens can be anything but optimistic about France's ability to meet its

newest possibilities and fulfil them. It is only necessary for her friends—or her enemies—to be patient. She has been sorely wounded and sorely wearied. She has not yet recovered from the shell-shock of her testing at the very centre of the world's worst wrenching. The idealists who went through the war are perhaps spending too much time endeavoring to determine with exactness whether France's wounds are to be called mortal, chronic, or merely temporary. Meanwhile, in the young men born too late to see full service at the front there is appearing the "generation of the victory." Instead of devoting themselves to cinching the honorable and permanent—honorable *because* permanent—position of a federal functionary, they are insisting upon going into business. That is causing trouble in the families, but it will be the families that will give way and not the youths. For it is they who have on their side all the thrust of France's future.

There is a real possibility that these young men will give to the factory office and the banking-room exactly that touch of idealism and spiritual beauty which business so much needs. It is this that we Americans have put into indus-

try and commerce to an extent unequalled by any other nation. We have found that spirit in business because we have had to find it somewhere and we have not been interested to look anywhere else. The French have found it outside of business because they did not care to find anything in business except what was necessary to existence. It would be immensely helpful to the world's peace if the "generation of the victory" in France could avail to combine the practical and the ideal in a new and higher species of business technic. That might go far not only toward solving the labor problem but also toward avoiding the warlike spirit among the nations—a spirit which can be fostered even during naval holidays by the knife-points of cutthroat competition.

In all this, however, one thing is to be remembered. Without this one thing, nothing in post-war France can be understood. Present-day France—like pretty much all Europe—has always to plan her immediate future under a sky in which she sees upon her eastern horizon a cloud the size of a man's hand—a hand which France believes is a clinched fist. About that in our next article.

[The third article by Whiting Williams on "Europe at Work" will appear in the April number.]



Most of the cities of France lucky enough to be near a river have these public washeries.

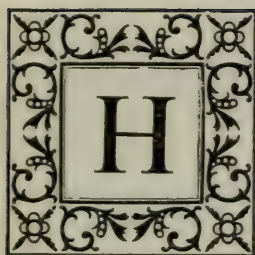


This was the winter hogan; . . . built of logs and plastered with mud.—Page 335.

A Day with a Navaho Shepherd

BY W. R. LEIGH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



HE was not very big to be the guardian spirit of a herd of three hundred and thirty-six goats and sheep, with only the aid of two mongrel dogs and a pinto burro.

In fact, he was only about seven years old (his parents were not sure whether it was seven or eight corn-crops since his advent) and not big for his age.

Neither did he seem in the least as if he might by any chance be capable of such serious work, for in the wild, rugged reaches of the Painted Desert, where his home was, there were difficulties and dangers to be reckoned with.

Doubtless his work accounted for a quaint seriousness in his bearing; seldom

betraying the child, he was like a tiny little man, with a businesslike way of attending to duties, and forgetting no part of them.

His nearest approach to play consisted in practising lasso-throwing with a piece of clothes-line; the burro—who was minus all of one ear, and half the other, the same having been amputated as punishment for breaking into the corn-field—was too easy. His mother scolded and threw things, and his ten-year-old sister had no sense of humor. Also the baby was as much out of the question as was his grave and austere father, Hosteen Naeshja (Mr. Owl). Of course the goats and sheep and the dogs were all right, but the brindle cat—who was minus half of each ear and part of his tail from frost-bite—called for real skill.

The hogan stood in the midst of a sage-covered, treeless waste, dominated by Navaho Mountain, the original home, from which, according to Navaho tradition, the race had sprung. Near by a low sandstone up-cropping constituted the reason for the selection of the site; its undulating surfaces, all seamed and grooved by eons of erosion, held deep pockets, some of which retained rain-water for long periods.

At the edge of this formation a corn-field, enclosed within a rude fence made of cedar and piñon logs and limbs, supplied as well squashes and melons.

Besides the hogan, there was a sun-shed, under which Madam Naeshja had her loom, and made excellent blankets. Also, very near, for better protection against coyotes, was the corral, likewise constructed of piñon and cedar logs and limbs, which had been brought from long distances with great labor.

This was the winter hogan; for although it was early in September, the

nights were growing cold and there would soon be frost. The winter hogan was built of logs and plastered with mud; the



The burro—who was minus all of one ear, and half the other.—Page 334.



He was not very big to be the guardian spirit of a herd of three hundred and thirty six goats and sheep.—Page 334.

summer hogan, on the opposite side of the sandstone ridge, was made of loose brush only.

In the chill, gray light of dawn when Hosteen Naeshja emerged from his house followed by his son, Natsilid (Rainbow), they were the only things astir save the darting and diving bats, and a bird away off somewhere who sang a glorious song that was never heard except at dawn.

The father, with a nicked and battered axe, reduced a cedar log with difficulty, and the shivering lad started a fire. Next the mother, carrying green corn in a gunny sack, came from the hogan, followed by her ten-year-old daughter carrying the baby.

The mother thrust ears of corn in the shuck into the coals, and all the family huddled about the fire, for all were lightly clad. Even the baby squeezed in between the rest with commendable enterprise, and dug his toes luxuriously into the heated sand.

Soon the odor of roasting corn began to permeate the air, the dogs uncurled and sat up, the cat crept out from under the wood-pile, and the burro woke up; he directed his soulful eyes toward the source of the fragrance and indulged in a heart-stirring salutation, whereupon the bird, as if despairing in face of such competition, ceased abruptly his warbling.



Surrounding the water were many sheep, goats, . . . and cattle.—Page 338.

Meanwhile, in the midst of a wall of delicate lavender on the eastern horizon, a dot of ardent red appeared; above the wall a fan-shaped saffron radiance spread, across which a thin wisp of dazzling gold was hung.

The red dot rapidly developed into a disk of living carmine, which presently

climbed up and, peeping suddenly over the lavender wall, shot long rose-gold shafts of horizontal light through the opalescent air, painting the top of each gnarled sage-bush, each aged and weathered rock, each wrinkle in the sand, with a splash of glory.

The humble hogan was clothed with

magnificence, and the old bent bucket, turned upside down and sitting ridiculously tilted on its top, gleamed like a golden crown. The searching rays lit up the interior of the hut, entering through the door, which was built, as are all hogans, facing the rising sun.

The lambs and kids in the corral walked up the sloping timbers of the fence, until many of them stood poised on the topmost rails, as if the better to view the gleaming orb.

Their mothers and fathers, huddled in a dense mass below, blinked up at them philosophically, and grunted.

Around the fire the squatting Indians dragged out half-cooked ears of corn, which they proceeded to gnaw, the baby alone excepted. This member, with admirable self-protective instinct, set up a lusty squall, whereupon the sister, at a word from the mother, seized a tomato-can, and the brother his clothes-line, and the two proceeded to the corral.

The boy, with a deft fling of his rope amid the scurrying mass of animals, hauled an unruly old nanny out of the thick dust-cloud, and gripped her by the horns. The girl proceeded to milk the beast; but lest the kid be robbed, only a small quantity was taken, and other nannies were captured, until the tin can was full.

The burro came to feast on the discarded cobs and shucks, and then, breakfast over, was conveniently captured.

The pile of brush closing the entrance to the corral being removed, the mixed herd streamed out in a long line, the kids and lambs performing acrobatic leaps into the air and chasing each other in circles.

By the time the carmine disk had risen above the cloud-bank and become a blinding ball of fire the shepherd was mounted on the burro, without bridle or saddle, but with a stick and his rope and a piece of dried goat's-meat in his pocket.

The dogs at his heels, the burro, with a whack on his back as reminder, took



Madam Naeshja.

his place behind the herd, and in this order the procession headed for the rough country.

An old pinto nanny wearing a bell led; she nibbled as she moved, but moved briskly, and all the three hundred and thirty-five followers nibbled, and stamped to drive off the flies, and kept a cloud of dust in the air which moved with them.

The bell-nanny did not proceed aimlessly; she made for the rocky slopes, where amid the boulders there was good browsing, and toward the canyon, where the water-hole was.

To all appearances the little shepherd had practically only to follow, but in reality there was always

danger of a coyote making a try for some straggling lamb, or unwary kid, and so, if he was not on his burro, he was on some vantage-point where he could overlook the herd, ready to start the dogs provided they did not give the alarm first. The dogs chased rabbits and prairie-dogs occasionally, but they knew the chase was futile unless the quarry be surprised a long way from its burrow.

By nine o'clock the air was all aquiver with heat waves, and not a single cloud to be seen in the whole vast dome of blue. Hawks skimmed over the sage-brush in their unending quest for prey; ravens prowled about the edges of rock-crags. Mingled with the ceaseless bleating of the goats and sheep was the chirping of



The grave and austere father, Hosteen Naeshja.

prairie-dogs, together with the low hum, made up of the tramping of many small feet, the nibbling of many small mouths, and the rustling of dry, unyielding vegetation.

By ten o'clock the herd was moving more rapidly, as thirst increased and the proximity of the water-hole, magnet-like, drew more insistently with each stride of the panting beasts. Weird rock-forms, like gargoyles and giant mushrooms turned to stone, or fluted like the pipes of an organ, were passed by as things commonplace and familiar.

The sand stretches were growing in extent; they were only sparsely dotted with dead or dying scrub that, grim and naked, looked like the last desperate defenders on the field of a lost battle. Occasional defunct cedars sprawled like whited skeletons in the fiery heat. Lizard and snake trails crisscrossed the powdery sand, together with the tracks of many nocturnal prowlers; the jack-rabbit and cotton-tail, the badger, the skunk, and the trade-rat and kangaroo-mouse all telling their stories to the keen-eyed child.

Presently the bell-nanny disappeared over the top of a yellow dune, and the whole herd, abandoning further attempts to snatch a mouthful here and there, broke into a run. The burro was urged into a trot, and amid a babble of mothers calling to stray progeny and a suffocating cloud of dust, the caravan plunged down the long, steep incline, where drifting sand at this point made descent into a canyon possible. In the bottom, and descending tortuous trails on the opposite side of the ravine, other herds were seen approaching the water-hole. A break-neck descent of hundreds of feet brought our herd to a wilderness of hard clay pinnacles, freakishly colored in bands of maroon, ochre, pink, and dove-blue; some were sharp-pointed, others capped with dizzily balanced boulders.

In and out among the pinnacles, along narrow ledges, and up and down over deep gullies and sharp ridges, the herd bounded and scrambled and slid until, wheeling into a huge cleft in the rock wall of the canyon, they came suddenly to the water. An arroya had been dammed by the Navahos, and a pond of some size

was the result. It extended back into a troughlike groove a hundred feet deep, gouged out and worn smooth by countless ages of erosion. Down this trough tumbled the water from above, after each rain, keeping the pond filled during most of the season. Surrounding the water were many sheep, goats, burros, horses, and cattle. Mounted on tough little mustangs, Navahos, with red handkerchiefs about their heads, silver bracelets and earrings, and belts of silver disks, shouted and swung their lariats as they herded their ponies and steers. Boys and girls, each guarding a band of goats and sheep, ran hither and thither, and dogs barked.

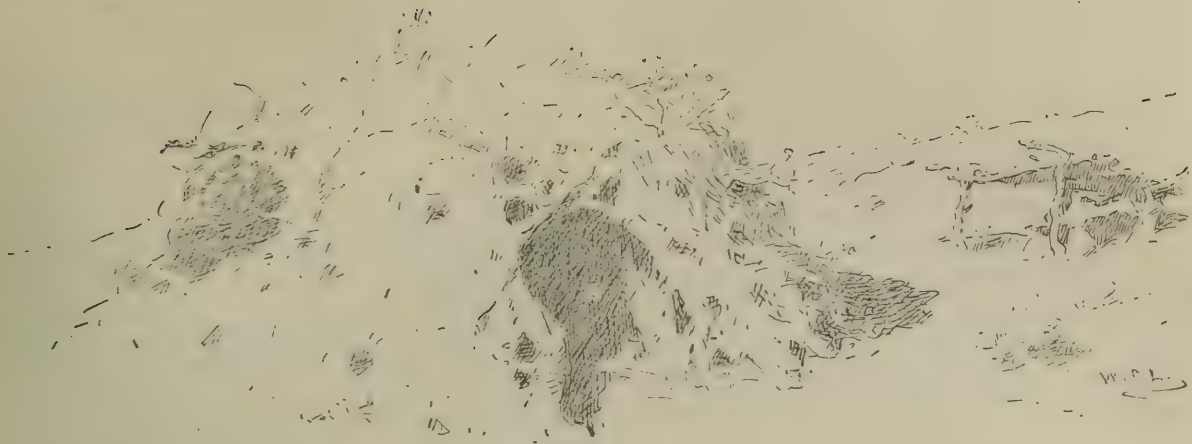
The animals, in their eagerness, rushed into the water until they were half submerged.

The water was muddy and warm and full of alkali and salt and countless wigglers, but it was also wet and incomparably desirable. For many yards around the pool every vestige of vegetation had long since been trampled out of existence.

When the burro had drunk his fill the boy drew him into a second winding recess in the rocks that grew narrower until it ended in a shallow grotto, at the foot of a wet-weather waterfall. Here was a seep-spring; the water oozes out, drop by drop, from the sand-rock. A shallow basin had been cut in the rock to receive the precious liquid and preserve it from contamination by the animals.

It was cool in the cove, and around the little pool formed by the overflow from the basin desert plants bloomed. A humming-bird darted down and hung suspended before first one and then another flower. After a few moments the boy mounted, and began separating his flock from the rest of the herd. This was generally an easy task, as the animals know their friends and relations and hang naturally together; but there are exceptional cases, and this was one.

In the herd was a very large and powerful he-goat, against whom another large buck in another herd had a grudge of long standing. They never met, save occasionally at this water-hole, but this was one of the times. Why the grudge none but the two knew, but a well-developed grudge it evidently was, for the strange



The summer hogan, on the opposite side of the sandstone ridge.—Page 335.

buck made a sudden rush without warning at the shoulder of his enemy, and the latter, apparently unaware of the danger, seemed doomed to defeat. But a fraction of a second before the blow landed he arose on his hind-legs, so that the shoulder that the strange buck was aiming at was not there to be hit when he arrived. Unfortunately for him, however, his own neck, just back of the ear, was there, when the adversary descended with a sharp, snappy blow, like a short-arm punch from a pugilist.

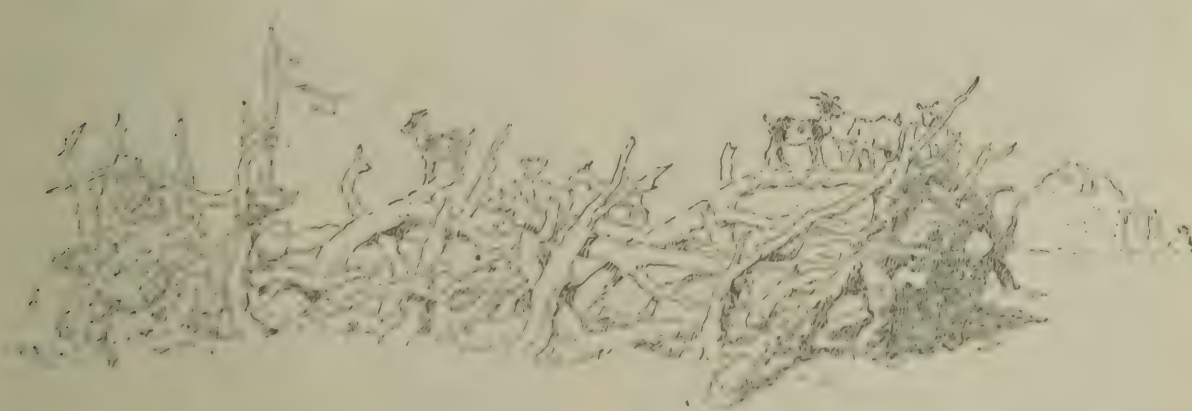
The stranger rolled over and scrambled to his feet again covered with dust and bristling with rage. All the nannies and ewes stood still and stared; the horsemen reined up their mounts to watch.

The stranger, shaking his head, backed off for another assault; his adversary eyed him contemptuously; they had met before. When the other started he leaped forward to meet him. They met with a crash that left one wondering how horns

and skulls could possibly stand it. The big buck dropped to his knees for a moment, dazed; the stranger flew back several yards and landed upside down, half stunned, and kicking convulsively in the air.

A great shout of laughter arose from the Navahos. The stranger struggled to his feet in wobbly fashion, and stood jerking his head from side to side as if to ascertain whether it was still there on his shoulders; his enemy could have killed him now, but instead he allowed him to go his way.

By this time the fight infection had spread and the dogs were snarling and snapping at each other, much to the delight of the horsemen, who did all in their power to urge them on. Confusion resulted; frightened and bewildered lambs and kids ran hither and thither, hysterically calling to mammas, who rushed in every direction, wildly calling to offspring; the horsemen, who had paused to



The lambs and kids in the corral walked up the sloping timber.—Page 337.

watch the fight, had meanwhile neglected their herds, and these had promptly started off in wrong directions, scattered, or mixed with other herds.

It took much patience and hard work before little Natsilid could extricate his band from the others and get them started up the toilsome sand-slope; when the summit was gained at last shade was the thing longed for most by man and beast. As many of the animals as could find room took refuge under the edges of a cliff full of deep holes and overhanging ledges.

The boy clambered to a vantage-point where he could rest and also see the herd, while the dogs crept under sage clumps.

In the scintillating atmosphere overhead there was the low yet shrill hum of countless insects, whose lightning-like flight and microscopic proportions rendered them quite invisible. Swallows had built shelf-nests of mud against the overarching walls; in a fissure was an accumulation of cactus, yucca, and sage, cut off and dragged thither by rock-rats. The boy munched leisurely at his piece of dried meat, watching the while an inquisitive little horned toad who climbed up his leg and sat on the ragged knee of his old blue overall with a comical expression.

Suddenly there was a stampede; it started with one old ewe and spread in an instant, until the whole three hundred and thirty-six animals, in a mad plunge, fled like a wave receding in a cloud of dusty spray. The dogs were up in a flash; the boy leaped to the ground. What was it? Nothing unusual was in sight; yet there certainly had been some reason for the behavior of the herd. Perhaps the old ewe had been startled by the shadow of a passing eagle; perhaps a cliff-squirrel had frightened her. Or possibly she had caught a glimpse of a bobcat, or coyote, or—who could tell—a wolf, even a cougar, might have been skulking along the brink of the precipice; it was improbable, yet within the range of possibilities. The animals, after halting, showed no disposition to return; that looked suspicious; it was the part of prudence to quit the place immediately.

The caravan, with its cloud of dust, moved off into the open country and

came to an arroya, whose clay walls afforded narrow strips of shade here and there.

By three o'clock the withering heat had sucked so much moisture from the panting beasts that another trip to a water-hole was imperative. But this time the shepherd headed his flock for a different hole; it was a huge expanse of flat rock where there were several deep pockets.

This place was reached after passing through a strip of piñon forest, and necessitated passing by an old deserted hogan; this was a chindi (evil) hogan. A man had died in it long ago, of a dire and mysterious spell put upon him by a secret enemy. The boy had often heard his grandfather relate the story in graphic language, while the family huddled about the fire in the centre of the hogan on stormy winter nights. The unsteady light accentuated and distorted the narrator's gnarly features, and as the huge black shadows of the group swayed back and forth on the rough background of the hogan walls, in response to the wavering of the flames, they seemed to the enkindled imagination of the child like uncouth spirits that bobbed and dodged with grotesque glee as the story progressed. And as the wind moaned and howled without he fancied the sprites and fiends were howling and gnashing their teeth. And the powdery snow, drifting silently in through crannies beside his bed, suggested ghostly fingers reaching—reaching toward him.

In the daytime he dared to pass the chindi hogan, at some distance, with bated breath and nerves aquiver. It looked so ominously still, so terribly dead; where the mud had been weathered off the naked and rotting timbers resembled bleaching ribs and vertebræ of some monstrous beast; the very weeds that choked the gaping and ruinous doorway had something uncanny and sinister about them; nowhere else did weeds grow so rankly.

Even after the hogan had been passed he still cast backward glances, as if half expecting to see some demon emerge through the hole where part of the roof had caved in.

There were no extra pockets or ruts in the rocks, save those the animals drank

from, so the boy had to drop on his stomach and drink with them; this was one reason why the place was not resorted to more than it was.

The rocks ended at their farther edge as the brink of Piute Canyon; three thousand feet below, on the floor of the great gash, the extensive corn-field of the Piutes stretched along either side of the central stream, and the hogans dotted about ap-

ers, eating a lunch of crackers and canned tomatoes.

Tales of battles between Piutes and Navahos, of treacherous ambushes and murders done in lone places, of thefts of cattle and horses, and women and children. Stories of how these Piutes frequently killed their own offspring to avoid the trouble of rearing them, of how they stole children from neighbors to make



But lest the kid be robbed, only a small quantity was taken.—Page 337.

peared no bigger than peas. Here and there little wisps of dust were visible, and tiny brown and white specks that moved; they were herds of cattle and horses.

In the afternoon sunlight, one wall a series of huge broken purple shadows, the other a succession of rose-pink buttresses, split and gashed and carved into a thousand ornate spires and knobs, the canyon wound off into the blue distance like some fabulously stupendous varicolored serpent sprawling across the landscape.

The child looked down upon this scene with awe and apprehension; many were the tales he had heard, when with his father he had visited the trading-store to barter hides and wool for groceries, and they had sat on the ground in the shade of the building, with the assembled loiter-

slaves of them. Anecdotes of how these slaves were bought and sold, or killed, as the master saw fit, of how they labored incessantly and starved perpetually.

And the child knew full well that these were no idle gossip tales, for he had seen the scars of terrible wounds, and the fear and hatred and the deadly earnest in the faces of the narrators, and he had heard his father tell of his own experiences. And so, as soon as the animals had drunk their fill, he started them back through the piñon forest toward the open country. A great owl began hooting as he re-passed the chindi hogan, and a sudden terror gripped the heart of the little boy; but no demons came out of the ruin, and no Piute marauders dashed after him through the woods, and in spite of his fears he saw that the burro and the dogs

and the entire herd proceeded calmly and leisurely along the trail.

The shadows lengthened gradually, and the old bell-nanny led the nibbling hosts slowly but surely ever nearer home; a jack-rabbit loped across their course, and the dogs chased it a little way; a rattlesnake caused a slight stir, until it disappeared in its hole; two Navahos chasing a wild horse dashed through their midst and scattered the herd, but they soon reassembled.

As evening drew near, the bull-bats, high in the zenith, swooped and dived with bellowing sound; Navaho Mountain was bathed in a lavender and gold-dust radiance; the distant buttes, which had been a bleached monotonous white all day, now shimmered with a magical, rose-lilac lustre, like the walls of some poet's palace in dreamland.

Always before sundown the herd had to be within the corral, and this, from long habit, the animals knew quite as well as the shepherd, so that by common consent all wended consistently in and out of the gullies and over the boulder-strewn ridges, nibbling at a brisk but even pace homeward.

With the first glimpse of the hogan the burro pricked up his half ear and voiced his joy in accents doubtless delightful to himself, whereupon Hosteen Naeshja paused in his work of chopping wood with which to cook a goat's-meat stew for supper, and shading his eyes contemplated the returning caravan. And as the animals filed obediently into the corral and the ten-year-old sister aided in closing the entrance, the famished dogs hastened to gather up such scraps as the preparation of the meal had resulted in scattering. The brindle cat snarled and hissed at the intrusion, and the dogs growled and bristled up their backs and the frightened baby squalled, whereupon Madam Naeshja adjusted the difficulty with a well-aimed stick of wood.

Supper was announced ready by lifting the pot off the fire. As the family squatted in a circle once more, as the bats began their quest for insect prey again and beetles hummed by in clumsy flight, the fiery ball descended and touched the western edge of the world, and the full round moon rose in the east, a shield of wondrous salmon-pink in a field of opal and pearl.

Burial Bitterness

BY GERARD WALLOP

I LAID you down and did not close your eyes;—
In the long grass I put no mantle o'er you,
Nor hid your death from the unblenching skies.—
They and the lark were all who ever saw you.

At dark we made the careless earth your sheet;
Four stars from the black girdle of the night
Were hung aloof to triumph or defeat,
Your vaulted chamber's guardian taper light.

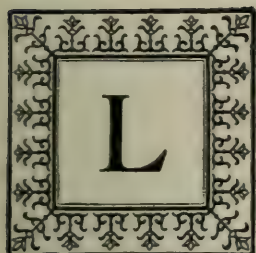
When you stood out across the midnight seas,
In bitterness I did not shed one tear,
Only I thought God slept with labored ease,
And mumbled in his dreams with troubled fear.

The Wind Witch

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of "Corkran of the Clamstretch"

ILLUSTRATION BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



LITTLE LOVE LANE possesses innumerable countenances, and I think that I have never seen it twice the same. It is a short street, but broad—broad enough to cover most human experience. The Lane touches the Delaware River at Deepwater Point, and is the single way of the tiny fishing village of Vinelopen. In the face of the grim reaches of water before it and the terrible whip of the Delaware tide at its feet, its name, Little Love, seems ironic.

Vinelopen at its greatest never contained more than two hundred persons, but these were diverse. There were Italians (heavy-figured, swart, little men, but veritable kings of fishery); Sicilians (quick of movement, dangerous, vivid); there were Flemings, Greeks, even cockney English, and a few families of more strict American parentage; but fishermen all.

For three months of the year, those of winter, the village stands deserted, but as the mating shad begin to run the river in the spring, Little Love Lane returns to life. The shacks receive their occupants; small fishing yawls and sloops are pulled from the winter racks. Patched yellow sails, once white, are spread to slim masts, and at dawn some cold spring morning a fleet sets down the river to spread its nets in the broad jaws of the Capes. Dusk brings them slowly beating back again. Cargoes of fish, wet, glistening, still struggling, are dumped upon the wharf. The women, stripped to petticoats and blouses, approach the haul and aid the men in clearing the holds of the vessels. The scene that follows is nauseous. Like veritable *mulla-muggars* they scrape and scale, and as the dusk deepens

fires are lighted, so that the toiling bodies, silhouetted against the smoke and glare, seem to be taking part in some rite of unclean sacrifice. Raucous laughter and high-pitched cries add to this semblance.

The unloading ends, however. The larger fish are taken in baskets, which slowly drip water, to waiting trucks for the Wilmington and Philadelphia markets. Then from the wharf come the workers, their hands and forearms blackened and odorous, bits of shining fish scale clinging to their clothes and skin. A period of quiet follows, and thereafter the Lane comes into its own. Groups gather before the shacks; old Rudelotto, the village headman, struts down the street. Comes the rollicking note of a melodeon, piercing the gossip of the village crones. There is the shuffle of feet in a fiery dance, love-making in the shadows, an occasional dangerous fight, laughter, singing, sudden passion, peace, but always the Lane seems to follow the river in its moods, a reflection in perplexing life of the surging tides.

Beyond the Lane the land rises. The lean soil, mixed earth and sand, changes to heavy loam, and there ensues a series of great fields, which throughout the spring and summer are emblazoned with flowers. These fields run to a small graveyard of the time of the Revolution, which, in turn, meets the gardens of a country estate.

Carmen d'Asisse lived in the first shack, as you count from the river, in Little Love Lane. She possessed a father and mother and a herd of younger brothers and sisters. These latter defied all counting, and I have always believed that they had been born by battalions. Mother d'Asisse was a slow-moving, heavy-footed dwarf of a woman, dull to soddeness. Carmen, however, was vastly different, and in her the diluted Sicilian strain

seemed to have purified itself and was running again in hot, fresh blood. She was passionate, languorous, self-willed, at times incredibly audacious. Her temper was a thing to marvel at and remember. She went from slow, indolent smiles to flaming, dangerous rage, and throughout her ran a strange mixture of arrogance and humility, which rendered her, in the alternate, intolerably cruel or perplexingly gentle.

At nineteen she was unmarried, and for a Sicilian girl this requires explanation. To marry Carmen it would have been necessary to subdue her arrogance and yet have won her gentleness. No man had been capable of all of this, but of her suitors, two were favored, one of her kindness, one of her ardor.

The first of these was of the same age as herself, the son of the gardener of the estate that joined the fields of Little Love Lane. He was a quiet boy, a shadow beside her vividness. Highly imaginative, he possessed a natural talent for speech. An untutored poet was hidden within his gangling frame. By station he was slightly above Carmen d'Asisse, and his father, old Andrew, the gardener, regarded his son's affection with raging intolerance and disgust.

Carmen dominated the boy; he followed her in adoration, and this though she was lacking in any quality of exalted spirituality. His thoughts were constantly of her, though he knew that he did not possess the qualities of manliness that could win her. From the first he was hopeless, but he never gave up hope. This was not determination, but a far deeper, less conscious instinct. Carmen pitied him, and treated him more kindly than any other man.

In the late afternoon, before the home-bound fishing fleet was sighted, the two would meet upon the high banks above the river, and, lying in the yellow grass, would talk. Rather young Andrew talked and Carmen listened, and herein was irony, for I think that she never fully understood a thing that he said. Moreover, the boy realized this. He talked because it was his sole means of holding her interest, a substitute for the animal magnetism to which he knew she would eventually succumb.

Their talk was never of love, but of the river surging at their feet, of the blue line of the distant Jersey shore, of the infinite variety and strange ports of the vessels that passed before them. Of this multitude of ships Andrew spun stories. Here would come a British tramp, stolid and respectable; next a dingy, rat-holding "square rig," manned by Chinese, recalling coolie smuggling and the opium trade. Now a ghostly fruit steamer would appear; painted white, she seems to be the embodiment of long, dazzling days spent in the swell of the Southern Pacific. Next would come a destroyer, moving down-stream like the drifting wind. Its high bow is like the hood of a cobra. It is gray as the water, villainous as war itself, and as effective as the death it carries. Silently it passes.

But when the yellow sails of the fishing yawls had appeared upon the river, Carmen would bid young Andrew good-by, and the boy would wander slowly home through the fields, blindly yearning, fearing for her because of her passion and impetuosity, wishing that he might draw daring to his spirit and herculean strength to his body, whereby he might attract and hold her. He was stricken beyond relief, but always was he amazed that she would not accept his rival.

This was a young Italian, the son of Rudelotto, the headman, whose shack, the largest in the village, was directly opposite that of the d'Asisses'. Joseph Rudelotto and Carmen had grown up together, and, following the Sicilian custom, had been betrothed at an early age. The families of both many times had attempted to thrust them into marriage. Joe had been intensely willing; Carmen had flatly refused.

"I don't want him," she said. "I don't want no man." There the matter had ended.

In the evening, when the work of the Lane was finished, Joe would go to the d'Asisse shack, and, from under the beaming and hopeful eyes of Mother d'Asisse, would take Carmen for a walk. The two would go down the Lane amid clucking tongues, and through the open fields until they reached the graveyard.

The spot always selected by Joe for the tale of his love was so ridiculous as to

touch the sublime. It was a high-mounded grave, flanked by a quaint stone, the time-worn surface of which was cut with a cherub's head. This cherub wore a diminutive, fluted, seventeenth-century wig, proving paradise abreast of fashion. Beneath the cherub was the chill and perfect inscription: "Mr. George Henry, Son of Mr. William Henry, Deceased July Fourteenth, 1775"—a formal, heavenly calling-card, which its owner might have carried to heaven in his two hands and have presented at the gate with the words: "Peter, tell the other saints I'm here."

This formal Whig grave was the recipient of outpourings of fisherman's love. Joe's passion was primitive, abysmal, of startling silences and volcanic utterances, of sudden clinchings, generally rebuffed, of strange posturings and great gestures, the heroic futility of which even he realized. One would have expected the very gravestones to have melted before the heat of this onslaught, but to him Carmen always returned the same answer:

"I don' want you now—an' I won't never."

Rage and hate would then sweep him. He would alternately plead and threaten, but never could he cause her to fear him. She greeted his most desperate actions with laughter.

After watching the unfavorable progress of this affair for many weeks, Mother d'Asisse, taking counsel of her husband and urged on by old Rudelotto, decided upon extreme measures. She therefore killed two of her best fowls and took them at dusk to the hut of Goodwin's Dotey. She laid them upon the sill, and, having knocked at the door, retreated in terror a little distance into the dusk.

Goodwin's Dotey was a woman who surpassed the imagination. She was without explanation, without circumstance. Her very name was a mystery; what it meant or how it had been fastened upon her, no one could say. Her origin was unknown, and no inhabitant of the Lane could tell for how long she had lived upon the river.

Her appearance was fantastic. She was a tall woman, slight, frail, always infinitely drooping. Her hair was like fine-drawn silver wire, tarnished and filthy,

and the face beneath was delicate, but very worn and dirty. The fingers of her hands were like long whisps of grayish bone, seemingly without flesh or skin, and she always carried her left arm across her breast, the hand gripping the shoulder-blade, absurdly as if she held herself together. Her age could not have been guessed, though she seemed weighed down with painful years.

Her speech and enunciation were excellent for short periods, like those of a person gently bred. At other times she spoke with slurred letters and vulgar idioms. Always, however, her speech was foul, and she was the most blasphemous person upon the face of earth. Such torrential sacrilege as she uttered would cause her hearers to look to see her sucked into the earth before their eyes; yet upon her was a smothered gentility that nothing might eradicate.

By the villagers she was believed to be a witch. They hated and immeasurably feared her, for she was thought to be mistress of the river winds and to control the tides. From this she had gained the name of the *Wind Witch*. Her stock in trade, however, was the dispensing of love-lotions, maledictions, that the accursed might wither and die, and various cures for human and animal ills. In these she showed monstrous avarice, extracting from her customers every cent that she might hope to gain. Her hut had once been near the village, but there she had been stoned, and had removed to a greater distance, where she shivered in fear at the approach of a crowd.

Mother d'Asisse waited in trepidation for her oracle to make its pleasure known. At length the door of the hut slowly opened, and Goodwin's Dotey peered forth. For an instant she glanced swiftly about her, and then seeing that mother d'Asisse was alone, stepped forth snarling.

"Hell's sister!" she shrieked, seeing the two chickens. "Didja want me to work fer two rup-eyed sparrers!" She seized the chickens by their limp necks, and, having tenderly felt them, flung them behind her into the hut, where they fell with a soft flop to the floor.

Mother d'Asisse smirked and bobbed politely.

"My Carmen and Rudelotto's Joe—" she began, but was interrupted.

"Hell and futility!" screamed Goodwin's Dotey. "Of course they'll marry. Leave 'em be. Leave 'em be!" She slammed the door shut, and Mother d'Asisse, distinctly heartened, was left alone in the darkness.

She padded back to the village, and told the news to Carmen, who received it with a scornful grimace. Nevertheless the report went swiftly through the village, where, like all dicta of the Wind Witch, it was received as fact.

"Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe—Goodwin's Dotey says so!" passed from the lips of one crone to the next, until even Joseph Rudelotto had heard the report. He seemed to doubt its truth, however.

The month passed and still the expectant village waited. Old Rudelotto, who had made himself headman by reason of calm brutality and barbarous temper, his quick pride touched by the continual refusal of his son by Carmen d'Asisse, desired to place himself at the head of a party of fishermen to force Goodwin's Dotey to fulfil her prophecy. He was deterred in this only by his fears for the safety of the fleet.

Joe, under the stares of his neighbors now more than ever gawking and curious, became sullen. His love had been hawked broadcast before, but never had it received such publishing as this. He was very tired. He desired, though unsuccessfully, to forget his hopeless passion, and this he made plain to his father in an unexpected manner.

The Rudelottos had been at supper. The old headman sat at the end of the table, within easy reaching distance of the stove, and conveyed bread with mixed macaroni to his mouth with both hands and a precision that was automatic. In the midst of a prodigious mouthful, he spoke as follows:

"So she will not marry thee, eh!—that Carmen. . . . And thou art a man with two hands and cannot take her! And Goodwin's Dotey!—For why is she a witch, if she will no work! But I show her! I show her!" He made a gesture as if he were stretching a neck. "—Eeh!"

This last was a squeal of astonishment,

for his son had dashed the pot of macaroni upon the floor, and had rushed out into the Lane.

Thereafter Joe's walks with Carmen ceased. He avoided her and was shunned in turn.

This simulated indifference was apparently without effect upon Carmen. This was not true, however, and her mother's rasping comment drove her to volcanic rage. Young Andrew was first to note the gradual change in her. Little by little she became moody, distrait, seemingly a prey to her own conflicting emotions. She would sit for hours upon the river bank, and gaze with level, unwinking eyes at the distant line of shore. At such times young Andrew was afraid to speak.

She began to subject the boy to strange tyrannies of temper, which gradually grew worse. Yet he felt that this rage was not meant for him, but for Rudelotto, upon whom she was unable to vent it. Miserable before, he was now unspeakably so.

He saw that when the sails of the fishing fleet appeared far down the river, she would watch their approach with breathless interest. Therefore, one day, he spoke that which was plain to his eyes.

"You love Joe Rudelotto," he said gently. "I can see that."

"I don'!" began Carmen passionately, springing to her feet. "—I hate him! Hate him!—Oh!" She stopped with a gasp, and, seizing Andrew in an embrace that might have crushed a man, she kissed him. Then she ran down the bank.

The boy went blindly through the dusk toward his home, and was met at the gate by his father.

"You ain't comin' in this house again," said the old Scotchman bitterly. "Day on day you've been layin' up with that huzzy on th' high bank. Don't y' come back here 'til yer cleansed!"

Young Andrew returned to the village and asked Joseph Rudelotto for work. The Italian, naturally kind-hearted, granted it, and thus Andrew went to work upon the river and on the sloop of the Rudelottos, the largest of the fleet.

The long roll of the ground-swell, the smell of oil, the gasping fish, sickened

him. He burned his hands until the blood ran from his palms the first time he attempted to set a stake rope. It seemed as though he might do nothing correctly. Yet, as he persisted in the arduous work, Joseph Rudelotto aided him, protected him from the headman's wrath, and in time began to regard him with affection. This the boy returned.

The fishing year had been an unusually prosperous one, and Little Love Lane came into unaccustomed luxuries. Chief among these was a vast quantity of fiery Bacardi rum—for the fisherman, when possible, is an exquisite in his vices—smuggled into the village from Jamaica returning vessels by old Rudelotto, in anticipation of the spring equinox, now nearly at hand.

The equinox marked an event of great importance to the village. The first run of shad usually occurs about the last of March, and this is a thrilling thing to watch. From a high point upon the shore, if the day be clear, one sees the gray water, furrowed with myriads of tiny indentations, as if small knives were cutting the smooth surface. The area, thus marked, is startlingly definite, and moves with invincible rapidity up the stream. If a steamer intercepts it, it parts, but joins again upon the further side. Steadily, irresistibly it moves on. Its speed is greater than a man can run. Behind this first area come others and still others, stretching farther back than the eye can reach. Each area comprises many thousands of shad bound for the up-stream spawning grounds.

Throughout the spring and early summer the runs continue. School upon school of shad pass up the river, and from these the fishermen reap harvest, but as the weather begins to grow hot the runs decrease in size and number. Whole days will pass without a school being sighted; the season is nearly done.

At about the time of the solstice, however, as if the invading legions which have already passed into shallow water were calling desperately for reinforcements, comes a final run, which surpasses in size any of the others. This run is often so large as to seem to draw every fish from the deep. The leaping stragglers press upon the backs of those which have gone

before. The water is close-packed with glimmering, white bodies.

By the invariable custom of Little Love Lane the night before the dawn upon which the men of the village depart to net their portion of this final school is given over to a great dance. Many days are spent in preparing for this event. It is the climactic point of the labors of Little Love Lane. For it mothers bedeck their daughters with great care, hoping that at this time they will get themselves husbands, and for this purpose many young girls come to visit relatives in the village.

Thus came Vachelo Campinini some days before the solstice to the shack of old Rudelotto, whose niece she was.

Vachelo was a tiny girl of infinite capabilities for trouble-making; nor could the ablest psychologist have told whether this was intentional or not. At times one thought her animated by a small demon of perversity and inconsistency. She was as light as thistledown, and as easily blown about by her own mental gusts. She seemed to dance before men's eyes, always intangible, always elusive, always delicately flirtatious.

In her treatment of Joseph Rudelotto, whom she ardently desired, she proved her consummate skill. At the very first, as was necessary, she delicately tempered her methods to his mood. Whereas Carmen had compelled, she led. She showed herself tender-hearted, confiding, subtly consoling. She made plain in some soft feminine manner, as intangible as air, and without a word that might have driven him to her rival's defense, that she considered Carmen because of her hard-heartedness and lack of discrimination, as something less than a woman. In this she touched his vanity, which sorely needed awakening, and brought it to her aid.

As a coy fish answers to the fly that is held just beyond the reach of his leap, so responded Rudelotto; at first, with a lazy, almost scornful indifference; at the last, with a whole-hearted, rushing voracity. Great was the honor of the little fisherman, for she took care to parade her catch before the entire village, and in particular before Mother d'Asisse.

The latter, when she spoke of this to

Carmen, lapsed into tearful and whining incoherency. The scene that followed drove the d'Asisse family into the street. So fearful was Carmen's rage that veritable madness seemed to have taken possession of her.

At dusk that evening, when at last she emerged from the shack, there was flung at her out of the darkness the barbed taunt: "Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe—Goodwin's Dotey says so!"

Carmen had sprung forward to tear her tormentor to pieces, but the woman had vanished, and from this time on the girl was never able to appear upon the Lane without a sibilant, half-concealed ripple of laughter at her heels.

The day of the solstice dawned with a faint, blue haze hanging low over the water of the Delaware, a certain presage of very hot weather. Gradually this fog was pulled against the shore by the outgoing tide, where it was dispersed by the morning sun in rolling billows like steam. One would have said that the river was on fire and was burning to its banks.

As the day advanced the earth seemed to be held in the mouth of a caldron. Radiations of heat danced over the crests of the fields. The dust lay very hot and still upon the roads. The sun, that evening, set in a copper sky, unstreaked by any cloud, and the river seemed molten gold beneath the slanting rays.

A little after dusk there arrived at the Lane a messenger with the news that the expected run of shad had been sighted within the Capes.

That which followed was inflexible procedure, hallowed by custom. Old Rudelotto, like a bronzed and bearded triton, appeared before his shack with a large horn. This he blew again and again. The bellowing notes echoed through the village. There followed the sound of running feet as the people gathered.

To them old Rudelotto made a speech which, without the change of a word, he had used for years.

"Th' shad, he come! We pray, amen! I bring da rum!"

As ants about a sugar lump, so swarmed the villagers about the casks. The first drink, as of right, went to the old headman.

"Uuumm!" shouted the old fisherman as the fiery liquid regurgitated down his bull-like throat. "Good drink! By damn!"

A great fire was lighted, which flamed straight up toward the torrid sky. The flickering light threw the shacks into high relief against the dark background of field, tinging them with red, seeming to glide and linger over the angles of roof and beam.

The drinking went forward swiftly. The first cask was finished, and another and still another was broached. The merriment of the crowd increased. Men and women jostled each other in the lines before the casks, and passed comment upon those who were so fortunate as to precede them.

"Oh, mother, an offer!" shouted a burly fisherman to an ancient beldame, who, lingering at the bung-hole, drank far more than her share. "An offer to thy marvellous mouth. Thou shalt drink the rising tide, and so keep the water level!"

"Shh, children," said the old woman, rolling her head upon her shoulders, as the last fiery drops bit upon her palate. "This is not drinking. Come to me at midnight, and you shall see me drain nine casks at a sip!"

It was very late when a cask was broached at the wharf's edge and the dancing began.

There was no breath of wind. So calm was the river that the tracery of piling beneath the wharf seemed embedded in some solid substance of dense opaques. Only the soft hiss of the outgoing tide, as it swept along the timbers, showed that the water was in motion. Upon the outer edge of the wharf pressed the bows of the fishing-boats, their slim masts jutting up like the spears of an invading army.

Against this background the villagers arranged themselves. A sort of chorus was formed, which stamped feet in time to the music, clapped hands, shouted, adjured the dancers to wilder exertions.

In the centre of the open space formed between these ranks were the musicians, three fiddlers. The leader performed his duties of direction by prodigious contortions of his face and body, since he could not lift his hands from his instrument.

About the musicians moved the danc-

ers. The music was slow at first, alluring, languorous, softly caressing; yet through it ran a note of fire, a scarlet skein, drawn by the wailing of the violins. To it the dancers turned, touched hands, and turned again. The steps were taken with a slow, poised grace, a ripple of movement that went forward and back, pausing for a balanced instant here and there, but ever gliding softly on. It was an ancient folk-dance, handed down through generations of fisher people.

The light of the distant fire shone upon the moving figures, making crimson the dresses of the women, changing silk of yellow, scarlet, green, or blue to the color of flame. The gleam of fire turned cheeks to the blush, caused the crude jewels of a hair ornament to glitter for an instant like a falling star, touched the delicate curves of breast and waist with transitory shadow.

In the centre of the dancers, upon the arm of Joseph Rudelotto, was Vachelo. Dressed in red silk, a tiny dress that stopped at her knees, she was like a puff of scarlet down. Slowly, tantalizingly, she danced before her partner, turning with small stampings of the crimson heels of her tiny slippers. Rudelotto, fascinated, was unable to lift his eyes from her face.

His apparent devotion did not pass unnoticed. Comments were freely made to the old headman.

"The little Vachelo holds him hand and heart!" cried one ancient crone, smirking at the headman. "'Twill be a handsome pair."

Old Rudelotto grunted drunkenly.

"And what of Carmen?" went on the woman sententiously. "Has the tide ebbed, and a new tide set in?"

The headman looked through the crowd, but was unable to find the girl.

"She hides da head," he said, glowering. "She is 'shamed an' hides."

As the hours passed, the fiery rum worked more and more upon the brains of the villagers. Men danced with men, jigging like bears. An old woman performed a whirling fandango, spinning like a top until she fell exhausted. The spectators, a tide which nothing might check or stay, careened through the figure of the dance, throwing all into a welter of con-

fusion. Faster and faster grew the movement, engulfing individuals in a dashing pool of bodies, throwing out a crest of whirling arms like spray, and through which the dresses of the women flashed in iridescent froth.

Very suddenly, at that end of the wharf nearest the shore, all movement ceased. Little by little this strange stillness passed throughout the crowd. The music ceased; silence ensued.

Then the crowd, eager to inspect this diversion, pressed toward the dock's end. There followed the pointing of fingers, the clucking of tongues, and a little laughter.

Down the wharf came old Rudelotto, and he dragged behind him, with her two wrists locked in the tight embrace of his great hands, Carmen d'Asisse.

The old headman's face was flushed. Across his cheek was a jagged scratch, which still dripped blood. He reeled as he dragged the struggling girl behind him.

Straight through the crowd he came, the onlookers giving way before him. In the centre of the wharf, before Joseph Rudelotto and Vachelo, he stopped and released the girl.

Carmen shivered slightly, as if from cold; but this passed, and thereafter she held herself erect, motionless, though even the men shrank from the blazing fury of her eyes. Only once during the ensuing scene did she speak, and then in a voice so low, so tense, as to seem the mere shadow of sound.

"A knife!" she begged. "Throw me a knife!"

Old Rudelotto made a gesture of drunken rage.

"Da music!" he shouted, and one of the fiddlers struck up a trembling tune. "Both arrre here. He shall make choice, *now!*" And he pushed Carmen forward, so that she stumbled, almost falling at his son's feet.

For an instant Joseph Rudelotto hesitated. Then, as if to bring the bitter scene to a close, he took the hand of Vachelo and led her through the first balanced measures of the dance.

Carmen turned and left the wharf. Her eyes were hidden by a scarf which she had drawn about her, and none could see her face. As she passed into darkness beyond the smoking fires a figure ran

after her, and this was thought by some to be young Andrew. It was observed, however, that him she stopped and bade go back.

This was an hour before the dawn, and at the first faint streakings of light in the east the fleet sailed. Those who reported upon the actions of Joseph Rudelotto say that throughout this hour he was like a man stupefied.

The day that followed has been long remembered in the annals of the Lane. After the falling of the dawn breeze, which carried the fleet far down the river, the stifling calm, which had been upon land and water throughout the night and previous day, returned with redoubled heat. The exhausted fisherwives dragged themselves past the blackened embers of last night's fires to their shacks upon the Lane, and thereafter slept as if they would never wake again. Throughout the morning Vinelopen lay as if dead.

With the afternoon came change. The sky, which during the morning had been a liquid blue, seemingly so hot that it must melt, gradually darkened. Little by little and over a period of hours, as if some strange ingredient were being stirred into heaven's crucible, it became an envenomed copper-color. As time passed this deepened, until at last the whole rim of the sky seemed enclosed in a heavy bowl of dull brass, which pressed ever tighter upon village and river.

Now came a slight wind, which seemed blown from the mouth of a heated pit. It came, and passed, and came again, sullen, fitful, of evil transiency.

Of that morning Carmen d'Asisse can tell little. She remembers, though dimly, the first rays of the rising sun, and that from the high bank above the river she watched the passing of the fishing fleet. Thereafter, crazed, she wandered through the fields above the Lane. She could not see, and the sounds that came to her ears seemed faint and far-away. It was as if she moved through a world so blind, so dumb, that nothing might penetrate it.

At times there returned to her a measure of consciousness. Intolerable pangs of rage and shame then tormented her, and from the dull pounding of blood in her ears words formed themselves which, though she attempted to thrust them out with her fingers, she needs must hear.

The first of these was old Rudelotto's call upon the dock, his deep, rolling shout for music. Immeasurable rage swept her at this memory. The second phrase, reiterated until it seemed that it must wear away her brain, was the village cry: "Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe. . . . Carmen's goin' t' marry Rudelotto's Joe!" and this she felt was written upon her in blazing letters, the epitome of her shamed love.

Yet, as her strained nerves refused to respond further to the stimulus of emotion, out of her pain emerged a fury so intense, so poignant, as to render her breathless and aching, the fury of revenge. And now a certain cold calmness came upon her, and, her thoughts at rest, she lay down and slept.

She awoke at dusk and found herself upon the river bank. Above her was a strange cuprous sky, through which the sinking sun shot like a jet of blood. Unnoting, straight up the beach she ran to where the river whimpered into a little cove. At her feet in soft, recurrent turmoil moved tidal débris as the water swept over it. Logs, there were, like bloated saurians, rotting driftwood; and here and there a spar beckoning gently with the current.

Beyond lay the tiny hut of Goodwin's Dotey, and from its small chimney went up a twisting spiral of smoke.

Carmen went swiftly to the door and knocked. For a time there was silence, then the soft rustle of garments upon the floor. The door slowly opened, and Goodwin's Dotey peered forth.

"Whatja want?" she asked.

"Mother," said the girl suddenly, "I want wind—awful wind!"

"Fer what?" inquired the old woman harshly, her bright eyes fastening upon the girl.

Carmen did not answer. The old woman laughed.

"I know!" she cried triumphantly. "I've heard. Yer lover's on th' fleet. . . . I know him. I know you! . . . Come in!"

The interior of the hut was like an oven, its air so fetid that scarcely could it be breathed. On the hearth slumbered a fire that cast a path of light across the earthen floor. Upon this fire driftwood was now thrown, causing it to blaze high.



"It's done!" cried the old woman. "It's done!"—Page 352.

Quickly the girl looked about her. She saw a wooden table in the room's centre and upon it an agate bowl, seeming to contain herbs, and a jar of water.

The old woman began to speak in a pleading whine.

"Now, deary, yer goin' t' pay me, ain't you? . . . I can't make yer a big

wind fer nothin'. 'Tain't right. . . . I never sold a love-philter or even a wart cure fer less than ten dollars. . . . A big wind's bound t' cost. . . . Look at th' work that goes in it. . . . Gimme twenty dollars an' I'll make y' a wind that'll pull th' water over on th' land! . . . Fer twenty dollars! . . ."

"Get on with yer spellin'!" cried the girl wildly. "Get on with it! I'll give yer everything I've got! . . . I ain't goin' t' wait. . . . Begin it, or——"

The old woman moved swiftly to the table, seized the bowl, and, throwing the herbs from it, filled it with water from the pitcher. Then from the drawer of the table she drew a knife.

With this she slowly scratched a crude circle upon the earthen floor, and into the centre of this she drove the knife. Beside it she placed the bowl of water. Taking the girl by the sleeve, she began to pull her gently forward.

"Get into the ring," she whispered. "Get into the ring."

Guided by the pressure, the girl obeyed.

"To your knees," whispered the old woman.

With a forefinger like a long gray bone she began to stir the water in the bowl. Gradually the liquid fell to motion, frothing and foaming against the agate sides, a wild, tumultuous little sea.

"Water to water," chanted the old woman. "River water to river water—as it is, so let it be!"

The fire was dying fast. Its tongues of flame had subsided to small flickerings.

"Now blood to blood, and blood to water!" chanted the old woman. Her voice had the timbre of a small cracked bell.

She seized the knife from the floor and grasped the girl's forefinger. Holding it tightly, with a movement of incredible swiftness, she slit the skin at its tip, and jerking down the knife, lay bare a portion of the flesh, as one might peel a fruit. The girl screamed in agony and fell forward, half fainting. The blood spurted in small, quick jets, forming light-colored bubbles in the dust.

The old woman drew the girl's arm, now limp, toward the bowl and permitted the blood to stream into the water. Thin scarlet lines, like the delicate tendrils of some strange vine, began to flower in the liquid. These thickened; then, like bursting veins, seemed to cast their contents throughout the water, turning it to pale crimson.

"It's done!" cried the old woman. "It's done!"

With both her hands she lifted the bowl high above her head, and, with a swift

movement, cast its contents upon the fire, which was instantly blotted out, leaving darkness, and as she did so a gust of wind, the forerunner of the breaking storm, lifted itself like a solid thing and swept hissing down the chimney, swirling the ashes out upon the floor. Through the outside darkness a blue spear of lightning shivered and passed. The ensuing clap of thunder seemed to engulf the hovel, hurling the old woman to the floor. Carmen, screaming, rushed from the hut.

Up the beach she ran, shrieking, sobbing, praying to heaven for the safety of Joseph Rudelotto, whom she had wished to destroy. The storm fought her like a maddened animal with talons of wind and rain. Upon the high bank, disclosed by the lightning, which pointed the blackness like a jabbing finger, she saw gathered the village women in small groups that milled about like cattle. Up the bank struggled the girl, clutching at bush or rock that might keep her from being swept from its face, and at the top looked out over the river.

Her vision was circumscribed by mist, gray in the darkness, dashed by the wind against the shore, but far out upon the stream, in a welter of foam and spume, she perceived the broken ranks of the fishing fleet. Rudelotto's sloop was at the head of the line, in a white aura of dashing spray, and far behind it lay the rest of the vessels. So dim was the spectacle, so washed by rain and mist, that it seemed to vanish before her eyes.

There followed a lull. It was as if the storm paused to take breath. The lightning for a time ceased; the rain died away. There was no sound except the beat of the surf upon the shore.

A column of flame towered into the sky, seeming to touch the very rim of heaven. It wriggled upon itself, mounting ever higher, so quickly as to surpass the imagination. It was stark, clear white, the white of leprous silver. It seemed a solid thing, hardened fire. For seconds it hung above the girl, stunning her with its lambent ferocity. It spread out into the open sky, a molten rose-color. Two fiery lips drooped down and sucked it up. It hissed with gigantic sibilancy and was gone. The ensuing thunder-clap shook the earth.

"Th' sloop's hit!" shrieked one of the fisherwomen. "Th' sloop's hit!"

Upon the middle of the river, smothered in the wrack of the storm, a red fire glowed and faded out. It reappeared larger, a blossom of destruction. Again it died down, this time to a pink smouldering.

Carmen flung out her arms to the women in a wild appeal for help.

"Come!" she cried. "To th' wharf. We go save them! Run! Run!"

The women's wailing rose above the noise of the storm, but none moved toward the river. Upon the nearest, a huge creature, the girl rushed and began to pull her toward the bank's edge. The woman whimpered and covered her face with her hands. Carmen struck her a stinging blow.

"Fool!" cried the girl. "Come! Come!"

The woman, cowed, permitted herself to be pulled down the bank to the shore below.

The red glow heightened, spreading outward and upward. The wind seemed not to touch it. It sat upon the water, a fiery growth, enhancing itself by drawing on its own inward vitals of flame.

Back upon the beach was a fisherman's dory. To it Carmen ran and endeavored to break it from the sands. The woman, now working as desperately as herself, aided her, and together they launched it. Grimly they fought their way to the burning sloop. The blaze, heightening, seemed to arch over them, making the sky run molten, hideously incarnadined.

Closer and closer they drew to the hulk, the rising tide pulling it swiftly up the river. The fire sprang from the timbers, caulked with hemp and pitch, long soaked in drip of fish-oil, and this tracery of flame was incredibly delicate. It was like some finely flowering plant that blossomed into dripping red fruit. The clusters joined one another, leaping to the fabric of rigging, gathering fire as they went, rushing back upon themselves, ever rushing up, piling at last into hot, bellowing flame that seemed to sear the clouds.

From the untouched lee side of the sloop was suddenly flung a large box, then nets, baled and hung with cork. None of

the crew were visible, but as the flame sucked down there appeared at the rail old Rudelotto, unmoved and untouched by the searing torrent behind him. He held toward Carmen a small, white kitten. She saw the tiny creature's legs move up and down, clutching at the rail. Its pink mouth was distended in a soundless mewling. Rudelotto seized it by the hind legs, and swinging it around his head like a strand of rope flung it at her. A tiny splash marked the spot where it had plunged into the water, and a second later it reappeared, swimming strongly, its tail erect like a small mast in the waves.

Old Rudelotto disappeared. A white tongue of flame shot out, hissing as it bit upon the water. A gradual settling movement took the sloop.

Upon the rail at the stern shot up a man, his arms waving wildly. For an instant he balanced and then flung himself into the river. Others of the crew followed him, springing out from the sloop like strange jumping-jacks. Swimming strongly, they clambered into the dory, which lurched and slewed under their sudden weight.

Seven men Carmen counted, but as yet there was no sign of young Andrew or the Rudelottos. Frenzy took possession of the girl.

"Joe!" she screamed. "I'm here. Jump. Jump! Quick!"

Again and again she called, but there was no answer.

Then from out of the torrential flame walked old Rudelotto as calmly as Abednego emerging from the blazing furnace. He was draped in oilskins and the great bulk of his body beneath these indicated that he had put on all available clothing, for the old headman had a horror of water ever touching his skin. Upon the palm of his right hand, as a waiter might hold a tray, he balanced a large cage containing a green parakeet, the sloop's mascot, which screeched and screamed in rage. As if he expected the water to uphold him, the old headman walked into the river and instantly sank from view, only the tip of the parakeet cage remaining above the surface. Thereafter he reappeared, moving toward the boat. His motion was not that of a swimmer, but rather of a man walking with great vehemence and rapid-

ity. His followers drew him into the dory, where he shook himself like a dog.

"She go-a bang in a jiff!" he bellowed genially. "Plum bang to-a hell. . . . Ballast take 'er down. . . . Good-a-bye! Goddamn!"

Carmen drew herself across the thwarts to him.

"Where's Joe?" she screamed. "Where's Joe!"

The old headman cast a quick glance over the men in the boat; then sprang to his feet, the parakeet cage clattering to the thwarts.

"Jo-e-e-ey!" he bellowed toward the blazing hulk. "Jo-e-e-ey!"

The pillar of flame mushroomed suddenly at its top. A streak of bright yellow appeared upon its wavering spine. The sloop fell to pieces before Carmen's eyes. Its deck swirled meltingly down, like lines erased from paper. A deep indentation, into which she looked down as into a pit, appeared on the face of the water. There was a great roar and two high white geysers as the bulkheads exploded far beneath the surface, and this noise seemed to precede the strange, deep, sucking sound of the river as it drew the sloop into its depths.

Carmen, moaning, clung to the side of the dory as it slewed over the crest of a giant wave.

There followed a great cupping sound, like the opening and closing of a huge mouth, seeming to come from the bed of the river.

"Lookit! Lookit! Lookit!" screamed the fisherwoman suddenly.

Following her pointing finger through the darkness, Carmen was able to make out the outlines of some object upon the water. A faint struggling seemed upon it.

"Joe! Joe!" she cried, and dived over the edge of the dory.

Débris was beginning to sweep up from the river bottom. In dark, broad bubbles, like bulky sea monsters, objects lifted themselves through the surface and fell back with strange sounds. A baled net, hung with cork, a keg, and finally a hatch, shot up, spinning.

Carmen swam swiftly. As she reached the thing she sought and clutched it, the watchers beheld her unencumbered right hand swing up in a gesture of surprise.

At that instant, gliding swiftly up through the water, arose the sloop's mainmast, like a great silver spear. Seemingly it impaled her, lifting her and the object of her search clear of the water, and the headman perceived that this was young Andrew, who clutched in his arms the unconscious body of Joseph Rudelotto. There was no sound other than the hiss of the spar as it cut the water.

The old headman, roaring like an angry sea-lion, flung the fishermen from the dory into the river.

"Quick-a they sink!" he bellowed, and, seizing an oar, began to drive the boat forward with great strokes.

Carmen, dazed by the blow of the spar, struggled wildly as the first of the rescuing fishermen attempted to relieve her of her burden. They were forced to break the grip of her hands so that they might lift Joe into the boat. Young Andrew was next removed from the water, and last of all the girl herself.

The journey to the shore was immeasurable in length, though old Rudelotto, his son clutched tightly in his arms, drove his men to their utmost. Young Andrew was silent, and Carmen seemed unaware of his very presence. The burly fisherwoman, now exhausted, lay upon the bottom of the boat and moaned faintly.

As they neared the shore, where the women of the village had gathered, Joseph Rudelotto, slowly reviving, called for Carmen.

"I want you now," he said. "An' I don' never want anybody else."

And old Rudelotto, hearing this, urged the boatmen to greater efforts.

Joseph Rudelotto and Carmen were married upon Sunday, for every good Sicilian girl desires this to be her wedding-day. The festivities were most unusual—so I am assured by the village crones—and lasted for over twelve hours. At six o'clock in the evening old Rudelotto, who had drunk beyond even his Gargantuan capacity, was carried in state to his dwelling. However, before this untoward accident occurred he had expressed himself as well pleased with the match.

Several years after the events above recorded I called upon Joseph Rudelotto and his wife and asked for the whereabouts of young Andrew.

Carmen had almost forgotten him.

The Problem of the Superfluous Woman

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL



THE problem of the superfluous woman is twofold; in a sense also it is two-edged. It must be solved for society, and it must be solved for the individual; if it is not solved for the individual it becomes dangerous for her and she becomes dangerous to society. The problem has a picturesque sound; it makes and has made good material for the lively journalist, for the glib writer upon any and all subjects. Like the popular music shows, the name rouses anticipations of something "snappy."

Yet statisticians tell us that it is as old as humanity. It is true that for every one hundred births of girl infants there are one hundred and five boys born, but of those belonging to both sexes remaining alive at the end of the first year, there are one hundred girls alive to ninety-five boys. Moreover, the ratio of survival increases slightly in favor of the girls throughout life. Therefore at all age-periods there is a more or less decided excess of females over males.

Primitive man found this out for himself, without the aid of mortality tables or adding-machines. He met the problem in his own naïve fashion, according to taste, by drowning the extra babies, selling them into slavery, or letting them grow and practising polygamy.

Adequately to discuss any problem, its terminology must be definitely established. What do "they" mean by the "superfluous woman"? From what point of view is she "superfluous"? It is in a sense odd that the word and the point of view which it represents should have persisted so far into the twentieth century. For it assumes that the only use upon this planet for the human female is the reproduction of her kind. There is

no such discussion of the male who for any of a hundred more or less private reasons remains unwed. He is not grieved over and worried about because he is a "superfluous man." Yet many of him are just as really a menace to the social order—and very many more of him just as really a benefit, even a necessity.

The war, and its resultant disturbance of the normal sex equilibrium, is arousing many in this country and abroad, perhaps especially in England, if one may judge by the papers, to much thought and pity over the condition of the woman who is racially superfluous; in other words, the woman whose destined husband lies "somewhere in France." Isaac Watts, were he still alive, would be tempted to remind them of his famous line about Satan and idle hands—or minds. Doubtless there is a problem of the superfluous woman, but it lies in the domain of social psychology, not in the world of things as they are.

The fact is that there are many more humans born into the world than ever can have the opportunity to perpetuate their kind, or who ought to. That is a general biological fact. It is not confined to mankind. It is true of practically every species. Many produce millions more than are needed every year. Such seems to be the way of nature, to produce lavishly, and to extinguish individuals with nearly equal rapidity.

If all men and women were able to reproduce themselves to the highest capacity, particularly to-day when the checks upon population are so weak, there would not long be standing-room only, even. It would seem therefore the merest commonplace to say that it is for the good of society that many—both men and women—will never mate. Here we come against several ancient opinions, set deep into the inherited stock of the race. One is that all men and all women

"ought" to marry. Probably this is derived from some paleologic period, for it goes counter to experience, and in many instances to all religious belief. The superexaltation of matrimony is Jewish, or Chinese, or Greek, or Mohammedan, but Christianity, nominally at least the religious basis of Europe and America, does not teach it. Both Gospels and Pauline epistles hold the unwedded estate in high honor. In the last four hundred years Western Christianity has adopted this *ought*, to a considerable extent, grafting it perhaps from the influence of Greek ideas during the Renaissance.

It is a large task to prove that many men and many women ought rather *not* to marry, either for their own good or that of the race. It can be but suggested. The commonest instances lie within the experience of all. There are countless men and women who should never have married, either for their own happiness, or for that of their partners, or that of their children, or of society. And, conversely, we waste a lot of unnecessary and unwanted pity upon many "lone" women or bachelors of our acquaintance, because they are unwed. Of course there may be many instances where a given man or woman would be in every way happier, but the chances are against it. This side of the problem, the emotional, seems to be particularly disturbing to sundry good people in England.

That consideration is peculiarly the product of our overdeveloped, psycho-analytical age. Previously men and women were taught to discipline their emotions, not display them. The heroine who pined away into an early grave because her lover was lost in the wars was confined to ballads and other fiction, or to a very small class in the community. The daughters of the people, in country or city, whose lovers happened to fall in battle either got themselves new ones with great placidity, or busied themselves in some useful occupation. They shut their emotional experiences—if they had any—decorously up within their own breasts. It is quite likely that they had just as many as the women of the present. Whether one tells the secrets of her heart depends mostly on the receptivity of the bystanders. When it is not good form

the percentage of those who do falls very low. Tattling, even upon oneself, may be eradicated from the loosest-hinged tongue by a sufficiently robust public opinion. Just at present public opinion is by no means robust, and the temptation to pose in the limelight proportionately increased. Probably, though I am not prepared to admit it as a matter of dogma, we all do have certain emotional needs. But that these needs can or must be expressed in only one way is a terrible slur upon the inventiveness of nature.

As a fact, very few outside the extreme Freudian school and their more devoted followers will either claim or admit any such thing. Again the common experience of mankind furnishes the best proof to the contrary. There are an almost infinite number of ways in which men and women may reach their highest capabilities, quite exclusive of any emotion relating to sex. Indeed, the highest reaches in any art or profession are generally completely exclusive of sex emotion. Formerly this was held by the commonalty to be true only of men, utterly ignoring a mass of evidence to the contrary. The derided "sexless women" of an earlier day are now seen merely to have been and to be women whose life-forces seek expression in other fields. In the past they have often been wives and mothers, however ill fitted for their jobs. But it was the only one honorably open to them, and we none of us like starvation. It will be a long day in advance, not only for the race but for society, when we recognize that "normalcy" is not confined to a single type of man or woman.

The non-reproducing man, the man for whom sex is by nature or choice a thing apart, has always been accepted as a necessary and desirable part of civilization. Yet every non-reproducing man increases by one the number of non-reproducing women! In primitive societies the warrior and priestly castes are likely to be largely non-reproducing, often wholly so. Undoubtedly the fundamental reason is social. The man upon whose survival a family depends cannot take the risks incident to professional duties. He is a poor warrior who must be always thinking of his own safety, even if there is abundant justification for his self-protec-

tion. And Saint Paul put the exclusive demands of religion succinctly in the first epistle to the Corinthians, when he said: "He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife." "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord."

In the days of its great missionary activity, the Christian church discovered the practical truth and wisdom of Paul's words. The unmarried man was greatly superior to the married man as a missionary, because of his freedom to go at once wherever he was needed. The risk of death was frequent, martyrs were many, and the church could not employ men whose deaths left helpless families to be supported. Hence, the incorporation of celibacy into her discipline. This limitation of the freedom of the individual made one of the great appeals of the Reformation, but, curiously enough, the very churches which then repudiated it are beginning to revive it owing to economic necessities.

By the close of the middle ages life in Europe had lost much of its missionary character, the stimulus and the likelihood of martyrdom were gone, and greater economic comfort made pioneer discipline irksome. But to-day, in those regions where conditions still partake of the frontier, whether economic or ecclesiastical, the demand is great for unmarried men. In our own West, church after church advertises for an unmarried pastor, frankly admitting that they cannot offer a support to a family man, and appealing to the primitive missionary spirit to put the needs of the Gospel above personal comfort and happiness. Missionary boards for foreign lands receive the same call. One denomination is seriously considering the matter of binding all men and women sent to foreign fields to give at least five years of service in the unwedded state, because it costs too much to pay the travelling expenses of a missionary, plus a year's training in the field, and then either lose the recruit by marriage, or have to provide him with additional salary for the care of a family.

In the scientific fields the larger part of the pioneer work can only be done by unmarried men. Often this is by choice

of the worker, perhaps yet more often because the opportunities are not offered to men handicapped with private ties. The outposts of science must be manned with soldiers able to give time and strength freely and continuously, with no danger of interruption, even if necessary, to the sacrifice of life itself.

The same thing is true of the industrial world. Some companies have gone so far as to compel young men entering their service to sign contracts to remain unmarried so long as they are on the company's pay-roll. In other concerns it is tacitly known that marriage means dismissal; in others that only unmarried men have a chance for any of the big things in the work. A man who refrains from marriage often knows that he will be pushed along over the heads of his fellows who have been so imprudent as to encumber themselves.

There are reasons for all these policies on the part of employers, however one may regard them from the social point of view. It is true that an unmarried man makes an infinitely better worker for a good many classes of work. He is willing to give more of his time to the company, in proportion to his wage. He is willing to move around more readily, and at shorter notice; he can be sent on a dangerous contract to South America or the Arctic Circle, with no chance of a tearful widow appearing later to harrow up the feelings of the president and the board of directors, or put in a more practical claim for a pension or other compensation. In other words, to paraphrase Saint Paul, the unmarried man thinks more of the affairs of the company, how he may please them. Yet each of these industrial celibates adds one more to the number of matrimonially superfluous women.

There has always been, and always will be, a place and a need for the extra-matrimonial man. Though there have always been yet more extra-matrimonial women, their need and place has not always been so clearly recognized and awarded. The Christian church, whose advent made such a fundamental change in the position of women, and gave to it a lustre and dignity scarcely possessed before even in the best days of the Roman woman of the patricians, gave to the ex-

tra-matrimonial woman a place of service, dignity, and power in the earliest days. For fifteen hundred years the "superfluous woman" found a place where she had at once a home and sphere in the numerous religious houses which existed for the women of all classes. Those who entered them were by no means the discarded, the lovelorn; in most cases they were the more independent, the women of keener brain, capable of intellectual and industrial achievement. The lady of high birth and station ruled convent or monastery, which often gave her as much power as her prince-brother. She had as much or more education than he; in fact, was often the peer of the greatest scholars of her time. Under her, in various industrial capacities, were hundreds of women of lesser social station, finding in the convent such freedom and congenial occupation for hand and mind as they never could have possessed in the world outside. To quote Mrs. Emily James Putnam's book "The Lady": "The decay of the aristocratic monastery was doubtless a step in advance in the history of men, but it was a calamity for the lady, who was reduced to the old dilemma of the home or outlawry. Luther had a thoroughly Mohammedan notion of a woman's status—only as a wife and mother had she a right to exist. Her education became a matter of no importance and virtually ceased."

Three hundred and fifty years of sacrifice are a long time. The right to an education, to the possession of a mind of her own, was won by women at first largely by the specious plea that it would not damage them as wives and mothers. It has been used ever since, to bulwark every diffident effort to obtain for the extra-matrimonial woman a place in the sun besides outlawry or domestic slavery.

Things have been slowly improving in the last fifty years. But as a matter of fact, the war has brought no new condition. It is largely the acute self-consciousness of our time that must mull over the extra-matrimonial woman as if she were a brand-new phenomenon. She isn't. Xenophon, when he came back with his Ten Thousand Greeks, found a large number of "superfluous women" in his household, who could neither be sold

nor left to starve. He was too poor to pay for their keep in elegant idleness, and besides realized that idle hands were neither happy nor good; so he solved his problem by setting up what was virtually the first textile factory.

What would happen to-day if the army of women in industry, business, social service, teaching, etc., etc., were suddenly removed? Their places could not be filled. It is no case of a competition between sex and sex, it is a common-sense condition which confronts us. Every Jack has not his Jill, any more than every Jill has her Jack. Very many neither want nor need marriage. Nor does society need that every human being should marry and reproduce. The earth could not sustain the offspring. Moreover, the business of the world, in every department, certainly does need the mobile labor of the unmarried. The difficult, the pioneer, the highly specialized, intensive work of the world, that which requires unremitting attention, strain, freedom of mind and body, must ever be done by them. To inject into the situation a fear for the effect upon sex morality due to the presence of a large body of unmarried women is, first, to be ignorant of the fact that there has ever been such a body, of spotless reputation, and is, second, unsound psychologically, because ignorant of the fact that sex emotion is not always present in high degree nor by any means impossible to control.

It is a curious fact, which many women know but seldom express, because of public sentimentality to the contrary, that neither sex emotion nor desire for motherhood inspires sundry of their sisters' marital willingness. It is merely the unfortunate development of what Mrs. Putnam calls the Mohammedan ideal of womanhood, so that they do not dare confess that they neither want marriage nor offspring, lest the world ostracize them. As a consequence, inevitable in the case, there are hundreds of unhappy husbands, saddled with wives who did not really want them at all, and thousands of children borne by women fitted neither by nature nor grace to rear them. And in both cases women dwarfed, twisted, rebellious, and thoroughly disgusted with life, because they have put themselves,

not, indeed, of their own free will, into a false position. That is one good that may be done by the Freudians. They have been showing up the fact that countless cases of wifely invalidism are merely the result of marriage for which the woman was temperamentally unfit. Invalidism was but the effort of the subconscious to evade the disagreeable facts of existence. Or perhaps the man was the temperamentally unfit. It makes no special difference. The results are the same—disaster, good human material spoiled by bad usage.

What is the answer, then, to the questions gravely and seriously propounded by the thoughtful if rather overanxious folk, here and abroad, who fear the increasing excess of unmarried women is a menace to the social order? Merely a few incontrovertible facts. There always has been such an excess. It has not worked to the harm of society in the past. It is much less likely to work harm to society in the future, because, first, women have now large and greatly increasing opportunity to fulfil their best possibilities outside of marriage, and, second, the world needs their labor, and will more and

more as civilization develops. It surely cannot be counted a harm to marriage if the number of unhappy marriages is decreased. The greatest number of marital shipwrecks which land in the divorce courts show that the cause is lack of mentality and reasonableness, not a surplus.

Surely any one has a right to refuse marriage and parenthood if he does not want them. And equally surely there are many cases where the greatest good to society demands such refusal. Special talent, special service, the highest of benefits to mankind, often make social welfare the debtor of individual continence. The truth is confined to neither sex. As in countless other affairs, the more securely and openly we recognize the fact, and the less we seek any abnormality in it, the more surely we shall find that whatever adjustments are needed will come. There seems to be a certain health in human relations that flourishes best, like growing children, under a wholesome neglect. Too scrupulous care and restraint introduce a hothouse element of self-consciousness, fatal to that hardihood and self-discipline which make for personal and civic righteousness.

Why Do We Laugh?

BY WILLIAM McDOUGALL

Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"



LAUGHTER of man presents a problem with which philosophers have wrestled in all ages with little success. Man is the only animal that laughs.

And, if laughter may properly be called an instinctive reaction, the instinct of laughter is the only one peculiar to the human species.*

* Mr. Max Eastman, in his recently published "Sense of Humor" (Scribners), states a theory of laughter which comes near to agreement with the view presented in this article. I venture to think that, though Mr. Eastman's book is an important contribution and makes a distinct advance on previous theories, the present article carries the biological explanation to a deeper plane.

Almost all of the many writers who have discussed laughter have regarded it as an expression of pleasure; and most of the so-called theories of laughter have been endeavors to explain the source of the pleasure which is supposed to be the cause of the laughter. Thomas Hobbes, for example, saw this source in the feeling of "sudden glory," which he supposed all men to experience on seeing another man cast down. Many others have vainly pursued this false scent in other directions. That it is false becomes clear at once, if we ask ourselves the simple question—Are we pleased by the things we laugh at? Is the ridiculous, the ludi-

crous, the absurd essentially pleasing? Obviously not—the things and situations that provoke our laughter are not pleasing in themselves, but rather the contrary; they are things that would annoy us, if we did not laugh.

Herbert Spencer's theory was that laughter is merely an overflow of surplus nervous energy. There is an element of truth in this view, which I shall indicate presently. But it is not an adequate theory. Laughter involves a very complex and nicely co-ordinated system of movements, which complex co-ordination is provided for in the innate organization of the nervous system. We all laugh in much the same way, without instruction. Such a complex organization can have been evolved in the species only if it performs some service, secures some biological advantage. A mere overflow of nervous energy can be, and is, effected through any of the other motor mechanisms; as we see in the restless fidgeting of the child under restraint. Nature therefore had no need to devise and construct a highly complex nervous mechanism especially for this service.

The celebrated theory of Professor Bergson merely tells us that laughter serves the ends of social discipline, because we naturally laugh at whatever in behavior is stiff, clumsy, or machine-like. This no doubt is true and involves an advance on the "pleasure theory" of laughter. But it also is very partial and inadequate as a theory of laughter. We can hardly believe that this complex co-ordinated reaction was evolved by Nature to perform primarily this social service. And that is the first and fundamental question to be answered by the true theory—namely, What biological service does laughter perform? What advantage does it bring? What is its survival value?

We find the key to the true theory, if we ask—What does laughter do for us? What are its effects or consequences? Well, obviously we enjoy laughter; it does us good to have a good laugh. The fact is notorious. And when we feel depressed and moody, we welcome and seek the situations, objects, or persons that will make us laugh. Laughter prevents (for the moment at least) gloomy think-

ing and melancholy brooding, no matter how it is induced. How does it achieve this beneficial effect? In two ways—one purely physiological, the other more psychological. Physiologically its immediate effect is to stimulate the respiration and the circulation, to raise the blood-pressure, and to send a fuller stream of blood to the head and brain; as we see in the ruddy face of the hearty laugher. Psychologically it works by breaking up every train of thinking and every sustained activity, bodily or mental. Here presumably Spencer's theory finds a partial and inverted application. The nervous channels of laughter drain off energy from all others; but they do not serve merely as channels through which surplus energy may be got rid of as a waste product; rather, they were created or evolved in order that, by draining off energy, they might prevent its application in other directions. Laughter is essentially relaxation from all effort, a relaxation whose mechanical effects bring speedy recuperation of energy, and which enables us to start afresh on life's tasks briskly and undismayed, unharassed by the past. This being so, it is obvious why we seek the objects and situations that make us laugh; we seek the ludicrous, the grotesque, the absurd, the ridiculous, not because they are in themselves pleasing, but because they make us laugh; and laughter does us good, makes us feel better and brighter, frees us from depression, prevents our thinking of depressing things.

The perfectly happy man in a perfect world does not laugh; for he has no need of laughter. But he may smile. One of the errors of nearly all writers on laughter has been to identify the smile with the laugh, or to regard it as a partial and incipient laughter. The smile is the natural expression of the satisfaction that attends the success of any striving. The victor smiles the smile of triumph; but he does not laugh. The mother smiles as she soothes and cherishes her healthy infant. We smile as we discover a long-sought secret or the solution of a problem with which we have wrestled. We smile as we contemplate any well-completed task in which we have been absorbed; the mere anticipation of success makes us smile.

Note one extreme and significant contrast between the smile and the laugh—the smile is beautiful, the laugh is ugly. Why then does laughter so often die away in smiles? A fact which is no doubt at the root of their false identification. The answer is that laughter, freely indulged, gives rise, like all other successful activities, to satisfaction, which expresses itself in a smile. The smile into which laughter so often subsides is the smile of the satisfaction brought by laughter; and it is only when the smile is blended with the subdued laugh that laughter is redeemed from ugliness and may even be beautiful.

If, then, laughter produces these beneficial effects, how shall we define the ludicrous? What is it that is common to all ludicrous objects and situations, beyond the fact that the contemplation of them makes us laugh? Certainly it is not that they are in themselves pleasing. Consider the types of the ludicrous. The man sitting down on his own hat, or pursuing it down the street before the breeze; the clown who falls with a resounding thud, lets fall a pile of crockery, or whacks another with loud blows and slaps,—these are basic examples of the ludicrous. Rather less crude are all the instances in which men fail in some stroke of skill; as the golfer who cuts up the turf and drives his ball but a yard or two; or the man who lands in the ditch, instead of clearing it. More refined are the instances of the ludicrous provided by those who “make fools of themselves” through lack of tact or social adroitness, by the man who “can’t open his mouth without putting his foot in it,” by the man who boasts or lies, without seeing that his hearers understand him. Another great class of things ludicrous are awkward, defective, or bizarre modes of attire, of address, of speech, of gait, of eating. We laugh at all these things; and our laughter serves, as M. Bergson says, the ends of social discipline; but do we always or usually laugh in order to discipline the fool? How about the clown on the stage? Do we desire to discipline him? Can we suppose that Nature has given us this strange ugly reaction for this purpose? And are these ludicrous objects pleasing to us? Are stupidity, clumsiness, tactlessness pleasing? Surely not. Hobbes would have it

that they are secondarily pleasing to us, when displayed by others, because they make us feel our own superiority. A far-fetched explanation, indeed! Are we not sometimes filled with admiration for the clever clown, even while he provokes us to roar after roar of laughter by his grotesque antics and mishaps? If we look at the ludicrous situation or action more directly and simply, we see that the ludicrous is essentially personal, human or quasi-human. An arrangement of inert objects may be ludicrous, but only in so far as it suggests some human relation or the human action which produced or might have produced it. The behavior of animals is sometimes ludicrous; as when a dog plays wildly with children, or with other dogs; but then it is only in so far as we sympathize with the dogs, and appreciate their sudden evasions, their feints, their failures, their tumbles, their surprises and disappointments, as we should those of romping children.

There are, then, two features essential to the ludicrous. First, it always involves some maladjustment, something inappropriate, which, if we contemplated it without laughter (as do some persons who seem incapable of laughter), would displease us, as every lack of harmony and order in nature displeases us. Secondly, in every case, the ludicrous situation or action is one which, if we ourselves suffered it or performed it, would be mildly distressing to us; and it is one which as a matter of fact is mildly distressing to the person who suffers or performs it, except in the case of the clown who acts the part and finds satisfaction in the success of his efforts to provoke laughter. Now, if we had no capacity for laughter, in virtue of the primitive sympathetic tendency we should, on contemplating these disharmonies of action, share in some degree the distress, the embarrassment, the disappointment or the humiliation, in short the pain and depression, which accompany all failure of action. That is to say, a human being, deprived of the capacity for laughter, but otherwise normally constituted and leading a normally social life, would suffer very frequently from sympathetic pain and depression. For the pain of every little embarrassment, disappointment, failure, and mishap of all those

about him would be sympathetically shared by him. We are saved from this multitude of small sympathetic pains and depressions by laughter, which, as we have seen, breaks up our train of mental activity and prevents our dwelling upon the distressing situation, and which also provides an antidote to the depressing influence in the form of physiological stimulation that raises the blood-pressure and promotes the circulation of the blood. This, then, is the biological function of laughter, one of the most delicate and beautiful of all Nature's adjustments. In order that Man should reap the full benefits of life in the social group, it was necessary that his primitive sympathetic tendencies should be strong and delicately adjusted. For without this, there could be little mutual understanding, and only imperfect co-operation and mutual aid in the more serious difficulties and embarrassments of life. But, in endowing Man with delicately responsive sympathetic tendencies, Nature rendered him liable to suffer a thousand pains and depressions upon a thousand occasions of mishap to his fellows, occasions so trivial as to call for no effort of support or assistance. Here was a dilemma—whether to leave Man so little sympathetic that he would be incapable of effective social life; or to render him effectively sympathetic and leave him subject to the perpetually renewed pains of sympathy, which, if not counteracted, would seriously depress his vitality and perhaps destroy the species. Nature, confronted with this problem, solved it by the invention of laughter. She endowed Man with the instinct to laugh on contemplation of these minor mishaps of his fellow men; and so made them occasions of actual benefit to the beholder; all those things which, apart from laughter, would have been mildly displeasing and depressing, became objects and occasions of stimulating beneficial laughter.

This I suggest is the true theory of laughter;* it assigns its biological function, its *raison d'être*, and explains why we laugh and are pleased at that which is essentially displeasing; and it is capable of taking account of all the many varieties

and occasions of laughter. Let us look at some of the more special forms of laughter and some facts which at first sight may seem difficult to reconcile with the theory.

There is a form of laughter which conforms to Herbert Spencer's theory; that is to say, it is a mere overflow of surplus nervous energy; for the motor mechanism of laughter, having been created, serves on occasions, as any motor mechanism may, as a mere channel of overflow. Such is the nervous laugh which is merely a form of fidgeting. Closely allied to this is the laughter of "high spirits," when our nervous energy is so abundant that it seems to spill over in a variety of movements, and laughter occurs without assignable cause or occasion, just as we may shout or leap or run. This is the most elementary form of play.

There is laughter at our own mishaps. This is the essential basis of all humor. It presupposes the development of the capacity to stand aside and contemplate oneself and one's minor mishaps in the same way that we contemplate those of our fellows. Humor is essentially laughter at ourselves, one's own individual self, or oneself as included in humanity at large or some group or class; it is laughter "at our own expense," as we say; we turn our own minor misfortunes into benefits by laughing at them. Not every laugher achieves this level of detachment; and, by a subtle complication, lack of this power becomes itself ludicrous to the onlooker.

There is a strange type of laughter which has puzzled and shocked many who have experienced or witnessed it; namely, the laughter sometimes provoked by the recital of a catalogue of human disasters. This occurs when disasters are recited which are great and horrible, but which affect persons so remote from us in time and place, so unfamiliar, that their great mishaps affect us only in the same mild degree as the minor mishaps of those nearer to us.

Why do we laugh when we are tickled? This is a crucial question for any theory of laughter. Note first that, though we can tickle ourselves, or can be tickled by a stray hair, or by a fly, such tickling is merely disagreeable and does not provoke

* I first proposed this new theory of laughter in a letter to "Nature," vol. 67, 1903.

laughter. The tickling that provokes laughter is the playful tickling by another person. This shows the essentially psychological, rather than merely physiological, nature of the process. I suggest that laughter on being tickled is the crudest and earliest form of humor; it is laughter at oneself; oneself appears ludicrous, because the trivial attack of the other person produces so much discomfort and disorder of movement. Normally both the tickler and the tickled laugh; and the occasion is the same for both; both laugh at the discomposure of the tickled one; and in so doing they intensify and prolong their laughter. For laughter is no exception to the law of primitive sympathy; but rather illustrates it most clearly and familiarly; the infectiousness of laughter is notorious and as irresistible as the infection of fear itself. That is to say, the expressions of laughter are themselves keys which unlock laughter. This fact, perhaps, justifies the ranking of laughter with the instinctive reactions,

and the classing of the disposition to laughter as an instinct. If we class it with the instincts, we must recognize that it differs from all other instincts in that its impulse seeks no end beyond itself, but secures its satisfaction by means of bodily processes which effect nothing in the outer world.

What kind of persons are the great and ready laughers? If Hobbes's theory of "sudden glory" were true, they should be the proud and disdainful, the scornful and the envious. But, fortunately, the harsh and hideous laughter of such persons is comparatively rare; and we hate to be laughed at by them. The great laugher is the person of delicately responsive sympathetic reactions; and his laughter quickly gives place to pity and comforting support, if our misfortune waxes more severe. Such persons are in little danger of giving offense by their laughter; for we detect their ready sympathy and easily laugh with them; they teach us to be humorous.

The Ship o' Dreams

BY ISABEL J. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN



HE was very young, hardly more than a child, when she first became acquainted with the world. It was the fashionable world from Annette's workrooms. She ran errands and matched samples. And she was very proud when Annette told her she was old enough to feed the bird. That was always a promotion. Anybody that fed the bird could run in and out of the fitting-rooms and see the young debs and the sub-debs (otherwise the "flappers") with their mothers or their maids—and sometimes both—select their hats and gowns. They were wonderful—these young women of high society. She tried

to imitate their ways and when she was alone would say, "Thank you very much," with that cool lift in the voice; and "I'm sorry," that was like a slap in the face. And she picked up "I'm crazy about it" and "wonderful" and "adorable" and "My Gawd!" And she practised walking across the floor just the way they did, one foot over the other—their skirts were so narrow they couldn't walk any other way. At first she'd get all mixed up with her feet; but after a bit she learned how to walk like a lady with careful pointed steps just as if she were going to start off dancing.

She watched everything they did—how they got up and sat down—how they ate and drank; for if the fitting was long they would have a cup of tea or an ice

while they stood on the fitting platform with one arm resting in the swinging cushioned ring and a silk kimono madame always had on hand over their smooth white shoulders. Julie, that was the name of the girl who fed the bird, couldn't get over the beauty and grace of these wonderful creatures. And one day Annette had her to put on a model gown for a sub-deb and walk up and down before everybody. And after that they always let her act as manikin for the "flappers," as these beautiful young things liked to call themselves. When another year went by they let her take her place in the regular fashion parade. She liked the display and the excitement of it. She liked walking with mincing steps to heavenly music along the "runner" of green velvet carpet hemmed in on both sides from the crowd with plants and flowers; and soon learned to be as calm and self-unconscious as if she were a wax figure in a show-window. Once when she was showing a fluffy little garden-party frock and hat she forgot the eager eyes looking on and stooped to pluck a rose, glancing shyly up when a sudden burst of applause broke forth on all sides. After that Annette always made a feature of a girl in garden-party costume plucking a rose.

It was an understood thing that the manikin should have the gowns she wore on parade, and often had made to her measure, for a mere nominal sum; moreover, she was given outright her shoes and gloves. So when Julie came in for her garden-party dress she remarked that she had all but the garden-party; and it was the same with her riding-coat and breeches—she had all but the horse. She might as well have been a lay figure for all there was to it. When she took off her costume she was like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

But it was while she was showing her riding-habit, and lightly flicking her polished top-boot with her crop, that she caught Mrs. Paget's eye.

"That girl has personality," said the lady. "I'll bet she could play with the children."

Now it was Mrs. Paget's opinion that anybody could teach children, but not everybody could play with them. She had taken "blind man's buff" and "puss-

in-the-corner" and "ring-around-a-rosey" as liabilities incurred by motherhood and had not shirked her duty; but when they put her on roller-skates and she had fallen and sprained her ankle she said she was "through"—she must find another playmate for the children. She made it plain to Julie that she didn't have to know a thing but how to play, for although the girl was undoubtedly clever she would probably balk at anything that smacked of books.

It was shortly after this that Julie and her four small charges, with Mrs. Paget bringing up the rear, looking as if the party ahead was no affair of hers, boarded the Santa Fé train from New York. Their ultimate destination was somewhere along the northern Pacific coast, but for sentimental reasons Mrs. Paget was making a wide detour to take in San Pedro. It was May and the little semi-tropical seaport would probably have already taken torrid weather in its stride; but she had a vague dream of a happy childhood on the wild coast and wanted her little brood to see the rocky heights from which their grandfather, of revered memory, had painted his pictures. And Julie always laughed off everything! That girl! And so well able to take care of herself! She recalled with a grin the discomfiture of the young man who had tried to scrape acquaintanceship with Julie at the station by asking if he might not carry her bag; and her cool reply: "I suppose you are all right—but where's your red cap?" The instinct of self-preservation was probably more highly developed in girls of her class—pretty, smartly attired, and earning thereby a clean honest living—than those dependent on less brilliant and ephemeral characteristics. She was like some rare gayly plumaged bird which, conscious that its color betrays it, keeps itself screened from view, Julie's screen being an impenetrably cool aloof and sophisticated manner that could hardly be taken unawares. Yes, Julie could be trusted to take care of herself.

It so happened that they found San Pedro a good deal cooler than New York—so drenched with fog, in fact, that wood-fires were lighted in open fireplaces. Julie must be bored to death. She had



kept the children amused and interested from coast to coast; and even at night there had been no let-up, for the youngsters had insisted upon taking turns in sharing her berth. So Mrs. Paget told her to go 'long; she didn't want to see her face again till dinner-time. It was cool enough for Julie to put on her spats and she looked up from her buttoning to say:

"Whenever I put on my spats something is sure to happen. They'll take me anywhere."

"I guess it isn't only the spats, my dear," and then not to be too obvious she asked what was madame's price to her customers for Julie's costume.

"Two hundred and fifty for the suit, Mrs. Paget, and twenty-five for the hat—it's very simple, you see."

"Well, go 'long, child. Don't let the spats run away with you."

Julie was turned loose on what seemed to her a very far-away portion of the globe. And she liked it all—the funny little brown town with its narrow streets; the fruit-stalls crowding one off the sidewalk; and its chollas and its Japanese fishermen. And when she looked out to sea she wondered what was behind that curtain of mist. She stopped at the little old Italian church of St. Anthony of Padua as she went by to claim the three wishes to which one is entitled on a first visit. But as she knelt in her smart tailored suit and cloth spats in the cool nave heavy with the scent of flowers and freshly extinguished beeswax candles she couldn't think of another thing she wanted. She was just about to give over in a spirit of largess her three wishes to a kneeling figure in a shabby mantilla when the curtain of mist lifted and she saw through an open door a strip of gray sea and a battleship on parade lying at anchor offshore. To go aboard that ship with its ring of smoke as big as a motor-truck tire hanging over it like a halo—who wouldn't wish it! And she wished her wish three times, and if she had had as many more she would have hazarded them all in a breath on the one chance. She went down the steep street to the waterfront. They were emptying a boat-load of tuna and yellow-tails at the wharf. A cargo of soy-beans was being unloaded from four holds at once, the small yellow

beans scattering about as some bag burst as it was swung on shore. On a spit of land were the huddled huts of a Japanese fishing village. And outside, sitting as firmly as a house-and-lot, was her dream-ship, a Japanese cruiser with all its Oriental flags flying. A host of craft, from trim power-launches to fishing-smacks and row-boats, were careening about in true holiday spirit. On the small dock was a crowd of Japanese—men, women, and children. They were carrying flowers and little gifts done up neatly in white paper and marked with the black characters you associate with your laundry. Ferry-boats and launches were running between shore and ship; and the visitors on dock were patiently waiting their turn. The ship's tender sped across the water and a Japanese officer stepped snappily on shore. He looked around inquiringly and spying Julie, trim and trig, standing a bit above the throng, he made straight for the cloth spats. He bowed and said something in what he evidently mistook for very plain English. But as Julie only smiled and made no move he said more briefly: "You come, pliz."

The crowd parted and Julie found herself being ceremoniously helped into the power-boat flying the ship's colors. Young Dinwiddie was on the deck of the cruiser pointing his camera toward shore. The last time he had climbed aboard a battleship it was with hammock bag and baggage swung over his back. He was a "gob" then; now he was a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, and his pack a good-sized camera. The tender drew alongside; four bluejackets stood at rigid attention and Julie, sandwiched between two midshipmen, came up the ship's ladder. Dinwiddie snapped her just as she stepped aboard in her distinctive costume (spats hadn't got to the coast yet). He had been sent down to write up the visiting battleship. He began to whistle softly. Unless he was greatly mistaken he could get a first-page masterpiece out of the lady with the spats. He saw her conducted to the admiral—brown-skinned and wonderfully effective in his gold braid and impressive insignia. He saw him bowing low before his guest and waving an apologetic hand toward the quarter-deck where the loose



"We are the only white persons on board. Please don't leave the ship without me."—Page 368.

end of a flapping canvas showed a flower-bedecked table and the remains of a banquet. It was easy to understand—she was some person of importance who had evidently come on board too late for the feast, and the tawny little man was a thousand times sorry. Dinwiddie snapped Julie just as the admiral was kowtowing before her for the third time. She was put in charge of a young midshipman—one of the graduating class of the Imperial Naval School, a fine upstanding lad of about twenty. The admiral was justly proud of his ship—the distinguished visitor must be shown all over the *Tokiwa*. The young midshipman's English was not all that it should be, but from the antiaircraft guns mounted on the turrets to the smooth bores of the twelve and fourteen inch guns most things explained themselves. Julie frowned at the fourteen and eighteen inch torpedoes lying below like sinister beasts of prey. How beautiful she looked in that dark frame of war! That is the way Dinwiddie had it down, for he had abandoned his camera for his note-book. He was seeing a war-ship from the angle of a young society woman—not a bad caption for his "story."

There was a crowd six deep amidships—officers, midshipmen, and bluejackets—all so intent upon what was going on within the cleared space that they did not see Julie approach with her guide. He wished to make room for her but she drew back. He was persistent and she allowed him to help her up on an empty box where by craning her neck she could see over the heads of the spectators. With an exclamation of dismay she stepped down much more briskly than she had climbed up, and with a restrained air went on. Dinwiddie almost fought his way through the ring of men to see what had sent the blood to the girl's face. They were wrestling. A muscular half-naked Jap was giving lessons in jiu-jitsu to a group of young marines who with bronze arms and hairy chests sat cross-legged in a smiling circle awaiting each his turn to be landed on the padded mat. Dinwiddie shouldered his way out a little more roughly than was necessary. He had seen the red in his fair countrywoman's face, and it made his own burn. He was almost touching elbows with Julie when she and her guide went below decks. Under grimy rafters in a dimly lighted space

surrounded by a clutter of boxes and bales the common sailors were drinking tea with their friends and eating rice out of little bowls with chop-sticks. They were very quiet, very grave. It was a last good-by for many of them—they would not be coming that way again. Julie shivered although it was warm enough below. She had been told that the ship was sailing to-morrow. She looked up and met the high determined look of her self-appointed champion. Looking away again she said in a low controlled voice: "We are the only white persons on board. Please don't leave the ship without me."

He shook his head emphatically and graphically signalled that that was the last thing she need fear. He looked all the more serious because he knew they were as safe as if the ship flew twenty American flags. But it gave him an honest-to-goodness excuse for hanging round, and whenever their eyes met he allowed her to see that he did not under-rate the gravity of the situation, and that she could depend upon him to the last ditch. But all the while he was working on his story. He felt he was getting something—just what, he was not sure. It had the charm of fresh creative work. The field offered him everything and nothing. But whatever the result, story or no story, he would have had at least this moment of intense preoccupation and the joy of possible achievement.

There was another party in the midshipmen's mess—a cleaner and more prosperous crowd and a gayer. They were exchanging gifts in which neat little packages done up in white paper, like those Julie had seen on shore, figured prominently. And the seamen were giving bunches of artificial flowers for the fresh bouquets the women and children had brought on board. Some of the younger women were Americanized to the extent of chiffon waists and white kid gloves and shoes. But you liked those in native costume better and they seemed to smile more ingenuously. Foreign nuts and sweetmeats were heaped up on dishes on long narrow tables covered with red cloth, and tea was being poured from a large shining brass teakettle also very foreign and fetching.

Up to now the communication between Julie and her guide had been, on his part,

mostly "Yis," and "You come," and on her part, "I understand," and "all right." But now he said, "You wait, pliz," and placed a chair for her at an empty table. Was she to have tea? Dinwiddie could have told her that a guest of the admiral didn't have tea in the midshipmen's mess. The young Jap seated himself at the other end of the table and began to write laboriously. At last he was done and with a look of satisfaction placed his neatly written sheet before Julie. Dinwiddie was apparently studying a chart against the wall, but he was more interested in watching the young midshipman. While Julie was looking at her letter, or whatever it was, with a puzzled air the Jap stood behind her chair. Suddenly he opened his arms wide, his face suffused with tenderness, and then turned away with a gesture of despair. Dinwiddie didn't blame him—same old story—the desire of the moth for the star. He himself was humbly aware that hardly less a gulf divided him from the girl, this finished product of race and rank, than that which yawned between her and the sailor lad. To have considered himself on the same footing with her would be about as presumptuous as to think himself on a level with a royal princess. But what was the nature of the Jap's communication? Julie was asking herself the same question. It all seemed plain enough—apparently good English in a careful, unaccustomed hand. She made out certain strange words such as "tonnage," "length over-ail," "draft," and phrases equally obscure. Was it a warning of danger couched in some code of which she was supposed to have the key?

She folded up the paper as if to put it into her little dangling silver-meshed purse, and dropped the purse as she brushed past Dinwiddie. He hastened to return the trinket and found in his hand a crumpled bit of writing. He chuckled as he read. It was merely a description of the cruiser. And then he stuffed the paper into his pocket with another chuckle. His first-page masterpiece was an assured thing! Here were details he had been seeking ever since he had come on board—details which, although no secret, he had had no means of verifying; all set down as plain as print—tonnage, length over-all, breadth, draft,

arms (of such and such a caliber), searchlights, torpedoes, crew (bluejackets, warrant officers, officers, midshipmen) all enumerated and vouched for and signed "Midshipman, Y. Arita."

And Dinwiddie understood. Julie's midshipman had probably written his heart out in the only English he knew as something for her to take away as a souvenir of her visit. The lad might have thought that possibly the fair visitor would send him a card, a letter, a little token of remembrance that would follow his ship. It was a little voyage on the boundless sea of romance. Julie stole another look. And Dinwiddie couldn't have looked worse if a bomb-plot had been uncovered.

They were on the main deck again. Dinwiddie hunted up his camera and shouldered his pack to be ready at a moment's notice to leave the ship. But in the interval the girl had disappeared. Arita was standing outside the admiral's ward, a martial figure ready to fight at the drop of the hat. "Honorable lady drink tea with Admiral Toshitaki Iwamura," he vouchsafed to inform the newspaper man in his clipped English. She came out presently and the admiral himself conducted her to the ship's ladder. Dinwiddie was leaning on the rail. Every thing was ended for him! If the tender had been the last life-boat leaving a sinking ship and he was left behind he could hardly have felt more a lost man. He hadn't even a life-line. In a certain latitude and longitude, on such and such a day, he had irretrievably lost his heart and a good story—for what was a story without an ending? He hadn't thought of the possibility of her leaving before him. Her henchmen would be waiting for her on shore. By the time he could hail one of the careening motor-boats she would have landed and be lost to him forever. Julie looked up and saw the grim tanned face gazing down upon her.

"Aren't you coming, too?" she called out cheerfully. Was he coming! Climbing down the ladder he dropped with his heavy pack in the stern of the narrow craft, and as the girl shook off the spray of a sudden wave that came aboard with him she admonished him with a little laugh not to rock the boat! But her af-

fability was one of the privileges of rank, and he did not presume upon her graciousness. She dropped behind her protective screen again and was once more cool, aloof, sophisticated. There was no sound but the pulsing motor and the rush of the sea turning red under a slow, deliberate sunset. They found the dock deserted when they came on shore. All the little brown people had disappeared. Not only were there no henchmen—there were no hackmen. The only vehicle at the quiet landing was Dinwiddie's car in which he had run down from Los Angeles that morning.

"You are very kind," said Julie in a sort of perfunctory way. "I must confess I was a bit nervous in that stuffy place below decks. I didn't know at what moment our friendly relations with Japan might be broken off and both of us made prisoners of war."

She laughed again and Dinwiddie came near laughing back. He caught himself in time and bowed low. The admiral had hardly done better.

"I thought I should find my car here," she said, looking up and down the street anxiously. She could have sworn that she had seen a Point Fermin trolley-car at the dock a moment ago. Nor was she mistaken; but the car ran only on the half hours and had just whisked round the corner out of sight. Dinwiddie offered his car—it wasn't much of a car, but it generally got you where you started for. Julie was quite used to having people go out of their way for her and it was again with her casual "You are very kind" that she got in beside him. They climbed the hilly streets but it was not until they were leaving the little brown town behind that she seemed to remember the paper she had so cleverly passed to him.

"By the way, what did the sailor-boy say?" she asked.

"On a guess I should say he was trying to remind you that you were very close to gunpowder. So he expressed it in terms of his ship—the only English he had."

"Tonnage, length over all, draught," she said reflectively.

"Torpedoes, guns, officers, and men," he rejoined in a sort of recitative.

"And caliber—I wonder what he meant by that?"

He shrugged his shoulders—it might mean anything.

She was thinking hard and then as if the solution of her problem had come in a flash she exclaimed, "It was the spats!"

And because of her sudden aloofness he did not dare to ask what she meant by her cryptic expression. All the while, with the unfolding incidents of this amazing drive, his "story" ran along side by side in his mind. He saw his "first-page" blazoned on sky and cliff and sea—it was like a gigantic poster. He began modestly:

"I am a newspaper man; I am writing up the visiting battleship for the *Los Angeles Times*. It is in fact my first assignment since I came back from across" (to have said from overseas would have been too patent an appeal to her sympathies). "And I am naturally anxious to make good. I have a list of the admiral's luncheon-party, but I am a poor hand at matching names and faces. And it is sort of puzzling work, for some didn't come at all. Would it be asking too much if you would glance over my list and see if I have your name?"

Julie almost laughed outright. She was used to the attention her good looks and her good clothes excited, but to be taken for the real thing was an overwhelmingly new experience. She gave herself a little shake mentally and then slipped into the new rôle as easily as into one of Annette's new model gowns. He had brought his car to a stop under a ragged, ungainly eucalyptus-tree, and she ran over the list with a kindly air like one wishing to be nice to a struggling young man. They were from everywhere; San Francisco, New York, and even one or two from the other side. She paused perceptibly at the name of Lady Beatrice Arundell, London. Since she might have her choice why be satisfied with anything short of the best? But titled nobility meant antecedents, and she knew what they counted for from her experience in Annette's workrooms. In a sudden funk she waved aside Dinwiddie and his admiral's luncheon-party.

"I beg your pardon," he said, genuinely ashamed of himself. "I'm afraid you've found me out. I don't deny that I'd

like to know your name awfully or that I have resorted to a rather underhand way of getting it. Please forgive me. I wouldn't for the world try to discover who you are, if you would rather I did not know. If you want me to know I am sure you would tell me."

He looked at her frankly and she saw the man from overseas under the coat of tan, and in the deep-set eyes and in the tense muscles of the lean, weather-beaten face. And she saw grisly battle-fields and barren hillsides with the scattered crosses of those that had not "come back from across." She was sorry she had been so quick to abandon the idea of being among the admiral's guests. Suddenly she beamed on him.

"Perhaps you can make more out of it that you don't find me among your names."

"You mean you are not free to disclose your identity?"

She nodded. "What if I should tell you that I am a secret agent in the service of the British Government?"

The car swerved dangerously and Julie had hard work to save herself from being thrown into the driver's arms. He slowed down, feeling a little light-headed by a sense of his good fortune. From that moment she renounced all idea of safe mediocrity. Her story became an end in itself—it was no longer an incidental phase—it was the answer to why she was there flying through enchanted scenes. She shared the joy of the creative artist.

"I wasn't invited to the admiral's luncheon," she said slowly, giving him time to take it in. "The admiral himself did not know I was coming. He wasn't notified beforehand. It was just by good luck I got on board. By a lucky chance they must have mistaken me for somebody else. Perhaps," with a disconcerting smile, "they thought I was the Lady Beatrice Arundell, London."

"Provided, of course, that Lady Beatrice herself was not present."

"Naturally," she agreed lightly. Leaning her fresh young face toward him she ran on:

"You know a lot of important things are entrusted to very young women. A young woman is the most innocent-looking thing on earth—" She looked at him with wide eyes so that he could see for



"What if I should tell you that I am a secret agent in the service of the British Government?"—Page 370.

himself. "Why, it was in the papers just lately—you probably saw it too—how one young girl outwitted another young girl, and brought the dark schemes of a nation to nothing. They were both in the secret service, one rooting for America, the other for Russia. The Russian spy-girl was arrested and her credentials were turned over to the American girl, who

made believe she was the Russian. It sounds mixed up, but it isn't. You can see for yourself how it would turn out. Now I am not Olga Krestinsky—that was her name—nor am I, by the same token, the girl that put it all over Olga. But I just want to make my point: two young girls were chosen to act as go-betweens for two great powers."

She was a little breathless, and then, winking hard at the westering sun, she went on:

"Now, a young woman might apparently be on a pleasure-trip, but really be out for the purpose of carrying information that couldn't be trusted to code. Because you know there are experts that can read any sort of code as plainly as if it were print. If the admiral had been warned beforehand he was to be interviewed he might have sailed away in his little old boat by night. I just had to board his ship like a pirate. The Japs are sly, you know."

"Good work!" he said appreciatively. "I wish we had you on our staff. You were no-end clever to have got your interview with the admiral."

"Just a piece of good luck! I wish you could see his cabin. It is like a Japanese curio-shop on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Dwarfed trees and embroidered silk kimonos and chairs carved into dragons, and perfectly awful-looking false-faces all over the place!"

She was instinctively seeking a dramatic climax. Dinwiddie himself gave her her opportunity.

"If we should hear that Nippon toasts the United States," he prompted, "we may take it for granted that your mission was successful—am I right?"

She gave him a pointed look as if she fathomed the depths of his duplicity, and was not to be caught so easily.

"He gave me the best cup of tea I ever had in my life!" she said lightly, and then feeling that she had "registered," and could afford to be generous, she ran on discursively.

"I've never been able to see why the President of the United States should look askance—that's slant-eyed, isn't it?—at the Emperor of Japan. It's different with the Emperor—he can't help it!"

Dinwiddie could have cheerfully run his companion over the "bank," and perished with her. She was making game of him—exploiting his credulity for her own amusement—having a lot of fun with him. But she was a bit too fast. "He who laughs laughs, laughs, laughs," he quoted confusedly. She had inadvertently made herself available copy, and the snap-shots he had of her would do the rest.

And then he looked at her. She was young enough for anything. Whatever her game she was just the youngest thing he had ever seen! It was not within the scope of his experience that a secret agent went about discovering the fact to any chance acquaintance. She'd laugh herself out of one blunder only to laugh herself into another; but deuce take it! never giving herself away. She ought to be jolly well paid off for it. And yet he had to admit that the very mystery with which she had wrapped herself but gave the moment its peculiar significance, more, its transcendent quality. She was like the San Pedro "hills" against the sky, retreating behind their sunset veils, chiffon on chiffon, mauve, and gray, rose, and emerald-green; thin and changing but impenetrable. He had a sudden sense of vision, and with it the uncertainty of whether he could hold it, understand it. Could it be translated only in terms of a newspaper article? He had forgiven her utterly. Once more he saw his first-page blazoned on sky and cliff and sea. But on the other hand was the high adventure of romance. The thing worth taking seriously after all was the thrilling joy of the moment. "Story" and romance went along side by side in his mind, when suddenly it came to him that he couldn't have both and play fairly. Which should it be?

He turned off the road and made the steep descent to the town below.

"I'm taking you a bit out of your way," he explained. "But I have to get to the office before it is too late."

He left her waiting outside. She saw him disappear within a telephone-booth. She had made one returned soldier happy, poor thing! He came out grinning and taking the wheel again, said:

"That's off my mind! I got the night editor all right, and told him I'd be back before we went to press—I was still working on the Japanese cruiser. I didn't tell him that all I happened to have were a few society names and 'Y. Arita, mid-shipman's' account of his ship. But I'll make something out of it on my way back to 'Los' to-night. It's not much but I've often had less to work on."

She looked puzzled and a bit hurt and he hastened to say:

"I couldn't make use of your informa-

tion. Not that I shouldn't like to tell how a brave young girl of gentle breeding delivered the goods. How she boarded a foreign vessel quite unattended in spite of heavy artillery all about her that could have opened fire at any moment. Guns with long smooth bores all over and under her; some to be fired ahead, some dead astern, and turret-rifles to be fired on either broadside; and wicked-looking torpedoes lying below. I'd like to say for that gallant deed she was to be given the D. S. M. But you see I can't. If I did you would miss out on your story. You've got to tell it first."

She looked at him remorsefully.

"Moreover," he went on, "they'd be on your tracks before the type was cold."

She was thinking hard. After a while she said:

"I'm ever so sorry! It is too bad you haven't anything after all. I wonder if I could tell you the same thing only in another way. It wouldn't be dangerous to anybody—a sort of a half-one-per-cent story."

"If you only would!" He would be glad to listen to anything—it didn't much matter what. It wasn't what she said—it was the way she looked as they went along the yellow and pink road in the high, pure air with its strange reserves of haunting undertones, beetling cliffs on one side, and on the other, far below, the purple sea banded with its bronze-red kelp-beds. She too was overflowing with life; thrilling with a sense of the wildness of the scene, the sharp plunges and the steep climbs of the narrow road, at times hardly more than a trail. And because she was more at home with facts and couldn't attempt another long flight of the imagination she told him her own story, which after all was the most dramatic thing that could possibly happen—a wild exaggeration of the most improbable dream.

It was about a girl who "modelled," and how she used to wonder about the beautiful creatures that put on their costumes in Annette's "studio" to appear on a stage she never saw. She felt as if she were condemned to live always behind the scenes, never to have a seat in front. She got tired of all the talk of putting in and taking out stitches; of wearing clothes for people who never saw you

in them but just themselves—how they'd look in the gown and not you at all. At last she got so sick of it that she wouldn't go to a girl-and-music show because they all looked like debs and flappers.

"One day when Julie—everybody called her 'Julie'—it isn't smart not to know the models by their first names—was showing a costume one of madame's customers said: 'Julie, I'll bet you're sick of your job. How would you like to play around for a while?'"

"And she gave her a lot of children for playmates, who just lived in rompers and were a thousand years from fine clothes. And she put on her magic spats—Cinderella had nothing on her with her little old glass slippers—and a wonderful thing happened. She was taken for a lady, not a manikin, but a real lady! The skies cleared for her and the sea lifted out of a fog and let her pass over to a ship that had a halo as if it were holy. And persons of high rank kowtowed to her, and blue-jackets and midshipmen made a lane for her to pass through. And the ship was dressed up as for a party with all its flags flying. And I—I mean she—had tea with the admiral! It is a wonderful thing to be a lady! I don't blame them for being so proud about it."

Quite suddenly they came out on a high plateau where there were houses and gardens that looked on the ocean and the wide sky.

"Please stop here," said Julie as if waking from a dream. Two great oleanders, red-and-white from top to toe, stood at the entrance of a garden; and a border of huge purple Canterbury bells swinging on both sides of a gravelled walk led up to a white-pillared piazza. Four children followed by four funny wagging little puppies rushed up to the car.

"Oh, Julie, look at our puppies! They go with the place, and we have one apiece! Won't you ask him to give them a ride? They've never had a ride in all their lives. You'll just love them, Julie. Please, Julie!"

"Shall we—have you the time?" asked Julie.

"All the time in the world. I'm at your service, Lady Beatrice."

"But you don't understand——"

"But I do. I guess I know a real lady when I see her."



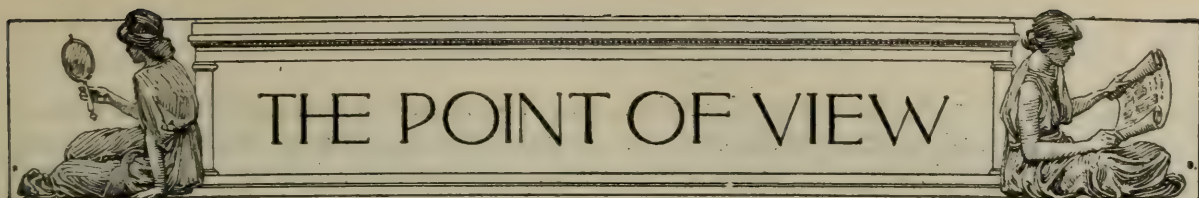
The ANTIQUE SHOP

by
ARTHUR JOHNSON
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THROUGH an old doorway that was lovely yet,
We wandered in, and yielded to the spell
Of odds and ends—ruins of who could tell
What dear ambitions! Heirlooms by the set,
Clocks ticking bravely still lest we forget
The honored houses where they used to dwell,—
All proudly fair though huddled there to sell;
Age circling round them like an amulet.

We bought a tiny picture "For the frame,"
She said, "chaste as a halo, and as frail" . . .
But later: "Oh," she cried, "that child!" Who, pale,
Upon a little sofa red as flame,
Beseechingly, through the dust-woven veil,
Stared forth at us who did not know his name.





THE POINT OF VIEW

FROM earliest childhood shadows had power to thrill you. The shadow of a bird upon the dunes; purple shadows of canyons in a bare mountainside; shadows of wind-stirred wheat—these were the stuff of which your young dreams and delights were made.

Shadows

One June morning remains etched on your memory chiefly because of a shadow that crept over the wet brown sand. There was light on the sea that morning, light on the rugged dunes, silver light on the wings of the wheeling gulls; and the wind blew across the Pacific from islands that your fancy crowned with light. It was a morning in which to run and shout, and dare the curling foam to catch the wet bare feet. But you had found a more fascinating game—the game of keeping within the soft round shadow that was slipping down the shore.

“What makes the shadow?” you asked your elders; and they answered in the tone of those who have traced every effect back to its cause and know that there are no gods in ambush: “It is because a cloud has come before the sun.”

The explanation only deepened the mystery for you. Your heart beat with the excitement of sharing for the time that elemental movement. You had heard people talk about objects casting shadows. What the cloud had cast down, who knew but it might choose to claim again? At any moment it might enfold you, gather you into its soft embrace and draw you up into that heart-lifting sea of blue which you vaguely understood held also the secret of your origins.

This early delight in shadows, held through the years, was perhaps intensified by life in a desert country where the essence of the landscape's charm lies in the shadows that slip over shining mesa and bare hills, their form changing with the growing and fading of light. What rivers and forests are to the people of less austere regions, shadows become to those who live in the arid lands; and they can express the moods of the passing day as subtly as any river.

When blindness began to threaten, it took

on the mocking form of an old love, for it was at first merely a disturbing shadow. The horror lay in the fact that it was a shadow unclaimed by any object in earth or sky, and was obedient to no law of light. As this new shadow deepened, light became the thing the senses craved. Night was scarcely tolerable, and morning a thing to be longed for yet dreaded, for there was the fear that the eyes might no longer be able to see it breaking. You basked painfully in the sun, since for a time it vanquished the advancing and retreating of the shadow.

Before the darkness became quite final the hospital brought brief oblivion, and after oblivion a concentration of pain that allowed no other thought to obtrude. Weakness followed on pain, and thought dallied with the uncertainty of sight as if it were not, after all, the prime object of the suffering endured.

And then one morning the freed eyes opened careless on a beam of light that had slipped through the closed blinds and lay upon the opposite wall. Light! The senses swam in that patch of light, played about it, clung to it, fearful lest in a moment the formless shadow might swallow it up. But the finger of light remained, and you fell asleep again to that whisper of ancient wisdom: “Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.”

The ghost of the old fear was not quite laid, for me it still remained as trees walking, and the world of small and intimate things was closed. Only light was wholly comforting, and the mind clung healthily to that.

Then one night, after a sleep so deep that all remembrance of disaster was sponged from the mind, you waked to find soft moonlight flooding the room. But it was something more than moonlight that made the heart throb with childish ecstasy. A shadow lay clear upon the white window-curtain—the shadow of drooping, arrow-shaped leaves, traceries such as the moonlight often drew on the white walls of your sleeping-porch at home. You knew them for the shadows of eucalyptus boughs, and though returning vision could not yet reach

the tree that had cast them there, its spirit lay like a delicate promise upon the curtain.

"Truly the light is sweet," says old wisdom; but there is a thing that is sweeter still; and with the recovered delight in shadow the last vestige of your fear is laid.

AWAY back in our "little red school-house days," our schoolhouse, by the way, being an economical and most uninteresting gray, we small folk, both boys and girls, used to play a curious, almost prehistoric form of baseball. In no detail

No False Motions,
No Delays

could it claim relationship, except perhaps that of a distant ancestor, with the game of the modern league. The ball was soft rubber, the bat a paddle-shaped affair whittled from a shingle, and the bases three stately elms that had grown, after their own beautiful, indifferent fashion, with no notion of forming a diamond.

Our game was immensely popular and that shady corner, where baby feet had worn smooth paths from one great tree to another, was the very top of our social world. To be in the game was wonderful; even to be allowed to look on was to be near happiness. But we took ourselves terribly seriously. If the proud possessor of the ball, I doubt if we ever called him the pitcher, attempted any extra cleverness, pretending to throw the ball, and then turning swiftly to see if any little fingers had left the protecting bark of the goal-tree, some childish treble would break out in our favorite singsong, "No false motions, no delays," and the game would speed up at once.

The crowding suburbs of a huge town have overtaken the school of those far-away days, the elm-trees are gone, and a towering brick structure houses the seemingly numberless youngsters of the present district. They, poor little tots, take their recesses in relays and exercise in a paved court, but they doubtless have games of tremendous importance, social and otherwise, and catchwords and singsongs of their own with which they call one another to order. No amount of argument, no knowing quotations from the latest educational system, can ever convince me that the wonderful Child World, with all its self-centred thoughts and laws unto itself, has ever changed essentially.

How they ring in one's mind and sing in one's ears, these catchwords from childhood

days! When the enthusiasm for new work or new play, which even middle age cannot dim, burdens my left hand with some fascinating material while my right hand is still struggling with the duties of the day, that stern childish "No false motions, no delays," comes down through the years, and for the moment both hands fall free and my finger-tips seem to feel the friendly rough bark of the goal-trees.

Were we unconsciously laying foundations for future life-work? Were we studying efficiency before we could even spell the word? Who knows? It is only within comparatively recent years that the word itself has loomed large in our every-day vocabulary, decking itself out in capital letters, much given to underlining and quotation-marks, evidently considering itself a most important personage among words. "Of making many books" on the subject, "there is no end," and the libraries that have so wisely become a part of every big business are full of them. Even the outsider, set beyond that particular pale by age and by unscientific training and pursuits, finds them fascinating reading. For myself, however, I must confess that this modern study of efficiency, as it deals with false motions and delays, is but too apt to reduce my imaginative and too sympathetic brain to a state of simmering mush.

That work-people can be found willing and able to go through the usual motions of their daily task with tiny electric lights on their finger-tips so that a faithful camera can record every detail of motion is a marvel to me. To my incurably flippant mind the resultant photographs resemble nothing in the world so much as the erratic flight of the fireflies in our home meadows. And yet these records, under the devoted study of the efficiency experts and the loyal co-operation of the work-people themselves, have wiped out many a false motion, prevented many a delay. All honor to them!

It is my own fault that they fill my middle-aged mind with dismay; and make me look upon my own fingers, hitherto considered willing and obedient servants, in the light of tricky, irresponsible children. Although it may be impossible to train these same tricky children to true scientific efficiency at this late date, the thought of those electric-lit finger-tips clings in one's mind. What a mad maze of dots and lines would be the result if some faithful camera

could follow such a set of illuminated fingers throughout one morning of a busy house-mother's life. The railway map of the eastern end of these United States would be as nothing to it. Even more bewildering would be the record of electric-lit feet. Imagine the horror of our prohibition fad-dists! Never could they be made to believe that this was honest toil, recorded in the cause of science.

A science, too, that is moulding the lives of even us oldsters, whether we will or no, teaching us many a home truth in the conservation of energy. Let any one whose motions and thoughts have been pruned down to a modern kitchenette be thrown servantless—as may easily happen in these latter days—into the huge sunlit spaces of an old farmhouse kitchen, where the domestic extravagance in the matter of space that marked our grandfather's day considered it necessary to have a secondary room, of many shelves, as a pantry, and a vast shed as the only fitting shelter for wood and kindling and half a dozen other things that were absolutely necessary every other minute. Here indeed is food for thought.

First comes immense respect for our grandmothers, and in my own mind the loving memories of certain free-stepping, straight-thinking, four-square, towering women that I have been lucky enough to know in just such surroundings. But, alas, there was too often an accompanying picture of weary, temperamentally tired housemothers, whose neighbors rather cruelly dubbed them "slab-sided and slack-twisted" without realizing that these bitter, old-time adjectives often simply recorded the effect of endless journeyings from sink to stove, to pantry, and back from pantry to stove to sink.

Looking back to this dreary round as seen through the tired eyes of one of these women, it seems unbearable. Will our grandchildren look back upon our daily round with the same pitying sympathy because all our daily tasks are not done by electricity, our lives and our households controlled wholly by a switchboard? Again, who knows? It is possible that we, who for the very sake of carrying on had to be endowed with a fair share of self-conceit, have reached the stage where it is safe for evolution and progress to confess that we are of no unusual importance after all, just a link in the chain, a bridge by the way.

Personally, I have wandered so far from "Where the brook and river meet" that my present condition seems frankly to be that of a castaway on a narrow spit of sand in the midst of swirling waters. There is humor in the situation, and no loneliness, for the rising generation is obviously amphibious. The swirling waters are full of them, bobbing about serenely, "on their lawful occasions." May the gods bless them and keep them! I can never, I fear, become amphibious, but my sand-spit promises to last quite a time yet, and I am full of admiration for the young things all about me that are making such a busy, merry affair of this electrically efficient world of ours.

THEY used to say that a woman is as old as she looks, and, I suppose, as young as she looks. Her hair may be gray, and it may be difficult for her to thread a needle without glasses; but if her mouth is still mobile and does not withdraw itself into a frog look when she knits, if she has no double chin, and her waist has not settled into her hips in that wide, deep way, we know that she is still young. Perhaps there are as definite age signals in men, but I think not, despite the significance of the expression of a man's hat. John Burroughs said no one that enjoys apples is old. I remember one most charming idyll of youth when, not many years ago, the young brother of a friend of mine and John Burroughs himself sat on the sofa, discussing a certain peculiarity of a bird the boy had observed. The long white beard and the knotted hands were utterly negligible as one watched the fire of enthusiasm and youth in those keen, humorous eyes. John Burroughs had kept his figure.

On Keeping
One's Figure

Never in the world has there been so great a need of young-old men and women as to-day. It takes the young to understand the young, and the young to-day are almost tragically in need of being understood. One is stirred to apology at the outset for bringing up the question. It is such an old story, this problem of the younger generation—old as the hills in reality, and painfully worn just now. However, it is not altogether threadbare. No problem is, while it remains a problem. Therefore, I dare enter into the controversy. The point that the young are always making, although they do not always make it audibly, is that the older generation are such bunglers, so

disappointing. Perhaps one reason for this is that the Victorian era preserved so many old people. Timidity and Victorian goodness were disastrous to chins. Think of the picture of Queen Victoria at forty-three! In Elizabethan days men died young; to-day those that do not die young are trying to keep young, but in Victoria's day, and the years that followed, they seem to have become mature the minute they ceased to be children. One reason for the reaction of the young to-day is in part just this hatred of the Victorians. They do not like the mess of a world that has been left them, and they mistrust and misunderstand the old as they see them. Queen Elizabeth could barely be restrained from riding every day when she was past sixty; she kept her figure. Victoria did not keep hers.

But the attempt to keep young may go astray. The danger is an old one. Youth is not a matter of short skirts and large hats and cigarettes for grandmothers. That trick is specious; one sees through it at once. Youth means a thing so very different. It means, for one thing, adaptability; the young-old must not indulge in habits, except, of course, coffee in the morning. They may never show surprise. To be shocked is hopeless. There is nothing so ingratiating to the young as complete "savoir faire" on the part of the elders. This is an axiom that every good teacher knows. The young-old never have many possessions, for the anxious care of accumulated material is sure to affect the chin. One may cherish a few books, perhaps, and the trophies of one's travels, but none too many. The quality that youth demands above all else, however, is sympathy. The young may be Bolsheviks; if so, they are no happier than are real Bolsheviks anywhere. They may demand a large share in the government of the home, as Mr. Perry of Harvard says they are going to do more and more; they may demand it at school, priding themselves, as one boy wrote, that "not even the headmaster can change the laws or the punishments made by the students in our school"; yet they realize—none better—that they are rudderless. Never, I believe, have the young been more eager than they are now to accept the guidance of those that seem to them wise. They want, not to exert authority over their parents and teachers, nor yet to live quite according to their desires; what they want is co-operation.

The co-operation of the older with the young is, I am inclined to think, more difficult than is the co-operation of the employer and the laborers. The older generation is inhibited by three ideas: outraged authority, a dislike of the young as they seem to-day, and fear. They are uncomfortable in the presence of youth. As a result they withdraw into themselves and do not try to understand; they say they cannot. They give to their children freedom that they should not, because they lack courage to do anything else. They fail to realize that this war between young and old is not new, although in every age it looks different. Ernest Lavis has said of history:

"One loses correct appreciation of the present, if one sees the past as beautiful by system; one's system makes the present ugly. One belittles one's own time and oneself. This may become a cause of discouragement, even of despair. . . . Those who know that humanity has never been beautiful do not reproach her for being ugly at present." It is absurdly ignorant as well as sentimental to believe that once *we* were good little boys and girls!

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the young recognize with amazing swiftness wisdom and sympathy in the older generation, wherever it is to be found. To-day, however, the young make no pretense of respect for the sages, respect being a quality more or less out of date. Therefore the older generation must prove their worthiness. No self-indulgence for them now, no quarter, no excuses for weakness and selfishness. The young see through disguises; in their hands cant breaks into dust. If, however, the old can bear the test, they may be of inestimable service in a topsyturvy world.

It is a fine tonic—this idea of standing in well with those who expect the best of us. It means fighting on to the end—not settling down into our chins. It means making comrades of the young, meeting them man to man, exchanging with them what of wisdom the years have brought us in exchange for their clear view of life, a view altogether without compromise. It is a great adventure, with entrancing companions to whom everything is possible. The young are eager for our companionship; but we must be like the "funny man" of Kenneth Grahame's story; there is no place now for the Olympians.



Sargent's New Mural Decorations

BY PRESERVED SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINALS

THERE is a note of universality in the mind and work of John Singer Sargent. Calling himself American, born in Florence, educated in Germany and Italy, trained to his trade in Paris, living in England, widely travelled, he is as cosmopolitan as the "international mind." His art is catholic and eclectic, learning from all schools, and in bondage to none. A master of many styles, he adds new domains to his empire every year. That his power in portraiture has not declined is witnessed by the charcoal sketches of President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Doctor William Sturgis Bigelow, of Mrs. F. S. Bigelow, and some others, all of the last two years, now on exhibition in Boston and Cambridge. New splendors of water-color and of oil pour forth rapidly from his studio; notably the landscape "Lake O'Hara," and the war picture "The Road," with its uncanny glint of blue helmet and gray uniform against a sub-lustrous sky of cobalt and pearl, while long lines of men march through the mystic night.

But the crown and glory of Sargent's work is the mural

decoration with which he has enriched two noble buildings in his father's town—the Boston Library and the Museum of Fine Arts. The religious pictures in the library are widely known, for they have been long a-making, though only completed within the last four years. At one end of the gallery is set forth the story of the Old Testament, in a rich symbolism now and then re-

calling Watts, though far surpassing him. There we have the Chosen People crying unto Jehovah, clad in the red wings of his cherubim, while the savage Babylonian and the subtle Egyptian beat down the Israelite. On either hand are Astarte and Moloch, "lust hard by hate," and beneath the main picture is the row of prophets. At the other end of the gallery is made visible the doctrine of the New Testament: the Trinity revealed, the Crucified from whose pierced hands drips the eucharistic blood caught in goblets by Adam and Eve. There, too, may be read the story of Man's fall through Woman, and of Man's redemption through Woman's Seed; the Annunciation, the Virgin of the Seven



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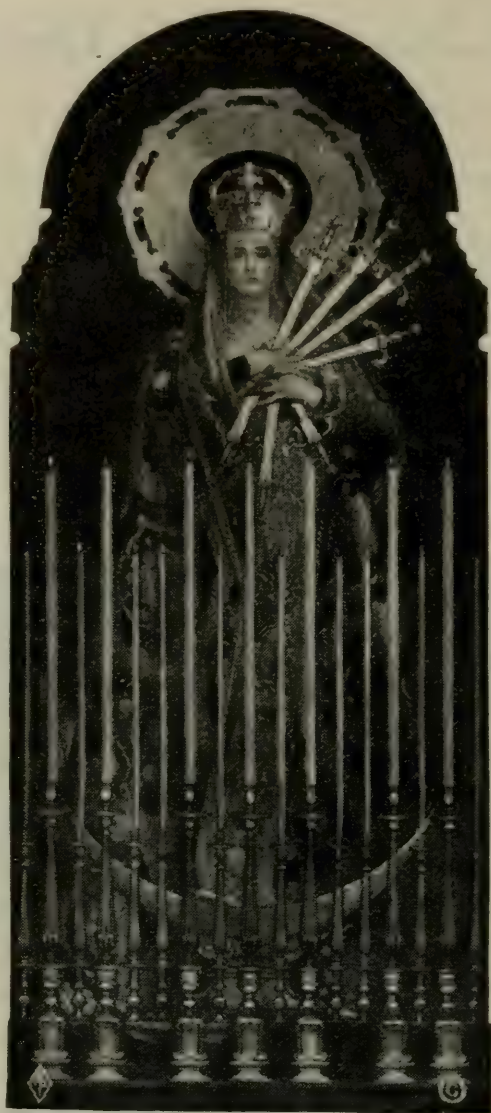
Moloch.

Swords, the Apostles. On the wall of the gallery are the two great paintings of the Church—a pure nun with Christ between her knees—and of the Synagogue, clinging desperately to the tables of the law. Above, the lunettes represent scenes of the Last Judgment, of Hell and of Paradise. As in most great works of art, every idea had been worked out before; the originality lies in the grandeur of the conception and in the abounding richness of details. Probably the Catholic tone of the whole is due more to artistic reasons than to anything else; for, as Winckelmann pointed out long ago, Protestantism is the religion of merchants and Catholicism the religion of artists. But it would almost seem as if Boston's great mural decorations vividly represented the present reaction against Puritanism, those in the library a Catholic reaction, those in the Art Museum a Hellenistic or pagan reaction.

It was a fortunate day, the 2d of November, 1916, when Mr. Sargent noted in his diary that he had agreed with the trustees of the Boston Art Museum to paint four panels for the rotunda. This original plan was soon changed to a comprehensive scheme which was carried out with the tireless hand of genius, though in three broken periods, the whole being completed on October 20, 1921, when it was unveiled to the public. Though he at first designed to paint four panels for the lunettes in the dome, the artist soon saw that considerations of light and of the angle of vision would render this impossible, and accordingly worked out a more suitable plan for the decoration of the dome itself. The problem was to

make the best of a dome of rather unusual proportions, for the rotunda is not circular but oval. The vertical curve of the dome is a long ellipse, and the illumination comes from a skylight at the top. In order to

study the problem at ease Sargent had a model of the rotunda made exactly one-eighth the diameter and height of the original, and lighted like it, from above. This model is now on exhibition at the Museum, and can be seen with nearly the same decorations, on a minute scale, as those contained in the large rotunda. After solving the problems of space and of lighting in this manner, Sargent constructed a grandiose design comprising four large canvases, four small canvases, and twelve bas-reliefs, not to mention minor details, such as the placing of vases and a piece of sculpture in the arches under the dome. Every single part of the whole large design was executed by his own hand. As preliminary studies he made no less than two hundred charcoal drawings, mainly from the nude, of which he has generously given



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The Virgin of the Seven Swords.

fifty to the Museum, where they are now on exhibition for the benefit of future students. Things of beauty they all are, worthy of prolonged attention—for Sargent is a consummate draftsman—did not the paintings and reliefs in their final form claim our more pressing attention.

No description of detail can do justice to the supreme beauty of the whole. One can see that the artist has learned the secret of mural decoration from all the great masters who have ever practised it; from Ghirlandajo at Florence, and Michelangelo at Rome, to the latest works of Puvis de Cha-

vannes, and of LaFarge, and of Gaston La Touche at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris. And yet, learned as he is, old as are his themes, he has had the genius to make out of his opportunities something new and living, an

every detail subtly as we may, our first impression is likely to be our final one—that it is good to live in a world of ideas where such beauty is possible, where men can dream such dreams and create such speak-



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The Sphinx and the Chimæra.

inspiration and a delight to the present and probably to a long future.

All the canvases are in the same key, of blue and gold, giving the effect to the spectator from below of looking up into the sky, a heaven shot through with sunbeams and peopled with radiant images of gods and goddesses, and other immortal creatures of the imagination. The unity of tone and the similarity of the subjects, all drawn from classic myth, constitute the bond that makes all the pictures one. For they tell no connected story; they have no message save that of the glory of art and the compulsion of beauty. Interpret each and

ing symbols of their aspiration. Next to beauty, joy is the dominant idea. The world has escaped from the horror of the great war, and peace comes again, and with peace her natural handmaidens, the pleasant things of the spirit.

As one ascends the stairway into the rotunda the canvas that first meets one's eye is a large oval representing the three arts, Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, protected by Minerva from the ravages of time. How perfectly the pencil has represented the ethos of each art—the massive repose of architecture, the manly strength of sculpture, the voluptuous softness of

painting! Not only is such a trio a fitting blazon for America, where the three arts are now in full bloom, but it also well represents the triple accomplishment of Sargent in this rotunda, where he has combined into a single whole all three arts, as they always

his ram's horns, is Nature, huge and animal and wild. Orpheus is represented as a naked boy, singing with all his might to the charmed beasts. On the other side two women, one draped, the other naked, embody the Classic and Romantic spirits.



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Cupid and Psyche.

must be combined in order to produce the highest effect.

Turning slightly to the right we next see a small canvas representing Astronomy—Urania, the Heavenly Muse, sitting in subdued evening light, with rapt vision fixed on the heavens, while behind her in golden band are unfolded the signs of the zodiac. Beneath the small canvas are two bas-reliefs, one representing Amphion, the great musician, and the other the three Graces.

The centre of the large canvas on the right hand is occupied by Apollo, with Orpheus and Pan on one side, and Classic and Romantic Art on the other. Pan, with

The form of the girl, like that of Orpheus, is a faultless nude, perfect in all things, even in the flesh tints, which, according to Kenyon Cox and other great critics, usually suffer in this master's work, from the lack of underpainting.

The small canvas next to this represents Prometheus attacked by the eagle, and the two bas-reliefs under it, Achilles and the Centaur, and Venus and Cupid.

The large canvas over the door will probably puzzle many an eager gazer. Labelled "The Sphinx and the Chimæra," it shows the head of a conventional sphinx, smiling and enigmatical, over whom hovers a



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Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, protected by Minerva from the ravages of time.



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Ganymede.



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Astronomy.

woman with arms for wings. This is not the triple monster, formed of lion, goat, and snake, commonly called a chimæra, but the word is used in the French sense of "illusion," not necessarily a malignant thing, but rather a harmless and beneficent creature of fancy. "If you deprive man of his chimæras," says Fontenelle, "what would be left him?" Sargent here depicts illusion as play of fancy absolutely unrestrained. Note that the being has no hands to hold and to work with, but only wings with which to fly, and wings of "sky-tinctured grain and colors dipt in heaven," of downy gold and rainbow hue! Mark the broken chains on her legs, and the unstable, questioning swoop of her posture, and the wildness of her hair, and learn that without imaginations that soar to heaven neither man nor art is anything.

The exquisite balance and equipoise of the whole design is illustrated in the relations of the two small canvases on either side of the great winged Chimæra. One, as already stated, represents Prometheus conquered and tortured by an eagle; the other is Ganymede borne aloft by an eagle. So it is that man is now devoured and now snatched to Olympus by his aspirations! And note the painter's realism, how naturally the eagle (true American variety!) is poised; how frightened are the eyes of the boy! When Rubens or Correggio painted the rape of Ganymede, they subordinated

realism to the meaning of the myth; Sargent has painted bird and boy exactly as they might look in such circumstances, and yet he has brought out a loftier lesson than is to be learned from his predecessors. Beneath the Ganymede are two bas-reliefs, a Fame blowing her trumpet, and a Cupid and Psyche. In this again is carried out the idea of the winged creatures of man's mind, the Soul drooping to earth and Love stooping down to raise her.

The last of the large canvases shows Apollo and the Nine Muses circling him in mystic dance. There is music in the movement—music such as there is in so many of these decorations: a fine rhythm and tripping metre that remind us that Sargent is almost as much a musician and player as a painter. Here we have the Apollo of the poets, "with harpstring and hair of gold, a bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold"; and, to bring out fully the meaning of the large canvas, next to it is a small one of Music herself, playing in ecstasy upon her instrument, while below her Satyr and Mænad, and three dancing girls, carry on the symbolism of perfect art.

For, whether the artist intend it or not, all art is symbolic: "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss"; it has an inner meaning, but that meaning can only be expressed by itself: "Das Unzulängliche, Hier wird's Ereigniss." For if art means life, life means art.



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The Golden Age.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Question of Economic Recovery

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETIMES, in seeking for signs of a coming change for better or worse in finance and industry, people of experience draw their conclusions from the stock market, which in the long run reflects the ideas of the financial community as to future business profits; sometimes from the rise or fall of commodity prices, which may indicate the condition of consumers; sometimes from the course of values for investment bonds, which measures the state of credit and the supply of investment capital; sometimes from the foreign-exchange market, which passes judgment on the economic trend in other countries. Most of these indices of the financial drift of things had negative testimony to offer in the early weeks of 1922.

The stock market advanced and declined alternately, though its general drift was to a higher level. Prices of commodities did not recover, yet as a whole there was no change from the comparative steadiness which has now been maintained during seven or eight successive months. Investment bonds halted at the prices reached at the end of 1921, but the investor's presence was indicated by the fact that the business actually done in such securities during January was the largest ever transacted in that "re-investment month." Taken as a whole, the attitude of these markets pointed to increased confidence in the existing financial position, but to no distinct conviction as to a future movement of recovery.

Foreign exchange, on the other hand, gave some notable indications of changing judgment regarding the international position. Sterling had halted after its sudden rise, almost to \$4.25, in December, but compared with the price of \$3.53 six months before and with the low mark

of \$3.18 in 1920. But with the action of Congress in February, for putting in order shape the indebtedness of European governments to our Treasury, the rate rose rapidly to \$4.33, a price not touched since it was passed on the downward sweep of all foreign exchange values in the middle of 1919.

THE hesitant action of the majority of financial markets manifestly reflected a perplexing economic and political situation. When the world of finance and industry is feeling its way along the path which it believes will lead it out of a morass in which it has lost itself, it is quite as frequently beset with the disappointment which comes from false turns and premature expectations as is a bewildered traveller. Every now and then the prospect seems to open, the footing to become firm, the rest of the journey to be easy. But the hope repeatedly turns out to be illusion. The path grows difficult again; unexpected obstacles block the way; the place of safety which seemed to be almost reached is now seen to be far distant. There is nothing to do but retrace some of the steps already taken and look for another way out.

Something like this has marked the course of events in the last few months. The quickening of business activity in early autumn brought wide-spread confidence that the continuous revival which everybody was hoping for had at length begun. The real achievements of the Washington conference stimulated belief that at last the key to the international deadlock had been discovered, and that the series of baffling problems in the way of the world's economic recuperation would be solved in rapid succession. Then came the reaction. The expanding

The
Economic
Weather
Signs

Trying to
Find the
Way Out

trade of August and September turned out to have represented little more than replenishing of empty shelves and warehouses. As soon as enough more goods had been accumulated to provide for such absolute necessities of consumers as could be foreseen in the next two or three months, buying slackened again, production was again curtailed, general business sank back into its midsummer inertia.

BY the general testimony of merchants and manufacturers December, which in ordinary times would have been a month of culminating industrial activity, was the month of most unsatisfactory results in business since the

The Setback of December and January general fall of prices came to an end, six months ago, and January was little better. Amount of general business transacted, it is true, was substantially above that of July, when the prolonged industrial depression reached its climax. The country's production of steel in December, for instance, was greater by 20 per cent than in the midsummer month.

But the July figure had been almost incredibly small; that month's output, even of the iron foundries, was actually the smallest since the great reaction from an over-exploited trade culminated in 1903, nearly nineteen years ago. December's production of steel was less by nearly 13 per cent than in November; with all its immense increase in mill capacity, the United States Steel Corporation not only earned nearly a quarter of a million less than in July and 40 per cent less than in October, but its profits were less than in any month since February of 1915, when the paralyzing influence of the "war panic" had not yet been shaken off.

In the first week of the new year actual tonnage of freight delivered for transportation to the country's railways was 14 per cent below that of the corresponding week in 1921, and 27 per cent below 1920. Our export trade declined to the smallest monthly valuation since the first year of the war, and the surplus of exports over imports in December, \$59,000,000, not only compared with \$454,000,000 in the same month of the previous year and with a high record of \$635,000,000 in June, 1919, but was actually less than in any

month since September, 1914, when the presence of German war-ships on the ocean had caused hurried cancellation of orders for shipment of goods to Europe. The "export surplus" in the last month of 1921 was indeed less by \$37,000,000 than in December, 1912.

AT the same time the price of agricultural staples resumed the decline which seemed to be definitely interrupted in the autumn. Early in September, wheat had sold at \$1.35 per bushel on the Chicago market; it was down to \$1.03 in the early days of January. The price of cotton had advanced, on the reports of bad conditions to the crop and an unprecedented reduction of acreage, from 16 cents a pound at the end of August to 21½ at the end of September, just before the government published its forecast of a yield of 6,500,000 bales, against 13,000,000 the year before. But the spinning trade was incredulous; buyers of textile goods resisted the effort of merchants to put up prices for cotton manufactures. Early in December the government itself had to confess, on the basis of more careful investigation, that its October estimate of yield was too low by 1,800,000 bales, and before the end of January, cotton was again selling below 16½ cents a pound. We shall have occasion to notice the effect of these agricultural markets on the political situation.

For, as a matter of fact, the reaction from the hopes of a few months before, which was now visible in the economic field, was equally apparent in politics. The early and remarkable achievements at the Washington Arms Conference had not realized the hopes of an immediate sequel in which all obstacles to restored political and economic equilibrium would be smoothed away. France in particular stood out against the full armament-reduction programme of the conference. Her delegates would give little assurance of maintaining smaller land forces; in the Anglo-French conference at Cannes they opposed the English proposals for a prolonged moratorium on German reparations payments. When the plan for a larger international economic conference came into view, the French premier who

Decline in
Agricultural
Prices

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The River

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

SOME men are troubled by the sea,
And some take the blue hills as a lover,
And some in a forest lie all day
Hearing the brown thrush over and over;
But the man I speak of loved a river.
Loved the shallows of it, rippling;
Loved its reaches, sunlight stippling;
And hour by hour would watch an eddy,
To see in the amber-tinted deep,
The water-rat and spring make ready,
And the yellow lilies turned from sleep.
I think where willow roots were drowned
He heard a music passing sound;
Something of wood-wind, clear and round,
That crept along the damp sweet ground;
But like all great and actual lovers,
He held his peace and seldom spoke,
Save when some loveliness too sharp,
Fell in his heart and, star-wise, broke.
I know, one summer night he said:
"While I'm alive I'll ask no favor;
I am responsible for ME . . . but when I'm dead;
Death is so different; who'll out-brave her?
I only ask that then," he said,
"Some part of me will be a river."
And once again: "A river holds
All of a soul a man could want;
His laughter in its weirs and runs,
His sorrow where the trees are gaunt:
And in the secret circling pool
His meditation, slow and cool."
Upon his russet lucid stream,
That wandered like a waking dream
Through meadows whose habiliment
Gave it green shadows where it went,
He built at length his little house:
A certain coppice took the breeze:
And there were elm and locust-trees;
And flowers on an eastward lawn
That opened to the earliest dawn.

. . . "And I am glad," he said, "for now
 I can love God and milk a cow."
 . . . There was an August night of thunder,
 Heavy and soft and whispering footed,
 And through the elm trees, out and under,
 The bats their intricate weaving plotted:
 The otter hunted on the bank;
 The smell of weeds was lush and rank.
 "I wonder," said my friend, and smoked,
 "If heaven isn't compensation;
 A sweeping up, and winnowing out,
 And sure release, and isolation;
 So that the greatest love we have
 Is all that's left; and we are fire,
 The very heart of fire, its breath,
 Genii and ether, passion, death?
 How can a man so much love, else;
 And what becomes of all his loving?
 The hunter for his high bright hills,
 The farmer for his red rich ploughing,
 The swimmer for the sea; a few
 Who some rare love of women knew?
 . . . To-morrow I'll be wed," he ended;
 His pipe went out in hand extended.
 "I do not know how I have wrung
 From life a girl so gold and young;
 So very young and gold she sways:
 I must learn all her golden ways."
 A musk-rat broke the sudden hush;
 The river whimpered in the rush.
 Youth is impatient and goes by;
 Gold is not given man for long;
 There is no lyric constancy,
 Only the memory of a song;
 My friend was left alone with his
 —Memories untender and too curt—
 I found him sitting on his lawn,
 And the poor stricken face was hurt.
 . . . Now I had never dragged a river,
 Not till that day; nor ever after,
 I hope, for there's the laughter
 Of those who search; they dredge and spit,
 And joke and smoke; and probe for it.
 And there 're the crowds that come and go;
 And dogs that yawn—and yet you know
 That all the while beneath the flood
 The dead man dances in the mud.
 Dances and sways and bobs and bows;
 This flower of two dead lovers vows;
 This whispering in the night turned flesh;
 Into a heart that yearned afresh.
 The water lilies sway and ride
 Their slim green anchors to the tide;
 The grave frog watches with round eye
 The darting of the dragon-fly;
 Above the iridescent ooze

Stumbles a bee with pollened shoes.
 . . . I do not know; I cannot tell;
 Save that he loved the river well.
 Perhaps now he has what he so wanted,
 Rippling and sunlit; ousel haunted.

On the Track of an Unknown Sheep

BY JOHN B. BURNHAM

President, American Game Protective Association

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IN the summer of 1921 Andy Taylor, of Shushanna, Alaska, and I together travelled twenty-one thousand miles to get one small mountain-sheep, thirty-one inches high by forty-two inches over all. We were fifty days on the sea, fifty days on land travelling, or unprofitably occupied, and fifty days on the hunting-grounds. Between us we wore out nine pairs of shoes, two sets of tempers, and two pairs of eyes, looking for sheep where they weren't. But we are satisfied because, with other material secured from the natives, we have settled the question of the kind of sheep there are in the Chukotsk Peninsula of northeastern Siberia, and bridged the longest gap in the range of sheep from western Asia to Mexico. We also had a mighty interesting time in the practically unknown hinterland that lies across Bering Strait from Alaska.

We had the usual troubles encountered when one gets off the beaten track. We brought five pack-horses twenty-three hundred miles from Seattle to Nome, only to be blocked in getting them the last two hundred and forty miles to Asia by the stupid stubbornness of the one man who could have taken them across. We left the horses in Nome and thereafter were dependent on boats and man-power for progress.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* carried us to Emma Harbor, Siberia, named by

the New Bedford whalers in the sixties, and not for Emma Goldman. The Bolshevik representative at the place refused permission to land, and ordered the *Bear* and ourselves to leave the country, with the result that the *Bear* stayed over the Fourth of July and fired a twenty-one-gun salute, gaily decorated from stem to stern with the flag of every known country except Russia. The Bolsheviks had the nerve to send out and ask why their flag had not been included. They got an evasive answer, but naturally an American vessel would not have flown their red rag.

During the interval Taylor and I hunted the neighboring country without, however, finding any traces of sheep. I had chartered a schooner to take us from Emma Harbor farther along the coast, but the Bolsheviks blocked us in getting the boat. It belonged to Billy Thompson, an Esthonian Russian, who gets his name and an unusual supply of fine qualities from a Scotch grandfather; but Billy also inherited Scotch caution, and he knew if he disobeyed the order his boat and trading-post would be confiscated.

Doctor Vassily, the local commissioner, was a Bolshevik by conviction and not amenable to the usual incentive. I tried it with distressing results. He would accept nothing short of written permission from Martens, the Soviet emissary, deported from New York the previous March. He particularly cherished against us the facts that my expedition had a scientific object and that we were Americans. He shouted his disapproval

of things scientific and American. His face was convulsed and his eye had a maniacal gleam. It was a relief when Billy remarked, in his practical way, "The damn fool's crazy."

From Billy came the suggestion that the nachalnik at Whalen was of a different type. All Billy wanted was something official to save his face. The *Bear*

who willingly carried us back to Siberia to continue our hunt where we had left off. If we had had our horses Vassily's veto would not have stopped us, but we had a ton of provisions and duffle which could not be moved without assistance, and Vassily prevented even the natives giving us help.

Taylor and I were embarked on a most



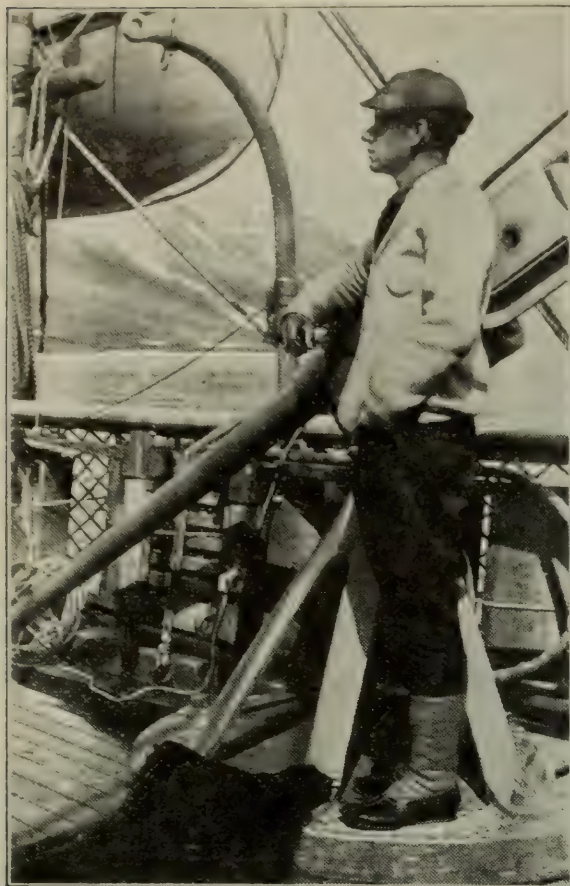
Map of the Chukotsk Peninsula, showing ground covered by the author.

had to proceed to Whalen to give assistance to Amundsen's polar ship, the *Maud*. It was arranged that men on the *Bear* would apply for a permit for me, which, if received, would be forwarded to Captain Thompson. This paper was secured and sent Thompson, and six weeks later the good ship *Trader* caught up with us near Cape Bering, and thereafter Taylor and I had a comparatively comfortable time. I could take no chances, however, of having the application turned down, so the *Bear* landed us at St. Lawrence Island, where I found an Esquimau owner of a small cat-boat, who knew nothing about Bolshevists, and

interesting quest. Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, who knows more about this part of Siberia than any other American scientist, had for the last twelve years been trying to interest an American sportsman to make the trip to secure specimens of the unknown sheep of the country. Biologists knew that mountain sheep existed in the Chukotsk Peninsula, but they did not know what the sheep were or how to classify them. No museum in the world had a specimen of this animal. The records of its occurrence were woefully meagre. Aside from the statements of traders who, in time past, had seen



The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear*, Emma Harbor, July 2, 1921.



The author on the *Bear*, U. S. Revenue Cutter.

sheep-horns or spoons made from the horns, only four credible records existed, and there was no evidence to show that a live sheep had ever been seen by a white man.

In 1899, while with the Harriman Expedition at Emma Harbor, Doctor C. Hart Merriam and Doctor George Bird Grinnell saw the remains of a small ram which had been recently killed by natives. Late in June, 1913, Joseph Dixon of the University of California heard from natives of the south coast of the peninsula, at John Howland Bay, that they had, that day, seen a sheep on a mountain back of their village. In July of the same year a party of American big-game hunters—Scully, Elting, Collins, and Lovering—landed at Penkegnei Bay, on the east coast, and hunted a week without seeing either sheep or sheep sign. They did, however, find some natives who had in their possession parts of some recently killed mountain sheep, and Scully secured from them the horns of a small ram. Finally, in 1914, Captain Bob Bartlett, on his way from Wrangell Island to Emma Harbor,

after the wreck of the *Karluk*, ate sheep meat procured by natives while travelling with dog-team on the ice of Seniavine Strait, no great distance from Penkegnei Bay. When the nachalnik at Whalen issued my license he gave permission "to kill as many birds as he wants." "He does not want birds," said my representative; "he is after mountain sheep." "I cannot give him permission for mountain sheep," translated the commissioner's secretary; "there are none in the Chukotsk." The nachalnik almost hit the bull's-eye, but fortunately for us there was one sheep he didn't know about.

My bargain with the Esquimau, Sipula, was to carry Taylor and myself and our supplies from St. Lawrence Island to John Howland Bay. He was to leave us there for two weeks while we packed back into the mountains and hunted, and then to come for us again with the *Wislow* and carry us forty or fifty miles farther west along the south side of the peninsula to a new base for another hunt. Though not mentioned by name, I thought I could



Captain "Bally" Thompson, owner of the schooner *Trader*, of Petropavloosk and of the trading-post at Emma Harbor, Siberia.

He has sailed the seven seas, visited all the continents and knows the chief ports of the world almost as well as he knows Emma Harbor. He was on Benedict's yacht when the latter was commodore of the New York Yacht Club and tells interesting anecdotes of Grover Cleveland.

recognize one of the little dents on the chart as John Howland Bay, but the St. Lawrence Islanders could not confirm my guess. We raised the Siberian coast at midnight, and Taylor and I went below to sleep. The cabin port-holes were open, but the smell of seal-oil and Esquimaux, which is also seal-oil, was nauseating. I would have slept on top of the cabin except for the fact that there was nothing

Sippula had gotten lost crossing the five-mile-wide entrance to Providence Bay.

I set a course northwest, and for several hours we followed this without picking up the land. We had been out long enough to have reached our destination, and could not afford to overrun John Howland Bay, because it was essential that the *Wislow* land us and get back to shelter as soon as possible. The bay it-



The *Wislow*, the Esquimaux-owned catboat on which Captain Sippula carried us to Siberia.

to which I could lash myself, and the boat was pitching too much to make the experiment a safe one otherwise.

At six in the morning Sippula waked me to find out where he was. Neither he nor any of his crew had sailed these waters and they knew nothing about the coastline. I got my chart and copy of the "Asiatic Pilot," but the detail of the chart is untrustworthy to a degree, and the descriptions of the coast contour given in the book are worthless to the inshore navigator. A heavy fog blanketed the sea, and the *Wislow's* compass was affected by some local attraction which, at times, made it vary a whole quadrant from my pocket compass, held a few feet away. A storm was brewing. The wind came from the southwest, which made the coast a lee shore. Already the warning swell was getting heavy. Apparently

self is an open roadstead, and affords no protection from the sea. A man familiar with this coast would have known that we were breasting a strong head current, which at this time of year always runs from the westward, but being ignorant we neglected this factor in our dead reckoning.

The sea and air were full of birds. Lesser auklets flapped along the water or buzzed by like flocks of bumble-bees. Thousands of murrelets scurried hither and thither in aimless flight. Red-beaked puffins labored by, seemingly breathless with anxiety. Cormorants, or "shags," stretched to black streaks, appeared and disappeared. Big white gulls lounged lazily on set pinions or rested on the sea. They alone seemed unconcerned at our presence.

It is dangerous to run in close in a fog



Taylor, Allallowin, and Pngantoo packing across the glacier.

on account of the shoals and rock pinnacles that stand as outposts in the sea in front of most of the capes. We, however, had to raise the land, and, after trying north-northwest for a time, headed the boat straight north. All hands were now on deck peering in an effort to penetrate the gloom. It was Sippula who first saw the breakers looking like a long streak of snow. Then looming far overhead appeared the jagged front of a thousand-foot cliff.

The wheel was spun over and we steered west, but almost immediately rocks and breakers appeared dead ahead, and very close. Instantly we turned south, just escaping the danger. The eight-horse engine was limping on one lung, and threatening momentarily to expire. For a while it did not seem we would get away. It would have been all day with us if we had gone on the rocks, as the surf was too heavy for swimming, and the cliffs too steep to climb, and the water paralyzingly cold. Our seven-foot skin dingey was useless except in still water. We put out to sea and lost touch with the land. After a time we again

headed northward, and again saw the white line and the cliffs. Many times the process was repeated before, instead of the cliffs, we made out dimly a line of sand-dunes, and, running the *Wislow* almost into the breakers, saw a dog on the beach.

The tension was broken. The Esquimaux all began talking, and there was confidence in their voices. Seeing the dog, they knew that human beings could not be far distant. Then through the mist appeared the round domes of twenty or more walrus-hide-covered huts, or mongteras, and yellow skin boats supported on posts six feet or so above the ground, and the dim figures of men. Sippula, with pride in his voice, said: "These are our people," referring to the relation of the St. Lawrence Islanders to the Siberian Esquimaux. They call themselves "Masinka," which may be freely translated "the chosen people." We had arrived at Imtook, a native village on a part of John Howland Bay.

Our start for the interior of the Chukotsk was made from Shairrainnik, four miles farther on. This is the farthest

west Esquimaux village in Asia. Beyond the coast is inhabited by "fish Chukchis," as distinguished from the "deer Chukchis" of the interior, a Mongol tribe resembling, in some ways, our Apache Indians. We had two packers, Pngantoo and Allallowin. The first was a good man and not afraid to work, but Allallowin's only qualification was his flow of language. This might have been welcome to a lonely man, but Taylor and I soon learned to loath the voice even more than Allallowin himself. It took us all the forenoon the day we started to break him from the embraces of his three wives.

Taylor and I carried packs as well as the men. Our tent was a nine-by-nine miners' tent, of zephyr silk. One jointed pole is all that is required for its erection, which is an advantage in a treeless country. The packs also contained our sleeping-bags, extra socks, shoes, and underwear and provisions. The Esquimaux had some seal meat for their personal use. Our supplies were dessicated potatoes and onions, dried fruits, bacon, hardtack, and tea and coffee. We had also part of a case of eggs. The natives pack with a

walrus-hide breast-strap, which is much better than shoulder-straps, as it does not have the same tendency to stop the circulation of the blood. I used a pack-rigging devised by Belmore Browne at the time of his Mount McKinley climb. It is by far the best packing device I have ever seen, for with it the weight is also carried from the breast-bone. We camped that night in a saddle in the mountains, eight miles in from the coast.

The greater part of the Chukotsk Peninsula is a jumble of low mountain ranges, nowhere exceeding an elevation of four thousand feet. The average width of the peninsula is one hundred and fifty miles, and its length about two hundred and fifty. The crest of the elevation is rarely more than thirty miles from the south coast, and the streams on this side are necessarily short, rapid, and unboatable. These streams all start in glaciers. The country is almost unbelievably sterile. One walks for hours at a time over granite or mica schist, or limestone mountains, without seeing a green plant; and birds and animals are similarly missing. And yet the country is quite



The Chukotsk Peninsula reindeer are very inferior in size to the fine animals of Alaska.

This is an average herd of about two hundred and fifty deer. From two to three men look after each herd, and as there is not much to do one of the men is hunting constantly. This is the reason that wild caribou have become extinct in the peninsula and mountain sheep reduced to the extent that there will be none left within the next five years.

thickly inhabited, and all the valleys ranged by the reindeer herds of the Chukchis.

For more than two months we hunted the silent hills. Half the time we walked on ice, both on account of the better travelling afforded, and also to save our footgear. Much of the rock is volcanic, and the sharp edges play hob with shoe leather. There is no firewood, and one has to cook with "moss," a creeping evergreen plant which burns with a delightful resinous odor. It will not burn, however, when wet, and in rainy weather we had to live chiefly on hardtack and raisins. And rainy weather was the rule rather than the exception. Rain, fog, sleet, and snow alternated with occasional periods of sunshine. How we loved the warmth and dryness and invigoration of the sun! If I lived in the Chukotsk I should certainly be a sun-worshipper.

Next to the dampness of the country the wind was the worst feature. We were opposite the least-known part of the polar ocean. The perpetual ice of that sea was only two hundred miles away, while to the south lay an open course straight away to Australia and New Zealand. The zephyrs from the spice islands met cruel rebuff in the Arctic gales, and only a typhoon from the China Sea can break through. We had to weight our tent with a wall of rocks to keep it from being blown away.

One day while searching for a way back to camp in a fog I came unexpectedly on the fresh imprint of a sheep's foot in some green moss. Around the place were

signs of recent feeding. In hidden nooks among the rocks were several beds where a sheep had lain, and at each of these places were noticeable amounts of shed hair. The sign was along the jagged rim of an old volcano crater. The lower levels were clear of fog. If I could have the good fortune to drive the sheep down-

hill the chances for a successful shot would be greatly improved. The wind was blowing in that direction, which was unfavorable, but it was my only chance. I started down, threading my way in and out among the turrets, and along the battlement of the ancient rock castle, and meanwhile trying to cover each possible line of retreat.

The end of the broken ridge was in sight when suddenly, from the cover of a side spur a hundred and fifty yards below to my left, an animal darted back toward the crater. It looked no bigger than a rabbit, and had no more substance

than a swift-moving shadow, and when covered with the sights of the rifle seemed to fade and disappear in the mist. An experienced rifleman can call his shots, and in case of a miss tell just where the bullet went, but in this instance I could not. I fired three times, and the thing disappeared behind a flanking ridge. I knew it was a sheep, but whether ram, lamb, or ewe I could not tell. With the harsh roar of the rifle still in my ears, I felt like a boy who has spoken aloud in church during the benediction. I had been moving like one in a dream, spellbound by the pall of the fog. Then I awoke to disappointment and resolve, and I ran to head



Siberian firewood.

Cassiope Tetragona—Fuel moss. A creeping, flowering evergreen plant which burns when green with fragrant odor and a hot flame owing to its high content of oil. Below, Siberian reindeer moss, a lichen which does not compare in size with its Alaskan relative.



Crater country filled with a glacier and partly frozen lakes, where sheep are found.



Fog in region where sheep are found.
The rim of the crater in fog.

the sheep at a gap in the pinnacles it must take to get out of the crater.

When the place was reached the ground showed the sheep had not yet passed. I waited a long while, but nothing happened. Gradually the fog rose until the whole of the inner part of the crater was visible. The bottom was filled with a glacier, and down to it in each depression in the rim ran ice-slides. Separating these slides were narrow ridges with teeth, like broken combs. The sheep was undoubtedly hidden somewhere among the teeth of one of these ridges and had, it seemed, no intention of leaving the crater at that time.

With my glasses I carefully examined the snow-mantle of the glacier, foot by foot, until satisfied the sheep had not crossed to the farther side. I then looked over each of the slides, but it was not until I had changed to several vantage-points that I saw the evidence which gives thrill to the hunter—a blood-trail crossing a narrow part of one of the snow-slides. Up to this time I was sure my shots had missed the sheep, and now I could hardly believe what I saw.

The track indicated the probable location of the animal, and I began climbing down. The descent was difficult, both on account of the ice-tongues which must be crossed, and also because of the necessity to avoid dislodging stones, the noise of which falling might alarm the sheep. Several times I got near the sheep only to find it had left its cunningly concealed bed for a new location. It was playing hide-and-seek among the rocks. After four hours of this work I had the animal, as I thought, cornered at the very end of one of the spurs. Then to my bitter disappointment, for the second time that day, glimpsing its leaping form as it rounded a great rock, I fired and missed at thirty yards. It was eleven o'clock at night. Tired and discouraged, I returned to camp, which I reached some time after midnight.

The next morning all four of us set out, filled with determination to get the sheep. It seemed likely that "peneak" was still in the crater basin. The upper rim of this basin was almost vertical, and so far as my observation went, there was only one possible place on the north side where



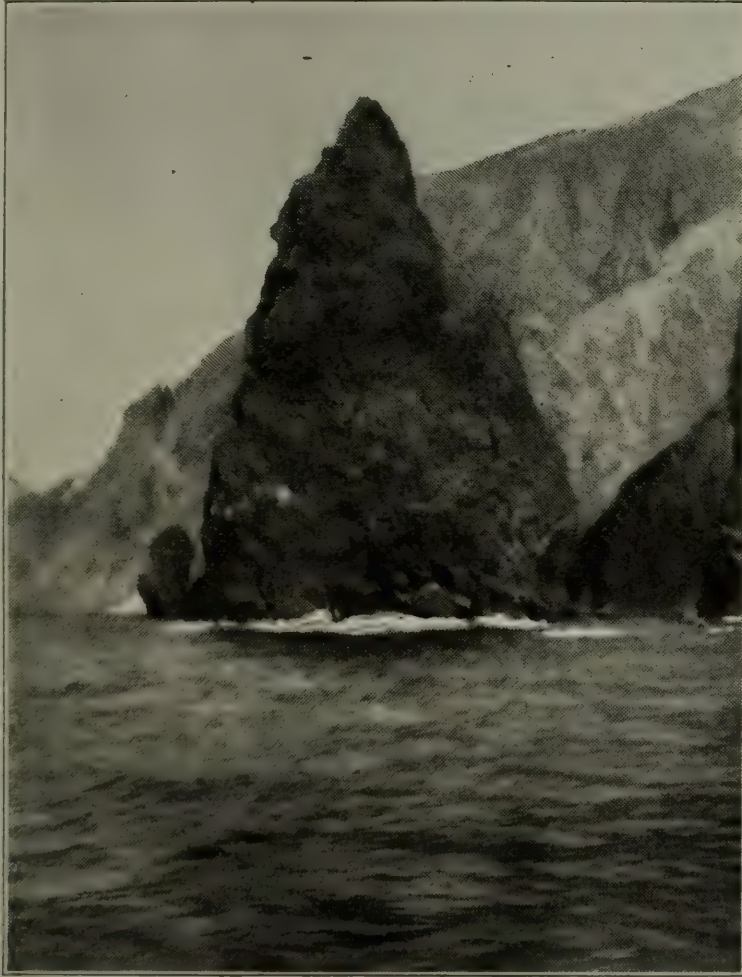
"The Unknown Sheep."

Pngantoo and Chukotsk mountain-sheep ewe.

the animal could escape. This was what mountain climbers call a chimney, a steep, narrow passageway between rock walls. Unlike others opening to the rim, this chimney was nowhere blocked by vertical rock. All that was necessary to secure the sheep was for one of us to guard the exit while the others drove the animal

therefore, I got to the head of the chimney and found that the sheep had already passed, I was disappointed but not surprised. Andy told me they had found the bed where the sheep had lain for the night not far from the place where I had last shot at it.

We spent some time on the summit of



Tombstones for ships.

to him. The plan was flawless except for the same cause which lost Napoleon the battle of Waterloo. The human element is the uncertain factor. The Esquimaux this time were responsible for the slip.

Taylor with Allallowin and Pngantoo conducted the drive, while I went above to intercept the sheep. The day was still, and before long I heard the voices of the men, cheerful but altogether too high-pitched. Nothing short of death could stop these men from talking. I swore, and increased my pace. Several times later the sound of their laughter and friendly arguments reached me. When,

the ridge slowly picking up the track. Then Taylor turned his glasses to a snow-bank half a mile to the east and found the trail. He had wonderful eyes in addition to his acquired and instinctive ability as a sheep-hunter. I could not see the track with glasses until nearly half the distance to the snow-bank had been covered. The sheep had crossed on the jump, and we concluded from the evidence in the snow that it had only suffered a leg wound. The track was lost on rock at the summit of the main ridge, and as the fog had again become very dense we gave up the hunt and returned to camp.



Pngantoo packing the ewe to camp.

The next day the fog conditions were reversed. The low country was obscured, but the mountain-tops were open to the clear sky. Andy with Allallowin went to the place we had last seen the sheep-tracks, while Pngantoo and I climbed the mountain east of our camp with the intention of covering the likely places in between. We hoped, by thus hunting the range from opposite directions, one of the parties might drive the sheep to the others. There were innumerable hiding-places, however, in the miles of rough mountains that intervened, and much of this was covered with fog; so we were far from sanguine as we set out that morning.

Pngantoo packed his model '73 .44-40 Winchester at right angles across his back by the usual breast-thong. The gun was as rusty as if it had lain out of doors the almost half-century since this model was placed on the market, but it was still serviceable, and will no doubt later on be used by one of Pngantoo's sons for seal and walrus hunting. I picked the way, up rock-slides until the summit of the first mountain was reached, and then along the crest of the ridge. We made frequent

detours on side spurs to examine basins, but this work was generally useless on account of our inability to see any distance. It was only on the highest elevations that we were above the fog.

After passing over three mountains we came to a small mesa-like place, and here we found the fresh tracks of a sheep but no blood. The chances all pointed to this being the wounded animal, but as it had gone almost immediately on a rock ridge we could not follow the trail. We made a careful search of all the neighboring country, but could find no further trace of the sheep. The fog made our clothing gray with beads of frost-like water, which, however, disappeared the moment we ascended to the sunlight. Pngantoo, separated from Allallowin, did not talk, and it was very quiet up there on the mountain-top. On days when the wind does not blow one hears no sound except the distant rush of falling water from the glaciers.

We could find no connecting ridge to the mountains farther north. Pngantoo should have known the country, but he could not help. He tried independently to find a route, but each time came back, smiling, but shaking his head. There

were many steep ice-slides in the way which were dangerous to cross. After a while we sat down and waited for the fog to lift. Our own mountain was bathed in sunlight. As we watched, one after another the mountains pricked through the floor of the fog, looking like islands in a great gray sea, but those to the north were lower and still submerged. At length we made out dimly a rough ridge dropping into gloom to the east, which might eventually turn north and give us our connection, and we started along it. I was lost, and Pngantoo knew no more about it than did I. Instinct was at work, however—the thing that is called “hunch.” I recollect an unconscious urge dissociated from reason to go eastward.

We followed the ridge a long way, over one rocky hump after another, through the fog, until its sides became very steep and the climbing difficult. Then a miracle occurred. Out of the rocks a few

yards below my sheep materialized. It was as if it had been instantly created from the void. I fired and the sheep fell dead at our feet. Pngantoo sprinted by me and caught the animal by one horn as the body started sliding into the abyss below. He held on and called for help, and together we dragged the sheep up to a level spot. One front leg was broken by my shot of two days before. Later on, when the fog was still further dissipated, it became evident that we were nearly a mile from our proper course. Finding the sheep was simply a case of bull-headed luck. It had selected for its hiding-place a hollow where it was invisible except from overhead. One scanning the ridge with glasses in clear weather could not have seen it. If we had not been lost and susceptible to commonly ignored impressions, we would never have gotten the sheep.

The animal was a mature ewe, without



Karifko and Uvuk, Chukchi packers from Nulieurock, with the loads they carried for us to the sheep mountains.

Chukchi and Esquimaux clothing is quite similar. In general the men wear two garments, fur-seal trousers with the hair out or deerskin trousers with the hair in and deerskin parkies with the hair in next their flesh. In wet weather they add a leather weight rain parkie made by sewing together walrus intestines, or in the case of the Matasingi Chukchis of split deerskin oiled until it is translucent.

lamb. Its estimated live weight was one hundred and ten pounds. It was very different in color from any sheep I had ever seen. Taylor said it looked like a caribou in the summer coat. Its back was a mouse color, but the tail, which was

it. Here is a ragged sea of high mountains culminating in Matasingi, to which the "Asiatic Pilot" gives the height of 9,180 feet. These lofty mountains are separated from the ranges of the Chukotsk by a stretch of low country. Wil-



Natives bringing in specimens.

very short, was black. It had just completed the process of shedding its winter coat. It also had a very remarkable horn flare. Instead of rounding backward with a moderate spread, the horns of these ewes (for the fact was later confirmed by a specimen acquired from a native) flare widely from the start at the skull. The length of the horns is ten and a half inches, but they spread seventeen and a half at the tip. They also have a peculiar offset near the ends.

Billy Thompson took us the last leg of our journey to the extreme inner end of the peninsula at the head of Holy Cross Bay, or Kresta Gulf, as the Russians call

lows begin to appear, and farther west are spruce and birch forests.

In this western country on the Kolyma watershed, three or four hundred miles away, is a new moose, as yet unknown to science. It is the easternmost representative of its family in Asia, a lordly creature with broad-spreading antlers resembling its Alaskan cousin much more nearly than its Scandinavian congener. As I was given the quest for an unknown sheep, so, in turn, I pass along to another hunter this quest. The world is getting very small, and this is one of the few remaining opportunities for securing a new big-game animal.

Sketches of Visiting Statesmen

BY WALTER TITTLE

PENCIL DRAWINGS FROM LIFE, MADE AT SPECIAL SITTINGS GIVEN THE ARTIST



AS I read from time to time of famous world figures, I find myself, in common with most people, I fancy, visualizing the ones that appeal most strongly to my imagination.

As I gather my verbal or pictorial information from the printed page, I imagine my characters as living and moving about, occupied with the tasks with which the world associates them, or pursuing their favorite hobbies and forms of recreation. I am likely, even, to endow them with a quality of voice that seems to me best fitted to the dream-picture that I have constructed. To some I will give a nervous energy of action, to others a calmer force, and to still others a rigid, stately dignity that, in most instances, I have been relieved to find a misconception. Recently I had an exceptional opportunity to test the accuracy of some of my visualizations by coming face to face with a number of personages of whom I had long known, for the purpose of making portraits of them. Some of the original studies for these portraits are reproduced herewith.

I have read of Mr. Balfour since I was a child. To me he has been a great British institution rather than an individual, and enough of my childish awe was still with me, as late as the year 1917, that his arrival here at that time caused in me a feeling of wonder almost as great as if the Tower of London had been purchased and transported by the money-magic of some American millionaire for erection in Central Park. Of course, I was forced to smile at my own naïve mental attitude. Why shouldn't Mr. Balfour come to America? But second thought showed that to me he was one of my throng of dream-people, and that what uncon-

sciously surprised me was that he was a real person, after all, and not a character from one of the novels of Dickens that I loved so to devour when my first consciousness of Mr. Balfour was formed.

Visual proof of this later and more reasonable conception came recently in Washington, when I saw a tall, slightly stooped, active gentleman enter an automobile in front of a public building. There, at last, was Mr. Balfour. In response to the applause of the assembled crowd he smiled brightly, nodded his head repeatedly, and waved his hand quickly in short arcs, as though he were endeavoring to entertain a very small child. The gesture was distinctly feminine, and probably was the result of his somewhat restricted position in the rear seat of a limousine. He seemed very friendly, and glad of the approval of the throng. His profile to me was rather a surprise, and not exactly what one would expect from the aspect of his full face.

I had another chance to study him, and to make a quick sketch, before our first actual sitting. My chair was the next but one to his on an occasion when he made an address. In gesture and voice and smile he gave a vivid impression of what he must have been like at twenty. I believe I have never seen a man to whom the graces of youth have clung so becomingly. His mannerisms of posture suggested the well-bred, rather charmingly awkward boy who has recently acquired a very considerable growth and hardly knows how to handle the new acquisition. As he rose, assisting himself by gripping the table at which we sat, his movements, I fancied, were quite the same as when he was called upon to recite his lessons at Eton nearly sixty years ago. His voice was exceedingly pleasant in quality, without the slightest trace of oratorical manner, and, again, the voice of a boy. The quick smile seemed to take

fifty years from his age, which asserted itself more when his face was at rest.

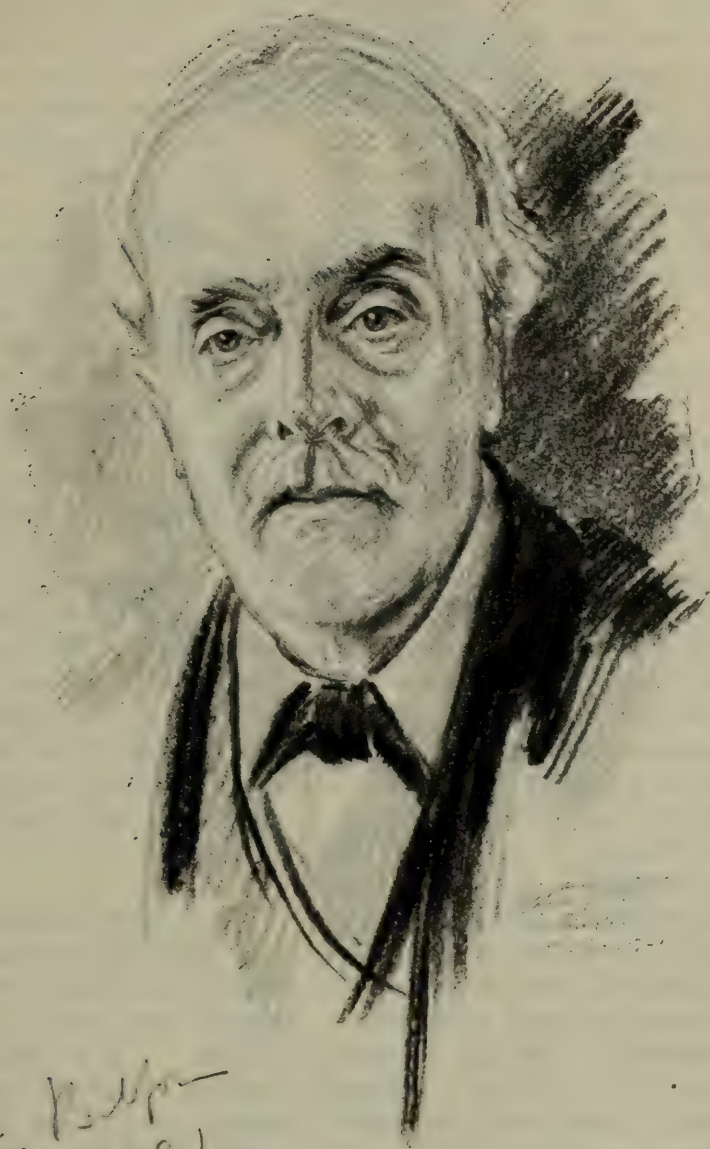
Our first sitting occurred in his apartment. It was in the evening, after a hard day's work, and his face showed some fatigue. Our second sitting was in the middle of the afternoon, and he looked quite young and rested. I have never enjoyed anyone's conversation more than Mr. Balfour's. His choice of words and his pronunciation of them stamped him as the perfect purist. His grasp of all subjects seemed complete. His face was so alive, his manner so cordial, and he seemed so greatly interested in the subjects we discussed. He asked me who my recent sitters had been. I recited my list in the order in which I had done them, the first group being six Frenchmen. "Well, you sound very French, so far," he laughed. "Now I'll be British," I replied, enumerating eight of his countrymen. "Good! That more than balances the account." Our conversation then drifted to art in general, and his knowledge of it was quite broad. He talked of sports, people, even international politics, and was very enthusiastic about the achievements of the Conference. America had a strong appeal for him, and his stay was proving to be most enjoyable. He contrasted New York, London, and Paris. "London is to me the most interesting of places. It is unlike other European cities. It has a peculiar charm of antiquity and tradition. There are a number of cities on the Continent that resemble Paris, but London has an atmosphere that is quite its own. Personally, I have never cared much for Paris, though I recognize its definite appeal. The three cities are so utterly different, and each so wonderful in its own way! New York, with its great buildings, is, of course, the result of environment; lack of space has made it what it is. It appeals to me greatly, now and when I was here before. I am sure that it could become quite a passion with me."

We conversed during the entire time that our sittings required, and the rapidly changing expressions of his mobile face would have been a tax on the agility of any artist's hand. He raised his eyebrows a great deal, especially when he smiled. I have rarely seen a face capable of such

variety of expression, and choice was difficult when one could see material for many sketches in the course of a few moments. A countenance so richly expressive is the logical result of a life as long and full as Mr. Balfour's has been.

From the pictures of Mr. Briand that I had seen in newspapers and magazines, as well as from printed accounts of him as a fighter in politics, I was expecting to meet a rather intolerant, firebrand type of man. I have no doubt that this impression was heightened by his hirsute adornments; the shaggy mane and long, generous mustache made me liken him to a type of faro-banker of the far West of Bret Harte's time. I was expecting a show of annoyance on his part at the idea of being portrayed, and was greatly pleased at his very great gentleness and willingness to help me in my work. He made it possible for me to do three studies of him, and on every occasion his cordial handclasp and his kindly expression of face kept me assured that in his mind the artist has an important niche in any civilization.

This attitude is the rule, I believe, with Frenchmen. No better passport to their interest could be produced than a portfolio of sketches. Art is a language that most of them understand to a considerable degree, and, if they do not understand it, at least they reverence it. There were a number of members of the French delegation in the room when I made my first sketch of Mr. Briand. I was working rapidly, trying to record the grave and dignified face in front of me. Back of me I heard exclamations of excitement in French, one voice calling to the others in the room to see what I was doing. I straightened up suddenly and my head hit the chest of a large man wearing the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. "*Très bien, très bien*," he said repeatedly, and others echoed his words. When I had finished, Mr. Briand rose from his chair with his hands extended to receive the sketch, and he gave me a kindly pat on the arm, and "*Très, très bien*" in his rich musical voice. This incident illustrates the very sympathetic attitude toward my task that gave me so much pleasure during the hours that I spent



The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour.
(Autographed.)

with the French. After this first sketch of Mr. Briand they demanded to see the contents of my portfolio, and from that time on I was greeted with the most cordial good-fellowship whenever I appeared.

I mentioned Mr. Briand's voice. I am sorry I did not have the privilege of hearing him deliver his famous speech before the Conference. The quality of his voice in conversation is so rich and resonant, with such an evident suggestion of its oratorical possibilities, that I am sure it must have been a great pleasure to hear this master of oratory in action. His

manner could not have been simpler, or freer from self-consciousness and pretense. He was dignified unconsciously. In conversation his face was usually grave, but capable of most mischievous flashes of smile and laughter, if things took a humorous turn. I was present when he made the famous utterance about dreadnoughts not being built for sardine-fishing, nor submarines to study under-sea flora. Everybody laughed, and no one enjoyed the joke more than Mr. Briand. His face was alive with mischief and laughter. He is short of stature, and

stoops somewhat. His large head is set rather forward and low on his shoulders, and his large drooping mustache bisects either jaw with its downward arc in such a way that, from a front view, his chin seems much squarer than it really is. All of the members and attachés of his delegation showed their affection for him. He seemed to be the indulgent father of them all.

To me the name Viviani has something alive about it, and suggests a leaping flame. It is the work of poets to cause words to suggest things apart from the hard and fast meanings that are recorded in dictionaries, and this name I would recommend to them for its euphonious properties. And to a certain degree the man is like the name. He is personally more like what I expected Mr. Briand to be, after seeing pictures of his shaggy brows and mustaches. He was the one Frenchman who apparently refused to belong wholly to the otherwise happy family of the French delegation. His moods were as unreliable as the weather. Sometimes he seemed quite gay and pleased with life. But the chances were that the next time you saw him he would be thoroughly out of sorts with everything and everybody. On the occasion when I made my sketch of him he seemed to be very much at peace with the world. His greeting was gentle, and his hand-clasp kindly. But on other occasions when I happened to be at the rooms of the French delegation I could hear his rapid-fire tones of dissatisfaction over this, that, and the other even before the man himself was visible. Shortcomings of some sort are to be found in every one, and I record this aspect of Mr. Viviani because I feel that even a brief sketch of him would not be complete without it.

On one of his sunny days I descended with him in the lift of the hotel where he was staying. No one else was in the car but the operator. Mr. Viviani regarded himself in a mirror with much interest, striking several attitudes. What he saw there seemed to be entirely to his satisfaction; he turned away with a contented smile, and made a jovial remark in which he included with his glance the elevator man and me. I replied in English, and

his response was pronounced exactly as I spell it: "Ah—no spitch Englitch." I had never before heard a French accent that in the least resembled this.

I admired the force that was apparent in Mr. Viviani's face and figure. His neck is quite thick, and joins his head in a straight line at the back. His face is muscular and sculpturesque, the jaws being heavy, and the mouth exceedingly firm, with a downward tendency at the corners. The brow above the eyes is prominent, and the forehead slants back rather abruptly. His nervousness is evident in the expression of his face. I had the privilege of hearing his astonishing mastery of oratory in the Conference chamber on the occasion of the presentation of the Four Power Treaty. He was magnificent. The range of his voice in quality and power, the astonishing variety of it, was marvellous! His performance resembled a musical composition, with its quiet beginning, the gradual crescendo, and the lightning-like climax just before the end.

When Baron Kato had taken the chair that I placed for him, and the first few lines of the sketch were drawn, he smiled slightly and said in a high, shrill voice, "I sin." My interest was instantly aroused. Here, I thought, was the beginning of a burst of self-revelation that would thrill the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." "I beg your pardon?" I interrogated. "Sin, sin, very sin," came the high voice again, as he motioned to his unusually emaciated face. His pronunciation had misled me, and my curiosity met with an anticlimax. Thin he certainly was. His face was the most inscrutable mask except when one was treated to the very rare smile. He looked like an expressionless bronze wrought by one of his own race, embodying as much of the mystery of the Orient as any of its sculptured gods.

"When I first saw Baron Kato," Mr. Balfour said during one of our sittings, "I thought, there is a dying man. He seemed in the final stages of some fatal disease, so thin and yellow and expressionless. I was agreeably surprised when I talked with him to see how his face can light up with an exceedingly sunny smile,



Aristide Briand—Ex-Premier of France.

and I came to the conclusion that he is not sick at all. To me his is one of the most interesting faces of the Conference." I could not help thinking that his countrymen had done well in choosing this man to cope with the world's diplomatists. I tried to talk with him on the subject of Japanese art, remarking its influence on the art of the Occident. His reply was "I am entirely ignorant of art." This surprised me. I had expected the Japa-

nese to be different from our average men of affairs. We think of them as an æsthetic people, forgetting that some of their greatest artists were little thought of by them in their day.

Lord Lee of Fareham does his part in maintaining the reputation for attractiveness of the English gentleman. His voice is quiet, his manner gentle. He possesses both simplicity and distinction.



René Viviani, Ex-Premier of France.

His large brown eyes seem to afford one a glimpse of his soul. He looks more the musician or poet than first lord of the admiralty, with a long record of distinguished service as a statesman behind him. The artistic strain that is evident in his face has found outlet in collecting pictures. He owns many notable canvases. His collection of the works of Constable is a very important one. He not only owns pictures, he knows them. I enjoyed greatly talking with him about them. A large part of his collection he had given to the British Government, he said, along with his estate, Checquers Court, which was donated as a permanent

country house for the Premiers of England.

I found Senator Carlo Schanzer, of Italy, quite different from what I had anticipated. I had seen one poorly printed picture of him in a newspaper, accompanied by an account of his active career. The cut showed his curly hair worn high on his head, with a fine "spade" beard and delicate mustache. The face was quite handsome. So to big achievements I proceeded mentally to add large stature and voice, as well as great show of physical energy. The man who confronted me was small, with a



Baron T. Kato, of Japan.
(Autographed.)

very low voice of childlike gentleness. It was necessary for me to listen quite carefully to hear what he said. His movements corresponded in deliberate gentleness to his voice, and there was about him an almost feminine sweetness and serenity of manner and smile that is frequently met with in Italians. He was not in the least effeminate, however. He sat with the absolute stillness of a statue. The occasional winking of his eyes was the only movement. He was as easy to draw as a study in still life.

So many Americans have recently had the opportunity of seeing Marshal Foch

that description of him here seems almost superfluous. Then, too, my contact with him was necessarily of such short duration that I feel that there are a legion of people here as well qualified as I to describe him, and a lot more to whom no verbal delineation is necessary. My sketch of him was made during his final visit of a day and a half to Washington, and his engagement list, as reviewed to me by several of his staff, seemed impossible of fulfilment in so short a time. Consequently, the opportunity of sketching him that fell to my lot was busily consumed in jotting down his facial lineaments, with scant leisure for noting much else.



Lord Lee of Fareham, First Lord of the Admiralty.
(Autographed.)

To my adoring eyes he was a most satisfactory personage to look upon, this hero of heroes. His fine soldierly bearing and erect posture would win approval for any man not possessed of his great fame. If strength of jaw and chin are indicative of combative qualities, I fancied I could perceive elements that contributed much toward the winning of the war. His face

had a marked spiritual aspect, particularly noticeable when in repose. In conversation he was possessed of a great deal of animation and gaiety on the occasions when I observed him, and he appeared to be on the most intimate terms of *camaraderie* with his staff. The deep-set eyes, with a note of sadness in them, were transformed utterly when he



Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States.
(Autographed.)

laughed, and the many lines of his face all seemed necessary to the perfect consummation of his mirth.

Albert Sarraut, French minister for the colonies, is an exceedingly alert man. His nervous energy is noticeable in every movement. I was filled with admiration for his tireless capacity for work, and for

the unfailing good humor and suavity that were always his even when devoting himself to many tasks at the same time. He has bright, eager eyes; and the effect of eagerness is heightened perhaps by his retroussé nose and upturned mustache. He wears a peculiar little pince-nez that seems too small for its necessary function; I am sure that the average American ocu-



Senator Carlo Schanzer, Italian Delegate.

(Autographed.)

list would object to having the pupils of the eyes so far outside the centre of the lenses. During our sittings he was called away several times for short conferences with Mr. Viviani. With a courteous apology he would quickly disappear, and just as quickly I would find him sitting before me again. He impressed me as a man of unusual ability, which is corroborated sufficiently by the fact that he has

held his present post in four consecutive cabinets. We talked about French art as I worked, and his enthusiasm for the Impressionists is very great. Especially does he adore Renoir, which made for us at once a common meeting-ground. Some of the later tendencies of the French school are not much to his liking.

Sir Auckland Geddes is a vigorous,



Albert Sarraut, Minister of Colonies, France.
(Autographed.)

clean-cut type of Scotchman. He is tall and powerfully built, with a decided strength of modelling in his features. His head resolves itself into very definite and unusual planes. The mouth and exceptionally prominent chin indicate the determination that is undoubtedly his. I noticed him and Mr. Balfour in conversation at the Conference table, and was struck by the similarity of construc-

tion of their heads. Both are unusually long, out of the average proportion to the width, and the excess of length in both cases comes above the brows and below the base of the nose. There are other points of similarity in the two heads. I mentioned this to Sir Auckland when he sat to me. He said he thought that it was doubtless to be accounted for partly by the fact that both Mr. Bal-



Marshal Ferdinand Foch, recently guest of the American Legion in the United States.

four and he are of a Scotch type, and further because the two families are connected.

I found Sir Auckland a most interesting subject. His face seemed to be made to draw or model. He called my attention to a peculiarity of his mouth. "You seem to be biting your lower lip," I said; "are you?" He laughingly assured me that he was not. I could not help being impressed by the youth of this man for the important position he holds, and spoke of it to him. "Well, the war made me," he said, with a frank smile. Sir Maurice Hankey had made a similar statement to me about himself, and I was

glad to remark that war occasionally shows discretion in her choice of the ones she "makes." She sometimes elevates the ones that "carry on" best, and not only the profiteers.

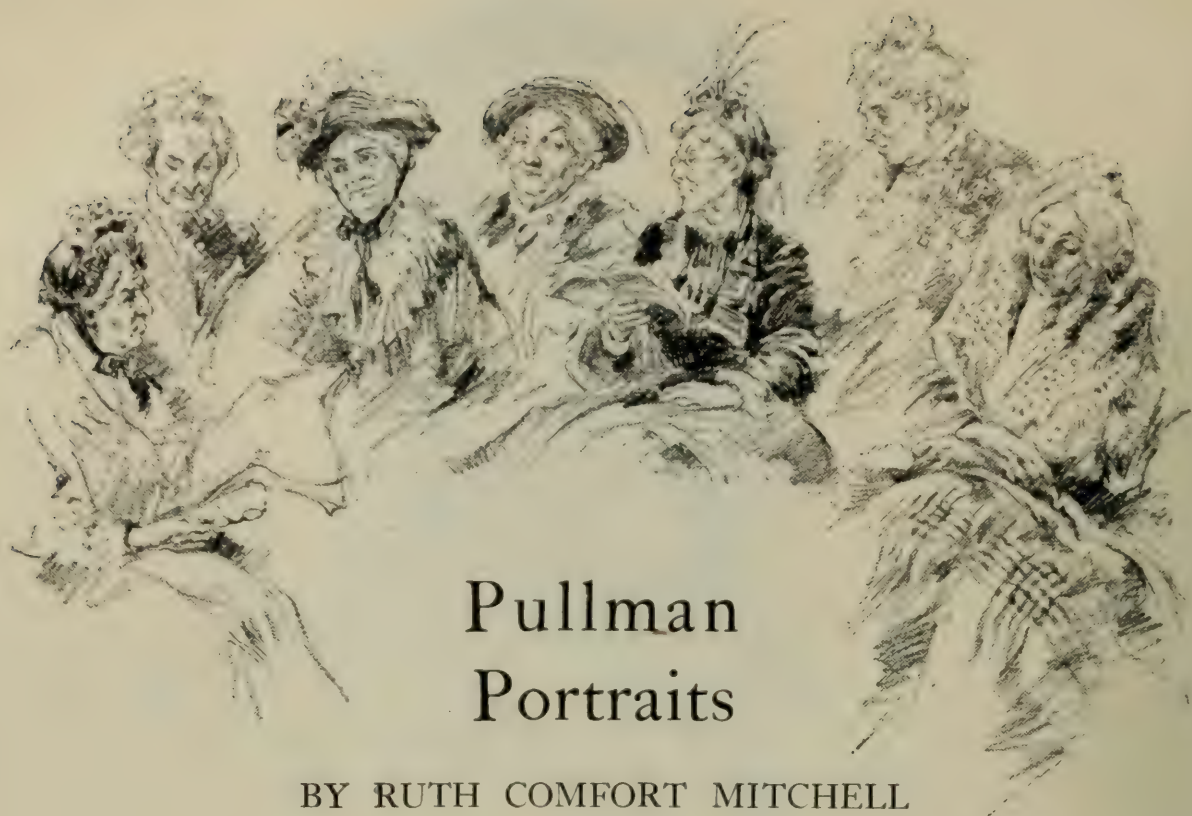
A most charming and attractive man is Doctor Sze, the Chinese minister. His face is almost constantly adorned with a boyish smile. He speaks excellent English, which is not to be wondered at when one knows of his generous American education, but a considerable trace of the Chinese accent still remains. He has an air of kindly good-fellowship for everybody, and seems to be eager to oblige in



Dr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States.
(Autographed.)

any way that he can. This was noticeable in his attitude toward the newspaper men, and some of them were inclined to take unfair advantage of it. I was present on one occasion when a newspaper correspondent questioned him with unnecessary sharpness, before a considerable audience, on some points that Doctor Sze was evidently not at liberty to disclose. He parried the almost brutal interrogations for a while without losing his smile, but finally, instead of the rebuke that was really merited, his objection came in the form of a protest. He said that further meetings with the press would be impossible if this sort of thing

were to continue. The large majority of the crowd were quite indignant that this kindly gentleman should be imposed upon. I heard him read an able speech in one of the open sessions of the Conference. He spoke clearly, and in a strong, steady voice; but a nervous sensitiveness was discernible in the trembling of his hands, which he tried to avoid by bracing them against his body. I admire a man who has courage enough to conquer the fear that he may have of addressing an audience. Doctor Sze is greatly liked in Washington, and the reasons for this are immediately apparent on meeting him.



Pullman Portraits

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

I

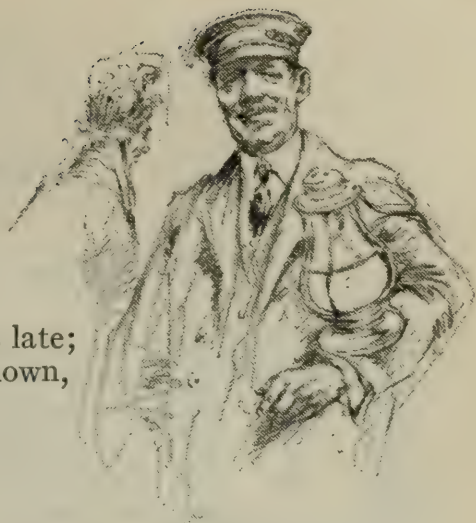
DOWN the green plush lane, at the forward end of the car,
There are seven Iowa farmers' tired old wives
With their faces set toward the perfumed orange groves
For a lyrical end to their prosy, cumbered lives;
And all day long with their red, work-twisted hands
On their black silk laps they idle, they rest, they play;
They badger the grime-gray brakeman, make new friends,—
"Say, Pa, this gentleman *here's* from Ioway!"

II

While the bored, late breakfast crowd in the diner fumed
And a thin man snarled that his coffee wasn't hot,
I saw them carry her by with clumsy haste—
A silent, sagging shape on a sagging cot,
And all day long there seeps through my noisy car,
Through the tight-shut, shining door of the drawing-room,
The sense of a breathless race with hours and miles . . .
The sense of doom, of imminent, hovering doom;
And whenever the loose-limbed brakeman hurtles through,
Frolicsome-shy as a sidling setter pup,
The mother's jerking face at the crack of the door—
"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can make it up?"

III

There's an old young soldier raptly hurrying home
 With a line of shining deeds across his coat,
 But the scar far back in his aching-tired eyes
 Is a deeper scar than the one along his throat,
 And all day long I am watching him realize . . .
 That the show is done; he has missed his cue; he's late;
 The bands are stilled and the WELCOME signs are down,
 And his shining deeds,—*his war*—is out of date!



IV

A big, thick-wristed man in the section across;
 The delicate, fresh-dressed woman by his side
 With the look in her face of a stale, warmed-over dream,
 Is a bride, a pitiful, tardy, Autumn bride,
 And all day long, sitting still in her green plush seat,
 She escapes, she flees, she hides . . . till the train's harsh tune
 Summons her back to the touch of his thick, cold hand,
 To bring her November heart to the feast of June.

.
 Can they ever learn to rest in their orange groves?
 Is the engine aware of the drawing-room's tragic need?—
 And the soldier's eyes—and the dream that stood too long?
 I am tense with the urge for a greater, kinder speed;
 And all day long, till the desert sun slides down
 And the farmers' wives are noisy with plate and cup,
 Now soft, now shrill, four-keyed, it pierces through . . .

"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can make it up?"

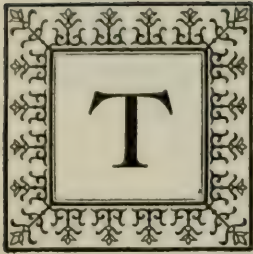


Bain's Hole

BY ALEXANDER HULL

Author of "The Argosies"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY WILLIAM FLETCHER WHITE



THE cabin of Jess Toler lay in the long shadows of the trees of Bain's Hole, a little explored and impenetrable swamp, reeking with miasma and decay, filled with the inanimate treachery of slime and bog, alive with the quicker death of cottonmouth, rattler, and, now and then, a scarlet harlequin. The swamp growth was tall; trees towered a hundred and fifty feet into the serene wash of gold that was sunset, and were silhouetted, black, twisted, incomprehensibly threatening shapes, against the mellow sky. The swamp lay to the west of the cabin a hundred yards or more, and the cabin faced south. North and east were reaches of level tilled land, rising toward the morning direction in slow gradations to a long line of softly curved lavender mountains. Except for the ever-present black menace of Bain's Hole there was no threat in the region thereabout. The twilight was coming on, warm and drowsy, and all sounds were muffled and uninsinuating—the distant challenges of restless cocks, the faint baying of a far-away hound, the long-drawn echo of a chime-whistle on the railway, ten miles away.

Lou May Toler stood in the doorway of the cabin, a slim, brown figure of nineteen, looking at the drowsy world and watching—and listening, for she seldom saw Jess Toler before she heard him—for her husband. He would slip furtively along the edge of the swamp, or slink, low-bent, behind the concealing zigzags of the rail fence, and a crackling stick under his foot, or a rustling of brush or grass, very often would be her first warning of him.

Into the heart of Lou May there stole for a moment a little of the peace and quiet of the twilight. She looked resolutely away from the oppressive swamp,

into the fields and hills that were still rosy with the afterglow. Suddenly there seemed to be a premonition of chill in the atmosphere, and, sensitive to every indication of nature, to which she was so near, Lou May felt it. It came, she knew, from the swamp. Her eyes, big, brown, wistful, turned slowly, and she looked apprehensively at the black and moss-grown phantoms rising out of the mucky ground. A shiver—more than that, a trembling like the shaking of ague—passed through her. Lou May was deathly afraid of the known and unknown terrors of Bain's Hole.

Of these Jess was one. Far in its recesses he had a hiding-place to which he retreated, from which he emerged, like a snake crawling in and out of its thicket.

"Ah don' lak dat swamp," muttered Lou May. "Ah don' lak um. Seems lak Ah cain't breathe near it—seems lak hit's full o' brack debbils—sometimes Ah kin mos' smell um."

And as she drew a long inhalation it did, indeed, seem as if there were a reek in the air as of something foul and festering. She shook her head and turned away from Bain's Hole, turning as if she were struggling against some sinister attraction, very strong, but not quite strong enough to hold her—yet. One might have said that there was a continual warfare going on between the swamp and the woman, to which the as yet defeated swamp returned again and again.

Still there was no sound or sight of Jess Toler.

Lou May heard a tiny whimper inside the cabin, and she turned abruptly to go in. At any cost the baby must be kept quiet. If it cried, and Jess happened to be in one of his frequent brutal moods, something terrible surely would happen!

In the instant that she turned, a black shape fluttered up from Bain's Hole and winged eastward across the dying day,



From a drawing by William Fletcher White.

COMING BACK, THE LIGHT OF THE CABIN SHONE CLEAR AND STEADY.

—"Bain's Hole," page 419.

flying low—so low that its great black wings seemed almost to brush the ridge of the cabin.

Lou May flung her apron over her face. Too late. She had seen the fluttering omen!

Perhaps seeing the movement, the bird veered sharply, and emitted a shrill cry, and repeated it.

"Caw! Caw!"

Lou May shook from head to foot. She uttered a low moan, and staggered into the cabin.

"Ol' crow," she whispered, terror-stricken. "Hit's a debbil, fo' sho! Some niggah go'n' die to-night. Somebody go'n' die!"

Suddenly, with a passionate cry, she caught up the whimpering child from its crib and covered its face with her kisses.

"'Tain' yo', honey chile—'tain' yo'—de Lawd he ain't gwine let it be yo'!"

The child's murmuring was stilled long before Lou May's heart was quieter. She put it back in the crib and fixed the fire. The coffee was boiling fiercely, and the fat of side meat spattering smokily upon the rusty stove-top. Lou May, despite her fear, took a bucket and went to the spring for fresh water. The path to the spring lay away from the swamp, but Lou May whispered incantations through every step of her fearsome progress. Coming back, the light of the cabin shone clear and steady—something beneficent and protecting to guide her.

But as she entered the door she saw that Jess Toler was sitting inside the cabin, his evil face alight with malice, his eyes consumed with the fire of some hellish menace.

Lou May screamed softly, and the water-bucket dropped from her limp fingers and clattered onto the ground outside. She stood swaying on the threshold.

Jess Toler got to his feet and jerked her roughly inside.

"Yo-all go'n' scream some moah—'foah Ah gets through wiv yo'!" he said savagely.

He pushed her to the farther side of the room and put himself between her and the door. Lou May put her hands up before her face defensively.

"Ain' no need fo' that," said Jess. "Ain' go'n' beat yo' nohow this time.

Beatin' is too good fo' yo'. Don' know jes' what Ah do aim to do wiv yo'—but theah ain' no hurry 'bout that. Time enough to 'tend to yo' lateh on. Jes' now . . ."

Suddenly he roared his question at her. "Wheah was yo' 'long 'bout two days befoh we uz married?"

"Ah don' remember. Hit's so long ago now——"

"Wheah was yo'?" repeated Jess inexorably.

"Fo' de Lawd, hit's de truff Ah'm tellin' yo'!" cried Lou May. "Ah don' remember."

Jess Toler laughed, and there was a note of incredible cruelty in his mirth.

"Sho't mem'ry—sho't mem'ry! Ah aims to make it a li'l longeh—yes, Ah sho' does aim to!"

Suddenly his mirth changed to venom.

"Yo' bettah think ha'd," he assured her. "Bettah think ha'der than yo' evah thought befoh! Bettah speak up and tell me wheah yo' was! Not because Ah don' know—Ah knows puffleckly well—but jes' because Ah'd like to heah yo' say it. Speak up—wheah was yo'?"

Lou May moaned. "Ah don' know," she sobbed. "Ah speck Ah wasn't no wheah—Ah mean—Ah tell yo' Ah *don'* know! Mos' lakly Ah was jes' at home. Of co'se, that's wheah Ah was—Ah was at home. Yo' ask maw ef Ah wasn't! Ah don' remember, mahse'f, but——"

Jess stepped closer to her.

"Yo' don' remember—wiv the remin-deh what yo' got—right heah?"

"Ah don' know what yo' talkin' 'bout!"

Jess Toler looked toward the crib in the corner significantly.

"Ah'm talkin' 'bout a basta'd, that's what Ah'm talkin' 'bout," he said bluntly.

At the same instant that the enormity of the false accusation struck her, she wondered at the strange lack of violence in him when he made it. He must be without an atom of propf—he couldn't have propf, for there was only falsity in the charge! And yet she realized, with utter despair, that no amount of protestation would convince him. He was determined to convict her. And yet . . . again she wondered that he was so quiet about it. It might be, she thought, shiv-

ering, that here was an anger past noise. Knowing that it was useless, some fine instinct within her compelled her nevertheless to deny.

"Hit's a lie!" she cried.

He stirred and clenched his hands. Lou May knew then that his immobility had not been the lack but the repression of violence. He was stemming it deliberately so that it might accumulate behind the barriers, and become overwhelming and utterly disastrous to her. The thought of the crow, that lethal portent, recurred to her. In a blinding flash, Lou May saw that she was that night to die. The crow had flown for her! But, if she must die, she would die protesting!

"Hit's a lie—hit's a lie!" she screamed passionately.

Jess put his hand on her wrist and wrenched it cruelly.

"Stop 'at noise!" he hissed.

And as if she were hypnotized, Lou May stopped.

"Yo' listen to me, yo' ——!" said Jess. "Theah ain't no use tryin' to talk lies to me! Ah know wheah yo' was that night when Ah was oveh to Gulf City. Ah see Ben Garrison this afte'noon, and he tole me 'bout that niggah fum the No'th—how yo' was always talkin' to um, listenin' to his highfalutin' talk—an' how yo' went down the riveh wiv him that night, an' neveh come home till mo'nin'——"

Lou May's voice was low now, but she still protested. "Hit ain't true! Ben Garrison was lyin' to yo', Jess! Ben was mad because Ah wouldn't have no truck wiv him—he tol' me then he'd get even wiv me. Ah nevah had no doin's wiv 'at niggah fum the No'th. Hit's a lie—hit's a damned lie!"

Suddenly Jess Toler released her wrist and swung his hand heavily against her mouth. The blow half stunned her, but there was something of relief, too, in the physical hurt. Almost instantly there was a taste of warm saltiness in her mouth, and she realized that her lips had been cut against her teeth.

"Go'n' lie 'bout Ben, too, huh? Play me a dirty trick lak 'at, an' nen lie 'bout mah bes' fren', too, huh? Go'n' lemme raise a li'l basta'd foh yo' gen'lemun fren' fum the No'th, and puvide clothes an' food fo' hit——"

A lie! A lie! said all her being. The child had nothing that she had not begged of her mother for it, and as for food, it had not yet passed the age where it could dispense with its own mother's milk! A terrible depression closed down over her. From that moment on, she determined, he should extort no denial from her. He might hurt her so that she could not keep quiet, but she would never give his evil accusation the lie again.

As if he could read her unvoiced determination and were immeasurably angered by it, he struck her again—but again with the flat of his hand. She did not understand that. It was as if he were being very careful not to injure her seriously. What did that mean?

"Cain't play 'at trick wiv Jess Tole'. Ain' go'n' have no basta'd in my cabin!"

Suddenly he took her by her two arms and whirled her about, and pushed her out of the door, heavily, so that she stumbled over the sill and fell to the ground outside. When she rose to her feet the door was closed. And still she did not understand. She heard the voice of Jess Toler inside the cabin, repeating without apparent heat, dully but determinedly:

"Ain' go'n' have no basta'd in my cabin!"

He moved heavily across the cabin floor. Lou May was pierced through and through with the long wail of her child. Suddenly bitter enlightenment flooded her heart, her brain, her whole body. She leaped, screaming, at the door and beat upon it with clenched fists. The wailing inside abruptly ended. Frantically Lou May beat her fists bloody on the door. In vain—it did not give—all her puny human strength might be dashed against it and it would never yield! With a high, raucous scream Lou May Toler collapsed upon the ground, unconscious.

For a long while she lay there, not moving, mercifully unknowing, scarcely breathing, even. She lay there while the sound of a moving bolt came from the cabin, then the rattling of a raised window. Utter silence followed and was greatly prolonged.

The gibbous moon, red and angry, rose over the smoky mountains of the eastern horizon, and slowly climbed the sky. It stood well over the valley when Lou



It was in the night, in the moonlight, in the road . . . or the forest—it was everywhere!—Page 422.

May finally stirred and got to her feet, whimpering. She staggered to the door, swayed, and fell against it. This time it gave, for it had nothing more to keep from her.

Lou May, still moaning, crept across the floor on her hands and knees to the crib. The yellow moonlight, through the open window by which Jess Toler had gone out, fell upon the child's dusky face. Timidly, Lou May put out her finger and touched the little cheek, and the flesh to her finger was cold and unmoving.

The terror of death filled the cabin. It lay about her, everywhere. Poor, foolish Lou May had the thought suddenly that she could escape it—that she could run away from it. She ran out into the golden moonlight. But it was there, too! Faster and faster she ran. But no matter how fast she might go, it kept pace with her. It was in the night, in the moonlight, in the road or in the fields or the forest—it was everywhere! It was in her own breaking heart. She sped on, gasping. And now she felt but little. She had forgotten her child was dead. She had forgotten why she was running—she only knew that she must keep on running—running—running from some terrible and pursuing thing behind her. She was no longer a woman: she was a panic-stricken animal, flying through the dark from an unnamed and unrealized terror. Presently her eyes were closed, and she ran on blindly. She tripped on a root and fell heavily, and did not rise again until the moon dropped behind the horizon in the pale dawn.

It was barely light when Lou May stumbled against the door of her mother's cabin in Cairntown.

"Who dar—who dar?" demanded the rich and soothing voice of her mother.

"Hit's me—Lou May," said Lou May weakly. Then something inside of her seemed to burst and release a torrential flood of feeling. "Hit's me, maw—mah baby's daid—an' Ah've come—home!"

The sunshine, thick, rich, and golden, poured down at noontide upon the streets and houses of Cairntown—streets more than ankle-deep with red-brown dust; houses low-built, jerry-built, and ugly. Where the dust was deepest, in one of the lowest-built and ugliest of the cabins,

Lou May sat with her mother. There was compensation of a sort about the cabin of Mammy T'ress Conner in a huge and magnificent tulip-tree, a thing of emerald and silver mingled, cool and beneficent. It tempered the midday sun to the flimsy roof of the sagging cabin, and gave it a breath of purer air and took five degrees from its blistering temperature.

Lou May sat at the open door, looking out across the fields, her hands lying loosely in her lap. In the drooping lines of her young body an infinite weariness and apathy were pictured. Five days earlier her baby had been buried. Lou May had found tears for that last parting, but she had shed them as if in a dream. Curiously aloof, her spirit had sat watchful within her, and had observed her body and her deeds as those of another being. It was all unreal, the clumsy mechanical simulacra of life, when actually no life was there. Something, the vital part of her, was dead, had been dead ever since the night when her child had been murdered, and was dead now, as she sat looking from her mother's door, her eyes half open, half closed.

Her mother sat at the kitchen table, busily sucking a chicken bone. She rolled its end in her capacious mouth and unctuously and loudly extracted the last bit of goodness from it, then tossed it, clean and shining, past her daughter into the yard, treasure-trove for wandering coon-town dogs, or lean and predatory cats, whichever might first and piratically discover it. This done, she surveyed her daughter yet again, deep trouble furrowing her glistening face.

"Honey, Ah done kilt dat fowl jes' on yo' account, an' now yo' gwine let me eat it all mahse'f? Cain't yo' eat jes' a li'l bit, honey? Ef hit's on'y a wing, or a tiny piece of breas', hit's boun' to do yo' good. Jes' a li'l piece, Lou May!"

She had asked the question half a dozen times already, and each time Lou May had apathetically replied: "Ah ain't hongry, maw—Ah don' feel like eatin'."

This time she made no reply, and her mother, emboldened, pressed her harder.

"Yo' got to eat yo' grub, chile! Cain't nobody get 'long widout dat! Hit's an

awful good bi'd, honey—tender and juicy and sweet—hit jes' melts in yo' mouf. Yo' is young yet—yo' want to save yo' good looks."

Lou May stirred, and got to her feet.

"All right, Ah'll eat hit," she acceded. "Mah looks ain't botherin' me no moah, though. Ah'm thoo wiv men, onless hit's one man, an' Ah don' know ef Ah am thoo wiv him, or ef Ah ain't."

"Dat's——"

"Don' yo' name him to me!" said Lou May. "Don' yo' nevah name him to me—Ah warns yo', maw!"

The tone was dead, but in spite of that there was something potent and deterrent in it that instantly stopped the garrulous negress.

"Ah'll eat a li'l grub, because Ah'm go'n' out to Bain's Hole dis afte'noon, an' hit'll take strength, an' hit seems lak Ah ain't got no mo'—seems lak mah bones is jes' tu'n to wateh, an' run away fum me."

Her mother protested. "Honey chile, yo' cain't go out theah! Yo' cain't do hit—why——"

But there was a grim finality in the girl's answer, against which the older woman knew she might beat in vain, though with veritable cataracts of words.

"Ah'm go'n'—theah ain't no use in yo' talkin' to me 'bout hit. Ah've got to go. Ah cain't he'p mahself. Hit seems lak theah's somethin' callin' me, somethin' like a voice, an' hit's a voice dat's high and shrill and piercin' sweet—hit's the voice of mah baby. Ah been settin' heah, not stirrin', not sayin' nothin'—wiv mah eyes closed, so Ah spect yo' says to yo'-self, 'De poor chile is asleep.' 'Tain't so. Ah ain't been sleepin'—Ah've been listenin' to dat voice—an' Ah kin heah hit in de day an' in de night. An' hit's jes' like mah baby's voice. Ah knows mah baby's daid. Ah ain't crazy, neitheh. But Ah knows Ah've got to go out theah again."

Lou May ate her dinner, and an hour later she set out, weak and shaken, but steadfast with the determination that nothing could shake, along the road which, eight days before, she had travelled in the dreadful night with fear-fleet limbs. Often along the way she rested, and it was near four in the afternoon when she neared the cabin of Jess Toler.

The long shadows of Bain's Hole fell far over into the level ground, so that they included in their sinister domain the cabin. They had reached it, and had extended some fifty feet beyond. Lou May came up to the edge of the shadows, a distinct and sharply defined line just there, and paused.

She was afraid. It seemed to her that the shade, a step beyond, was the domain of another world, a world peopled by ghosts and devils and evil spirits, and by their earthly and fleshly allies, the snakes, the crows, and—Jess Toler. If she were to put her foot into it again there would be something terrible and irretrievable about the movement, she thought. She would be giving herself up to the black spell of the spirits of evil and darkness. Yet it was but a step, in the daylight, across that unstable and moving and intangible threshold. For an instant Lou May could not take it. She half turned to run away.

Then she closed her eyes. For a moment she stood motionless, listening. That piercing and perilously sweet sound again!

"Mah baby," murmured Lou May, smiling faintly, "Ah'm comin'—Ah'm comin'!"

And when she opened her eyes, lo, the shadows had perceptibly lengthened, and she stood immersed in the coolness and the dank breath of Bain's Hole.

She went on to the cabin. It was, as far as she knew, as it had been left the day the people had come from town and gotten her child's body. She went inside and stood for a little, bewildered, dazed, her heart thumping madly.

Suddenly she began to shiver. She leaned against the table for a moment, and the spell passed off. It was weakness, she thought, and she moved to the stove. There was wood in the corner.

"Ah'll make mahse'f a li'l tea," she said, and the sound of her voice reassured her.

When she had finished her tea she seemed much better. Certainly she was no longer frightened. A strange peace had settled upon her. It was odd that in this place where she had known his violence, his torture, his cruelty, she should remember nothing of Jess Toler—but it

was true. She remembered only the tiny atom of black humanity, now blown so far away on the cold wings of eternity, which had slumbered in her hungry arms; she remembered only its cooing and gurgling, its smiles and quick laughter, its puny anger and sharp, soul-piercing cries . . . that was all she could remember. But it was, for the time being, almost enough. She sat by the open door, remembering these things, and she found in them the first ease and healing that she had known since that evil night. Her eyes were bright and clear and lovely. A soft light shone in their topaz depths that fell short—only barely short—of content.

The shadows advanced farther into the valley, and dusk came on. Lou May rose now and then to replenish the fire, and returned to her seat. Her mood was confirmed and accentuated. She was, she dimly realized, almost happy once more.

She saw, without a touch of fright, a crow rise from the tattered trees of Bain's Hole, as it had risen on that other terrible night, and wing its way toward the cabin, and over it, so closely that its shadow, if it had cast a shadow, would have fallen almost at her feet. She barely stirred at the sight.

"Ah'm go'n' to die to-night," she said softly. "Ah'm go'n' to die to-night—but honey baby, de Lawd Jesus gwine take mah soul away fum dat brack debbil bi'd, and bring me up to yo'!"

As if in derision, the raucous voice of the bird answered her from the distance.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Undaunted, Lou May repeated: "Bring me up to yo'! Ah'm comin' soon, honey! Ah'm comin'!"

The innate fatalism of her race caught her up to a plane of rapt exaltation, where the fears and superstitions of her lower and every-day life no longer operated. She soared above them with her faith, high and serene.

It grew dark, and she lighted a lamp and closed the door, and sat down again in the padded and squeaking rocking-chair, and swayed back and forth in a slow, rhythmic motion. She knew now that she was waiting . . . waiting for the Angel of Death to visit the cabin again and take her away—away to her child.

Moments, hours, passed, before her

waiting ended. The faint, rich chime of the town clock had told ten across the still valley when the latch-string of the cabin door began to lift, in the direct line of her eyes. It came up slowly, scarcely seeming to move. After an endless suspense it clicked, the door swung open, and Jess Toler, limping, unshaven, and muddy, stepped quickly into the room and barred the door behind him.

His eyes were bloodshot, and there was a bluish tinge in his brown face. His lips were black. He leaned against the door for a moment, his mouth drawn back, his teeth gleaming chalky-white. Twice he essayed to speak—and twice he failed. Only tortured and unintelligible aspiration resulted. He made a movement of baffled anger. And with the movement some sort of release came for his voice.

"Yo' come back!" he said hoarsely. "Ah knowed yo'd come back. Yo' got grub cooked?"

Lou May shook her head.

He crossed the floor quickly, rummaged in a box by the cupboard, and found a loaf of dried bread. There was a chunk of side meat hanging by the stove. These he slung into a towel, which he hastily knotted together. Then seeing Lou May's teapot, cold on the end of the table, he poured out what was left, a black and acrid fluid, into her cup and drank it off noisily.

Lou May had not stirred.

He laid down the cup and stared at her narrowly. When he spoke it was with a much stronger voice than before.

"Ah come back to kill yo' 'foah Ah leaves de country."

Lou May's face did not change.

"Ah knowed yo'd be comin' back heah! Ah says to mahself: 'Ain't no use go'n' out Wes' widout killin' huh fust.' Ah laid oveh theah in de swamp, th'ee-fouah days, watching de cabin, an' yo' nevah showed up. Ah knowed yo'd come back 'foah long, though. Two-th'ee days moah. Ah didn' have no money, so yest'-day Ah went oveh Bradley way, an' las' night Ah cotch dat ol' Mis' Tatum what lives oveh theah all alone, an' tie huh up, an' bu'n huh toes jes' a li'l—an' afteh while she tole me wheah she is got 'bout fouah hund'ed dollahs hid up. Sho' did—glad to. Ah 'lowed yo'd be back 'bout



Remembering these things . . . she found in them the first ease and healing that she had known since that evil night.—Page 424.

de time a week was up, an' Ah says: 'Ah'll jes' go back yondeh and kill dat niggah befoah Ah strikes out fo' Noo Awleens an' de Wes'.'"

He watched her for a little.

"'Ain't much out of mah way, an' 'twon' take long—jes' a few minutes,' Ah says. . . ."

Undoubtedly it had been his intent to terrify her first, but suddenly something in her attitude seemed to proclaim to him that he was foiled. He looked at her more intently, scowling. Anger, then incredulous amazement, flooded his face.

"How come?" he demanded. "How come yo'-all ain' 'fraid of me no moah?"

"Ah ain't, dat's all," said Lou May slowly. "Ah won' nevah be 'fraid of yo' no more. Theah ain' nothin' no moah what yo' kin do to me."

"Ain't?"

Jess Toler laughed deep in his throat, furiously.

"Kin kill yo', Ah reckon."

"Do hit!"

He stared at her, baffled. Then he reached for the table-drawer and put his hand on the handle of the long butcher-knife that was in it.

"Ah'll do hit!" he said.

Lou May got to her feet and faced him serenely.

Suddenly the horrible drama inside the cabin came to an end, the thread of its plot snapped by the hand of fate.

There was a quick, thunderous knocking on the cabin door, and a voice cried, in the clarion, ringing tones of the man-hunter:

"Come out of there, nigger, and give yourself up!"

Jess Toler wilted where he stood, like a plant in the blasting breath of fire. His face was utterly transformed; it became ashen, livid, and awful.

"White man!" he whispered voicelessly.

With a quick exhalation of breath he blew out the lamp and left the room in darkness, intense at first, but after a few seconds paled by the light of half a dozen lanterns outside. They shone in all the windows, and their light, and the voices of the men, were evidence that the cabin was surrounded and that Jess Toler was doomed.

In the darkness Lou May heard him withdraw to the farthest end of the room, into the corner, whimpering.

"Nigger, come out, or we'll come in after you!"

There is nothing so inexorable for the negro as white man's justice. Lou May, cowering in the middle of the room, flung her hands over her face.

At the same instant there was a mysterious, terrible sound in the corner of the room where Jess Toler had been. A strange, unhuman cry, and the heavy impact of a body striking the floor. After that, for an instant, silence. Then two hoarse gasps that had in them the dreadful semblance of the "Caw! Caw!" of a crow that had almost lost its voice. The sounds were meaningless to Lou May, but terrifying in their unintelligibility.

An angrier murmur arose outside and the voice of the grim white man called the third time.

"Open—or we'll burn you out!"

A wild, quick courage surged through Lou May Toler.

"Yes, suh!" she cried. "Ah'll open—Ah'll open!"

She fumbled in the darkness, found the bar, and raised it. The door opened with a rush, sweeping her back so that she fell against the table. When she recovered herself the room had a dozen white men in it, with guns and a rope in their hands.

But Jess Toler had escaped their justice.

He lay in the corner in a pool of his own gushing blood, his throat slit from ear to ear.

Lou May began to sob hysterically.

One of the white men caught her by the arm and shook her. "Shut up, you young fool!" he said. "You don't know when you're well off. You get out of here, and go on into town to your mother!"

He pushed her out of the door into the night.

The moon was just breaking over the hills in the far east, and the world, second by second, grew silver under its alchemic light. Bain's Hole, brooding and sinister, loomed up before her eyes. But to its menace she was indifferent now. Bain's Hole had no more hold over her. She



"Ah come back to kill yo' 'foah Ah leaves de'country."—Page 424.

had paid her debt to it, in blood and life and suffering. And she was free, for its animating spirit, Jess Toler, was dead!

Free. . . .

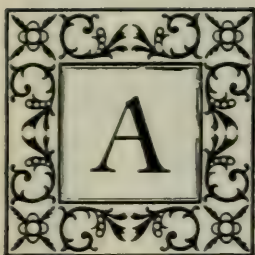
Yes, strangely, she was free. Something surged up within her, a warmer, quicker, stronger flow of blood, the stirring of new life, the recrudescence of youth . . . she was not dead, and she was glad that she was not dead!

The voices of the white men in the terrible cabin were confused and low-pitched. She heard one of their horses, tethered down near the swamp, nicker and another reply. The moon cleared the curved summits of the mountains, and rose, a disk of luminous silver, for its nightly vigil.

Lou May stirred and moved away toward the town. . . .

Ghosts and Devils: New Style

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD



AS far as I know, three opinions, and three only, are held with reference to those phenomena beyond the verge of ordinary experience, about which the world is talking so much to-day. One large group believes that the spirits of the dead intervene in our affairs: not very successfully perhaps, but rather persistently: Another group accepts the teaching of the Catholic Church that spirits intervene indeed, but that they are by no means the ghosts of the dead. The Church says quite plainly that all such manifestations are the work of evil spirits, who are perpetually seeking to delude mankind by their tricks and foul devices. The third group explains the phenomena in question, or seeks to explain them, by the methods of science, as products of the human brain and of matter. Of course there are, besides, the people who shut their eyes and deny that anything queer ever happens; but they can scarcely be said to hold any opinion. For them the world is a shadowless place, and has nothing to offer even by way of illusion except Maskelyne and his collaborators in mystery.

It is not my purpose to discuss psychic phenomena, or to attempt a judgment among the contending parties who try to explain them. The literature of the subject has grown to an alarming extent dur-

ing the last few years; theorists as well as practitioners of spiritism have multiplied. My own feeling is that most of the writing—whether conscious or automatic—had better have been left undone, and most of the experimentation untried. That part of both which has been caused by distress of heart excites one's sympathy, to be sure, but it is only one of the numberless things that disturb one in these bad days. Because one sees why grief-stricken folk are tempted to meddle in such matters, one need not admit that they are wise in so doing.

No: I am not an experimenter in the mysteries of spiritism. But I have observed one very curious fact about the manifestations reported in our time that I have never seen mentioned in print or heard discussed in conversation. This, if a mere onlooker's voice may be raised, I should like to call to your attention. I hope I may be forgiven for not taking sides about the origin of the manifestations, which I can't in good conscience do. That odd things take place seems to me very clear; but my opinion as to their source has no value whatever. I will keep that to myself and merely set down what I make out to be a remarkable difference between the occult phenomena of to-day and those of earlier centuries.

Be the agents ghosts or devils, or merely shadows of our subliminal selves, they are not what they used to be in power and performance. They seem a little dodder-

ing, a little run to seed, as if touched either with senility or with premature decay. They are not, in short, so clever as they used to be. Perhaps it is wrong to apply to them phrases coined to describe the conditions of mortality; but since they speak and act in materialistic fashion, it is necessary to use terms of ordinary life in talking about them. At all events, the fact seems to be that they display themselves much less interestingly than once they did. They are concerned, comparatively speaking, with nothing but trivial things, as the senile human being tends to live in a little round of commonplace event except when straying down the long vistas of memory. It seems to me, that is, that the ghosts or devils of our present era are in a sad decline.

Contrast, for example, the table-tipping so much in vogue in the best circles of Europe and America, with magic as practised in more vigorous ages: the magic, that is, by which ghosts or spirits were conjured up to reveal the secrets of a hidden world. The parallel is sufficiently just. In both cases the object of the performance is to summon the spirits—whatever they be: to compel their presence and their speech. According to any respectable system of magic, whether engaged in by adepts or by amateurs, a form of words and a ceremonial ritual of some dignity were employed. The spirit came, and the spirit spoke clearly: warning, advising, revealing. It spoke in intelligible language, moreover, with little beating about the bush. It knew the game and had control of the situation, except that it was under magical compulsion to speak. There was no coyness, no concern about establishing its identity. It spoke as one expecting belief.

The practice of table-tipping is excessively rudimentary in comparison. A group of persons who call themselves civilized, and possibly consider themselves educated, sit about a table, and wait in silence. Their outspread fingertips touch. The table begins to move, to seesaw, to tap the floor with its impatient legs. The spirit is supposed to be present, and is addressed. It is bidden to give three knocks for "yes" and one for "no." A series of leading questions is then put, such as would certainly be allowed in no

court of law. The poor spirit—one cannot help pitying the spirit, even if it be a devil—is constrained to answer categorically; or painfully to spell out its revelations by the clumsy device of giving each letter of the alphabet a fixed number. There is no dignity in the performance, which is, besides, much more elementary than the magical practices of record even among primitive races.

It is obvious that the persons who engage in table-tipping are far more highly developed than the Kabbalists of old, or than mediæval magicians, or than the backward tribes of Africa. One must grant this, of course, or else discard along with Professor Bury and others our cherished notions about human progress. It follows, then, that the spirits concerned in such scenes must somehow have retrograded. Since the human participants are not clumsier of mind and more naïve than the people of other times and places, it must be the spirits who have lost their former qualities. I can see no satisfactory way of avoiding this conclusion.

Some one may object that it is unfair to contrast so elementary a practice as table-tipping must be admitted to be, with sophisticated magic. I still think that the parallelism is fair, but I am willing to take another case. What of the revelations of the modern medium? I do not, of course, ask you to give serious attention to the professional séance, where the possibility of vulgar fraud is always present. Let us consider what happens at a sitting in a private house, when the medium as well as the rest of the participants is a guest. Everything is very decent and aboveboard; nobody would consciously deceive any one else. The medium (in the evening clothes of his customary wear) makes a slightly deprecatory speech, and goes into a trance. After a little he begins to talk, but not in his natural voice. He is now "Uncle Charlie," and he asks whether the Prince Albert he used to wear is still remembered. Strangely enough, the coat in all its dusky magnificence is recalled by some one, and it brings to mind the carnation that graced its lapel. Uncle Charlie then says that he is happy, that the other world is not like the world we know, and that he still thinks with affection of the

old oaken bucket that his infancy knew. He is dismissed, and another manifestation comes on. Everybody agrees that the session is going very well.

Now this scene has been duplicated thousands and thousands of times since man began to reach into the unknown for his comfort and self-satisfaction. It has been duplicated, I mean, except for one or two differences. Formerly the medium would not have worn evening dress—he might have worn very little indeed. He would have gone into a trance, however, and when he spoke he would have said something of really vital interest to the auditors. He would have told them whether or not they should make war, whether or not the countess or the headman's third wife was guilty of adultery, or something like that. Nobody greatly cares to be assured that Uncle Charlie can recall the old oaken bucket. It is quite startling enough for us to know that Uncle Charlie exists at all. We are really a little doubtful about that, in spite of our protestations of faith in immortality; and so we welcome the trivial assurances conveyed to us through the medium.

Possibly, you see, the modern ghost or devil is not really so weak and futile as he appears to be. Possibly he is merely lazy, and does only so much as he is required to do in a sceptical age. The audience is satisfied if the medium speaks at all, and makes no demand that he talk what appears to be sense. He had to do better in the old days when magic flourished. People weren't experimenting then: they believed, and they would not easily have been put off with the kind of thing reported by our adepts.

Automatic writing is another device by which ghosts, devils, or subliminal personalities—the explanation, again, does not affect what I have to say—assert themselves nowadays. Automatic writing is very popular. It is so widely practised, indeed, that one must conclude it to be an easy access by spirits or subconscious states to mortal recognition. Novels have even been written by this means, although one has to admit that they are not good novels. Parenthetically it may be said that this need occasion no surprise. Some training and much hard work are essential to the production of

good fiction, and neither ghosts nor devils can be expected to take the time to perfect themselves in an art of purely mundane interest. The striking thing is that they have taken the trouble to dictate such laborious pieces of narrative. If spirits of the dead, they ought to have more interesting things to do, and if imps, things more devilish. Novels so written are harmless enough, but they indicate a lack of energetic employment on the part of their postulated makers that is, again, a sign of decayed powers.

Most automatic writing, however, is not in the form of fiction, but of revelation. Things are found written on pages erstwhile blank, and the person who held the pencil has not been conscious of the hand's movement. It is mysterious, of course. The recipient of the message, though he pretend to scoff, cannot help being startled. Even if the words written have no great intrinsic interest, their provenience gives them weight. Something has "come through." The method is undoubtedly much less clumsy than table-tipping. A hand worked busily for thirty minutes, and there the record is. A spirit of whatever nature would prefer to control fingers trained to write, rather than to thump a table twenty times against the floor in order to register the one letter T. It is both easier and swifter. Accordingly, the records made by automatic writing are at once more fluent and slightly more interesting than those made by table-tipping.

Disappointment comes, therefore, when one finds that the revelations reveal so little. They almost never venture on predictions of the future, and they have taught us nothing about worlds beyond our ken. What they are concerned with is the past experience of people usually known to the person writing. That the communicant—whatever it be—tries hard to identify itself with the personality of some particular dead person is not strange. This is what happens in mediumistic performances of all sorts, as I have already said. We pride ourselves on not being credulous, and we therefore compel the spirits to use their best efforts to convince us of their reality. We ask for a sign. Possibly we ought not to be so disappointed as we are, under the con-

ditions we enforce, that so little else is given us. The spirits are kept busy, when present, in establishing identity.

You may say that seers and seeresses, in all time, have been chary about predicting the future, or have predicted it in vague terms. The oracles have become proverbial for their evasive ambiguity. I grant this, but I beg you to remember that magicians of every sort, using every kind of device, were formerly much bolder than we are to-day in our traffic with the unseen. The spirits were more down-right. They gave advice freely, even though they did not always tell what would come of it. They laid bare the secrets of the past and of the other world with particularity and thoroughness. They were less timorous than they are to-day, and more effective. The symptoms of decline are clear, no matter what field of the occult you survey.

Take the recent so-called experiments in the nature of matter which is not matter. We are told, and shown by diagram, how legs that are not legs, but projections of force in the shape of legs, lift tables in Belfast. We have had other similar manifestations reported to us. But all of them are puerile in comparison with things done by Hindu adepts for many centuries. If, however, you are inclined to rule out East Indian wonders as the work of conscious artists in mystery, I commend you to the records of two Belgian women of the thirteenth century, Elizabeth of Erkenrode and Christina Mirabilis, who were soberly investigated by men of responsibility and repute in their own time. The story of these investigations makes what happened in Ulster seem very tame. Elizabeth, for example, had stigmata that bled each Friday; and every day she observed the hours with bodily feats that would have been well-nigh unbelievable even in a robust person, while she took no solid food and very little liquid. A tablet painted with the crucified figure of Christ clove to her when she touched it with hands and lips, so that the attendants could not withdraw it. Standing on one foot, she bowed again and again to the ground, thus imitating the form of the cross. Many times a day she went into what we know as cataleptic trances. As

Philip of Clairvaux said: "I gave no credence to them that told me, until I came myself and saw and proved that I had not heard the half." I am making no comment on the nature of any of these phenomena, mediæval, oriental, or modern. I am merely pointing out that the marvels of our day are less amazing than those vouched for by credible witnesses from other centuries and other lands.

Ghosts, when they walked, used to make their presence quite evident. They did not try to sidle into our consciousness by means of rappings and furtive inscriptions. They came boldly and said what they had to say. Sometimes they were malignant, and were quite properly disposed of by the priests. Sometimes they were grateful for favors done to them in life or to their bodies after death, and took very practical means of rewarding their benefactors. Sometimes they held themselves up as horrible examples, in order to warn their friends of the wrath to come. Sometimes they were merely pitiful and begged the alms of decent burial or prayer. In any event, they came as ghosts, unafraid and unashamed.

So with devils—mediæval devils, for example, who had the most deplorable purposes in their dealings with human beings, but were often stern moralists withal. There was the devil who filled a sack with the words and syllables omitted or abbreviated by the clergy in reading the Psalms, and the other who took notes on the people who chattered during church services. There was the imp laden with little bottles whom Saint Machary saw. Each phial represented a particular vice, and they were to be used to tempt the monks of the desert. The saint was edified, when the devil came back from his expedition, to learn that one hermit had drained all the bottles, while his fellows had rejected every one. The imp knew his business, and went about it, but he had a low opinion of the erring monk. Illuminating as evidence of the diabolic attitude is the tale of the nun who swallowed a devil on a lettuce leaf, through not making the sign of the cross. To the holy exorcist who was called in, the devil said acutely: "What fault is it of mine? I was sitting on the lettuce, and she did not cross herself." They were malicious,

and they were bold, those devils who throng mediæval exemplary literature; but they were sprightly, too, and sometimes showed real humor. Once, I recall, when an imp seated on the train of a lady's dress was shaken off, there was heard a chorus of demoniac laughter all about.

I do not give these anecdotes as being necessarily well authenticated in every particular, but merely as showing what estimate of familiar spirits and their behavior used to prevail. I wish to point out that they, as well as ghosts, were once not the timid, shrinking, and far from clever creatures they appear to have become in our age. Whatever opinion you hold, that is, concerning the nature of the mysteries about which experimenters are now engaged in gathering data, you must see that the investigators have chosen a rather bad time to do it. They have to deal with phenomena much less picturesque and important than might once have been investigated. This is a pity. Research is likely to be more profitable if the subjects examined are in a flourishing state. Who wishes to study an anæmic octopus or a sick amoeba?

Besides which, the technic of these modern experimenters is decidedly crude, as I have already shown. They have much to learn about the art of dealing with spirits. The primitive methods they now employ can scarcely be expected to yield the best results. They need, I take it, to learn magic from the masters of magic. Possibly magic is really a lost art among civilized nations, and will have to be reconstructed from its foundations before the powers of ghosts or devils, or both, can again have free play. In spite of what I have said earlier, I am not sure, you see, how much of their apparent impotence and puerility is due to their own decay, and how much to the processes of magic by which they are summoned to appear. I should not wish to libel them.

Let us not deceive ourselves, but try to look at this matter clearly. The processes by which they are summoned are magical, both in purpose and in method, as certainly as the rites of any savage witch-doctor. I know that we do not account ourselves credulous and that we think of magic as something quite out of date and discarded. I am afraid that some of your friends would be shocked if you accused them of indulging in magic on the score of table-tipping and automatic writing. They might feel hurt, and they might call you rude. I should advise against your making the attempt to show them that they are amateurs of a primitive kind of magic. It is, nevertheless, true that they are. They are trying to compel the supernatural by means of ritual, which is a fairly good working definition of magic. Any one who knows even a little about magic must agree to this. As I say, let us face the situation honestly and call things by their right names.

As I have tried to show you, we have been taking the manifestations common in our day much too seriously. Our approaches to the black art are rather pitiful and feeble, and our ghosts or devils not up to the old standard. If we are really going to desert religion for magic, we ought, it seems to me, to study the subject carefully and, perhaps, get missionaries in from Africa and Asia. Something like a revival of witchcraft is needed before we can boast of any mastery. I am not attempting to proselytize: I myself think religion a greater force for good than magic. It is only in the interest of clear thinking and effective action that I have set down these observations. I dislike shilly-shallying. If anybody wishes to become adept in the black art, let him, in Beelzebub's name, go about it whole-heartedly and intelligently.

Leaves from My Autobiography

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC BANQUETS

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[SIXTH PAPER]



THE most unique experience in my life has been the dinners given to me by the Montauk Club of Brooklyn on my birthday. The Montauk is a social club of high standing, whose members are of professional and business life and different political and religious faiths.

Thirty years ago Mr. Charles H. Moore was president of the club. He was a prominent manufacturer and a gentleman of wide influence in political and social circles. Mr. McKinley offered him the position of secretary of the navy, which Mr. Moore declined. He came to me one day with a committee from the club, and said: "The Montauk wishes to celebrate your birthday. We know that it is on the 23d of April, and that you have two distinguished colleagues who also have the 23d as their birthday—Shakespeare and St. George. We do not care to include them, but desire only to celebrate yours."

The club has continued these celebrations for thirty years by an annual dinner. The ceremonial of the occasion is a reception, then dinner, and, after an introduction by the president, a speech by myself. To make a new speech every year which will be of interest to those present and those who read it, is not easy.

These festivities had a fortunate beginning. In thinking over what I should talk about at the first dinner, I decided to get some fun out of the municipality of Brooklyn by a picturesque description of its municipal conditions. It was charged in the newspapers that there had been serious graft in some public improvements which had been condoned by the

authorities and excused by an act of the legislature. It had also been charged that the Common Council had been giving away valuable franchises to their favorites. Of course, this presented a fine field of contrast between ancient and modern times. In ancient times grateful citizens erected statues to eminent men who had deserved well of their country in military or civic life, but Brooklyn had improved upon the ancient model through the grant of public utilities. The speech caused a riot after the dinner as to its propriety, many taking the ground that it was a criticism, and, therefore, inappropriate to the occasion. However, the affair illustrated a common experience of mine that unexpected results will sometimes flow from a bit of humor, if the humor has concealed in it a stick of dynamite.

The Brooklyn pulpit, which is the most progressive in the world, took the matter up and aroused public discussion on municipal affairs. The result was the formation of a committee of one hundred citizens to investigate municipal conditions. They found that while the mayor and some other officials were high-toned and admirable officers, yet the general administration of the city government had in the course of years become so bad that there should be a general reformation. The reform movement was successful; it spread over to New York and there again succeeded, and the movement for municipal reform became general in the country.

The next anniversary dinner attracted an audience larger than the capacity of the club, and every one of the thirty has been an eminent success. For many years the affair has received wide publicity in the United States, and has some-

times been reported in foreign newspapers. I remember being in London with the late Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, when we saw these head-lines at a news-stand on the Strand: "Speech by Chauncey Depew at his birthday dinner at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn." During this nearly one-third of a century the membership of the club has changed, sons have succeeded fathers and new members have been admitted, but the celebration seems to grow in interest.

During the last fourteen years the president of the club has been Mr. William H. English. He has done so much for the organization in every way that the members would like to have him as their executive officer for life. Mr. English is a splendid type of the American who is eminently successful in his chosen career, and yet has outside interest for the benefit of the public. Modest to a degree and avoiding publicity, he nevertheless is the motive power of many movements progressive and charitable.

Twenty-four years ago a company of public-spirited women in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, organized a club. They named it after me. For nearly a quarter of a century it has been an important factor in the civic life of Des Moines. It has with courage, intelligence, and independence done excellent work. At the time of its organization there were few if any such organizations in the country, and it may claim the position of pioneer in women's activity in public affairs.

Happily free from the internal difficulties and disputes which so often wreck voluntary associations, the Chauncey Depew Club is stronger than ever. It looks forward with confidence to a successful celebration of its quarter of a century.

I have never been able to visit the club, but have had with it frequent and most agreeable correspondence. It always remembers my birthday in the most gratifying way. I am grateful to its members for bestowing upon me one of the most pleasurable compliments of my life.

A public dinner is a fine form of testimonial. I have had many in my life, celebrating other things than my birthday. One of the most notable was given me by the citizens of Chicago in recognition of my efforts to make their great Columbian exhibition a success. Justice

John M. Harlan presided, and distinguished men were present from different parts of the country and representing great interests. Probably the speech which excited the most comment was a radical attack of Andrew Carnegie on the government of Great Britain, in submitting to the authority of a king or a queen. Canada was represented by some of the high officials of that self-governing colony. The Canadians are more loyal to the English form of government than the English themselves. My peppery Scotch friend aroused a Canadian official, who returned his assault with vigor and interest.

It is a very valuable experience for an American to attend the annual banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. The French Government recognizes the affair by having a company of their most picturesquely uniformed soldiers standing guard both inside and outside the hall. The highest officials of the French Government always attend and make speeches. The American Ambassador replies in a speech partly in English, and, if he is sufficiently equipped, partly in French. General Horace Porter and Henry White were equally happy both in their native language and in that of the French. The French statesmen, however, were so fond of Myron T. Herrick that they apparently not only grasped his cordiality but understood perfectly his eloquence. The honor has several times been assigned to me of making the American speech in unadulterated American. The French may not have understood, but with their quick apprehension the applause or laughter of the Americans was instantly succeeded by equal manifestations on the part of the French.

Among the many things which we have inherited from our English ancestry are public dinners and after-dinner speeches. The public dinner is of importance in Great Britain and utilized for every occasion. It is to the government the platform where the ministers can lay frankly before the country matters which they could not develop in the House of Commons. Through the dinner speech they open the way and arouse public attention for measures which they intend to propose to Parliament, and in this way bring the pressure of public opinion to their support.

In the same way every guild and trade has its festive functions with serious purpose, and so have religious, philanthropic, economic, and sociological movements. We have gone quite far in this direction, but have not perfected the system as they have on the other side. I have been making after-dinner speeches for sixty years to all sorts and conditions of people, and on almost every conceivable subject. I have found these occasions of great value because under the good-fellowship of the occasion an unpopular truth can be sugar-coated with humor and received with applause, while in the processes of digestion the next day it is working with the audience and through the press in the way the pill was intended. A popular audience will forgive almost anything with which they do not agree, if the humorous way in which it is put tickles their risibilities.

Mr. Gladstone was very fine at the lord mayor's dinner at Guild Hall, where the prime minister develops his policies. So it was with Lord Salisbury and Balfour, but the prince of after-dinner speakers in England is Lord Rosebery. He has the humor, the wit, and the artistic touch which fascinates and enraptures his audience.

I have met in our country all the men of my time who have won fame in this branch of public address. The most remarkable in effectiveness and inspiration was Henry Ward Beecher. A banquet was always a success if it could have among its speakers William M. Evarts, Joseph H. Choate, James S. Brady, Judge John R. Brady, General Horace Porter, or Robert G. Ingersoll.

After General Grant settled in New York he was frequently a guest at public dinners and always produced an impression by simple, direct, and effective oratory.

General Sherman, on the other hand, was an orator as well as a fighter. He never seemed to be prepared, but out of the occasion would give soldierly, graphic, and picturesque presentations of thought and description.

Not to have heard on these occasions Robert G. Ingersoll was to have missed being for the evening under the spell of a magician. I have been frequently asked if I could remember occasions of this kind

which were of more than ordinary interest.

After-dinner oratory, while most attractive at the time, is evanescent, but some incidents are interesting in memory. At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee I was present where a representative of Canada was called upon for a speech. With the exception of the Canadian and myself the hosts and guests were all English. My Canadian friend enlarged upon the wonders of his country. A statement of its marvels did not seem sufficient for him unless it was augmented by comparisons with other countries to the glory of Canada, and so he compared Canada with the United States. Canada had better and more enduring institutions, she had a more virile, intelligent, and progressive population, and she had protected herself, as the United States did not, against undesirable immigration, and in everything which constituted an up-to-date, progressive, healthy, and hopeful commonwealth she was far in advance of the United States.

I was called upon immediately afterwards and said I would agree with the distinguished gentleman from Canada that in one thing at least Canada was superior to the United States, and it was that she had far more land, but it was mostly ice. I regret to remember that my Canadian friend lost his temper.

One of the historical dinners of New York, which no one will forget who was there, was just after the close of the Civil War, or, as my dear old friend, Colonel Watterson, called it, "The War between the States." The principal guests were General Sherman and Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, Ga. General Sherman, in his speech, described the triumphant return of the Union Army to Washington, its review by the President, and then its officers and men returning to private life and resuming their activities and industries as citizens. It was a word-picture of wonderful and startling picturesqueness and power and stirred an audience, composed largely of veterans who had been participants both in the battles and in the parades, to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Mr. Grady followed. He was a young man with rare oratorical gifts. He described the return of the Confederate soldiers to their homes after

the surrender at Appomattox. They had been four years fighting and marching. They were ragged and poor. They returned to homes and farms, many of which had been devastated. They had no capital, and rarely animals or farming utensils necessary to begin again. But with superb courage, not only on their own part but with the assistance of their wives, sisters, and daughters, they made the desert land flourish and resurrected the country.

This remarkable description of Grady, which I only outline, came as a counterpart to the triumphant epic of General Sherman. The effect was electric, and beyond almost any that have ever occurred in New York or anywhere, and Grady sprang into international fame.

Joseph H. Choate was a most dangerous fellow speaker to his associates who spoke before him. I had with him many encounters during fifty years, and many times enjoyed being the sufferer by his wit and humor. On one occasion Choate won the honors of the evening by an unexpected attack. There is a village in western New York which is named after me. The enterprising inhabitants, boring for what might be under the surface of their ground, discovered natural gas. According to American fashion, they immediately organized a company and issued a prospectus for the sale of the stock. The prospectus fell into the hands of Mr. Choate. With great glee he read it and then with emphasis the name of the company: "The Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited," and waving the prospectus at me shouted: "Why Limited?"

There have been two occasions in Mr. Choate's after-dinner speeches much commented upon both in this country and abroad. As I was present on both evenings, it seems the facts ought to be accurately stated. The annual dinner of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" occurred during one of the years when the Home Rule question was most acute in England and actively discussed here. At the same time our Irish fellow citizens, with their talent for public life, had captured all the offices in New York City. They had the mayor, the majority of the Board of Aldermen, and a large majority of the judges. When Mr. Choate spoke he took up the Home Rule question, and,

without indicating his own views, said substantially: "We Yankees used to be able to govern ourselves, but you Irish have come here and taken the government away from us. You have our entire city administration in your hands, and you do with us as you like. We are deprived of Home Rule. Now what you are clamoring for both at home and abroad is Home Rule for Ireland. With such demonstrated ability in capturing the greatest city on the western continent, and one of the greatest in the world, why don't you go back to Ireland and make, as you would, Home Rule there a success?"

I was called a few minutes afterwards to a conference of the leading Irishmen present. I was an honorary member of that society, and they were in a high state of indignation. The more radical thought that Mr. Choate's speech should be resented at once. However, those who appreciated its humor averted hostile action, but Mr. Choate was never invited to an Irish banquet again.

The second historical occasion was when the Scotch honored their patron saint, St. Andrew. The attendance was greater than ever before, and the interest more intense because the Earl of Aberdeen was present. The earl was at that time Governor-General of Canada, but to the Scotchmen he was much more than that, because he was the chief of the Clan Gordon. The earl came to the dinner in full Highland costume. Lady Aberdeen and the ladies of the vice-regal court were in the gallery. I sat next to the earl and Choate sat next to me. Choate said: "Chauncey, are Aberdeen's legs bare?" I looked under the table-cloth and discovered that they were naturally so because of his costume. I answered: "Choate, they are."

I thought nothing of it until Choate began his speech, in which he said: "I was not fully informed by the committee of the importance of the occasion. I did not know that the Earl of Aberdeen was to be here as a guest of honor. I was especially and unfortunately ignorant that he was coming in the full panoply of his great office as chief of Clan Gordon. If I had known that I would have left my trousers at home."

Aberdeen enjoyed it, the ladies in the

gallery were amused, but the Scotch were mad, and Choate lost invitations to future Scotch dinners.

Few appreciate the lure of the metropolis. It attracts the successful to win greater success with its larger opportunities. It has resistless charm with the ambitious and the enterprising. New York, with its suburbs, which are really a part of itself, is the largest city in the world. It is the only true cosmopolitan one. It has more Irish than any city in Ireland, more Germans and Italians than any except the largest cities in Germany or Italy. It has more Southerners than are gathered in any place in any Southern State, and the same is true of Westerners and those from the Pacific coast and New England, except in Chicago, San Francisco, or Boston. There is also a large contingent from the West Indies, South America, and Canada.

The people who make up the guests at a great dinner are the survival of the fittest of these various settlers in New York. While thousands fail and go back home or drop by the way, these men have made their way by superior ability, foresight, and adaptability through the fierce competitions of the great city. They are unusually keen-witted and alert. For the evening of the banquet they leave behind their business and its cares and are bent on being entertained, amused, and instructed. They are a most catholic audience, broad-minded, hospitable, and friendly to ideas whether they are in accord with them or not, providing they are well presented. There is one thing they will not submit to, and that is being bored.

These functions are usually over by midnight, and rarely last so long; while out in the country and in other towns, it is no unusual thing to have a dinner with speeches run along until the early hours of the next morning. While public men, politicians, and aspiring orators seek their opportunities upon this platform in New York, few succeed and many fail. It is difficult for a stranger to grasp the situation and adapt himself at once to its atmosphere. I have narrated in preceding pages some remarkable successes, and will give a few instances of very able and distinguished men who lost touch of their audiences.

One of the ablest men in the Senate was Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama. I was fond of him personally and admired greatly his many and varied talents. He was a most industrious and admirable legislator, and a debater of rare influence. He was a master of correct and scholarly English, and one of the very few who never went to the reporters' room to correct his speeches. As they were always perfect, he let them stand as they were delivered.

Senator Morgan was a great card on a famous occasion among the many well-known men who were also to speak. Senator Elihu Root presided with his usual distinction. Senator Morgan had a prepared speech which he read. It was unusually long, but very good. On account of his reputation the audience was, for such an audience, wonderfully patient, and frequent and enthusiastic in its applause. Mistaking his favorable reception, Senator Morgan, after he had finished the manuscript, started in for an extended talk. After the hour had grown to nearly two, the audience became impatient, and the senator, again mistaking its temper, thought they had become hostile and announced that at many times and many places he had been met with opposition, but that he could not be put down or silenced. Mr. Root did the best he could to keep the peace, but the audience, who were anxious to hear the other speakers, gave up hope and began to leave, with the result that midnight saw an empty hall with a presiding officer and an orator.

At another great political dinner I sat beside Governor Oglesby, of Illinois. He was famous as a war governor and as a speaker. There were six speakers on the dais, of whom I was one. Happily, my turn came early. The governor said to me: "How much of the gospel can these tenderfeet stand?" "Well, Governor," I answered, "there are six speakers tonight, and the audience will not allow the maximum of time occupied to be more than thirty minutes. Any one who exceeds that will lose his crowd and, worse than that, he may be killed by the eloquent gentlemen who are bursting with impatience to get the floor, and who are to follow him."

"Why," said the governor, "I don't

see how any one can get started in thirty minutes."

"Well," I cautioned, "please do not be too long."

When the midnight hour struck the hall was again practically empty, the governor in the full tide of his speech, which evidently would require about three hours, and the chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who was one of the appointed speakers, told me the next morning that at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was stopping, he was just getting into bed when the governor burst into his room and fairly shouted: "Foraker, no wonder New York is almost always wrong. You saw to-night that it would not listen to the truth. Now I want to tell you what I intended to say." He was shouting with impassioned eloquence, his voice rising until, through the open windows, it reached Madison Square Park, when the watchman burst in and said: "Sir, the guests in this hotel will not stand that any longer, but if you must finish your speech I will take you out in the park."

During Cleveland's administration one of the New York banquets became a national affair. The principal speaker was the secretary of the interior, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, who afterwards became United States senator and justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Lamar was one of the ablest and most cultured men in public life, and a fine orator. I was called upon so late that it was impossible to follow any longer the serious discussions of the evening, and what the management and the audience wanted from me was some fun.

Lamar, with his Johnsonian periods and the lofty style of Edmund Burke, furnished an opportunity for a little pleasantry. He came to me, when I had finished, in great alarm and said: "My appearance here is not an ordinary one and does not permit humor. I am secretary of the interior, and the representative of the president and his administration. My speech is really the message of the president to the whole country, and I wish you would remedy any impression which the country might otherwise receive from your humor."

This I was very glad to do, but it was an instance of which I have met many,

of a very distinguished and brilliant gentleman taking himself too seriously. At another rather solemn function of this kind I performed the same at the request of the management, but with another protest from the orator and his enmity.

In reminiscing, after he retired from the presidency, Mr. Cleveland spoke to me of his great respect and admiration for Mr. Lamar. Cleveland's speeches were always short. His talent was for compression and concentration, and he could not understand the necessity for an effort of great length. He told me that while Justice Lamar was secretary of the interior he came to him one day and said: "Mr. President, I have accepted an invitation to deliver an address in the South, and as your administration may be held responsible for what I say, I wish you would read it over and make any corrections or suggestions."

Mr. Cleveland said the speech was extraordinarily long though very good, and when he returned it to Secretary Lamar he said to him: "That speech will take at least three hours to deliver. A Northern audience would never submit to over an hour. Don't you think you had better cut it down?" The secretary replied: "No, Mr. President; a Southern audience expects three hours, and would be better satisfied with five."

Justice Miller, one of the ablest of the judges of the Supreme Court at that time, was the principal speaker on another occasion. He was ponderous to a degree, and almost equalled in the emphasis of his utterances what was once said to Daniel Webster, that every word weighed twelve pounds. I followed him. The Attorney-General of the United States, who went back to Washington the next day with Justice Miller, told me that as soon as they had got on the train the justice commenced to complain that I had wholly misunderstood his speech, and that no exaggeration of interpretation would warrant what I said. The judge saw no humor in my little effort to relieve the situation, and took it as a reply of opposing counsel. He said that the justice took it up from another phase after leaving Philadelphia, and resumed his explanation from another angle as to what he meant after they reached Baltimore. When the train arrived at its destination

and they separated in the Washington station, the justice turned to the attorney-general and said: "Damn Depew! Good night."

Such are the perils of one who good-naturedly yields to the importunities of a committee of management who fear the failure with their audience of their entertainment.

The great dinners of New York are the Chamber of Commerce, which is a national function, as were also for a long time, during the presidency of Mr. Choate, those of the New England Society. The annual banquets of the Irish, Scotch, English, Welsh, Holland, St. Nicholas, and the French, are also most interesting, and sometimes by reason of the presence of a national or international figure, assume great importance. The dinner which the Pilgrims Society tenders to the British ambassador gives him an opportunity, without the formalities and conventions of his office, of speaking his mind both to the United States and to his own people.

The annual banquets of the State societies are now assuming greater importance. Each State has thousands of men who have been or still are citizens, but who live in New York. Those dinners attract the leading politicians of their several States. It is a platform for the ambitious to be president and sometimes succeeds.

Garfield made a great impression at one of these State dinners, so did Foraker, and at the last dinner of the Ohio Society the star was Senator Warren G. Harding. On one occasion, when McKinley and Garfield were present, in the course of my speech I made a remark which has since been adopted as a sort of motto by the Buckeye State. Ohio, I think, has passed Virginia as a mother of presidents. It is remarkable that the recent candidates of both great parties were of that State. I said in the closing of my speech, alluding to the distinguished guests and their prospects: "Some men have greatness thrust upon them, some are born great, and some are born in Ohio."

One of the greatest effects produced by a speech was by Henry Ward Beecher at an annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. At the time, the Home Rule question was more than ordinarily acute

and Fenianism was rabid. While Mr. Beecher had great influence upon his audience, his audience had equal influence upon him. As he enlarged upon the wrongs of Ireland the responses became more enthusiastic and finally positively savage. This stirred the orator up till he gave the wildest approval to direct action and revolution, with corresponding cheers from the diners, standing and cheering. Mr. Beecher was explaining that speech for about a year afterwards. I was a speaker on the same platform.

Mr. Beecher always arrived late, and everybody thought it was to get the applause as he came in, but he explained to me that it was due to his method of preparation. He said his mind would not work freely until three hours after he had eaten. Many speakers have told me the same thing. He said when he had a speech to make at night, whether it was at a dinner or elsewhere, that he took his dinner in the middle of the day, and then a glass of milk and crackers at five o'clock, with nothing afterwards. Then in the evening his mind was perfectly clear and under absolute control.

The Lotos Club has been for fifty years to New York what the Savage Club is to London. It attracts as its guests the most eminent men of letters who visit this country. Its entertainments are always successful. For twenty-nine years it had for its president Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, a gentleman with a genius for introducing distinguished strangers with most felicitous speeches, and a committee who selected with wonderful judgment the other speakers of the evening. A successor to Mr. Lawrence, and of equal merit, has been found in Chester S. Lord, now president of the Lotos Club. Mr. Lord was for more than a third of a century managing editor of the *New York Sun*, and is now chancellor of the University of the State of New York.

I remember one occasion where the most tactful man who ever appeared before his audience slipped his trolley, and that was Bishop Potter. The bishop was a remarkably fine preacher and an unusually attractive public speaker and past master of all the social amenities of life. The guest of the evening was the famous Canon Kingsley, author of "Hypatia" and other works at that time universally

popular. The canon had the largest and reddest nose one ever saw. The bishop, among the pleasantries of his introduction, alluded to this headlight of religion and literature. The canon fell from grace and never forgave the bishop.

On Lotos nights I have heard at their best Lord Houghton, statesman and poet, Mark Twain, Stanley the explorer, and I consider it one of the distinctions as well as pleasures of my life to have been a speaker at the Lotos on more occasions than any one else during the last half-century.

In Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's early struggles with his paper, the *New York World*, the editorial columns frequently had very severe attacks on Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and the New York Central Railroad. They were part, of course, of attacks upon monopoly. I was frequently included in these criticisms.

The Lotos Club gave a famous dinner to George Augustus Sala, the English writer and journalist. I found myself seated beside Mr. Pulitzer, whom I had never met. When I was called upon to speak I introduced, in what I had to say about the distinguished guest, this bit of audacity. I said substantially, in addition to Mr. Sala: "We have with us to-night a great journalist who comes to the metropolis from the wild and woolly West. After he had purchased the *World* he came to me and said, 'Chauncey Depew, I have a scheme, which I am sure will benefit both of us. Everybody is envious of the prestige of the New York Central and the wealth of Mr. Vanderbilt. You are known as his principal adviser. Now, if in my general hostility to monopoly I include Mr. Vanderbilt and the New York Central as principal offenders, I must include you, because you are the champion in your official relationship of the corporation and of its policies and activities. I do not want you to have any feeling against me because of this. The policy will secure for the *World* everybody who is not a stockholder in the New York Central, or does not possess millions of money. When Mr. Vanderbilt finds that you are attacked, he is a gentleman and broad-minded enough to compensate you and will grant to you both significant promotion and a large increase in salary.'" Then I added:

"Well, gentlemen, I have only to say that Mr. Pulitzer's experiment has been eminently successful. He has made his newspaper a recognized power and a notable organ of public opinion; its fortunes are made and so are his, and, in regard to myself, all he predicted has come true, both in promotion and in enlargement of income." When I sat down Mr. Pulitzer grasped me by the hand and said: "Chauncey Depew, you are a mighty good fellow. I have been misinformed about you. You will have friendly treatment hereafter in any newspaper which I control."

The Gridiron Club of Washington, because of both its ability and genius and especially its national position, furnishes a wonderful platform for statesmen. Its genius in creating caricatures and fake pageants of current political situations at the capital and its public men is most remarkable. The president always attends, and most of the Cabinet and justices of the Supreme Court. The ambassadors and representatives of the leading governments represented in Washington are guests, and so are the best-known senators and representatives of the time. The motto of the club is "Reporters are never present. Ladies always present." Though the association is made up entirely of reporters, the secrecy is so well kept that the speakers are unusually frank.

There was a famous contest one night there, however, between President Roosevelt and Senator Foraker, who at the time were intensely antagonistic, which can never be forgotten by those present. There was a delightful interplay between William J. Bryan and President Roosevelt, when Bryan charged the president with stealing all his policies and ideas.

If the speaker grasped the peculiarities of his audience and its temperament, his task was at once the most difficult and the most delightful, and my friend, Mr. Arthur Dunn, has performed most useful service in embalming a portion of Gridiron history in his volume, "Gridiron Nights."

Pierpont Morgan, the greatest of American bankers, was much more than a banker. He had a wonderful collection in his library and elsewhere of rare books and works of art. He was always delightful on the social side. He was

very much pleased when he was elected president of the New England Society. The annual dinner that year was a remarkably brilliant affair. It was the largest in the history of the organization. The principal speaker was William Everett, brother of the famous Edward Everett and himself a scholar of great acquirements and culture. His speech was another evidence of a very superior man mistaking his audience. He was principal of the Cambridge School, that great preparatory institution for Harvard University, and he had greatly enlarged its scope and usefulness.

Mr. Everett evidently thought that the guests of the New England Society of New York would be composed of men of letters, educators, and Harvard graduates. Instead of that, the audience before him were mainly bankers and successful business men whose Puritan characteristics had enabled them to win great success in the competitions in the great metropolis in every branch of business. They were out for a good time and little else.

Mr. Everett produced a ponderous mass of manuscript and began reading on the history of New England education and the influence upon it of the Cambridge School. He had more than an hour of material and lost his audience in fifteen minutes. No efforts of the chairman could bring them to attention, and finally the educator lost that control of himself which he was always teaching to the boys and threw his manuscript at the heads of the reporters. From their reports in their various newspapers the next day, they did not seem to have absorbed the speech by this original method.

Choate and I were both to speak, and Choate came first. As usual, he threw a brick at me. He mentioned that a reporter had come to him and said: "Mr. Choate, I have Depew's speech carefully prepared, with the applause and laughter already in. I want yours." Of course, no reporter had been to either of us. Mr. Choate had in his speech an unusual thing for him, a long piece of poetry. When my turn came to reply I said: "The reporter came to me, as Mr. Choate has said, and made the remark: 'I already have Choate's speech. It has in it a good deal of poetry.' I asked the

reporter: 'From what author is the poetry taken?' He answered: 'I do not know the author, but the poetry is so bad I think Choate has written it himself.'"

Mr. Choate told me a delightful story of his last interview with Mr. Evarts before he sailed for Europe to take up his ambassadorship at the Court of St. James. "I called," he said, "on Mr. Evarts to bid him good-by. He had been confined to his room by a fatal illness for a long time. 'Choate,' he said, 'I am delighted with your appointment. You eminently deserve it, and you are pre-eminently fit for the place. You have won the greatest distinction in our profession, and have harvested enough of its rewards to enable you to meet the financial responsibilities of this post without anxiety. You will have a most brilliant and useful career in diplomacy, but I fear I will never see you again.'"

Mr. Choate said: "Mr. Evarts, we have had a delightful partnership of over forty years, and when I retire from diplomacy and resume the practice of the law I am sure you and I will go on together again for many years in the same happy old way."

Evarts replied: "No, Choate, I fear that cannot be. When I think what a care I am to all my people, lying so helpless here, and that I can do nothing any more to repay their kindness, or to help in the world, I feel like the boy who wrote from school to his mother a letter of twenty pages, and then added after the end: 'P. S. Dear mother, please excuse my longevity.'"

Where one has a reputation as a speaker and is also known to oblige friends and to be hardly able to resist importunities, the demands upon him are very great. They are also sometimes original and unique.

At one time, the day before Christmas, a representative of the *New York World* came to see me and said: "We are going to give a dinner to-night to the tramps who gather between ten and eleven o'clock at the Vienna Restaurant, opposite the St. Denis Hotel, to receive the bread which the restaurant distributes at that hour." This line was there every night standing in the cold waiting their turn. I went down to the hotel, and a young man and young lady connected

with the newspaper crossed the street and picked out from the line a hundred guests.

It was a remarkable assemblage. The dinner provided was a beautiful and an excellent one for Christmas. As I heard their stories, there was among them a representative of almost every department of American life. Some were temporarily and others permanently down and out. Every one of the learned professions was represented and many lines of business. The most of them were in this condition, because they had come to New York to make their way, and had struggled until their funds were exhausted, and then they were ashamed to return home and confess their failure.

I presided at this remarkable banquet and made not only one speech but several. By encouraging the guests we had several excellent addresses from preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, engineers without jobs, teachers without schools, and travelers without funds. One man arose and said: "Chauncey Depew, the *World* has given us such an excellent dinner, and you have given us such a merry Christmas Eve, we would like to shake hands with you as we go out."

I had long learned the art of shaking hands with the public. Many a candidate has had his hands crushed and been permanently hurt by the vise-like grip of an ardent admirer or a vicious opponent. I remember General Grant complaining of this, of how he suffered, and I told him of my discovery of grasping the hand first and dropping it quickly.

The people about me were looking at these men as they came along, to see if there was any possible danger. Toward the end of the procession one man said to me: "Chauncey Depew, I don't belong to this crowd. I am well enough off and can take care of myself. I am an anarchist. My business is to stir up unrest and discontent, and that brings me every night to mingle with the crowd waiting for their dole of bread from Fleischmann's bakery. You do more than any one else in the whole country to create good feeling and dispel unrest, and you have done a lot of it to-night. I made up my mind to kill you right here, but you are such an infernal good fellow that I have not the heart to do it, so here's my hand."

On one occasion I received an invitation to address a sociological society which was to meet at the house of one of the most famous entertainers in New York. My host said that Edward Atkinson, the well-known New England writer, philosopher, and sociologist, would address the meeting. When I arrived at the house I found Atkinson in despair. The audience were young ladies in full evening dress and young men in white vests, white neckties, and swallow-tails. There was also a band present. We were informed that this society had endeavored to mingle instruction with pleasure, and it really was a dancing club, but they had conceived the idea of having something serious and instructive before the ball.

Mr. Atkinson said to me: "What won me to come here is that in Boston we have a society of the same name. It is composed of very serious people who are engaged in settlement and sociological work. They are doing their best to improve the conditions of the young women and young men who are in clerical and other employment. I have delivered several addresses before that society, and before the audiences which they gather, on how to live comfortably and get married on the smallest possible margin. Now, for instance, for my lecture here to-night I have on a ready-made suit of clothes, for which I paid yesterday five dollars. In that large boiler there is a stove which I have invented. In the oven of the stove is beef and various vegetables, and to heat it is a kerosene-lamp with a clockwork attached. A young man or a young woman or a young married couple go to the market and buy the cheap cuts of beef, and then, according to my instructions, they put it in the stove with the vegetables, light the lamp, set the clockwork and go to their work. When they return at five, six, or seven o'clock they find a very excellent and very cheap dinner all ready to be served. Now, of what use is my five-dollar suit of clothes and my fifty-cent dinner for this crowd of butterflies?"

However, Mr. Atkinson and I made up our minds to talk to them as if they needed it or would need it some day or other, and they were polite enough to ask questions and pretend to enjoy it. I understand that afterwards at the midnight supper there was more champagne

and more hilarity than at previous gatherings of this sociological club.

During one of our presidential campaigns some young men came up from the Bowery to see me. They said: "We have a very hard time down in our district. The crowd is a tough one but intelligent, and we think would be receptive of the truth if they could hear it put to them in an attractive form. We will engage a large theatre attached to a Bowery beer saloon if you will come down and address the meeting. The novelty of your appearance will fill the theatre."

I knew there was considerable risk, and yet it was a great opportunity. I believe that in meeting a crowd of that sort one should appear as they expect him to look when addressing the best of audiences. These people are very proud, and they resent any attempt on your part to be what they know you are not, but that you are coming down to their level by assuming a character which you presume to be theirs. So I dressed with unusual care, and when I went on the platform a shirt-sleeved, short-haired genius in the theatre shouted: "Chauncey thinks he is in Carnegie Hall."

The famous Tim Sullivan, who was several times a state senator and congressman, and a mighty good fellow, was the leader of the Bowery and controlled its political actions. He came to see me and said: "I hope you will withdraw from that appointment. I do not want you to come down there. In the first place, I cannot protect you, and I don't think it is safe. In the second place, you are so well known and popular among our people that I am afraid you will produce an impression, and if you get away with it that will hurt our machine."

In the course of my speech a man arose whom I knew very well as a district leader, and who was frequently in my office, seeking positions for his constituents and other favors. That night he was in his shirt-sleeves among the boys. With the old volunteer fireman's swagger and the peculiar patois of that part of New York, he said: "Chauncey Depew, you have no business here. You are the president of the New York Central Railroad, ain't you, hey? You are a rich man, ain't you, hey? We are poor boys. You don't know us and can't teach us any-

thing. You had better get out while you can."

My reply was this: "My friend, I want a little talk with you. I began life very much as you did. Nobody helped me. I was a country boy and my capital was this head," and I slapped it, "these legs," and I slapped them, "these hands," and I slapped them, "and by using them as best I could I have become just what you say I am and have got where you will never arrive."

A shirt-sleeved citizen jumped up from the audience and shouted: "Go ahead, Chauncey, you're a peach." That characterization of a peach went into the newspapers and was attached to me wherever I appeared for many years afterwards, not only in this country but abroad. It even found a place in the slang column of the great dictionaries of the English language. The result of the meeting, however, was a free discussion in the Bowery, and for the first time in its history that particular district was carried by the Republicans.

After their triumph in the election I gave a dinner in the Union League Club to the captains of the election districts. There were about a hundred of them. The district captains were all in their usual business suits, and were as sharp, keen, intelligent, and up-to-date young men as one could wish to meet. The club members whom I had invited to meet my guests were, of course, in conventional evening dress. The novelty of the occasion was so enjoyed by them that they indulged with more than usual liberality in the fluids and fizz and became very hilarious. Not one of the district captains touched a drop of wine.

While the club members were a little frightened at the idea of these East-siders coming, my guests understood and met every convention of the occasion before, during, and after dinner, as if it was an accustomed social function with them. The half dozen who made speeches showed a grasp of the political questions of the hour and an ability to put their views before an audience which was an exhibition of a high order of intelligence and self-culture.

In selecting a few out-of-the-way occasions which were also most interesting and instructive, I recall one with a society

which prided itself upon its absence of narrowness and its freedom of thought and discussion. The speakers were most critical of all that is generally accepted and believed. Professor John Fiske, the historian, was the most famous man present, and very critical of the Bible. My good mother had brought me up on the Bible and instilled in me the deepest reverence for the good book. The criticism of the professor stirred me to a rejoinder. I, of course, was in no way equal to meeting him, with his vast erudition and scholarly accomplishments. I could only give what the Bible critic would regard as valueless, a sledge-hammer expression of faith. Somebody took the speech down. Doctor John Hall, the famous preacher and for many years pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, told me that the Bible and the church societies in England had put the speech into a leaflet, and were distributing many millions of them in the British Isles.

It is singular what vogue and circulation a story of the hour will receive. Usually these decorations of a speech die with the occasion. There was fierce rivalry when it was decided to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America, between New York and Chicago, as to which should have the exhibition. Of course the Western orators were not modest in the claims which they made for the City by the Lakes. To dampen their ardor I embroidered the following story, which took wonderfully when told in my speech.

It was at the Eagle Hotel in Peekskill, at which it was said George Washington stopped many times as a guest during the Revolutionary War, where in respect to his memory they preserved the traditions of the Revolutionary period. At that time the bill of fare was not printed, but the waiter announced to the guest what would be served, if asked for. A Chicago citizen was dining at the hotel. He ordered each of the many items announced to him by the waiter. When he came to the desserts the waiter said: "We have mince-pie, apple-pie, pumpkin-pie, and custard-pie." The Chicago man ordered mince-pie, apple-pie, and pumpkin-pie. The disgusted waiter remarked: "What is the matter with the custard?" Alongside me sat a very well-known English gentle-

man of high rank, who had come to this country on a sort of missionary and evangelistic errand. Of course, he was as solemn as the task he had undertaken, which was to convert American sinners. He turned suddenly to me and, in a loud voice, asked: "What was the matter with the custard-pie?" The story travelled for years, was used for many purposes, was often murdered in the narration, but managed to survive, and was told to me as an original joke by one of the men I met at the convention in June, 1920, in Chicago.

After Chicago received from Congress the appointment I did all I could to help the legislation and appropriations necessary. The result was that when I visited the city as an orator at the opening of the exhibition I was voted the freedom of the city, was given a great reception, and among other things reviewed the school children who paraded in my honor.

The Yale alumni of New York City had for many years an organization. In the early days the members met very infrequently at a dinner. This was a formal affair, and generally drew a large gathering, both of the local alumni and from the college and the country. These meetings were held at Delmonico's, then located in Fourteenth Street. The last was so phenomenally dull that there were no repetitions.

The speakers were called by classes, and the oldest in graduation had the platform. The result was disastrous. These old men all spoke too long, and it was an endless stream of platitudes and reminiscences of forgotten days until nearly morning. Then an inspiration of the chairman led him to say: "I think it might be well to have a word from the younger graduates."

There was a unanimous call for a well-known humorist named Styles. His humor was aided by a startling appearance of abundant red hair, an aggressive red mustache, and eyes which seemed to push his glasses off his nose. Many of the speakers, owing to the imperfection of the dental art in those days, indicated their false teeth by their trouble in keeping them in place, and the whistling it gave to their utterances. One venerable orator in his excitement dropped his into his tumbler in the midst of his address.

Styles said to this tired audience: "At

this early hour in the morning I will not attempt to speak, but I will tell a story. Down at Barnegat, N. J., where I live, our neighbors are very fond of apple-jack. One of them while in town had his jug filled, and on the way home saw a friend leaning over the gate and looking so thirsty that he stopped and handed over his jug with an offer of its hospitality. After sampling it the neighbor continued the gurgling as the jug rose higher and higher, until there was not a drop left in it. The indignant owner said: 'You infernal hog, why did you drink up all my apple-jack?' His friend answered: 'I beg your pardon, Job, but I could not bite off the tap, because I have lost all my teeth.'" The aptness of the story was the success of the evening.

Some years afterwards there was a meeting of the alumni to form a live association. Among those who participated in the organization were William Walter Phelps, afterwards member of Congress and minister to Austria; Judge Henry E. Howland; John Proctor Clarke, now chief justice of the Appellate Division; James R. Sheffield, then a rising young lawyer, now president of the Union League Club; and Isaac Bromley, one of the editors of the *New York Tribune* and one of the wittiest writers of his time, and many others who have since won distinction. They elected me president, and I continued as such by successive elections for ten years.

The association met once a month and had a serious paper read, speeches, a simple supper, and a social evening. These monthly gatherings became a feature and were widely reported in the press. We could rely upon one or more of the faculty, and there was always to be had an alumnus of national reputation from abroad. We had a formal annual dinner, which was more largely attended than almost any function of the kind in the city, and, because of the variety and excellence of the speaking, always very enjoyable.

The Harvard and Princeton alumni also had an association at that time, with annual dinners, and it was customary for the officers of each of these organizations to be guests of the one which gave the dinner. The presidents of the colleges represented always came. Yale could rely upon President Dwight, Harvard

upon President Eliot, and Princeton upon President McCosh.

Of course, the interchanges between the representatives of the different colleges were as exciting and aggressive as their football and baseball contests are to-day. I recall one occasion of more than usual interest. It was the Princeton dinner, and the outstanding figure of the occasion was that most successful and impressive of college executives, President McCosh. He spoke with a broad Scotch accent and was in every sense a literalist. Late in the evening Mr. Beaman, a very brilliant lawyer and partner of Evarts and Choate, who was president of the Harvard Alumni Association, said to me: "These proceedings are fearfully prosaic and highbrow. When you are called, you attack President McCosh, and I will defend him." So in the course of my remarks, which were highly complimentary to Princeton and its rapid growth under President McCosh, I spoke of its remarkable success in receiving gifts and legacies, which were then pouring into its treasury every few months, and were far beyond anything which came either to Yale or Harvard, though both were in great need. Then I hinted that possibly this flow of riches was due to the fact that President McCosh had such an hypnotic influence over the graduates of Princeton and their fathers, mothers, and wives that none of them felt there was a chance of a heavenly future unless Princeton was among the heirs.

Mr. Beaman was very indignant and with the continuing approval and applause of the venerable doctor made a furious attack upon me. His defense of the president was infinitely worse than my attack. He alleged that I had intimated that the doctor kept tab on sick alumni of wealth and their families, and at the critical moment there would be a sympathetic call from the doctor, and, while at the bedside he administered comfort and consolation, yet he made it plain to the patient that he could not hope for the opening of the pearly gates or the welcome of St. Peter unless Princeton was remembered. Then Beaman, in a fine burst of oratory, ascribed this wonderful prosperity not to any personal effort or appeal, but because the sons of Princeton felt such reverence and grati-

tude for their president that they were only too glad of an opportunity to contribute to the welfare of the institution.

The moment Beaman sat down the doctor arose, and with great intensity expressed his thanks and gratitude to the eloquent president of the Harvard alumni, and then shouted: "I never, never, never solicited a gift for Princeton from a dying man. I never, never, never sat by the bedside of a dying woman and held up the terrors of hell and the promises of heaven, according to the disposition she made of her estate. I never, never looked with unsympathetic and eager anticipation whenever any of our wealthy alumni appeared in ill health."

The doctor, however, retaliated subsequently. He invited me to deliver a lecture before the college, and entertained me most delightfully at his house. It was a paid admission, and when I left in the morning he said: "I want to express to you on behalf of our college our thanks. We raised last evening through your lecture enough to fit our ball team for its coming contest with Yale." In that contest Princeton was triumphant.

The Yale Alumni Association subsequently evolved into the Yale Club of New York, which has in every way been phenomenally prosperous. It is a factor of national importance in supporting Yale and keeping alive everywhere appreciation and enthusiasm for and practice of Yale spirit.

My class of 1856 at Yale numbered ninety-seven on graduation. Only four of us survive. In these pages I have had a continuous class meeting. Very few, if any, of my associates in the New York Legislature of 1862 and 1863 are alive, and none of the State officers who served with me in the succeeding years. There is no one left in the service who was there when I became connected with the New York Central Railroad, and no executive officer in any railroad in the United States who held that position when I was elected and is still active.

It is the habit of age to dwell on the degeneracy of the times and lament the good old days and their superiority, but Yale is infinitely greater and broader than when I graduated sixty-six years ago. The New York Legislature and State executives are governing an empire com-

pared with the problems which we had to solve sixty years ago.

I believe in the necessity of leadership, and, while recognizing a higher general average in public life, regret that the world crisis through which we have passed and which is not yet completed, has produced no Washington, Lincoln, or Roosevelt. I rejoice that President Harding, under the pressure of his unequalled responsibilities, is developing the highest qualities of leadership. It is an exquisite delight to visualize each administration from 1856 and to have had considerable intimacy with the leaders in government and the moulders of public opinion during sixty-six unusually laborious years.

Many who have given their reminiscences have kept close continuing diaries. From these voluminous records they have selected according to their judgment. As I have before said, I have no data and must rely on my memory. This faculty is not logical, its operations are not by years or periods, but its films unroll as they are moved by association of ideas and events.

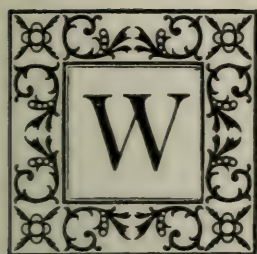
It has been a most pleasurable task to bring back into my life these worthies of the past and to live over again events of greater or lesser importance. Sometimes an anecdote illumines a character more than a biography, and a personal incident helps an understanding of a period more than its formal history.

Life has had for me immeasurable charms. I recognize at all times there has been granted to me the loving care and guidance of God. My sorrows have been alleviated and lost their acuteness from a firm belief in closer reunion in eternity. My misfortunes, disappointments, and losses have been met and overcome by abundant proof of my mother's faith and teaching that they were the discipline of Providence for my own good, and if met in that spirit and with redoubled effort to redeem the apparent tragedy they would prove to be blessings. Such has been the case.

While new friends are not the same as old ones, yet I have found cheer and inspiration in the close communion with the young of succeeding generations. They have made and are making this a mighty good world for me.

A Day with a Ranchwoman

BY L. M. WESTON



HEN, owing to failing health, my husband left a lucrative city job to dig his living out of the soil, I was not overjoyed. Born and bred in town, city conveniences looked good

to me, and I did not care to exchange them for the hardships of country life.

My twenty-year-old son, however, was delighted at the prospect of raising wheat and cattle. Farming was a job in which youth was an asset; his day's work would be worth as much as his father's. Two against one—the majority ruled.

It was decided that we should keep one hired man but no maid, as the farmhouse was small, and, far away from social activities, I surely needed something to occupy my time. Cooking for three men wouldn't, of course, be much work, "just enough to keep me busy."

Seeing no escape, I meekly tackled the job assigned me, though feeling I was being chastened by the Almighty for some deadly sin of which I had no recollection.

As time went on I was informed on different occasions by my husband or son how the wife of one neighbor ploughed, another ran a binder, another shocked grain, while they all could milk and make butter, not to mention pitching hay for the stock and harnessing horses. Gradually the idea dawned upon me that my family and neighbors thought I was leading a very idle life because I did not milk, chop wood, tote coal or water, churn, or wash the soiled clothes. I had not been accustomed to doing such work, and could not see, as my husband was in easy circumstances, why I should change the habits of a lifetime merely because I lived in the country. At the same time, I did not consider myself a drone in the hive, as I had little leisure.

But the last straw was when my son told me that our hired man had said I did the least of any rancher's wife he ever saw. Nobody likes to be considered a

slacker, and this impertinent remark made me downright angry. Still, it did seem as though such unanimity of opinion must have some foundation in fact, so I decided to probe the matter to the very bottom. I was always busy, always dead-tired at night. Where did the time go? What did I do? I felt like a man who tried to be economical and yet could not make both ends meet. He would probably keep an exact account of how he spent his dollars and cents in order to straighten his finances, and I determined to keep an exact account of how I spent my hours and minutes, for one day at least, for purposes of self-defence.

The next day was the 24th of August, and twenty minutes after our Big Ben proclaimed the hour to be half past four I was up, dressed, and in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. In the intervals of making coffee, toast, and cereal, and frying potatoes and eggs, I set bread to rise, and put up two lunches. My son, who was going to bind on a distant part of the ranch, would not be able to come home for his midday meal. The other lunch was for the shocker who accompanied him, whose appetite made one wonder if he had four stomachs, like a cow. Coffee went with the lunches, which necessitated careful washing of the bottles in which they carried it.

I wanted to stop my work long enough to watch the sun rise from behind the mountains. The faint colors of the dawn always gave me keen delight, but there was no time, this morning, to enjoy a sight of the myriad-tinted forerunners of the sun. I could not even spend a few minutes to step outside and feel the light, fresh, early-morning breeze that was already whispering the news of the Day King's coming to the golden grain and swaying grasses.

I had six motherless little chicks that I kept boxed up in the kitchen at night; they had to be fed, watered, and put outside. Mike, our Boston terrier, was barking loudly for admission at the living-

room door. (He always went there when I was in the kitchen, and vice versa.) The table had to be set, and the kitchen swept and tidied, not to mention feeding the fowls and letting them out of the hen-house. Six o'clock, breakfast-time, came all too soon, but when the four men sat down at the table the meal was ready. I spent considerable time serving them, and, when they had finished eating and had lighted their cigarettes, I went down to the barn, about a hundred yards from the house.

By that time the saddle-horse, used to catch the work-horses, would have finished her oats, and I felt, after she had been shut up in the barn all the long, hot night, she should have a chance to roll and run about the pasture. I put her out, then looked at the tanks where the stock drank, and turned the water on in one that was almost empty.

I am very fond of animals. My brother-in-law once remarked, when visiting us, that a fellow wanted four legs to get any attention on our ranch. This observation was provoked by being obliged to wait for his dinner while I doctored a sick cow.

After turning on the water I returned to the house and cleared the table of breakfast dishes. I began to wash them, when my son called me. I went to the door. He was between the house and barn, hitching four horses to a binder. He wanted me to give him his gloves as he passed the house, as he dared not leave his horses standing while he looked for them. Our horses are gentle, but they will run away with slight provocation. They are high-spirited, and usually feel good, as we feed them well, holding the opinion that the laborer, even if only a horse, is worthy of his hire.

I went on with my dishes, but kept watch of the boy, so as not to make him wait for his gloves. But he stopped long enough to tell some little incident that had happened at the barn, and, always glad of his confidences, I could not hurry him off, so it was half past seven when I returned to the dish-pan. Then I plucked and prepared chicken for frying. I had barely finished this job when my husband called and asked me if I wouldn't help him get a horse in the corral that needed doctoring. The animal was not

easy to catch, but we managed finally to get a halter on him and I held the rope while my better half administered the healing treatment. After letting him loose I was about to return to the kitchen when my spouse said he had got to sack a lot of oats and could get through much quicker if I would help him, so I stayed. After we had finished I remembered my bread and again started for the kitchen, when my better half suggested that I come back in time to help him through the corral with a load of seed wheat he must take to the hired man, who had commenced to drill. The corral was full of loose stock and he needed some one to shut and open the gate, and see that none of the animals got out.

I kneaded my bread, put it in pans, made some of the dough into cinnamon rolls, much liked by the family, and returned to the corral in time to render the needed assistance.

"I think the windmill ought to be turned on," remarked my husband, just as he was leaving. "I am afraid the reservoir is nearly empty, and would you mind feeding Lord Brae and Stubbs some grain?"

I assented, and immediately climbed the steep hill to the windmill.

Returning, I stopped at the barn to get grain for Lord Brae and Stubbs. The latter was a young heifer that had been born in such terribly cold weather that one of her feet was practically useless from frost-bite. It was so hard for her to get around the pasture that we fed her grain every day; but Lord Brae was a different proposition. He was a newcomer on the ranch, and, proud of his pedigree, ruled the other horned creatures like a despot. He was not well acquainted with me, and, when I tried to feed him, intimated that in the higher bovine circles in which he moved introductions were in order. In short, he was afraid of me and I was afraid of him. But, after long hesitation, he conquered his fears and followed the bucket of grain I held toward him with a trembling hand, into a smaller corral where he could eat unmolested by the rest of the cattle.

It was now about ten o'clock and I was returning to the house and indoor duties when I saw my pet three-year-old horse looking beseechingly toward me from the

other side of the pasture fence. I often took him into the barn and fed him oats, so could not resist his longing expression, and spent twenty minutes ministering to his wants.

When at last I returned to the kitchen my bread was more than ready for the oven. I replenished the fire, then set to work making pies, as, on hot days, I did all the baking possible at one time, so as not to keep a fire any longer than was absolutely necessary.

I was glad to sit down to peel the apples, as I was tired, and my husband and the hired man would be in at half past twelve and expect a hearty dinner—I had it ready on time, but shuddered at the pile of cooking dishes to be washed after the meal.

I started right in, after eating, but was soon interrupted by my spouse, who wanted a farm paper that had come two or three days before. He had looked everywhere, he said, and couldn't find it. Was sure I had destroyed it.

I left the dishes to search for the missing periodical, and at last unearthed it from a pile of magazines about three feet high.

My husband had agreed to haul wheat that afternoon for a neighbor who was threshing, so left the house long before I had finished washing dishes. I decided to lie down, as I was so tired. Just then my helpmeet drove by on his way to the threshing outfit and called out that the windmill needed turning off and he didn't have time to do it. So again I wended my way up that steep quarter of a mile to the windmill. I stopped at the top to admire the view. It was fine—a wide expanse of greenish-yellow prairie, with its innumerable shades, making a delightful contrast with the chocolate brown of ploughed ground and the broad fields of golden wheat. Above all was the deep-blue arch of the sky, over which drifted snow-white masses of clouds that cast weird shadows on the near-by mountains. The whole scene was permeated with the languorous beauty of August. I was enveloped in a kind of live silence, as the hum of insect life made itself heard, like the pulsing of nature's great heart. The shimmering waves of heat followed each other to the mountains, where they were lost in a transparent, bluish-gray haze.

A sense of unutterable, ineffable peace

took possession of me until I happened to glance toward a seventy-five-acre oat-field where the grain was cut and shocked waiting to be threshed. Several head of cattle had broken through the surrounding fence and were actively engaged tossing the bundles, and gorging themselves on the grain. What to do I did not know. I dared not ride the saddle-horse that was in the barn, and I could not drive them out on foot. Still, if they were not put out before the men returned at six, they would destroy bushels of oats. I decided that I must walk a mile or more to where my son was binding, and tell him. He could ride bareback; and, though I could not saddle the horse in the barn, I could lead him to my son, who could ride home and so expedite matters. But I reckoned without the horse. When he found himself out in the broiling sun, and understood I expected him to go some distance, he said as plain as a dumb brute could that, if I wanted to wander around in the heat, he didn't and wasn't going with me. He planted his four feet on the ground, refused to move, and looked at me with an obstinate, uncompromising expression in his eyes impossible to misunderstand. I gave up, tied him again in the barn, and started off alone.

After hearing my unpleasant news, my son unhitched, put his horses in a near-by barn, and hustled home with me. Knowing how much grain a number of cattle could destroy in an afternoon, he lost no time in saddling the recalcitrant horse (who was very amenable to his master's orders), drove the cattle out of the oats, mended the fence where they had broken through, and rode back to his field work.

By the time I reached home it was after three, and I lay down, feeling I could not get supper for four men if I did not rest a few minutes. I was actually numb with fatigue.

About half past four I rose and went to the barn for grain to feed my chickens. Then I went to a tank and toted water for them, gathered the eggs, and cleaned up the chicken-house.

Returning to the house, I discovered our little Boston terrier had drunk the biggest half of the milk I had put in a pan for the chickens just outside the back door. It had evidently disagreed with

him, judging from the look of the porch, which necessitated my getting water and mopping vigorously for some minutes.

It was now about five, but, as we did not have supper until seven, I planned I could sit down and finish a story I had commenced two days before, and perhaps have leisure to watch the sunset. A Montana sunset is indescribable and, once seen, never to be forgotten. Charley Russell, if not academy-trained, can faithfully depict Montana scenery, people, and ponies; but neither he nor any other artist can transfer to canvas the wonderful color and subtle, illusive, atmospheric effects of a Montana sunset. The glory of the Lord fills the earth. The onlooker is caught up to the seventh heaven of delight by the celestial splendor and its terrestrial reflections. Mountains, prairies, fields, and streams are transfigured in the radiant light. Time stretches into eternity, and the finite is lost in the infinite. One is reminded of St. John's vision of "the Holy City, coming down from God."

Already I felt uplifted in anticipation of the wonderful sight, when my husband drove into the yard. He was evidently in the depths of a grouch, and asked, irritably: "Will you catch King for me? The cattle have broken through into the oats again." Now King was a one-man horse who would let me catch him in the pasture, when he was likely to lead other people a merry chase; consequently, when there was a hurry call for his services, I was usually deputed to get him. On this occasion he was nearly half a mile away, and by the time I had found a halter, caught, led him home, watered, and fed him, it was nearly six o'clock. Of course, my husband would have watered and fed him, but I always attend to his creature comforts when taking him from the pasture, as I am proud of his very evident partiality for me, and want to continue in his good graces. I finally left him reluctantly, and went into the kitchen to start my fire. It was high time, as I had to bring in the wood, although it was cut for me. I should be obliged to hustle, though, and so miss the sunset, but the meal was ready at seven.

My husband, the hired man, and the shocker sat down at the table, but my son had sent word he would work late, having lost so much time chasing cattle out

of the oats. I was dreadfully disappointed, as he particularly liked the eatables I had that night, which would be spoiled by warming over. Fried chicken, creamed potatoes, stewed corn, fresh bread, cinnamon rolls, green-apple pie, cheese, and coffee.

I had to make more trips to the wood-pile, and keeping a fire so long made the kitchen stifling hot. I paused in picking up the sticks to watch, for a minute at least, the fading colors in the sky, and suddenly realized both dogs were waiting for supper. The terrier was expressing his impatience by short, angry barks; the collie was silent, but turned hungry, expectant, topaz-colored eyes in my direction that were more eloquent and compelling than the little dog's fretful yaps.

The clouds were rapidly assuming their twilight robes of dull drab as I broke corn-bread, and scraped chicken-bones and gravy into the dogs' dishes; but neither collie nor terrier realized how I was sacrificing my love of beauty to their appetites.

It was pitch-dark when my son came and sat down to a kept-warm supper. He was too tired to know whether he was eating fried chicken or boiled horse-meat. About the same time my husband brought in the milk. I strained it, then washed the dishes. It was after nine when I felt at liberty to lay my weary body on the bed. Thinking how short the time before Big Ben would again ring out half past four, I had a fellow feeling with the man who said, "he got up so early he met himself going to bed."

I was just drowsing off when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to fill up the collie's water dish, and such a hot night he would need plenty to drink. I rose, slipped into a kimono and my moccasins, hurried into the kitchen to the water-pail, then outdoors with a dipper full. Just then the quavering call of a coyote fell on my ear and I remembered that I had not shut the door of the chicken-house. Groping my way twenty or thirty yards in the darkness, I remedied this oversight, then returned to the house.

As I lay down again one of Irving Berlin's popular songs rang in my inner ear, and I felt a strong desire to ask him if he had ever really lived on "that farm in Michigan."



The housing arrangements for active or pensioned workers furnished by the Krupp establishment are pretty paternalistic but most complete and comfortable.

Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

III.—GERMANY, THE SAAR, AND THE LEAGUE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

“**H**ERE in these rooms behind us the high military officers lived during the war to inspect the guns and ammunition made by our 115,000 working men,” a Krupp official explained to us by the railing of the high tower in the centre of the huge plant. “Over there beneath that roof we constructed—under the eyes of these officers—the ‘mystery gun’ which bombarded Paris. Since the armistice [business of lowering voice and erasing smile] our manufacture of war materials is ended. To-day we have only about 50,000 workers. Of these about 3,000 mine coal from the veins directly beneath us.”

In spite of strong letters of introduction, the company officials refused me

opportunity to work alongside their employees. I was also asked not to converse with them, as I was taken through a plant which represented every possible step between antiqueness and modernity almost from the days when the house of Krupp was first founded in a little forge in 1812. To my amazement the officers stated that, before 1914, ninety-five per cent of their output by tonnage was for peace uses—steamship engines and shafts, farm machinery, etc., etc. To-day the list also includes locomotives, typewriters, cash-registers—almost every imaginable fabrication of steel including teeth!

“One new product we are not manufacturing for the market, though we are willing to give the public the idea. Our workers found that they ruined their gold caps and crowns when they gritted their teeth in the effort to lift the heavy pieces

of iron or steel. As a result, our dental department has discovered a very successful way to use for their teeth not the usual gold but a certain alloy of steel!"

War-wearied, unhappy, and perplexed, but doggedly busy—that appeared the condition not only of Krupp's leaders and workers, but of practically the entire Ruhr basin. That means the Pittsburgh district of Germany. For mile after mile throughout the country surrounding such cities as Essen, Elberfeld, Dusseldorf, etc., the great chimneys of the steel plants, machine works, and factories stab the horizon like some huge Cyclopean picket fence. And from those chimneys the smoke of activity certainly was coming last summer.

Nevertheless, it appears to me wrong to assume so generally that these smoking chimneys mean that Germany is already "back to normalcy." On the contrary, they are more of a sign that Germany is not even *started* back to normalcy. In the markets of the world her rapidly depreciating currency has secured a marked selling advantage—but only temporarily. So far, every effort to put value into the mark has caused an immediate closing of those factories. On the other hand, a falling currency brings in every sort of evil, including, of course, a highly restless group of laborers. These must endeavor somehow to increase the number of marks in their pay-envelopes as rapidly as the purchasing power of the currency diminishes. That can be only partially accomplished even at the cost of constant agitation. Altogether it is not strange that the communists utilize the situation to embarrass the republican government to the utmost. In the Ruhr, at least, it was manifestly easy for all to remember that nearly 200 persons had been killed during two weeks of trouble outside the factory gates of exactly that district during Kapp's communist rebellion of March, 1920. Within the last few weeks, however, trustworthy reports come, both of increasing strikes and increasing unemployment.

On the whole, the organized laborers had, up to August, 1921, kept their wages up fairly well with the 1,000 per cent increase in the cost of living. Most of them were apparently too war-worn and too

anxious to have things quiet down to care to make much trouble. Furthermore, the reports of growing unemployment in Great Britain and America counselled caution in Germany as in France. Striking or working, the situation among the German workers is badly complicated by disunity.

"Unfortunately, our labor organizations not only get into politics, as in England, but also into religion. Here in the Ruhr we coal-miners are divided into a Catholic miners' union, an anti-Catholic, a neutral or non-religious, a communist, a socialist, and so on—almost seventeen in all! That's perhaps why we organized workers aren't taken as seriously as we should be."

If Europe can somehow stave off war or even those rumors which require preparation for war, it may mean that some of these unions will enroll a few former colonels and generals. Many of these grew up in pre-war Germany totally untrained to earn a living in any other way than on the parade-ground or the battlefield. To-day, by thousands these army officers are said to be learning to manipulate, not plough-shares, but the levers of lathe and drill-press, instead of swords. As apprentices it is to be noticed that they stand in line for fair earnings later, and finally for a government pension, but meanwhile they get apprentice wages of practically nothing per week!

"Let me shake a good American hand," said a young man who followed me out of a post-office. "I was lucky enough to be a German prisoner among the American soldiers. I grew fat! More to eat I had than before, when I was a German soldier. And, mein Herr, also more than I have had as a German citizen since my return! Ach, but fine fellows they were, those soldier-boys of yours!"

The civil-service employees like himself in the post-office, and also on the state-controlled railways, the teachers, the doctors, the college professors—all these have suffered heavily in Germany. Unlike the workers they have been unable to increase their income in anything like the same degree as the cost of living. Along with them the small capitalists and owners of property continue to handle sums considerably larger than in the old days, but

with a buying power immensely lessened. In Austria-Hungary and other countries of depreciated currency this "middle-class" group is still existing, though it is literally starving to death.

"A *Beamter* (local government official) couldn't have done it better himself!" used to represent the most that you could say if you wanted to express satisfaction with a piece of work. Now these—along

"Easily can one see that her little girl was born in that dreadful year of no potatoes—all of them were like that. No milk was in the udders of the cows or the breasts of the mothers," another added as the two got off at a station.

"Haben Sie ge-quaked?" This is the war and post-war expression for "Have you breakfasted?" It is the recognition of the effectiveness of the American



Workers inspecting suitings at low prices outside a Krupp gateway.

with men of the same stamp of more than average education and training pretty much all over Europe—face a common fate in what might be called "the Decline and Fall of the Middle Classes."

"At first we cut off our little luxuries. That wasn't so bad. Then we had to begin to cut off this necessity and that. Already my man, he has hardly enough strength to carry him through his day. How can we cut off more? I ask, how?" queried the well-spoken wife of an engineer, as she turned upon us all in the third-class railway compartment, tears in her eyes.

"How?" was the echo which went around the circle.

Quaker enterprise by which hundreds of thousands of German children were kept alive during the war. In many parts of Germany they are still being fed. The Quakers inform the visitor that hardly one of the fat and hearty-looking youngsters everywhere to be seen is less than one, and most of them are two and three, years undersized.

I found among all classes plenty of willingness to confess to full portions of the gnawing miseries of blockade and war-making. Among the workers, also, was surprising willingness to confess defeat—complete military defeat. Any one still denying it was likely to be dismissed with a toss of the head as "an old reactionary

who wants to get a job for himself or his military relatives."

The uncertainties of the future—it is these that bother more than the certainties of the past, however disagreeable these may be. It is these uncertainties that give the reactionary the same hope as that harbored by the radicals—the hope that somehow the republic will strike a rock. They also make the captains of industry hesitant about putting their for-

its descent. It is also registered—and taken advantage of—by the thousands who find that speculation is better than working for a money which grows less valuable for every day you earn it or hold it.

Perhaps it is not so much the uncertainty of the future as the hatred of it—the hatred of its certainties, or semi-certainties—that accounts for the one unity I was able to find in all groups at all levels



These youngsters in Essen were unwilling to hold the dustpans and brooms with which they were cleaning up the roadway "for the chickens."

eign securities at the disposal of the government for meeting its reparations obligations. Before doing so these gentlemen want a little more assurance that the same government will not unpleasantly continue its efforts to nationalize the mines and other industries from which the profits were gained. Naturally enough, too, these captains have insisted that the government try a little harder to lessen the colossal sum which the state railways are expected to lose this year. Until such provisions were made the deficit threatened to resemble somewhat of a reparations payment—twelve to fifteen billions of marks!

That same uncertainty as to the country's political and industrial future is registered every day the mark continues

of German life. That unity is exactly the one an open-viewed visitor could hope devoutly *not* to find. I refer to the unity with which I found all the citizens of Germany *hating France!*

"Do you know why we Germans lost the war? I will tell you. It is because we never learned to hate! But now we learn—we learn to hate France!"

The statement from an important commercial executive and a former army officer would have caused a smile if it had not been uttered with such seriousness—such tragic seriousness.

It is altogether probable that the universality of the hatred is the result of that surprising commonness of the consciousness of national defeat. Every one takes pains to explain that the success of the

Allies was due to America and not to France. But that may be just the reason for the unconscious effort to make up for this sense of defeat by hating the nearest of the associated enemies. There is some ground, of course, for Germany's belief that such demands as the financial reparations and the military occupation come mainly from France. But that is largely because France supplied the scene of the colossal damages represented by her 600,-

uncertainty of the German future. For one of the numerous political parties in Germany virtually says to the public:

"The present republican government has not yet gained the sympathy and support of our former enemies. It must be plain to you that the democratic régime has brought only disorganization to Germany. We alone, the conservatives (really the reactionaries), with our military plans, can make the fatherland



At Elberfeld the zoo and its denizens share the Sunday afternoon crowds with football.

ooo ruined homes and by such sadly wounded industries as that at Lens. Naturally France is anxious both to have the money for rebuilding and also for paying the soldiers she believes are necessary if she is to avoid going through it all again.

The unity with which France is hated in Germany is equalled only by the unity with which Germany is *feared* in France. Personally, I hoped to find in Germany that this unity of France's fears was unjustified. My hope was hardly realized. It is, of course, hard for any one outside the secret service to know the situation regarding available arms in Germany. But the French feel that chemicals and various new devices could be made to serve by an enemy who hates. So the French fear only ties itself up with that

what it was before—united and powerful. Why not give us another chance?"

Among the most aristocratic part of the community there are more than a few who would like to help. These are certain that such as Professor Oncken of Heidelberg University are right when they claim that Germany was not defeated but only duped. According to the professor, the great betrayal of history, next to the time when Rome betrayed Carthage, happened when the German generals laid down their arms on the understanding that the Fourteen Points were to be the basis of the peace—and then learned their mistake too late for renewing hostilities. Later I asked a distinguished American military expert for his idea of this.

"Of course, the German generals did not consent to an armistice until General Foch had shown them his terms. It didn't take them long to see that these terms were very different from the Fourteen Points. They still had every opportunity to refuse to sign—and to continue to fight. If they had even hesitated about signing, General Foch might have had an excuse for doing what many wanted him to do—pursue them to the Ruhr or Berlin. I have heard the generalissimo say that he would have done this if they could have been made to sign anything in Berlin which they were unwilling to sign there in the private car at the front. Only then would further fighting have been excusable. 'The trouble was that they signed—' so he said, 'and signed quickly—conditions which contained every single item I could possibly think of!'"

It is easy to believe that thousands of the former soldiers of those generals are to-day finding outlet for their present energies in the new national sport of "fuss-ball." All over the country scores of teams fill the parks with crowds of spectators on Sunday, and the columns of the newspapers the rest of the week. It is easy to believe that, with other sports which are enjoying unheard of popularity, it is not a bad substitute for the goose-step as the national outdoor recreation. In other ways Germany is feeling out a new sector of the front line of national achievement, just as did France in the day of her defeat more than fifty years ago. Booksellers in Germany report a tremendous increase in the literature of every sort of philosophy—the more bizarre the better. To such thinkers the present world of actuality is now as hateful as it was to the "generation of defeat," in France as earlier mentioned. Whether the healing of the nation can be accomplished without a return to the historical and traditional type of leader—that is the question which leads again into the mazes of Germany's future and its array of industrial, social, and political uncertainties.

Here's how one German miner put it:

"If the Kaiser had arranged to go up to meet his death upon a funeral pyre like the great German heroes of old—

that might have been a proper ending for a Hohenzollern! But to desert his post of duty at the head of his people—that is unthinkable! We are done with him!"

Or, to quote another:

"But still we Germans are not trained for a republic. Why should we give President Ebert our honor when he is nothing but one of us working men? No more of this 'God and I' business, you understand, but a limited monarchy like England. No, not the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, but—well, Eitel or the youngest son—they are not bad fellows, after all!"

Germany is a kaleidoscope—much more so than the rest of Europe—and that is saying a great deal. It is to be hoped that the "big business" interests in the two chief enemy countries of France and Germany can succeed in putting forward their present plans for an economic understanding—with England's co-operation. Therein lies the possibility of greater certainty—and that means more jobs for the workers of all the world. For neither money nor men can go to work when the only certainty is uncertainty. A good hoper can believe that exactly this programme will be aided by the situation in the Saar.

The coal-mines of this part of Germany were given over permanently to the French Government in order to make up for the lessened production caused by the destruction of the mines of Lens. The administration of the district's 700,000 citizens is under the League of Nations, which appoints five commissioners from different countries, including France and the Saar itself. All over the world we have been hearing that in this "hot spot of Europe" the 70,000 miners were completely unwilling to work hard for the French engineers representing the French Government.

During my days of work as a miner I kept listening and watching for every possible evidence of "ca-canny" and sabotage. I found very little. My fellow workers were using their arms and picks and shovels as energetically as my French buddies—and that is saying a lot. I believe I found the answer. For one thing, they felt themselves comparatively well paid. Unlike most of the other working

men of the district they were receiving their wages in francs. As rapidly as the mark depreciated they grew luckier and luckier in comparison with the other workers of the district and also with the miners of the Ruhr in the north. They did believe living was more expensive in the Saar than in the Ruhr. I am confident, however, that the difference did not at all offset the wage advantage.

Secondly, many of them also felt that

the whole country's high cost of living. Such contacts made a good impression as compared with those of their predecessors the German engineers. These went underground comparatively seldom. It was in marked contrast also with the almost military strictness and discipline with which the present German under-foremen still act with their fellow Germans.

Some of the French engineers complained that their children were occa-



A group of war orphans at Elberfeld. "Haben Sie ge-quaked?" is now good German for "Have you breakfasted?"

It is a tribute to the Quakers for keeping alive hundreds of thousands of German children.

they were better treated by the French engineers than by the Germans who formerly represented the Prussian Government operation. This treatment came, in turn, from the remarkable training given in French engineering schools. This emphasizes the necessity of close and friendly relations with the workers as an important factor in the problem of industrial production. Every day the French engineer visits his pits underground. As we worked they would come along and enter into conversation with the workers, discussing with them, among other things, the necessity of increased coal production—with its increased wage to the worker—as a means of lowering

sionally stoned when coming out of French schools. But all this is sure to lessen with time, especially now that new factors for, at least, a local peace between French fears and German hatreds are being furnished by the League of Nations. One of these new factors, strangely enough, is supplied by what can be called the American temperament. One of the five high commissioners, Mr. R. D. Waugh, was chosen to represent Great Britain, but he also represents the American business view-point because he was a successful business man of Winnipeg, Canada. He has splendid opportunity to express this view-point because he is in charge of the district's finance and

food-supply. His policy is to forget the war as far as possible, and so to help the League of Nations to put the district upon a businesslike basis which will keep taxes and living costs at a minimum, with general security and prosperity at a maximum. More and more the League of Nations administration is coming to represent the impartiality of Europe rather

relationships between the nations have been born out of a succession of wars.

"But it is unreasonable that you should ask me to change the linen of your bed and your room each day. It is quite impossible."

So objected a German woman of good family with whom a French officer was quartered recently in the occupied dis-



Duisberg is said to be the largest inland harbor in the world.

Basin after basin furnishes docking facilities for the thousands of boats that ply up and down the Rhine.

than the conflicting view-points and interests of Germany and France. It is entirely possible, accordingly, that the Saar will show the way to international understandings everywhere by demonstrating the League's effectiveness in international administrative co-operation. It would make nothing less than an epoch in history if the plebiscite of the district twelve years from now should show a majority's desire to remain an independent state. And that is not so very unlikely—with the help of businesslike impartiality and of the human emphasis of those French schools of engineering!

It is almost impossible, however, to overstate the difficulties in the way of the peaceful ordering of life and work in a continent where so large a part of the

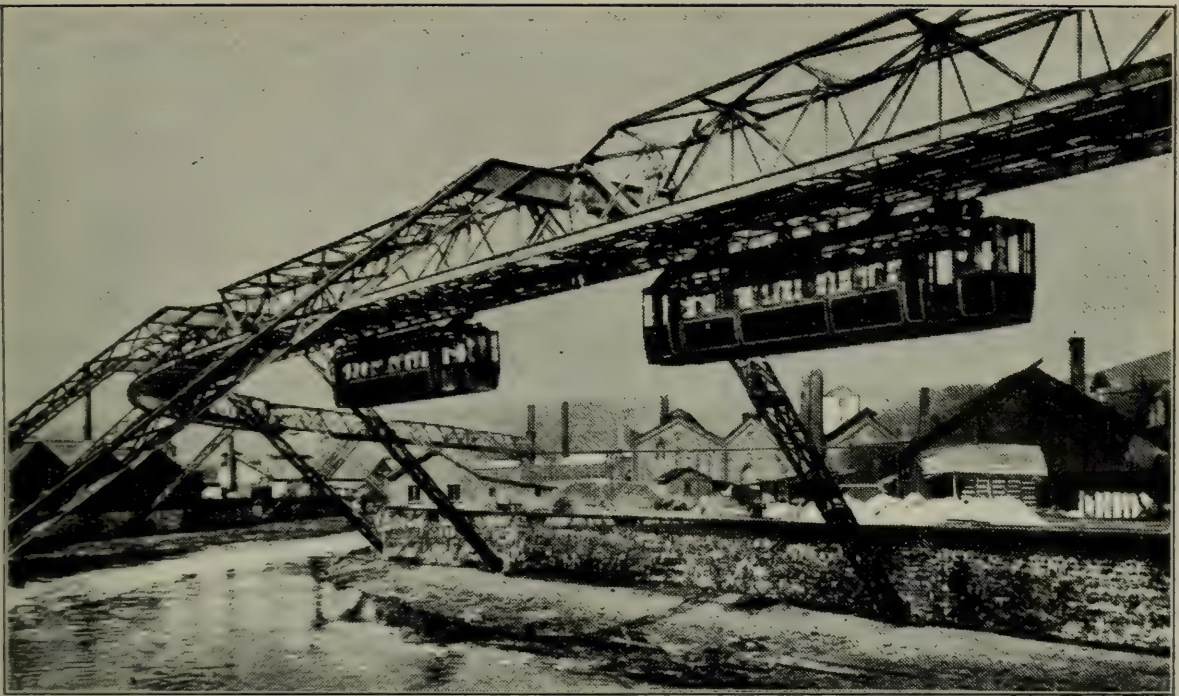
district. His reply must have been surprising:

"You are quite right, madam, it is both unnecessary and unreasonable. I have asked it for this week only to help you to realize the difficulty endured by my own mother at the hands of your own son while he was in France. He kept it up for *four years!*"

"Why are you insisting upon further invasion of France, now that you have beaten Napoleon the Third and all France is at your feet?" was asked of a German general after the decisive victory of 1870.

"I am now engaged in the task of punishing Louis the Fourteenth," was the German's reply.

"You have right," a worker answered me when I asked him if he realized how



The Schwebelbahn, or suspended railway, between Barmen and Elberfeld, utilizes a crooked river-bed because the valley is otherwise too crowded with manufacturing establishments to permit any direct street-car line.

France had suffered from the German inroads. "But think how often the Great Napoleon used to overrun the Fatherland!"

No wonder I found the working men of

France, Germany, and Belgium taking so much more interest than the working men of America in international history and international relations. All these breed the attitudes and interests of the present



German coal-miners of the Saar leaving town for the shaft of a coal-mine several miles in the country.

which in turn breed the certainties or uncertainties of the future. These, in turn, express themselves in terms of the regularity or irregularity of their daily jobs.

It was a thoughtful German who gave what must be the key to the understanding of Europe—a key that is always in the mind of the working men themselves because it is the key that locks or unlocks the daily job.

"Europe is a crowded room—so crowded that if one nation puts its fork in its mouth it is likely to put its elbow in another nation's eye. All these people have been living in this room under these crowded conditions for a very long time. Most of them, also, have been growing larger. All the time, too, the telegraph and the wireless and the aeroplanes have been making Europe small, not to mention the rest of the world. So the problem of those elbows has been growing constantly more difficult. Yet up until now there has been no way in which more elbow-room could be gained except by the aid of bayonets."

Just that, I am persuaded, is the reason why any American is likely to get the same surprise that I did at Geneva.

To the best of my eyesight, I followed the pointing of the motorman. The building fulfilled my expectations of the League of Nations' office—a small but aristocratic mansion surrounded by a large lawn and a high iron fence. Altogether a place of very stand-offish appearance. The gate was locked—every gate. It was Saturday afternoon, but the second annual assembly convened Monday morning. It seemed a highly aristocratic way of doing business trying to save the world for democracy. Finally I asked a chauffeur about it—with as much heat as my French would carry. With a shrug of surprise he asked my objections to walking in the front gate. He pointed not at the "mansion," but across the street! There I saw a seven-story building. Messenger-boys were running in and out. A line of automobiles was trying to crowd up to the door. Paris-gowned women and silk-hatted statesmen from Europe or South America stepped out and hurried in. Limousine doors slammed, motors chugged and stuttered. Other imposing men with turbans from India and fezes from Persia stepped out. With mouth open I gazed at this amazing spectacle. It was the actualization of my



Fellow workers of the author in the coal-mines of the Saar.

These mines were given over to France in partial reparation for the damage done the mines of Lens and other French cities.



"The hot-spot of Europe."

This name has been given the Saar by reason of the complicated political and industrial situation. The German miners shown here work directly under the supervision of the German foreman at the left. He, in turn, is under the orders of the French engineer shown with the cane. The League of Nations, in general charge of the district, may point with pride to its record in the Saar, largely because the French engineers are doing an excellent job of getting along with the German workers.

high-school commencement's dream about "the parliament of man; the federation of the world!" I had been looking for the American idea of the League. I had found the European!

Whatever forms may be chosen for carrying on the more permanent phases of the President's conference, the choice is certain, I believe, to be very greatly influenced by this consideration:

In Europe to-day the League of Nations is a going concern.

In Europe the League has a history, and, on the whole, a creditable history, behind it. Its permanent secretarial force, furthermore, is constantly increasing its store of facts and understanding for aiding the statesmen to make constantly wiser decisions. Still further, those statesmen are tending constantly to represent more fully the new diplomacy in which public opinion plays a larger and larger part. The older generations, the elder statesmen, in both Europe and Asia, are realizing that whether they like it or not the whole

thrust of any parliament of man is sure to be democratic. Among the delegates I counted more than a dozen university professors, some of them the most noted and fair-minded in the world. In Germany the organization's name is already the "League of Peoples" (Voelkerbund).

"If the League were to disband to-morrow morning we would have to create another to-morrow night in order to carry on all the hundred and one functions which have been assigned to it." So writes one of London's best-informed editors.

At one public session I saw Lord Robert Cecil take the platform to scold the representatives from Poland and Lithuania for imperilling the world's peace by refusing to compose their differences. Further, I heard and saw the representatives of over fifty nations show by their applause their approval of the scolding. We were witnessing the workings of the world's first successful effort to help the nations to secure elbow-room by a new

method. That method proposes to substitute for bayonets nothing less than public opinion—the public opinion of an organized world! It is not strange if Europe generally thinks the change highly revolutionary. It thought so when democracy was proposed as a substitute for autocracy. The difference between them is much the same.

"Monarchy," said a famous English political leader, "is like a great ship. It sails the sea with all sails set in all the pomp of power—until it strikes a rock! Then it goes quickly to the bottom. Democracy is like a raft. You cannot sink the thing, but—d—n it!—your feet are always in the water!"

Neither public opinion nor anything else has as yet had a fair chance at keeping the feet of Europe out of the cold water of that uncertainty which flows from out every corner and crevice of the Great Disaster. The temperature has been lowered still further, also, by what Europe's workers find the amazing and incomprehensible frigidity of America toward its own child and toward all the miseries which the League—America's League—was expected to lessen. That surprising frigidity of ours only increases the shell-shock from which all the political and all the industrial sensibilities of Europe have been suffering. The strange thing is that they have made as much progress as they have in overcoming their shattered nerves and getting back to the job.

"You can do everything in the world with bayonets—except sit on them," Talleyrand is said to have remarked.

Europe's life is war-torn. Europe's workers are war-worn. Europe wants to sit down, not on bayonets but on the chairs of the supper-table set with food gained by a day's work at the lathe and the loom. And, just because Europe's peoples are so war-torn and so war-worn, the statesmen are going to find it extremely difficult to lead them back to those normal, wholesome attitudes which

are the heart of the normal, wholesome relationships of normal, wholesome life and industry. Europe has less of the moral and intellectual strength needed for facing her problems than she had before the war.

"You have, then, no wife?" I asked of my companion as, after our little coffees, we went down to the mine in the early morning.

"Well, I'd hardly say so," was his surprising reply. "For me and for my three sons my wife is dead—yes, quite dead—too much a friend of our German captors she was."

Twice as many French marriages took place in 1920

as in 1913, with also a much greater excess of births over deaths than in a long time. But on the other hand there have been thousands of homes broken up because they were unable to stand the strain—the extremely heavy strain—of having husbands, fathers, or sons off in the trenches, year after year, perhaps dead, perhaps alive, while 10,000 soldiers from Tasmania or Manitoba or Montana were crowded into a town already packed with its usual 3,000 natives.

"But your son is a good sort. He'll carry on, yes?" I went on with the father as we came near to the lamp-room at the mine.



People work hard in the Saar, but at present it is one of the most prosperous parts of Europe.



The Saar district contains about 700 square miles with 700,000 inhabitants, including 70,000 miners. The mines have been given to France according to the Versailles Treaty. The district is administered by the League of Nations, which chooses five commissioners, including one from France and one from the Saar.

"I'm afraid not, m'sieu'. Have you not noticed the look in his eye? Is it not the look of a fox, or perhaps a rat? That comes from his spending four years a captive near here. Usually he ate breakfast by pulling his belt—so—and dined by yanking it—so! When he secured real food it came mostly by stealing it when his captors were not looking. Bad training that for a boy between the years of twelve and sixteen, very bad, is it not so?"

It has been said that one reason for the recent disturbances in India and Egypt is the loss of tens of thousands of the best of the young manhood of Britain in the early volunteer days of the war. I expect to see difficulties of the same sort when some of the places in the national assemblies of the various European peoples are taken by some of these hundreds of thousands of Europe's children who grew up with nothing nearer childhood than a four years' nightmare. Such as these and the populations they will represent will be difficult bosses for Europe's statesmen—for already in Europe to-day it is the peoples that are the bosses of the statesmen and not the statesmen that are the bosses of the people.

I wish that it were possible to come back from Europe with the conviction that the various, intricate complexes of fears and touchinesses of the different peoples are unreasonable and unjustified. Then the treatment would be easy. But any careful observer is sure to see how deeply rooted they all are in the consciousness of a long and very practical past, with that consciousness made sensitive almost to the explosion-point by a shorter and more recent past full of emotions of the highest conceivable intensity. Nothing is surer than that, under the same circumstances, we here in America would have gone through exactly the same experiences and emotions and come, therefore, into exactly the same attitudes—requiring, consequently, the same careful treatment for our return to normalcy.

To get back to the old normalcy is as impossible for America as for Europe, for both must go back together. The old normalcy is dead and gone. It is not too much to say that the nature of the new normalcy will depend largely upon America's attitude toward the peoples of Europe and toward the hopes and fears behind those elbows in the crowded room.

"Our committee began to make progress with its job"—so reports the American member of an international group formed during the war for routing the world's wheat supply ships safely past the submarines into the Allied harbors—"only when, finally, each member came to believe that every other member could be trusted to have as disinterested a point of view as himself."

Meanwhile three things appear to me certain:

First, that Europe's workers hate war more deeply than do America's. They know it better. They have been immensely closer to it. They pray harder than we do for ways out of that crowded room which do not call for bayonets, because they see better than we do the difficulty of finding those ways.

Second, Europe's workers see more plainly than we do how footless it is for America to talk of the "mess in Europe," when the same things that make Europe each day smaller and smaller are making the whole world into a smaller and smaller room. The world's present joblessness and the world's increasing "elbow complex"—these make a "world mess"—of world-wide dimensions and of world-wide causes. It calls for world-wide treatment—with America sitting in at Genoa and in every other conference as talker as well as listener—talker and also hoper, because Europe, like the women at Lens, as mentioned in the previous article, is too tired to be a good hoper.

Third, the greatest pressure for the achievement of the world's new normalcy, in terms of the equilibrium of trade between the nations, is the pressure that comes now from the statesmen of Europe who represent the workers. These by the million find themselves jobless in a stalled world. They want work. They exert a

vast pressure for it. Of that pressure Lloyd George is just now the chief exponent, partly because America's public opinion does not yet see the connection between our huge unemployment and Europe's huge war losses. Yet from all over America as well as over Britain goes up the—prayer:

"Give us this day our daily—job!"

Nothing is more earnestly to be hoped for—on behalf of those who utter that prayer in either Europe or America—than that America will have that deeper sympathy which is sure to come from a wider knowledge of the reasonableness of the hearts and of the weariness of the hopes of those that utter that prayer "over there."

It is not necessary that we should endeavor, from our seats in our Cis-Atlantic grand-stand, to determine exactly how far Germany is honest or dishonest, repentant or revengeful, or exactly how far France is justified or unjustified in its fear of that cloud upon its eastern horizon. It is immensely more important that we adopt a method, first, for getting a better understanding of the whole huge and vital performance, and then for giving that understanding, with its accompanying sympathy, a larger influence upon the performance.

Perhaps that information could be best gained and that sympathy most practically expressed by our formation at an early date of a "Western Hemisphere League of Nations." After allowing for the saving of the "faces" of the "irreconcilables," during the course of two or three years, this League could quietly amalgamate with the other on terms found mutually agreeable.

Some such programme would appear to be the best that we could do for the saving of Europe and Asia—and the rest of us!



The Matter with Peter

BY ELIZABETH HERRICK

Author of "After All," "The Unit," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS



RS. ARBUCKLE saw Peter's ailment clearly. She put it to him with a sparkling forefinger.

"The matter with you, Peter, is that you haven't an interest!"

And she had prescribed gardening and sent him her own landscape-architect, who, she promised, would "enthuse an Egyptian mummy! If you don't catch fire, Peter, you're only smoking flax, and deserve to be quenched!"

Peter, brooding over his breakfast, appealed through the open casement with an air of suppressed outrage. The lawn at Mount Merry was his pet pride. From his earliest memory it had flowed over its terraces to the sapphire bowl of the lake without a flaw in its shimmering velvet. And here was Gail's architect slashing it up till it looked like a war-garden or a medical chart. By the Lord Harry! Peter would make short work of the idiot! Let Hazlett send the miscreant to him!

In Hazlett's absence Peter's mind continued to run on its grievance—for why the dickens Gail Arbuckle should have sent him this fake gardener except for a joke— But it wasn't a joke. She had been sincerely solicitous to help him retrieve his "indolent peregrination through life."

"Your very soul's indolent, Peter. See if this architect of mine doesn't wake it up shortly and inspire it with something. D. Parke is the *last word* in gardening—and a lot of other things, too!"

Peter laughed acidly. The architect might be the "last word" in gardening, but he was sure of soon hearing *his* last word here! The same instant he felt the fellow's presence behind him.

It is easier, however, to discharge a

servitor in anticipation than actually. Peter didn't turn around.

"What, Mr. D. Parke Edgerton, did you conceive that I wanted?" he temporized sarcastically, "—my lawn turned into a community war-garden?" The worst, as he conceived, over, Peter faced around boldly; but the worst was to come. He half rose from his chair and his tawny mane seemed to rise, too, every glittering hair stiffly erect on his startled head, for the man before him—

"By Jove!" he choked, under his breath. "Oh, by the Lord Harry!"

—wasn't a man, after all! And, in the instant of their startled meeting, her dark bright eyes shot a quivering golden dart into his.

"Mr. Peter Wainwright," she rejoined, sweetly but spiritedly, "you might do a lot worse with it!"

Peter wholly rose from his chair, galvanized by the emergence, and achieved a bow. He had sent, he explained, for the architect who had been defacing his lawn and, hearing him enter the room, she came into it quickly.

"You were going to discharge him?"

Peter corroborated emphatically.

"Oh!" breathed the girl blankly, the intense vital light dying out of her face. Peter had a second instant of agony.

"I hope you'll forgive me. I'm a duffer at everything. That's why Mrs. Arbuckle took me in training." With his friend's name came inspiration. "I don't know how I can retrieve myself unless, as Mrs. Arbuckle would suggest, I invite you to breakfast."

The girl hesitated, then sat suddenly down in her chair with the resolution of a business man who means to see his work through. Breakfast took a half-hour, but during it Peter learned a good deal—for one thing, that his whole landscape was wrong. This great sweep of lawn was, to

the landscapist's eyes, "like a big bare room with nothing but a carpet in it. You couldn't imagine a romance, Mr. Wainwright, on a lawn like that! There's not a spot anywhere on the estate, except in the woods, where you could even think of making love to a pretty girl."

Peter stiffened ridiculously. "I wouldn't think of it anywhere!"

She held up a warning hand. "Wait, Mr. Peter Wainwright, till your foxgloves and lilies are in flower under those trees! Down there, some white night—" She stopped, laughing mischievously.

Peter's stiffness relaxed. It occurred to him illuminatingly that if he were ever to commit the indiscretion she mentioned, it would be because the pretty girl looked like her. Breakfast over, he walked with her to the different plantings. From the view-point of that ardent, exquisite face near his own, their outrageousness vanished. He discerned even a pleasing design. In some of the beds the ground was already starred by spring flowers. Dropping on her knees, she turned up the flower faces tenderly and called each by name. Peter got down beside her and tried to get hold of the names, but the chief thing he got hold of was the beauty of the down-bent face. La Rêve tulips had just the color that throbbed in her cheeks when she looked up from them eagerly. Altogether, it was a wonderful morning. They reached the end of it at the gardener's lodge, which, by Peter's instructions to Hazlett, the architect was occupying.

"I won't ask you to look at the cottage garden to-day—it's your luncheon hour—mine also, Mr. Peter—" She stopped headlong, her lovely color hot in her cheeks. "Oh, I *hope* you'll excuse me! Hazlett and the others always speak of you that way—I've heard it so often!"

"I hope you'll go on calling me so," said Peter magnanimously, "D. Parke—for that's the name I've heard *you* called oftenest."

She laughed, but—

"I *have* to use it," she defended. "Most people wouldn't employ a woman landscape-gardener—if they knew it. Mr. Rollker sees patrons and I make the plans. It's only when we have a big contract like this that I appear on the scene.

And I thought—Mrs. Arbuckle said—you were south for the winter and spring."

Peter admitted it. "I returned sooner than I expected. Palm Beach palled, like everything else, after a little."

She gave him a wondering glance, then a slight, scrutinizing frown.

"Oh, that is a pity!" she said and passed through the gate.

Peter went buoyantly home. After the fulness of the morning, the afternoon seemed empty—flat and unprofitable. He strolled the grounds over, hoping to see her again. A young man, presumably Rollker, in a belted suit that wonderfully became his slenderness—Peter was stout—was superintending work near the gates. He walked briskly away before Peter came up. Peter took immediate and unreasoning dislike to him, to his jaunty air, to the cut of his coat, most of all to the cut of his figure. He watched the laborers awhile, then went back to the house, where he read all the cyclopædia articles he could find on landscape-gardening, and fretted the rest of the day because he couldn't find more. "—A library full of books and nothing in them!" he complained, irritably and irrationally, to Hazlett.

The next morning he went to the lodge. He had never noticed it particularly, but to-day its sun-stained gables and hospitable open casements, even its brick garden-wall, breaking out here and there in a foam of white blossoms, impressed him as a setting that became her. Peter visioned her in the garden, the wind ruffling her hair and blowing into her cheeks more of that sweet wild rose in which his eyes delighted. She was in pink, and she had, as in a picture Peter remembered, a basket on her arm, into which she was cutting flowers. Perhaps she would give him one! Peter's heart quickened, sending the flame up to his hair. As he waited for it to die down, her voice rippled over the wall:

"Sonny! Look what you're doing!"

Peter opened the gate. Inside was certainly the most beautiful spring garden his world-jaded eyes had ever rested on. Either side of the path to the door lay broad masses of color—pale yellow, blue, purple, and lavender—but there was one color missing—the pink of her gown.

And the flower-basket his fancy had pictured was transformed, as by the wand of some malicious witch, into a worse-for-use market-basket which stood in the walk, and from it the objectionable young man in the belted coat was rapidly setting out plants. He was on his knees behind a spiræa, whistling "Tipperary," to the uneasiness of a neighborly cat. The whistle came as close to a right masculine note as the slim belted figure to a right-sized man.

"Poor pussy!" Peter commiserated. And the fellow jumped to his feet. From a sudden tautness of figure he seemed, as yesterday, to purpose flight, then apparently thought better of it. He faced around slowly.

"I—why—you startled me, Mr. Peter!" she said.

But it was Peter who was most startled, whose blush rose to his hair. The glow in her cheeks deepened a trifle, but it was Peter's that flamed. And though she gasped on her first words, Peter stammered speechlessly, his tradition of woman, his inherited conventions, shocked and upset.

She looked on his crimson confusion, and her own consciously deepened. The golden glimmer returned to her eyes. She came from behind the spiræa and looked herself down with a little air of bravado that was yet wholly womanly. Peter looked her down, too, and from the ashes of his ideal rose the new woman—trim, businesslike, capable, with a face modestly sweet as a flower above the hard lines of her garb. Peter's eyes kindled. They swept back to hers with an admiration more disconcerting than their first horrified shock. She spoke hurriedly, while he was gathering himself.

"*You* wouldn't like to try to get about in *skirts* in a lot of shrubbery!"

And Peter realized he wouldn't—that there wasn't a man living who would. He tried to say—though, it looked, to her coat-buttons—that he thought she looked very sensible and nice, but broke defiantly off and lifted his eyes.

"You look entirely all right, D. Parke!" he said heartily.

The unconventional episode brought them together. Peter found himself exploring the garden in a glow of enthusiasm.

"Mrs. Arbuckle will think herself true

prophet. D. Parke, she foretold, would enthuse an Egyptian mummy!"

"Are you really a 'dead one'?" Something serious in her scrutiny made Peter sorry he had told her. She didn't seem to see it as the joke that it was.

"I suppose I must be, if you're to revivify me." Again, as at the lodge gate, Peter thought he detected a shade of disappointment in her glance.

"It's a pity!" she commented simply—"with so much to live for!"

"But that's just the trouble. I feel that I've nothing to live for." His gesture weighed his possessions and found them wanting.

That level, measuring glance of hers seemed, Peter was humiliatingly aware, to find *him* wanting.

"Yes, that's the trouble!—and the pity of it!"

"But what have I?" Peter protested—"a lot of money somebody left me and a lot of leisure to do nothing in!"

"Do *something*!" she said, so unexpectedly and forcefully that Peter jumped. He returned to the subject later, having cogitated it meanwhile. She had asked him to lunch—"though not," she had laughed, "in return for your breakfast—only to show you your gardener's cottage. I dare say you've never been in it before."

Peter confessed it—confessed, too, to its charm, contrasting the little kitchen, with its Dutch tiles and white paint, its black-oak buffet and table, with the bleak mahogany homelessness of his dining-room. And its charm was enhanced when, after a brief absence, she returned to it in that gown, adorably pink, he had missed from the garden. It looked suddenly good to Peter to work for a living and to eat in a kitchen. It recurred to him that, with apparently everything to get out of life, he was getting nothing out of it. He groped for the reason. Was—as she had implied and Gail Arbuckle openly charged—the fault with himself? They had prescribed the same remedy—"Do something!"—and Gail had characteristically added, "if it's only to put on your own shoes!" He felt curious to know what D. Parke hadn't added.

"You told me to 'Do something.' You didn't say what."

She looked up from her salad with a frown of absorption.

"Whatever you think your talents and position fit you for. Everybody born into this world ought to be of some use in it—a rich man most of all. The world has given him everything. It's up to him, isn't it, to give something back?"

Peter had to assent, but—

"What?" he asked her again.

"The best that he has," she said crisply, with a straight look into his eyes.

"But if"—Peter's rueful glance swept his unfruitful years—"he hasn't any 'best'?—if he's mediocre clear through?"

Again she flashed him that glance of disapprobation.

"Then let him get to grubbing like me!"

Once more Peter's traditions were startled, but he brooded the suggestion in the lonely state of his dining-room. The homely charm of the kitchen came back to his eyes. Dreaming over the table, they saw her opposite. . . . He went to the lodge early next morning.

"I've thought over what you said and decided on gardening. I'm a duffer at everything, but I ought to learn something from you."

She laughed, but her soft bright color deepened.

"All right, Mr. Peter! My apprentices begin with the spade. Can you dig?"

Peter said that he could and found that he couldn't. She had to take his spade and show him the way. But the lesson was pleasant because of the occasional contact of her hands with his. Peter acquired, during it, some information about gardening and more about women. Succeeding days increased his knowledge of both. He accumulated, too, personal data. He learned that she was a college classmate of Gail's, that she was alone in the world except for the aunt who had sat through lunch with them and "Sonny," the cat; and that D. didn't stand for Daniel, though he put it to her hopefully. He gathered also some interesting facts about himself. He began to value time and to realize the amount of energy he had hitherto wasted, to come to his work, not only wondering, as at first, if he should see her, but what it was to be and what he could personally put into it. He began to have ideas. But it was on a June eve-

ning that inspiration first visited him. It was such a night as D. Parke had foretold, and he was crossing the lawn near the fox-glove and lily planting. The perfume of the lilies reached out subtly and drew him. One great gleaming chalice brushed his coat-sleeve as he entered the recess; its fragrance clung to the cloth faintly, ineffably. Peter's strange thrill was followed by stranger longing. The next morning he carried his architect a plan for a similar planting near the cottage. "The moonlight on the lake," he explained, "would heighten the effect."

She looked at him mischievously. Mr. Peter had experienced the white night! Had he fallen in love?

"But a *débutante* wouldn't go so far from the house by moonlight, would she?" she objected, the golden light glimmering deep in her eyes.

"I'm not planning for *débutantes*!" Peter retorted, adding boldly, "I might go that far myself!" which was a great change in Peter. Mrs. Arbuckle, running down in her car to get Peter's name and weight for her new Garden Club, discovered another. Instead of demurring, Peter promised both with an alacrity that made his friend open wider her very wide-open blue eyes.

Naturally, as she was D. Parke's classmate, she called at the lodge and, naturally, Peter had to show her the way. They lunched on the rose-trellised porch, the fragrance of a thousand flowers all around, and Peter's head a trifle dizzy with the sweetness. Walking back to her car with Mrs. Arbuckle, he turned on her with an air transparently aggrieved.

"How was I to suppose that D. stood for Daphne?"—for during the lunch chatter he had made this discovery.

"But she's curing you, Peter!" Mrs. Arbuckle triumphed. "I knew what was the matter—I've bored you myself and I *never bore any one*. What you needed to make a real man out of a fine fellow that looks like one was an interest—and a woman!"

Peter returned to the lodge that evening. He found Daphne on the porch in the rosy dusk, its glow coloring her exquisitely. She rose to meet him, "Sonny" tucked under her arm, and Peter thought, with elation, that her color rose, too.



Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"Are you really a 'dead one'?" Something serious in her scrutiny made Peter sorry he had told her.—Page 467.

"I came," he excused, "to talk up Monday. Gail seems to count on our joining that club. We'll motor to town and lunch at the Kimball. And now that that's settled"—Peter dropped into a chair—"I should have guessed that D. stood for Daphne," he murmured irrelevantly. "It sounds so like a flower!"

Even under the afterglow, he could see her cheeks flame, but—

"*You* thought it stood for Daniel!" she reminded him archly, which led to his asking how much Gail had told her about *him*. He was relieved and disappointed that Gail had told her nothing except that he was a rich man who needed a lot of improvements.

"But I've been thinking since I came to know you"—she regarded him with candid intentness—"that perhaps she meant inner improvements as well!"

Peter winced but swallowed the pill.

"That's all right, D. Parke. I wanted to know what you thought."

She regarded him with a smile very warm in its friendliness.

"Well, I think you're making some of them, still—there's a good deal more to be done!"

She didn't go on, and Peter's moral courage fell short of asking her what. But a day or so later he explained ingeniously his promise of a paper on landscaping for the next Garden Club meeting.

"I thought you would want to continue your improvements!" which showed he had digested the lesson.

Daphne, tempted at first to refuse to help him, the next minute consented—not to put him in a bad light with the club! Besides, as he urged, any one that knew all about landscaping shouldn't have difficulty dopping out a few pages about it. Nevertheless, his paper took a long time writing. At his suggestion it was achieved evenings in his library where there was "everything handy." Lounged in a big leather chair, Peter watched the girl as she studied and wrote, interrupting her constantly with suggestions relevant and irrelevant, to the great consumption of time, which was his chief object. He liked to see her sitting opposite; she gave a look of home to his house. Her vivid presence seemed to light the room more than its lamps. When she left, it went

dim. And it seemed that all light was extinguished after her going the night the paper was finished, for she mentioned as curiously coincident that the paper and her work on the estate were finished together. The big room looked as blank and unlighted as the heart Peter brought back to it—a place of insupportable gloom—of impossible occupation. He shut up the room, but the heart he had to take with him. All night he lay sleepless, staring into its emptiness. With morning an idea came to him.

"Can't you," he suggested, "think of something else that wants doing here?"

The golden glimmer shone on him again.

"Not unless you can think of something I've overlooked, Mr. Peter."

But it wasn't till the Garden Club meeting that Peter thought of anything. A woman member was telling of the gradual extinction of some species of wild flowers and urging club members to scatter seeds along roadsides, when Peter's idea came. After reading his own paper, he took up her thread. He told what he purposed to do in his woods, speaking his own words with astonishing fervor and fluency. He painted acres of bluebells and anemones, of harebells and primroses. Columbines, foxgloves, and wild asters, polemoniums and wood-hyacinths went into his woodscape. He sat down in a storm of applause.

Daphne said nothing until just as they reached home. She drew a wistful breath and looked deep into the woods.

"I'd love to do it, but—it would cost a fortune and it would take all summer and fall!"

"That's what I want!" Peter said eagerly, then caught her blush and fell consciously silent.

They tramped through the woods that afternoon, up hill, down dale, through a natural wonderland.

Daphne, noting the thousands of each species to be used in the planting, closed her order-book and drew rapturous breath. Her beautiful color pulsed in her cheeks. The golden sparkles Peter loved came and went in her eyes.

"Oh, it is lovely. It is what I've always wanted to do somewhere." She looked at him wistfully. "It's strange it should be one of your dreams, too!"

"I had to think of *something!*" Peter confessed. And again they both flushed and fell silent. Cruising back over the lake by moonlight—again it was a white night—Peter recalled his plan for the fox-glove and lily planting, and pointed out the spot for it—a moonlit dell opening down to the shore. Once more—and decisively—Daphne negatived the suggestion.

"It is much too near your gardener's cottage, Mr. Peter. Don't plan trysting-places for your employees—if you want your work done!"

There was a covert threat in the words, under which Peter smarted. It sounded as if, despite those improvements he'd been making, he wasn't man enough yet for her liking. He had contrived to keep her here, but she had given him to understand, unmistakably, that she stayed only on terms of business relations. He felt defeated in the instant of victory, and went home gloomily wondering what sort of man would measure up to her ideal. Again the Garden Club gave him a hint that was useful. Peter's report of his woodscaping fell humiliatingly flat, while a member who had converted his rose-beds into a war-garden of parsnips and carrots was cheered to the echo. Even D. Parke applauded, her lovely face aglow.

"—Though what you, a landscape-architect," the aggrieved Peter reproached, as his car ran through his gates, "saw in that fellow's rooting up roses to plant carrots——!"

She gave him a glance of disappointed surprise.

"Good citizenship!" she said warmly. Instantly her retort at their first meeting recurred to him. He "might do a lot worse" with his lawn than turn it into a war-garden. His eyes fared over its wide sweep, relieved now by gracious plantings, then back to her face, still bright with enthusiasm, and felt he had done worse. This pleasure-garden she had planted for him seemed, all at once, the measure of his smallness. Not only had he wasted thousands in his country's time of need—he had wasted space and time. No wonder that, though she did his work, she didn't respect him. He was a poor citizen, a poor patriot, a small fellow all round. He swept his hand over the landscape.

"I suppose you think I'm a waster!"

Her eyes, which had followed his with an artist's joy in the wonder-work of her hands, came back, shining.

"No, Mr. Peter—only that you haven't learned how to spend!"

When he came to her that evening, she felt a change in him. There had come a firmness into his big masculinity; self-confidence sounded in his step; he sat down with a restive energy that denoted powerful forces at work.

"I begin to see what you mean—we rich men have a chance to-day that may never come to us again. We've all of us bought Liberty Bonds, turned our rose-beds into kitchen-gardens, and indulged in a lot of spectacular patriotism, but the thing it seems to me would help most—that would help right here at home—is to plant our estates to food-crops, and establish a chain of markets to sell our produce direct to our big middle class, that's hung up between charity and the high prices. I believe 'twould knock the bottom out of the profiteering that's going on all over. Of course there'd be squeals—some of the dealers and farmers would claim the millionaires were cutting their throats—but"—Peter's lips tightened grimly—"some of them ought to be cut! You wouldn't hear any squeal from the people that aren't getting enough of the right kind of food because they can't pay for it. Now, the way to put through a project is to set the ball rolling, so I'm going to plough up this place and put it to the right sort of use."

Peter paused expectantly. He saw the anticipated glow sweep over her face, respect dawn in her eyes, but he saw in them, too, inexplicably, disturbingly, a quick brightness like tears. She said nothing at once, but sat with tense hands clasped together—then:

"Do you intend to plough up everything, Mr. Peter?"

"Everything!" Peter's grand renunciatory gesture seemed to sweep the estate.

Again that glitter like tears. She held her red underlip an instant under her teeth before it broke away in a smile.

"That looks rather a big contract, Mr. Peter, but you seem to have thought it all out!" Then, disappointingly to Peter, she led the talk to the war.

He contrived to get back to his subject, though, just as he was leaving. "—So, if you'll set your men to work digging up what we've planted——"

"Oh, I *couldn't* do *that*!" Her voice seemed to shrink. But she recovered poise instantly. "Very well, Mr. Peter!" And Peter departed, in the glow of high purpose.

He was up at dawn scouring the country for ploughmen. It was past ten when he got around to the lodge. As he approached the house, a strangeness about it obsessed him. It seemed to look down on him blankly over its wall. Picking his way between packing-boxes on the porch, he discerned what he missed. The curtains of sheer, snowy muslin were down from the windows. The door was open. He went through it into the living-room. It looked stripped—denuded—a thing of bare walls and stiff haircloth upholstery. The home touches—the warm-colored cretonnes, the pictures and books, her work-table—were missing. Her desk peeped through the slats of a crate. Peter stood, consternation-struck, on the threshold. Daphne's flushed face lifted from over a trunk.

"Oh! Mr. Peter!" And she turned defensively, putting up her hands to brush back from her face the shining, tumbled hair.

It wasn't a cordial invitation, but Peter came on into the room, his glance wavering uncertainly.

"It looks like an exodus, but I don't know if I know what it means."

She flashed him a smile, then—a wavering, uncertain thing glimmering over her seriousness.

"It means you need a farmer now, Mr. Peter—not a landscape-architect!"

Peter weakened under the blow. Blundering fool!—he had driven her from him!

"But you can't go!" he protested unsteadily. "Don't you see—I can't *let* you?" His miserable eyes yearned on her face. Through the open window the garden background blurred suddenly. Against it Peter saw clearly the one flower he couldn't miss from his landscape—exquisite, glowing. "How do you think I—your garden can go on growing without you?"

She shook her head, but a glimmer

under her dropped lashes reassured him a little.

"It's not my garden—it's yours, Mr. Peter. Besides, you're going to plough it up!" The glimmer went out. She looked at him sombrely: "It doesn't matter, Mr. Peter. I shouldn't have been here much longer anyway—only till I finished the woods."

Peter jumped at the word. "That's just it—the woods! You *can't* go, you know. You contracted to plant that woodland and you've got to plant it. When I said I was going to plough up everything, I meant all available land—not woods. And you didn't think, did you, I'd plough up *this* garden? So"—Peter sat down triumphantly—"don't you think, Daphne, you'd better unpack?"

Daphne unpacked, a deepened bloom in her cheeks, a golden sheen in her eyes, still there when Peter found her, an hour later, pluckily superintending the destruction. Her men were digging up the plants from the lawn and heaping them to be burned. Peter saw Daphne stoop over, with a lovely instinctive movement of protection, as some flowering favorite was flung on the pile.

"Save it, if you want to," he said solicitously. "Put it into your garden! Take all you want."

But she made a renunciatory gesture, in her smile a strange shining of pride.

"No. I want my 'bit share' in this big work of yours." For the first time Peter saw himself, with elation, a man in her eyes. Going jubilantly to lunch, he poured out his repressed spirits on Hazlett.

"Hazlett, I begin to feel like a man!"

"Yes, sir! That's how you've always looked, sir!" said Hazlett respectfully.

Peter's war-garden thrived. Pictures of it got into the papers, with an exposition of Peter's ideas. Pictures also appeared of the lodge-garden and woods, reserved "for the use of Mrs. Wainwright, a lover of flowers."

"I shouldn't wonder if they were!" Peter admitted, when Mrs. Arbuckle showed him the "feature."

"Of course! I'm glad you've discovered it." She leaned over the newspaper and fixed friendly inquisitive eyes



Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"It means you need a farmer now, Mr. Peter—not a landscape-architect!"—Page 472.

on his. "Why don't you ask her, Peter?" she put confidentially. Peter shook his head dubiously.

"Some time, perhaps—but I've a lot of inside improvements to make!"

Mrs. Arbuckle looked at him blankly.

"Good gracious! What's the matter with your house, Peter? Is Daphne going in for real architecture?"

Peter offered her a cigarette and took one himself.

"Real architecture!" he repeated contemplatively. "I think you might call it that. She doesn't find my style sufficiently imposing."

Mrs. Arbuckle stared, then laughed and tapped his sleeve with a glittering finger.

"Build bigger, Peter!" she counselled. "You've got the materials." And Peter turned her advice in his heart.

The summer flew. From the idlest of rich men Peter became the busiest. What with growing and harvesting, the co-operative markets already established in the nearest cities, the Garden and Civic Clubs, the new Liberty Loan Committee, all of which seemed suddenly to discover Peter to be their most indispensable member, he hardly saw Daphne, but he could see, evenings, the lights shining across his grain-fields from the lodge's windows and warm his heart with her nearness. All the time he felt that he was building bigger and bringing nearer the day when he would dare Mrs. Arbuckle's advice.

The morning of the departure of the Second Regiment for camp, Peter took Daphne and her aunt into town. The front of Peter's great building was gay with silk flags and bunting; the co-operative store showed a wonderful "war-window;" Peter's car, standing in front, flew the national colors. Daphne's eyes glowed with enthusiasm. Peter, sitting beside her, felt sudden pride in himself as one of those "solid citizens" looked to by the government to shoulder the financial burden of war. But when the national air crashed on his ear and the khaki-clad men swung into view, what Peter had done looked suddenly trivial. All he had called patriotism in himself seemed to ring false, like spurious metal. The government had asked for men, and Peter had taken up gardening—a poor substitute for his healthy young body. It was a

good deal like the thousand yards of bunting he had flung to the breeze—a spectacular patriotism. By the supreme sacrifice these splendid fellows were making, Peter saw that he "owed the world" nothing less than himself. He cast a quick glance at Daphne. Her eyes were following the brown khaki stream that flowed through the street, the exaltation in them exultation, for they were men of her race! The last khaki-clad man passed and the crowd closed in behind. The blare of the band died away up the street.

"That's the right kind of spending!" Peter said quietly. She nodded without speaking, but the glance she gave him was brimming with tears. He intended going to her after lunch to talk this thing over, but after lunch a deeper conviction of himself as a "slacker" depressed him. He saw why he hadn't won her respect—he had done nothing to earn even his own! He shut himself into his library and had it out with the man Peter. About four he emerged and ordered his car. As he passed around the end of the lake, the lodge came into view. He saw the flutter of Daphne's pale-yellow gown on the porch. She stood leaning against a post, a book in her hand. Peter wondered a little—during business hours she was always busy somewhere about the estate. He hoped this unusual leisure didn't mean she had finished his woods—not that it could make any real difference now, only he would like to feel she was still there in the lodge, and that her lights were shining out nights over his grain-fields.

Daphne hadn't finished the woods. But the military pageant of the morning, in uplifting her heart, had left it out of tune with the peaceful business of life. Instead of resuming work, she put on her prettiest gown and sat on her porch and read first a war-story, then a love-story.

"I suppose I read the war-story because of the regiment this morning," she mused, but she didn't confide in herself why she had read the love-story, though the rose in her cheeks throbbed irrelevantly a minute. "I wonder," she immediately added, "if Mr. Peter meant what he said—that that was the right way to spend?"

She rose, the book in her hand, and

stood looking over the lake, her eyes full of dreams. The chance was so big!—all this splendid possibility—so far as the eye could reach stretched the demesne of Peter; all the vast unused, untried capacity of Peter himself. Across her vision, into the sunlit interval at the end of the lake, flashed Peter's car. Behind the liveried chauffeur lounged Peter's big figure. The car shot into the woods. Daphne looked after it sombrely.

"If he only believed it!" she said wistfully and returned to the war-story—for Peter didn't love the high things of the soul well enough yet to love her as a man must love her to win her!

She returned to the porch after supper and sat in the sunset, its red light flushing her primrose gown and glittering hair. Slowly her eyes traversed the sun's trail

over the lake to the road where she had glimpsed Peter, and waited there with a curious expectancy till the click of the lodge gate brought them back. A soldier in khaki had entered the garden. The red light, slanting in through the gate, shed round his uniform a halo like glory. He stood at salute, the glow on his handsome strong face—all the weakness and heaviness gone out of it—the face of a reconstructed Peter, built anew from his foundations on stronger, finer lines—the face, she recognized, with a keen thrill, half joy, half fear, of her ideal man.

She ran down the steps to meet him, both hands outstretched in an instinctive gesture that seemed to hold him while it bade him Godspeed.

"Don't go! Yes, go!—Peter!" she cried, womanly.

Old Plays and New Playgoers

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



VERY dramatist is of necessity subdued to what he works for—the playgoers of his own generation in his own country. Their approval is what he has to win first of all;

and if they render a verdict against him he has no appeal to posterity. It is a matter of record that a play which failed to please the public in its author's lifetime never succeeded later in establishing itself on the stage. Partisans may prate about the dramatic power of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," but when it is—as it has been half-a-dozen times—galvanized into a semblance of life for a night or a fortnight, it falls prone in the playhouse, as dead as it was when Macready first officiated at its funeral. Even the "Misanthrope," mightiest of Molière's comedies and worthy of all the acclaim it has received, was not an outstanding triumph when its author impersonated Alceste and it has rarely rewarded the efforts of the

succession of accomplished actors who have tried to follow the footsteps of the master; it is praised, it is admired, but it does not attract us to the theatre because it does not give as abundantly the special pleasure that only the theatre can bestow as do "Tartuffe" and the "Femmes Savantes" and half-a-score of Molière's lighter and less ambitious pieces, supported by stories more satisfactory than that of the "Misanthrope."

The playwright who is merely a clever craftsman of the stage has no higher aim than to win the suffrages of his contemporaries. He knows what they want—for he is one of them—and he gives them what they want, no more and no less. He does not put himself into his plays; and perhaps his plays would be little better if he did. He is strenuously and insistently up to date, as the phrase is; and as a result he is soon out of date. He writes to be in the fashion; and the more completely he portrays the fleeting modes of the moment, the more swiftly must he fall out of fashion. The taste

of the day is never the taste of after days; and the journalist-dramatist buys his evanescent popularity at a price. Who now is so poor as to pay reverence to Kotzebue and to Scribe, who once had all the managers at their feet? No maker of plays, not Lope de Vega or Dumas—Alexander the Great—was more fertile than Scribe in the invention of effective situations, none was ever more dextrous in the knotting and unknotting of plots, grave and gay. But his fertility and his dexterity have availed him little. He wrote for his own time, not for all time. What sprang up in the morning of his career and bloomed brightly in the sunshine, was by nightfall drooping and withered and desiccated.

The comic dramatists of the Restoration had perforce to gratify the lewd likings of vicious spectators who wanted to see themselves on the stage even more vicious than they were. Congreve and Wycherly put into their comedies what their contemporaries relished, a game flavor that stank in the nostrils of all decent folk. The Puritan shrank with horror from the picture in which the Impuritan recognized his own image. So it was that a scant hundred years after they had insulted the moral sense which, like Truth, though "crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers," they were swept from the stage. What had delighted under Charles II, disgusted under George IV.

Even the frequent attempt to deodorize them failed, for as Sheridan said—and he knew by experience since he had made his "Trip to Scarborough" out of the "Relapse"—the Restoration comedies were "like horses; you rob them of their vice and you rob them of their vigor." Charles Lamb, who had a whimsical predilection for them admitted that they were "quite extinct on our stage." Congreve's pistol no longer discharged its steel bullets; and Wycherly no longer knocked his victims down with the butt of his gun. Yet they died hard; I am old enough to have seen Daly's company in the "Trip to Scarborough" and the "Recruiting Officer," in the "Inconstant," in "She Would and She Would Not," and the "Country Girl" (Garrick's skilful cleansing of Wycherly's unspeakable

"Country Wife")—all of which reappeared because they had¹ appealing plots, amusing situations, and lively characters and because they did not portray the immorals of the days of Nell Gwyn.

Yet when an adroit playwright who seeks to please the public of his own time by the representation of its manners, happens to be also a creative artist, enamoured of life, he is sometimes able so to vitalize his satire of a passing vogue that it has abiding vigor. This is what Molière did when he made fun of the "Précieuses Ridicules." Even when he was writing this cleverest of skits, the coterie which had clustered around Madame de Rambouillet was disintegrating and would have disappeared without his bold blows. But affectation is undying; it assumes new shapes; it is always a tempting target; and Molière, by the magic of his genius, transcended his immediate purpose. He composed a satire on one special manifestation of pretense which survives after two centuries and a half as an adequate satire of all later manifestations. The *Précieuses* in Paris have long since been gathered to their mothers; so have the Aesthetes across the channel in London; and soon they will be followed to the grave by the Little Groups of Serious Thinkers who are to-day settling the problems of the cosmos by the aid of empty phrases. No one sees the "Précieuses Ridicules" to-day without recognizing that it is almost as fresh as it was when Madame de Rambouillet enjoyed it.

The man of genius is able to please his own generation by his depiction of its foibles and yet to put into his work the permanent qualities which make it pleasing to the generations that come after him. The trick may not be easy, but it can be turned. How it shall be done,—well, that is one of the secrets of genius.

In the case of the "Précieuses Ridicules" we can see that Molière framed a plot for his lively little piece that is perennially pleasing, a plot which only a little modified was to support two popular successes nearly two centuries later,—the "Ruy Blas" of Victor Hugo and the "Lady of Lyons" of Bulwer-Lytton. He tinged his dialogue with just enough time-

liness to hit the taste of the town in 1658; and he did not so surcharge it as to fatigue the playgoers of Paris in 1921.

II

THE likings of the groundlings who stood in the yard of the Globe Theatre when Shakspeare began to write plays were coarser and grosser than those of the burghers whom Molière had to attract to the Petit-Bourbon; and unfortunately Shakspeare in his earlier efforts was not as cautious as Molière. In the Falstaff plays, for example, the fat knight is as alive to-day as when Elizabeth is fabled to have expressed the wish to have him shown in love. But the talk of his companions, Nym and Pistol, is too thickly bespangled with the tricks of speech of Elizabethan London to interest American and British theatregoers three hundred years later. There is but a faded appeal in topical allusions which need to be explained before they are appreciated and even before they are understood; and in the playhouse itself footnotes are impossible.

In his earliest pieces, written during his arduous apprenticeship to the craft of playmaking, when he was not yet sure of his footing in the theatre, Shakspeare had to provide parts for a pair of popular fun-makers,—Will Kempe and another as yet unidentified. They were lusty and robust comedians, accustomed to set the house in a roar as soon as they showed their cheerful faces. They created the two Dromios, the two Gobbos, Launce and Speed, Costard and Dull; and it is idle to deny that not a little of the talk that Shakspeare put in their mouths is no longer laughter-provoking; it is not only too topical, too deliberately Tudor, it is also too mechanical in its effort at humor to move us to mirth to-day. Their merry jests,—Heaven save the mark!—are not lifted above the level of the patter of the "sidewalk comedians" of our variety-shows. They are frankly clowns; and Shakspeare has set down for them what the groundlings expected them to utter, only little better than the rough repartee and vigorous innuendo and obvious pun which they would have provided for themselves if they had been free

to do as they were wont to do. What he gives them to say is rarely the utterance of the characters they were supposed to be interpreting; and this is because the two Dromios are parts only, are not true characters, and are scarcely to be accepted even as types.

A difference of taste in jests, so George Eliot declared, is "a great strain on the affections;" and it would be insulting to the creator of Bottom and Falstaff to pretend that we have any affectionate regard for Costard and Dull, for Launce and Speed. It is only when Shakspeare was coming to the end of his apprenticeship that he found out how to utilize the talents of Kempe and of Kempe's unknown comrade in comedy, in parts which, without ceasing to be adjusted to their personalities, were also accusable characters, Dogberry and Touchstone. But when we come to Touchstone we are forced to perceive that Shakspeare was the child of his own age even when he refrains from echoing its catchwords. He is cleaner than the majority of his rivals, but he was near enough to Rabelais to be frank of speech. On occasion he can be of the earth, earthy. He bestows upon Touchstone a humor which is at times Rabelaisian in its breadth, in its outspoken plainness of speech, assured of the guffaws of the riffraff and rabble of a Tudor seaport, but a little too frank for the descendants of the Puritans on either side of the Atlantic to-day. Nearly fifty years ago when Harry Beckett was rehearsing in "As You Like It" for one of the infrequent Shaksperian revivals that Lester Wallack ventured to make, he told me sorrowfully that his part had been sadly shorn, some of Touchstone's best lines having been sacrificed in deference to the increasing squeamishness of American audiences.

These accessory comic parts are not alone in their readjustment to the modifying moods of a later age. The point of view changes with every generation, and with every change a character is likely to be seen from a different angle. No dramatist, whatever his genius, can foresee the future and forecast the fate of his creatures. The centuries follow one another in orderly procession, and they are increasingly unlike. Moreover the

dramatist of genius, by the very fact that he is a genius, is forever building better than he knew. He may put a character into a play for a special purpose; and after a century or two that character will loom larger than its creator dreamed and will stand forward, refusing to keep the subordinate place for which it was expressly designed. We listen to the lines he utters and we read into them meanings which the author could not have intended, but which, none the less, are there to be read by us.

We may even accept as tragic a figure whom the playwright expected to be received as comic and who was so received by the audience for which the playwright wrote. Sometimes this is a betrayal of his purpose, as it is when aspiring French actors have seen fit to represent the Figaro of Beaumarchais (in the "Marriage of Figaro," not in the "Barber of Seville") as the violent and virulent precursor of the French Revolution; or as it is when the same French actors insist on making the Georges Dandin of Molière a subject for pity, tear-compelling rather than laughter-provoking.

It is not a betrayal, however, rather is it a transfiguration, when the Shylock of Shakspeare is made to arouse our sympathy. I make no doubt that Shakspeare projected Shylock as a comic villain, at whom he intended the spectators to laugh even if they also shuddered because of his bloodthirstiness. Yet by sheer stress of genius this sinister creature, grotesque as he may be, is drawn with such compelling veracity that we cannot but feel for him. We are shocked by the insulting jeers of Gratiano at the moment of his discomfiture. We are glad that his plot against Antonio has failed; none the less do we feel that he has been miserably tricked; we are almost ready to resent the way in which the cards have been stacked against him.

To any one who has familiarized himself with the attitude of Elizabethan playgoers toward usurers and toward the Jews, it is evident that Shakspeare intended the "Merchant of Venice" to be a Portia play; its action begins at Belmont and ends at Belmont; and Shylock is absent from the final act. In spite of this intent of the author, the "Merchant

of Venice" has become in our eyes a Shylock play. In fact, Macready more than threescore years ago used to appear in a three-act version which ended with the trial scene,—a most inartistic perversion of the comedy. After all, the "Merchant of Venice" is a comedy, even if its love-story is sustained and stiffened by a terrible underplot. Plainly Shakspeare created the abhorrent Shylock that the lovely Portia could cleverly circumvent him, and score off him, and put him to shame. His hardness of heart was to make more refulgent her brightness of soul. Shylock was set up to be scorned and hated and derided; he is a vindictive money-lender, insisting on a horrible penalty; no one in the play has a good word for him or a kindly thought; his servant detests him and his daughter has no natural affection for him.

When all is said we cannot but feel that Shakspeare in his treatment of Shylock displays a callousness not uncommon in Elizabethan England. And yet—and yet Shakspeare is true to his genius; he endows Shylock with life. The Jew stands before us and speaks for himself; and we feel that we understand him better than the genius who made him. Our sympathy goes out to him; and, although we do not wish the play to end otherwise than it does, we are almost ready to regard him as the victim of a miscarriage of justice, guilty though he is. Ellen Terry quotes from a letter of Henry Irving a significant confession:—"Shylock is a ferocity, I know—but I cannot play him that way!" Why couldn't he? It was because the nineteenth century was not the sixteenth, because Victorian audiences were not Elizabethan, because the peoples who have English for their mother-tongue are less callous and more civilized than their forebears of three hundred years ago.

III

WHILE it is more than three hundred years since Shakspeare wrote the "Merchant of Venice," it is less than a hundred and fifty since Sheridan wrote the "School for Scandal." The gap that yawns between us and Sheridan is not so wide or so deep as the gulf that divides us from Shakspeare; but it is obvious enough.

Even a hundred years ago Charles Lamb declared that the audiences of his time were becoming more and more unlike those of Sheridan's day, and that this increasing unlikeness was forcing the actors to modify their methods, a little against their wills. Sheridan's two brilliant comedies continue to delight us by their solidity of structure, their vigor of characterization and their insistent sparkle of dialogue. In the "Rivals" Sheridan is following in the footsteps of his fellow Irishman, Farquhar, and in the "School for Scandal" he is matching himself against Congreve. In both he was carrying on the tradition of Restoration comedy, with its cold-heartedness, its hard glitter, its delineation of modes rather than morals. It is perhaps too much to assert that most of his characters are unfeeling; but it is not too much to say that they are regardless of the feelings of others, perhaps because their own emotions are only skin-deep.

It is true that in the "Rivals" Sheridan threw a sop to the admirers of Sentimental Comedy and introduced a couple of high-strung and weepful lovers, Falkland and Julia, who are forever sentimentalizing. But this precious pair have been found so uninteresting that in most of the later performances of the "Rivals"—all too infrequent, alas!—they have been omitted altogether or disgraced by relegation to the background.

The vogue of Sentimental Comedy was waning when Sheridan wrote and it disappeared before he died, yet the playgoers of London and of New York were becoming more tender-hearted than their ancestors who had delighted in the metallic harshness of character-delineation customary in Restoration comedy. They were beginning to look for characters with whom they could sympathize and to desire the villains to remain consistent in their villainy. They were unwilling to remain in what Lamb termed "the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns." Lamb called the "School for Scandal" incongruous in that it is "a mixture of sentimental incompatibilities," Charles Surface being "a pleasant reality" while Joseph Surface was "a no less pleasant poetical foil to it."

The original performer of Joseph was

John Palmer; and Lamb asserted that it required his consummate art "to reconcile the discordant elements." Then the critic suggested, and this was a century ago, that "a player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from the spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the deathbeds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints."

A little later in the same essay—the incomparable analysis of "Artificial Comedy"—Lamb pointed out that "Charles must be loved and Joseph hated," adding that "to balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King played it) were evidently as much played off at you as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury,—a person toward whom duties are to be acknowledged,—the genuine crim. con. antagonist of the villainous seducer Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life,—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend."

I cannot count the number of occasions when I have enjoyed the performance of the "School for Scandal,"—but they must amount to a score at the least. I recall most clearly John Gilbert's Sir Peter; and I can testify that he had preserved the tradition of King. He was the fretful old bachelor bridegroom, who, when the screen fell and discovered Lady Teazle in the library of Joseph Surface, was wounded not in his heart but in his vanity. He preserved the comic idea, as Sheridan had designed. But John Gilbert was the only Sir Peter I can recall who was able to achieve this histrionic feat.

Of all the many Lady Teazles it has been my good fortune to see, Fanny

Davenport stands out most sharply in my memory,—perhaps because she was the first I had ever beheld and perhaps because she was then in the springtime of her buoyant beauty. Certainly when the screen fell she was a lovely picture, like Niobe all tears. Her repentance was sincere beyond all question. She renounced the comic idea, which is that Lady Teazle has been caught in a compromising situation by the elderly husband with whom she is in the habit of quarrelling. Fanny Davenport saw only the pathos of the situation; and she made us see it, and feel it, and feel for her, and hope that her impossible husband would accept her honest explanation,—the explanation which indeed he would have to accept since we as eye-witnesses are ready to testify that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But this rendering of the part is discomposing to the comic idea; and it forces a modification of method upon the actor of Charles Surface. It is in deference to the comic idea that when the screen falls Sheridan made Charles see the humor of the situation and only the humor of it. He is called upon to chaff Sir Peter and Lady Teazle and Joseph, one after the other. If the actor speaks these lines with due regard to the comic idea which created Sir Peter as a peevish old bachelor bridegroom and Lady Teazle as a frivolous woman of fashion, and if the actor of Sir Peter and the actress of Lady Teazle take the situation not only seriously but pathetically, as they would in a twentieth-century problem-play, then Charles's speech is heartless and almost brutal. Now Charles is a character as sympathetic to the audience in his way as Lady Teazle is in hers. Charles is to be loved as Joseph is to be hated. And so the impersonator of Charles is compelled to modify his method, to transpose his lines and to recognize that the robust raillery natural to him and appropriate to the predicament must be toned down in deference to our more delicate susceptibilities.

He laughs at Sir Peter first; and then he turns to Joseph, who is fair game and

whom the spectators are glad to see held up to scorn. He says "you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide-and-seek and I don't see who is out of the secret." With this he turns to Lady Teazle and asks, "Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me?" So saying, he looks at her and, perceiving that she is standing silent and ashamed, with downcast eyes, he makes her a bow of apology for his levity. Finally, with another thrust at his brother, the unmasked hypocrite, he takes his departure airily, leaving them face to face. If the comic idea suffers from this departure from the intent of the comic dramatist, it must find what consolation it can in its sense of humor.

IV

A LARGE share of the success of even the masterpieces of the drama, comic and tragic, is due to the coincidence of its theme and its treatment with the desires, the opinions, and the prejudices of the contemporary audiences for whose pleasure it was originally planned. But the play, comic or tragic, as the case may be, can survive through the ages, as the "Merchant of Venice" and the "School for Scandal" have survived, only if this compliance has not been subservient, if the play has the solidity of structure and the universality of topic which will win it a welcome after its author is dead and gone. What is contemporary is three parts temporary and what is up-to-date is certain soon to be out-of-date. Nevertheless it is always the audience of his own time and of his own place that the playwright has to please, first of all; and if their verdict is against him he has lost his case. Plays have their fates no less than books; and the dispensers thereof are the spectators assembled in the playhouse. The dramatist who ignores this fact, or who is ignorant of it, does so at his peril. As Lowell once put it with his wonted pungency, "the pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere; you cannot see it, but it is sixteen pounds to the square inch all the same."

The Gallows-Tree

BY SHAW DESMOND

Author of "Democracy," "Passion," "Gods," etc.



THE country was "up," and the people were dying by famine, the bullet, and the noose. There was not a hillside which had not its gutted cabin, nor a valley where the scaldy crows did not gorge themselves on their horrid food.

It was the year of the great rebellion.

The shadows lengthened in the courthouse as the autumn day drew to its close, and ever as they lengthened the noose tightened around the throat of Michael Quinlan.

There he stood in the dock, a tall, forbidding-looking young man, with blue-black hair and straight brows, drawn frowningly over the eyes that burned in his head like coals of fire. On the bench there was a splash of scarlet which loomed threateningly athwart the shadows. Another patch of color near the prisoner showed where a file of English redcoats guarded the dock. A great silence hung over the crowded court, as the trial entered on its final stage.

The evidence had all been against him. The body of Major Haslam had been found in the Gurteen fall of the Blackwater, the throat savagely hacked. Quinlan had been seen in the company of the murdered man just before his death, and the last link in the chain of evidence had been completed by the blood-stained knife which had been found on him when arrested, to which, curiously enough, was tied a lock of woman's hair. True that he stoutly denied his guilt; nor was any motive evident, as he had no quarrel with the major, whose body when found retained its valuables. But he could not account for his movements on the day in question.

Not, indeed, that in '98 they were very particular about evidence. Examples had

to be made, and the gallows-tree hung rotten with its fruit.

The prisoner's counsel had resumed his seat with the air of a man who knows that he pleads a hopeless cause. The crown prosecutor had done his work effectively, and there remained nothing further but the summing up and the sentence.

Crouching near the prisoner, rocking herself slowly to and fro, her head in her hands, was a young girl. As she raised her head to look at her lover she revealed a face of a strange beauty, her blue eyes in strong contrast to the pallor of her face. By her side sat an old woman whose hair writhed round her face like a nest of snakes.

The judge commenced his summing up. In even, passionless tones he reviewed the case. Resistlessly, the words were ground from his lips, as though he were speaking of something in which he had no concern.

"Prisoner at the bar, if you have anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you, now is the time to speak."

Michael Quinlan looked steadily at the judge, then around the court until his gaze rested on the girl who sat near him.

"You give me leave to speak, and I will speak, though they are my last words on earth. You are hanging an innocent man—but never fear, you will do what you are sent to do, for you are paid for it. Sure, isn't murder your trade and hanging your business? All around the country are the signs of your bloody work, and of those whom you stand for—burned cabins, gallows-trees, outraged women. If Haslam was killed, he got no more than he deserved; but I swear, as God and His blessed saints are my witnesses, that I had no hand in it. Guilty or innocent, it makes no difference. The gallows must have meat, and you are the butcher who supplies it. Do your dirty work and be damned to you."

The judge listened with impassive face, and, as the prisoner concluded, he took the black cap in his hands before pronouncing the death sentence, when a shriek cut the stillness.

"O God! don't send him to his death. O Michael, Michael—they dare not touch you—they shall not touch you!"

The girl had risen and stood with her hooded cloak thrown back from her shoulders, her hands clenched despairingly, her eyes staring wildly.

She was forced back by two soldiers, and the judge went on as though nothing had happened.

"It is the sentence of the court, Michael Quinlan, that you be taken from hence to the place from which you came, and that you be hanged by the neck at daybreak on the morning of——"

"Hold on, my lord!"

A tall, powerfully built man elbowed his way through the crowded court to the front of the dock.

The judge frowned, and motioned to the soldiers to take him away, but he went on:

"You are sentencing an innocent man. It was I who killed Major Haslam."

The onlookers craned forward to view the interrupter, whilst an old woman, standing in the well of the court, cried out:

"Desmond, Desmond—what are ye saying? Is it mad that you are?"

The man turned round.

"Be quiet, mother. I know what I am doing well enough."

The judge called for silence, and asked the man to be sworn, when the book was handed to him and the oath administered.

In short, hurried sentences, as though he were repeating a lesson, he stated that he had met the dead man near the Gurteen fall on the evening of the 19th of October, and that he had accused him of attempting to insult Mary McCarthy, the girl who sat near him, whose story was well known round the countryside. Angry words had ensued, when he had drawn a knife from his hip-strap and slashed the major's throat, afterwards throwing the body into the Gurteen fall.

He was closely examined by the judge, but his story held firm.

Michael Quinlan looked at him curi-

ously, as though not able to credit his senses, for the two men were deadly enemies.

Wasn't it known all over the district that they had been rivals for the hand of Mary McCarthy, who, with the contrariness of her sex, had decided in favor of "Black Michael," as he was called, the man about whom such curious stories were whispered, who was more than suspected of being an informer in the pay of the English Government, and who was hated? Her decision had left Desmond heart-broken, and, as the people said, "Sure it was he that was the changed man since Mary McCarthy looked the wrong way on him."

The girl turned her eyes on Michael, and going up to Desmond she put her hands through the dock-rail into his, saying: "May God bless you for this day's work, Desmond—you have saved an innocent man and have rid the country of a black-hearted scoundrel."

There was nothing to be done but to release the man in the dock, who walked through the crowd, whose curses were flung at him as he went out.

But it was a shame, a shame, the people said. To think of a fine young man like Desmond O'Riordan to put his neck in the noose with a blackguard like that Michael Quinlan going free. Sure the country could have spared one much better than the other. It was too bad entirely.

Desmond O'Riordan was sentenced to death by hanging in the same dock which had just held Michael Quinlan. The death penalty was to be carried out in the great square of Fermoy at dawn two days later.

It was the black night for Desmond O'Riordan in his cell in the Fermoy jail. Lying on his back in the pitchy darkness, he could see the bars of his cell limned faintly against the starry sky.

Ever and again through the window came the sound of hammering. Tick-tack, tick-tack. But they were doing their work well, never fear. The work that was to swing him into eternity.

Tick-tack, tick-tack.

How the sound cut through the dark night! The voices of men came fitfully

to his ears, with now and then a laugh or a ribald jest.

Blessed Mother in heaven, what kind of men were they at all, at all, to make ready the death of a man with a jest on their lips!

Tick-tack, tick-tack.

His mind drifted away to the story his mother used to tell him when a little gossoon, about the *cluricaune*, or fairy cobbler, with a foxglove on his head, who makes his natty little brogues under the shadow of a hedge. It was often he had heard him at work down by the Blackwater, and the tick-tack of his hammer on the brogues. Tick-tack, tick-tack.

Then his mind ran to the curious earthy scent of the river—of the eels he used to catch—of the speckled trout that swam so coolly in the deep pools.

He saw himself a little boy again, going to be taught at the monastery—saw himself growing to manhood, and then—

There was a grip at his heart as the thought of Mary came to him—of the day when he had seen her barefooted going down to the well at Ballyvoyle—when the joy of life had filled his heart. He knew then, as he knew now, that without her the world would be a dead place.

Michael, Black Michael, had come along, with the strong, compelling ways of him, and the fierce look in his dark eyes, and he saw the hope of his life extinguished like a candle that you puff out with a breath. It was up at the farm that Mary had first met Black Michael, and he saw the light fade out of her eyes and the smile from her lips. But it was quick and merciful. He knew then that love was finished for him.

It was a queer world entirely. Here he was in a felon's cell a few hours before his execution—and by his own will. For what did he free his rival? With Michael out of the way he might have won the girl to himself. What a fool he was! Better make sure of a few years of life and love here—whatever might come hereafter. Better sweet hell with her than the mansions of the blessed in heaven!

And it was not yet too late. He could deny it all—say that he was tired of his life without the girl, and welcomed death to release him from his sufferings. And it would be true—it would be true.

There came to him the look in her eyes—the dawning of hope when he had declared his guilt. How it hurt him! But her smile of gratefulness was worth it all.

And sure his death would be quick. Hanging was not a long business. True, when they hanged Lanty O'Callaghan, he was cut down twice with his neck unbroken, and they had to string him up again. But surely the hangman would give him the long drop so as to make certain, and he was a heavier man than Lanty. They used to be sayin' . . .

What was that?

Steps came along the corridor. They stopped outside his door, which was flung open. Out of the darkness came a figure dimly outlined by the rays of a lantern—it was the jailer with another figure behind him.

They might have spared him this! It was his mother.

"Oh, Desmond, Desmond!" was all the poor woman could say as she threw herself into his arms.

"Mother—what brought you here? Sure you need not make it harder for me than it is."

"Desmond, you never did it," she cried. "You never did it—you that I nursed at my breast—you the curly-haired little gossoon that grew up in the shelter of my arms, that were the joy of my life, and that every one loved. Desmond, darlin', tell me you did not do it—you must, you must."

"Sure, mother, there is no use in talkin'. What happened is between me and my God. I have made my choice, and I must go through with what I have begun."

The old woman threw back the cloak from her shoulders, her wisps of gray hair lying disordered upon her face. She looked at him steadily.

"Listen to me, my son. Do ye think that your mother does not know better than to think you would raise your hand to take away the life? Do ye think I brought you into the world in anguish, and reared you in joy, not to know the heart of you? You can deceive a court full of lawyers—sure it is their business to deceive and to be deceived—you can make a licensed slaughterer put the noose about your neck, but you cannot deceive

your old mother. You never put the knife into Haslam. That was never your way. When you fought—you fought with the bare fist like an honest boy, and not like Black Michael—may his soul be cursed forever. Why are you doing this? What object have you in the world? For the love of God give up the thought and come back to me and to life."

"Oh, mother, mother!" was wrung from the man, who turned away from her, his face working convulsively.

"If your mother cannot move you, I will bring her that can." She went to the door and called: "Come here, alannah."

Mary McCarthy entered the cell, her face of chalky whiteness. She came up to Desmond and reached down for his hand, which she held in both of her own.

"Desmond," said she, "your mother tells me that she does not believe you killed this man. It is broken, my heart is, with it all, and if you are set free they will hang my Michael. But I cannot leave an innocent man go to his death by the slipping-knot if I can save him. Did you do it, alannah?"

At the word of endearment, Desmond almost gave way, and a great tenderness crept into his eyes.

"Mary," said he, "there was a time when I dared to hope that you might come to love the boy who gave his heart to you because he could not help himself. Sure, often when the dawn of the summer's sun came through the window of a morning, I saw the two of us as one, with the little colleens and gossoons growing up about us. But sure, girl, that is all over now, and I have put it behind me with the other things. The good God did not mean it to be. Leave me to go my way alone—the journey is one which you could not lighten if you would. It won't take long anyways, and they do be sayin' that it is an easy way to die."

The man drew himself up, his eyes glistening.

"Better to die on the scaffold for ridding the world of Haslam than to die peacefully in bed."

"Desmond, Desmond—my heart is torn," said the girl, "and I don't understand myself, but now that you are going I feel that I can never be happy again. It is Michael that has my heart, but you

have my affection and my respect. I will pray for the soul of the boy who went to his death because of the insult they put upon a defenseless girl, and it is his resting-place that will be kept green by my hands as his memory will be green in my heart. Desmond, what am I to do at all, at all!"

The man smiled gently as he put his hand on the head of the girl.

"Go back, now, Mary, and take your rest. It is only a few hours that I have to make my peace with God, and I ask you not to come at the last. Take my mother home with you, and care for her as long as she lives. After all, what does it matter whether I go now or fifty years hence? Good-by, alannah, and may the heavens be your bed this night and for ever!"

The girl turned her face up to his, and, taking his head in both her hands, she kissed him on the forehead and went out of the cell.

The man turned to his mother.

"Good-by, mother. Sure, if it be the will of the blessed saints, we will meet yet in heaven. Give the shake-hands for me to all the boys and girls I used to know. Good-by."

The woman clung to his arm with the strength of despair, but he loosened her arms gently and she was taken out of the cell by the jailer.

The hour of his first trial had passed—now for the last one of all.

Outside in the darkness he could hear the "cheep-cheep" of an awakening bird. He looked through the cell window. Surely there was a grayness in the sky, and the stars had paled. The note of the bird was taken up by another, until the air was vibrant with the music.

When he used to go birds-nesting in Colligan Wood—God be with the times—

The cell door opened again, to admit a priest. It was Father Power, the man who prepared him for his first communion, and who had christened him.

"Desmond, my poor boy, it is terrible to find you like this," he said. "Little did I think in the old days that you would ever come to it."

"Father, sure it is I that have the great sorrow to see you like this. But all that

I have to ask now is that you will confess me, and give me the last consolations of religion."

The confession must have been long drawn, for the priest did not come out of the cell for a long time, and when he did his face was wet with tears.

Desmond had made his peace with God, and he was at rest in himself.

The dawn crept into his cell as he waited for the last dread messenger of all. The hammers had ceased. Outside his window he could hear the hushed voices of a multitude, like the sound of the wind in the trees. Every now and again the sob of a woman would rise above the whispering.

In the distance he heard the tramp of men. It came closer and closer.

"Halt!"

The grounding of muskets outside his door and the drawing of the bolts. Into the cell came the governor of the prison—an Englishman, but a man who concealed a kindly heart under a forbidding exterior, as is the way sometimes of his race.

"O'Riordan," said he, "I am sorry to come on this errand, but I must do my duty."

"That is all right, sir," said Desmond, smiling at him, "you must only do what you have to do. Maybe," he went on, "it is the welcome visit that you are paying me, after all. Though I'm not old, it is not glad with life that I am."

The governor motioned to the hangman, who stood behind him, to come forward with his shackles.

"Sir," said Desmond quickly, "I will ask you one favor. Don't be after sending me to the scaffold like a felon—shackled and bound. Let me walk free in the light of day."

"Will you give me your word as a man not to try to escape?" asked the governor.

"I will, that same, sir—sure it wouldn't be like a man that put his own neck in the cord to draw it out when he saw it dangling foreinst him."

The little procession formed up, a file of soldiers going first, followed by the prisoner, by whose side the priest read the prayers for the dying, whilst another file of soldiers completed the party.

The feet echoed hollowly on the flag-

stones as they walked towards the gate leading to the square.

The rising sun threw its beams into the prisoner's face. He looked steadfastly on the sky. Somewhere up above, a lark was singing in the clear air, whilst in the distance the silver ribbon of the Blackwater wound in and out toward Lismore.

A sullen roar, like the muttering of a sea, met him as he stepped out into the light.

Merciful heavens! every one in the country had come to see him die. The square was black with the people, who pressed upon the ranks of the soldiers.

Then, at a breath, there fell a great silence as the little body took its way through the long files of redcoats, whose bayonets glistened under the rays of the sun.

The priest's voice, reciting the prayers for the dying in Latin, alone broke the stillness. In the centre of the square was the goal of the procession. Gaunt, black, forbidding, it fitted its work.

A rope swayed ever so little in the airs of the morning.

"Oh, the crature—look at his face for the love of God!"

"Sure it is the face of a martyr or of one of the blessed saints."

"God save you, Desmond alannah, and make the journey light before you."

"Oh, the little gossoon that often I had on my knee!"

The cries came dully to the ears of Desmond.

A man stared at him from the crowd, his arms crossed on his breast. As Desmond passed he said: "You sent him to the pit that was ready for him, and there will be a bloody reckoning for this morning's work." The soldiers looked for the speaker, but he had disappeared.

They were near the end now, and the crowd was again hushed into silence. Desmond felt a great joy in his heart, walking as though he were going to his wedding. The thought came to his mind that it was a beautiful morning for dying—and for dying in the good cause.

They came to the foot of the scaffold. On the last step were seated two women—Mary McCarthy and his mother. Their eyes were dry as though they had wept all their tears away.

Desmond bent down to embrace his mother for the last time. She remained clasped in his arms for a moment—there was a hurriedly spoken message and he placed her in the arms of the girl, mounting the scaffold as though he were mounting an altar.

From above them came the trilling of the lark, which was now falling from the vault of high heaven, its song ringing out with startling clearness. As it sank to rest the music gradually died away. It was his requiem.

The hangman came forward to bandage the eyes, after which his ankles and hands were pinioned, and the coil of rope placed round his bare throat. He shuddered a little as the slip-knot kissed his neck.

All at once on the air was borne the terrible sound of the Irish *keen*. The voices of the women blended in the death-song, rising shrilly on the morning breeze. Louder and yet louder it swelled, and then died away into the stillness.

The crowd was silent as the man stood there with bandaged eyes, the priest by his side offering him the last consolations of his faith.

With a quick movement the hangman stepped back from his victim to put his hand on the bolt which would launch him into eternity.

"Stop!"

A man burst from the crowd as the man hesitated, and mounted rapidly the steps of the scaffold. The people saw with a great wonder that it was Black Michael.

"You are hanging an innocent man," he cried. "It was I that cut the throat of Major Haslam."

The governor motioned to the hang-

man to stand back, O'Riordan still waiting with the bandage on his eyes.

"Listen, people of Fermoy," cried Michael, "listen to the black-hearted informer who nearly let an innocent man go to the gallows-tree. And the confession is easy, for I have endured the tortures of hell since the trial, and since the black day I sold myself to the English as an informer, taking the blood-money like Judas of old. It was I that sent Lanty O'Callaghan to his death, and Patrick O'Sullivan and John MacCormack. But I did one good deed—I killed Haslam because he tried to harm the woman I loved, and it was a deed that will swing in the balance against those others on the day of the final reckoning. I am not ashamed of it, and I will answer for it to the great Judge of all. I knew on the day of the trial that Desmond O'Riordan was willing to give his life for the sake of the girl, in order that I might be saved to her. That is the truth as I hope for heaven!"

The girl had risen from her seat on the gallows' steps, the light of a new understanding shining through her eyes. In a moment she had climbed them and had thrown her arms around the neck of the pinioned man with the selfishness of a great love.

Then she remembered, as she turned her eyes on Michael, now surrounded by the redcoats, whose eyes were fixed on her. She went over to him, knelt at his feet, and kissed his hands.

"Oh, Michael," said she, "what am I to say to you who have given up your life!"

"Though I have lost my life and my love, alannah, I have saved my soul," said the man simply.



The Incurable Optimist

BY JAMES HENDRIE LLOYD, M.D.

Author of "Mental Contagion and Popular Crazes," etc.



It is said that Charles James Fox did not like to see his speeches in print; the contact with cold type must have taken some of the afflatus out of them. This dismal effect of printing is seen not unfrequently in our own day. To the physician it is best explainable by the somewhat kindred process which takes place in cold storage. Something has been lost, a flavor or excellence—intangible and not easily named—but there is an ugly reality left which somehow has to serve the purposes of alimentation. It is this ugly reality which to the scientific mind is often the crux of the whole problem.

Our present-day civilization is largely concerned with such problems—namely, the realities which are left over after the idealists and optimists have ceased from their favorite tasks of talking and writing fine things about them. But it may be thought that a physician is venturing on dangerous ground, and not his own territory, when he, too, presumes to write about them. This, however, is an error, because in mental pathology there are cases presented which are precisely like the cases of some of our incurable optimists.

This pathological variety is called by the specialists a "hypomaniac," that is to say, he is not a full-fledged maniac; he is only an understudy. His usual characteristic is extreme optimism, a tendency to see things not as they exist, and to govern his conduct accordingly. In this mental affection (the *hypomania* of Mendel) the patient shows an unwonted garrulity, restlessness, motiveless journeying from one place to another, emotional instability, the formation of schemes, a slight degree of incoherence, and an incapacity for the performance of continued fine mental labor. "After a paroxysm of this kind, sometimes lasting for weeks or

months, he may return to his normal state, although frequently the finer edge of his mental faculties has been blunted by the brain-storm, and he has become less acute, less intrinsically ethical, and less receptive of external impressions."*

In this definition two things are apparent. There is, first, the emotional instability. If the hypomaniac's mental state is analyzed critically, it is found that the basis of it is a disturbed state of the emotions. The slight disorder of the other mental faculties, such as the perceptions and the intelligence, has its origin very largely in a morbid activity of what is known as the affective or emotional life. This is shown in the erratic, or irrational, impulses which guide his conduct and the sentimentalism which discolors his views of things in general. Not to be too technical, it may be pointed out in passing (and it ought to be easily understood by any intelligent reader) that, according to the modern school of psychologists, this affective or emotional life is the fundamental thing in the minds of all of us. In the lower animals we call these things instincts; in children they are impulses; in grown man and woman they are motives. They manifest themselves long before the development of the higher reasoning faculties, and all through life they constitute the larger part of our mental activities. Among the more primitive of them are hunger, self-preservation, pleasure and pain, hope and fear, love and hate, and the instincts of sex, family, tribe, or race-preservation. Mental pathologists constantly find that the disorders of these primitive instincts are among the earliest manifestations of mental disease. All these instincts centre about what is called the personality—the sense of the *ego*. In fact, they largely constitute the essential elements of character in most people, and are especially undis-

*Berkley, "Mental Diseases," p. 144, from whom this description, slightly altered, is taken.

guised in unsophisticated, unthinking and half-educated people. They are the stigmata of man in his natural state. According to his reactions to them, his mastery of or by them, man is, or is not, at his best.

It is, indeed, his method of reacting to his instincts that introduces, secondly, the big question of ethics. In the above definition of the hypomaniac it was observed that this unfortunate person becomes "less intrinsically ethical." In other words, he suffers in his moral sense. This is so well recognized by mental pathologists that some of them have even called this kind of mental disease "moral insanity." About this term there is sometimes waged a war in our courts of law, when the attempt is made to exculpate some hypomaniac whose excursions in idealism have brought him into conflict with the criminal law. They are hard problems, as every expert knows who has ever tried his hand at expounding this kind of psychology to a judge and jury. Alienists who are fond of discussing types will say that some of these offenders should be called paranoiacs; and others of them have been called emotional lunatics. But these distinctions may safely be left to the debating societies.

The ethical sense is a late arrival in the evolution both of the race and of the individual. In primitive man and in children, it is largely undeveloped; in the abnormal man, such as the hypomaniac, it is usually perverted. Contrary to what is commonly taught, it is not an innate faculty, for it is still in process of evolution in the history of the race.

Consider the case of the naturalist. There is, for instance, the perfectly honest nature-lover (not the nature-fakir) who simply cannot bear to get into a controversy with his mistress, and so he ignores any hard problems that she may thrust upon him. He accepts her, whatever her defects. His mood is like that ascribed to Margaret Fuller, who is reported to have said, "I accept the universe"—which having been repeated to Carlyle, the old seer exclaimed: "My God, she'd better!" The story may be apocryphal, but it is as good as most of the fables told by the nature-worshippers. John Burroughs, awhile before his death, accepted

the universe in a whole book, in which in his attractive style he expounded the philosophy of a naturalist—which is a good enough philosophy in its way, if it is taken in small doses. But John Burroughs swallowed it whole, and announced himself a pantheist; by which he probably meant no more than that he was satisfied with nature as he found her; he was not therefore necessarily an optimist, nor was he in a hypomaniacal state of mind about the object of his love. Burroughs had too much good sense for that. His devotion to nature was sane. On the other hand, Goethe, we are told, turned to nature as a relief from human life. "He found in her, or thought he found, order and perfection, but in human history he found a confused tale of error and violence. He could only tolerate it in so far as it enables us to get rid of the past." * In other words, the nature-lover gets rid of the ethical problems which so weigh down the soul of the student of human life. This relief to his spirits gives him a wonderful buoyancy. He becomes an optimist. Everything in nature is for the best. He sees a hawk kill a pigeon, but the spectacle rouses no ethical protest in him. He may feel rather sorry for the pigeon, but he also feels rather an admiration for the hawk; each is playing its appropriate part in the beautiful drama of nature—the pigeon in getting killed, the hawk in getting a dinner.

Now this way of looking at nature is from the hypomaniac's point of view. It is deliberately ignoring realities, and substituting for them a sentimental idealism. Goethe's appeal to nature as against human life is only a poet's license, for, in reality, nature is cruel and pitiless. There is no ground for his claim that he can find in her a superior order, much less perfection, especially in a moral sense; and his plea is of use only to save the face of the incorrigible optimist.

If anything is clear in the history of human thought, it is that some of the best minds have not accepted the universe. Carlyle himself only accepted the universe with limitations; he always reserved to himself the right of prescribing the conditions. The one thing that he

* G. Lowes Dickinson, in a review of the life of Goethe by P. Huhn Brown, *Athenæum*, January 21, 1921, p. 68.

would exclude from his universe was *cant*. There was no place in his sorry scheme of things for people who substitute words for things, formulas for realities. Take the case of the ancient stoic. He seems, indeed, to have accepted the universe, but he neither asked nor expected much from it, so he was not often disappointed. He had no delusions about it, but his mental attitude was that of a man who thought himself on a level just a little above it. He was one thing, the universe was another. He could not cope with it, but he preserved an aloofness which was a fine mental poise, and has characterized some of the best both of pagan and Christian philosophers. Marcus Aurelius exclaimed: "What is it to me to live in a universe devoid of gods?" The mental attitude of some of the Christian fathers, if they are fairly quoted, was one of extreme hostility to the world. They were pessimists of the deepest dye. This world, for them, was a hopeless case. Schopenhauer, a German philosopher, decided, on philosophical principles, that "of all conceivable worlds this was the worst."

Huxley treated this subject from the point of view of the layman and the scientist, and in a memorable essay described the antagonism of the "cosmic process" to ethics. By the "cosmic process" he evidently meant what is generally called "nature," and his argument amounted practically to this, that man can find little support for his moral ideas in the works of nature. Huxley was so far from accepting the universe that he even claimed that the only hope for civilization lay in man's opposing the cosmic process. If this is true (and every one must judge for himself), it would seem to follow that man's moral nature is something that has evolved with him; that his ethics are a by-product of his evolution. This may be a startling conclusion to some minds; nevertheless, it provides a stimulus to human endeavor. It seems to put the question of man's destiny fairly up to himself—the responsibility for his future on his own shoulders. This is practically the world's state of mind to-day in the face of more stupendous problems than probably have ever before confronted humanity. The shouting now is for man to work out his own destiny. Hence the

radicalism, the casting aside of old standards, the setting up of "idealisms" without number, and the supreme rôle of emotionalism. Hence, also, the wisdom of scrutinizing, as never before, the aims of the champions of various kinds of empirical socialism. There never yet was prepared such a stage for the hypomaniac as the world presents to-day.

Take the extreme doctrines of democracy. There is really very little support for them in the "cosmic process," for nature is not democratic; she is aristocratic. The best is none too good for her; she is not even satisfied with a fair average; and in order to attain her ends she ruthlessly sacrifices the inferior, the unfit. Wherever she has evolved a social state, it has been among the lower forms of life, such as in the ant-hill or the beehive. But this state has been founded on a rigid system of caste, for entomologists tell us that in the ant-hill there is a system of class government, composed of the breeders, the soldiers, the workers, and the slaves; and that no individual by any chance can elevate itself from a lower to a higher grade. All is fixed. The polity of an ant-hill is a more monstrous thing than Hindu caste. It is impossible to see how the optimist can find any comfort in the contemplation of such a work of nature; but he goes on his way, and ignores the obvious.

The hypomaniac, although weakened in his moral sense, is prone to engage in moral schemes. These seem to have an irresistible attraction for him. As already said, he is incapable of sustained intellectual labor; he cannot think a thing out to its logical conclusions. But moral concepts are more easily grasped than complex intellectual ones. A child can understand the Ten Commandments earlier than he can comprehend a problem in algebra. This tendency in the hypomaniac is in strict accord with the well-recognized laws of pathology, for a disease process is always likely to show itself in some weak spot in the organism. Therefore, when the ethical instincts are morbidly excited or deranged, it is in this sphere that the disorder of conduct will manifest itself. This is doubtless the explanation of the fact that this unfortunate egotist sometimes poses as a social reformer, and the

additional fact that he does not often trouble himself to ascertain whether his reforms are practicable. He thus becomes an incorrigible optimist. A thing is to be attained because he wants it to be attained. His emotions supply the place of arguments. It follows that he always goes to extremes, and if he has his way he is likely to spoil any rational scheme for ameliorating conditions, because he is not a meliorist, he is an optimist. The rational aspirations of humanity to control the evils of war, mean for him nothing less than the inauguration of universal and everlasting peace overnight; the considerate plans for limiting armaments, mean for him total disarmament offhand. He would leave the Panama Canal totally undefended rather than abate one jot or tittle of his scheme for an immediate but impossible millennium.

In all this the hypomaniac is unsupported by what Huxley called the "cosmic process," but he cares nothing for a cosmic process, and probably would not understand it unless it could be shown him in the "movies."

Renan said: "It is not given to man to solve the problem of the universe; nevertheless, he must attempt it." There are a good many people attempting it at the present time, but the mental equipment of most of them does not give assurance that the problem will be solved. It is more likely to take its place among the problems of mental pathology. The direction of this pathological trend is toward a monomania on the subject of "progress." This word is fast becoming one of the most ominous words in the dictionary, and it should be relegated for safe-keeping to the Categories of Cant. He need not be dubbed a pessimist who confesses humbly that he sees in some of its implications some dangers to our civilization. Professor Bury, in his recent work on "The Idea of Progress," has shown—what, of course, history has demonstrated—that this civilization of ours is largely an artificial product. It is not a work of nature so much as it is a work of man, or even an accident in the evolution of the race. There have even been some wise-heads who have questioned whether any civilization is a success; whether the farther man has

emerged from the primitive state, it has not been the worse for him. The arguments are clearly put by Bury in one of his most interesting chapters. Not only some modern sentimentalists, like Rousseau, but even some of the ancient sages, like Plato, were highly dissatisfied with the whole business. These critics, it is sad to say, were pessimists as to human history. They were too much enamoured of "nature" and too little tolerant of man. To the hypomaniac or his congener, the incorrigible optimist, the appeal is the other way about. He is self-centred. He can, in his own opinion, if not shake the spheres, at least set up a social paradise. Optimism of this incorrigible sort is not a philosophy, it is not even a set of rules; it is a mental state, a psychosis.

These men who would 'shatter the world to bits and then remould it nearer to their hearts' desire,' take little account usually of the religious impulses of humanity. They ignore the religious evolution of the race. This is strikingly shown in such systems as communism and Bolshevism. For them there is apparently no mystery in the universe, nothing beyond the veil. When the men of the French Revolution came at last to see this omission in their system, and sought to remedy it, they could do no better than to set up a mumbo-jumbo with Robespierre as a high priest. This was a striking example in Robespierre of religious hypomania. As we read the account in the histories of the Revolution, notably in Carlyle, of the Feast of the *Être Suprême*, with its "sea-green pontiff," we are struck as with something grotesque, something pathological. Here is material for psychiatry. That a man of Robespierre's caliber should mistake himself for a pontifex maximus and endeavor to play the part, is exactly in accord with the ideas and outbursts of some of the religious hypomaniacs who inhabit our asylums. Sometimes they are called paranoiacs, but it makes no difference here what they are called. They are abnormal, and they are particularly apt to be the products and exemplars of abnormal times. Dean Inge has called attention to the fact that the stress and emotionalism of the Great War have been followed by an outbreak of what he has denominated the lower forms

of religion. In these forms the primitive instincts of worship are undisciplined by the higher mental faculties. They are also dissevered from tradition, from the old-established cults. They are instances of the tendency of people nowadays to throw aside old standards; but the resultant is not so valuable for edification as it is interesting for psychological analysis.

It is rather curious, in this connection, to note the mental activities of some of the Darwinian evolutionists. What will be said here applies by no means to all of them, but only to some of them who are rapidly becoming also incorrigible optimists. They are looking forward to the evolution of a perfect social system on Darwinian principles. They seem to ignore the fact that Darwin himself never made any such claims for his system, and that it has little if any application in what may be called the spiritual or religious

sphere. It is simply a system of natural science, descriptive of the origin of organic forms on this little planet, and it furnishes spiritual pabulum only in the sense that anatomy or chemistry furnishes it. Nevertheless, we are invited by some of our optimistic evolutionists to look forward to the time when mankind will be snugly ensconced in an ideal state, and as the motive of its religion will worship "the true, the beautiful, and the good." But it is doubtful whether mankind will ever really worship any such abstractions, for the motive of religion always has been, and doubtless always will be, the worship of the Deity. For this worship our well-meaning evolutionists would substitute a sort of sublimated socialism, which, when everything is said for it that can be said, is yet of the earth earthy. Is this the final word in optimism?

Early Memories of New England

BY JAMES L. FORD

Author of "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop"



Y earliest impressions of New England came to me in the form of family legendry imparted by my elders whose veracity I could not doubt. Some of these stories go back

to the days when my great-grandmother, then a little girl, picked the thorns that served frugal housekeepers as pins during the Revolution. Early in the last century this same woman showed herself to be the prototype of many who are to-day lurking behind French sign-boards in Fifth Avenue shops, for she opened a little inn and store in the New Hampshire village of Haverhill, in order to support and educate her children. She did it under her own name, however, and did not call herself "Frizette." Her daughter learned to play on an Astor piano, the first instrument brought into that State, and one of her sons, Major Horace Bliss, is still remem-

bered by elderly citizens of Baltimore as the last man in that town to wear a stock.

Other legendry that made an indelible impress on my mind, related to a later period when three beautiful women known as the "Fowles of Watertown" were distinguished figures in Boston society, and "carriage" was deemed an important part of a young girl's education. I was also taught that Portsmouth was a distinctly aristocratic city as well as one of the most important shipping ports on the Atlantic coast.

Thus it came to pass that mossy traditions filled my mind when I paid my first visit to New England to stay with an elderly relative in the Connecticut village of Bloomfield, near Hartford. I arrived on Saturday morning and at sundown my aunt took away my toys, laid aside her knitting, and opened her Bible, explaining that it was her custom to "keep Saturday night." At the same hour on the following day my wooden blocks were returned

to me and the knitting was resumed. I sometimes wonder if there are any New Englanders left who still keep Saturday night.

Of course I was taken to church, and no sooner was I seated than my aunt bustled out and returned with some sprigs of fennel on which I was permitted to nibble during the service. When the hymns were given out we rose and faced the choir, turning our backs on the preacher, for in the New England tradition the altar plays a small part in divine worship.

I had another surprise when the hired man, who had driven us over from Hartford, took his seat at the family table, as became the dignified position that he and his kind have always enjoyed in New England households. I believe now that the race is almost extinct and that any family would be only too glad to find a hired man who would consent to eat with them.

A few years later I was sent to boarding-school in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and had not been there many days before I noticed an old man of saturnine visage slowly ascending the hill behind our school grounds. He seated himself on a spot near that now occupied by the house of the late Joseph H. Choate, and remained there for hours looking out over the valley of the Hoosatic. The next day he disappeared and we were told that he was the last of the old Stockbridge Indians, on his annual visit from the Western reservation of his tribe to gaze upon the land that had once belonged to his forebears. It must have been his last visit, for we never saw him again.

Our school was a stronghold of religion of the old-fashioned New England sort, and even then I was conscious that there was something wrong in a system that wasted so much time and aroused in us a rooted aversion to every kind of religious service. We had prayers and singing at the morning and evening meals, and on Sundays we went to church in the morning, attended a Bible class in the afternoon, and sang hymns for an hour or so in the evening. There was also a weekly prayer-meeting at which attendance was voluntary and in which the worst scapegraces in the school took part, actuated

by the same desire for forgiveness of trespasses that fills the soul of many a rich man when he wills a portion of his ill-gotten gains to charity. Saturday was a full holiday, when those who were not kept on bounds because of the black marks against them were allowed to roam the country at will.

The result of this was that we had altogether too much time for play and as all outdoor sports were prohibited on Sunday it was then that we cooked up mischief for the week to come. Since then I have become convinced that a part of Sunday should be devoted to healthful sport and that a half holiday is enough for Saturday. Nothing is worse for boys than to give Satan opportunities for finding work for their idle hands.

There were more than two score boys in our school, which was one of the most expensive in the country, its terms of tuition being \$500 a year, exclusive of those "extras" which are the joy of the schoolmaster's heart, and are not unlike the devices of the green table that furnish what is known as the "percentage in favor of the house." We brought our own blankets, towels, table cutlery, and other articles which I believe are now supplied in nearly every boarding-school. Our teacher prided himself on the high class of pupils consigned to his care, but I think that our parents were of a higher class than ourselves. I know that we looked down on the village school and its humbler scholars, yet that primitive establishment, I was told in later years, sent four of its pupils to the supreme bench of the United States, and that is more than our school ever did.

Stockbridge and its neighborhood had been for years famous for its distinguished inhabitants, including Catherine Sedgwick, G. P. R. James, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Fanny Kemble, and Cyrus W. and David Dudley Field. Most of these celebrities had disappeared when I arrived, but the New England tradition of neatness and cleanliness had expressed itself in the founding of the Laurel Hill Association, the first of the village-improvement societies that are to be found to-day in nearly every small community in the land. We boys were instructed to

make way with every old newspaper or other unseemly article that we found in the highway, and I remember that certain individuals who had refused to join the society averred that we had been told to deposit them on their premises. I have since learned that every good work meets with opposition at the start, usually from the so-called "better element."

It was in Stockbridge that I met the first of the long line of famous writers whom it has been my privilege to know, in the person of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose daughter was the wife of the local Episcopal clergyman. Her husband, the Reverend Calvin E. Stowe, was with her and I recall with delight his humorous darky stories.

The old home of G. P. R. James, of "solitary horseman" fame, stood, and perhaps still stands, over the way from what is now the Red Lion Inn, then controlled by the Plumbs, one of whom, I believe, is still engaged in the hotel business in Pittsfield. The James house was occupied by Mr. John Gourley, the vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, and for years a well-known summer resident of Stockbridge. Further down the street dwelt Mr. McAllister, in whose garden stood an apple-tree subject to many midnight forays from our school, a tree that lived for years in our simple legendry.

A rather shy boy was invited to spend the evening at the home of the clergyman already mentioned, and during supper did not once open his mouth except to put something into it. The period that followed found him also tongue-tied, but when his hostess in a desperate attempt to awaken his interest placed a basket of fruit upon the table he rose in his chair with a glad cry of "Hello! Old McAllister's apples!"

I comprehend more fully now certain conditions of which I was vaguely conscious as a boy of twelve. The great wealth acquired easily, and in many cases dishonestly, during the Civil War, had left its mark on the whole country north of Mason and Dixon's Line; nor had conservative New England escaped its malign influence. Among my schoolmates there were scions of the illiterate rich as well as of the moderately well-to-do thoughtful

and book-loving, and there was a marked difference between the two. The first-named, I am sorry to say, commanded my regard because they had more spending money, but I was strongly drawn toward their betters by our common love for books.

I was, of course, too young to realize the significance of the changes then beginning, but when, many years later, I revisited Berkshire County and saw how the huge, ornate dwellings erected by modern "Captains of Industry" dwarfed the dignified old mansions we used to think so grand, I recalled the simplicity and unostentation of an elder day before gardens gave place to "estates."

In the days of my youth the Shakers were a picturesque element in New England life, following their own peculiar customs and living on terms of amity with their neighbors. They were held in such esteem that no doubts were entertained regarding their strict observance of the moral code, which is more than can be said of any other eccentric community I ever heard of. Perhaps the fact that the Shaker ladies had been deprived in the cradle of the fatal gift of beauty had something to do with it, but the elders were so honest in their dealings with the outside world that they were not liable to suspicion.

There was a prosperous Shaker community in Tyringham, about three miles from Stockbridge, and we boys often walked over there on Saturdays to partake of their excellent fare and carry away packages of candied flag-root and cakes of maple sugar in which were embedded the meat of the walnut and butternut. And my remembrance is that they gave full measure in both quality and quantity.

Their religious services were conducted in a manner that seemed strange to the orthodox and included a sort of monotonous dance with hands extended after the fashion of a dog standing on his hind legs begging for a bone. We never attended any of their Sunday ceremonies, for they did not like to exhibit their quaint customs to strangers, but I have been told that at an earlier period they danced in sets like lancers or quadrilles and since my time their terpsichorean exercises

have been greatly modified or completely eliminated.

As an experiment in communism the Shakers rank with that community of intellect blended with physical toil, Brook Farm, but there was a notable difference between the two. Save in the example it set in frugality and honesty the one did nothing to advance human progress, while the other sent out into the world men who had gained much by their period of plain living and high thinking. Very few of the Shaker communities remain, but the world is all the better for the work of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Father Hecker, Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, and other survivors of an experiment that history wrongfully records as a failure.

The extinction of the Shaker communities was not due to financial causes. Their lives ran along on lines as simple as those of Biblical times, and their wealth was in land, in flocks and herds and crops. Their system was ideally communistic, and by working diligently and spending little money they were able to save much. But having no children they were obliged to recruit their communities from the outside, and there was nothing in their uncouth garb and austere way of life to attract young people, and therefore their numbers dwindled until only the very old remained.

My next New England memories cluster about a small village where I spent some time half a century ago and where I became familiar with Yankees racy of the soil in speech and manner, and also with customs and characters that I fear are now of the past. Here I found no literary celebrities and none of the Berkshire County atmosphere, although there were plenty of persons who read books and had time for shrewd thought.

The Civil War was not then far in the past and many an old army overcoat was to be seen in the group that clustered about the stove in the hotel or dove from time to time into the "back room," where liquor was surreptitiously sold. I remember that we boys often wished that we were old enough to take part in the orgies that went on behind the closed door and from which the revellers returned wiping their lips with their coat-sleeves. Adolescence then, as now, re-

garded forbidden fruit as sweeter than that served openly.

Many of the wearers of army overcoats were, I suspected, too far advanced in years to have taken part in the war, but they were still active enough to go fishing, even on Sundays, and to relate stories of their prowess in that sport as they sat tilted up against the wall. Another favorite theme with these veterans was how hard they used to work when they were young, and how long it took them to save up the thousand dollars that entitled them to a little well-earned rest. Scientific research seldom engaged their faculties, but there was one subject over which they wrangled during the entire winter which was never definitely settled. That was whether a wheel goes round faster at the top than at the bottom. Each disputant carried with him a diagram to enable him to make clear his theory and there was many an adjournment to the barn in order to set the wheel of the landlord's buggy in motion.

The original race was almost extinct in southern New England at this time, but a few full-blooded Indians still lived on their near-by reservation, and there I have seen the last of the Mohicans winding up in peaceful agriculture the bloody annals of their tribe. In their little burying-ground were to be found crumbling headstones marked with the name of Uncas and the line "One of the Royal Family," a pathetic reminder of past glories. It was on this reservation that the great Uncas himself died, a very old man, while sitting in the sun before his cabin-door.

But in the neighborhood of every village there was usually some character known locally by some such name as "Injun Joe," who dwelt apart from the community and came down now and then to sell baskets or replenish his whiskey-jug. I recall also an Indian doctor whose nostrums, prepared mysteriously from roots and herbs, were held in high esteem by the illiterate.

As I look back to these days of long ago I feel certain that the Civil War left behind it in rural communities a legacy more enduring and deplorable than the old army overcoats, in the shape of a spirit of greed and an admiration for those who had suddenly grown rich

through unscrupulous methods not unlike that which prevails to-day. Traditions of "Jim" Fisk and his four-horse pedler's cart were in the air; the spectacular doings of Wall Street were on every lip and lottery tickets were sold by a local agent.

The old-fashioned Yankee pedler, since supplanted by the Jew or Armenian, was a constant visitor at the little hotel where we stayed, and many of his kind were most honest and worthy individuals. Especially well do I recall "Big Steve," who drove a splendid four-horse team and sold candy for a Springfield house. About once a month he would draw up with much rattling of harness before the door of the inn and bring the village quidnuncs to every window. Other pedlers brought their wives with them and these good women would spend two or three days with us while their husbands drove about the near-by country to sell their goods. There were always a number of these travelling salesmen stopping with us when the landlord gave his annual ball after harvest time, and not one of them failed to take part in the revel.

Well do I recall these and like assemblies which we young fellows always graced with our presence! There was a "caller-off" named Cady, famous throughout all the State, whose services were constantly in demand. According to local report he received the sum of ten dollars and his expenses for every appearance, and when he died, in quite recent years, he was said to have left behind him a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. Cady led the orchestra of three pieces with his violin and called off the figures at the same time and I doubt if there is any musician now living capable of such an exploit.

The early New Englanders had learned the terpsichorean art, when they learned it at all, from French dancing-masters, and the various technical terms used have survived in a corrupted form to the present day. Thus "*dos-à-dos*" fell from the lips of Cady as one word, "*dosedo*"; "*chassez*" as "*shassay*" and "*à la main droit*" as "*allamang right*."

This inimitable "caller-off" had an enormous personal acquaintance throughout the State and was also a man of infinite jest, so that he interspersed his

commands with many personal allusions, of which I recall:

"Mr. Johnson, doseedo;
The more you dance,
The less you know."

One feature of these balls was never lacking, and that was the appearance on the floor toward the close of the festivities of an elderly inhabitant, famed in his early youth for his grace and activity in the execution of "pidgeon wings" and other fancy steps, even then almost obsolete. At a suitable moment during a pause in the music the landlord would publicly call upon this veteran to "show the young folks how they used to do it." Although he had been furtively practising in the barn for some weeks and had come to the ball arrayed in the only swallowtail coat that existed in the neighborhood, he always affected great surprise at the invitation and the applause that followed it, and declared with a mournful shake of his head that his "dancing days were over" and he had attended the ball merely as an onlooker and had "no idee" he would be expected to perform. But a little persuasion would cause him to make reluctant display of his art, and then Cady would take up his bow, the lively music would begin, and we would all crowd around a vacant space on the floor to gaze upon the nimble performance of a dancer who was almost an octogenarian.

Supper was always the next event on the programme and a real supper it was, too, for the wise landlord was too shrewd to miss this opportunity of showing visitors from afar that he could set a table beyond compare. There was a big turkey at each end of the long table, and I remember that my uncle, who as a "city man" commanded general respect, used to carve one of these birds and dispense the slices with smiling affability. There were vegetables, too, from the hotel garden, and coffee, served in big cups, and with cream from the landlord's own cows. I don't think that anything on that table had ever seen the inside of a can. But it was not until the appearance of the dessert that the culinary resources of the establishment were made apparent. Never since then have I seen such pies, cakes, and jellies served

in such abundance. And every one of them was of honest make, prepared by the hands or under the supervision of the landlord's wife.

The "caller-off" was not the only local character who invoked the comic muse in the practice of his profession. The auctioneer, who dominated the scene on the occasion of a sale of household goods, was a real comedian, and a "voodoo" under his direction never failed to attract a large assemblage. His personal acquaintance was quite as large as that of the popular director of revels and the jokes he cracked in the course of the sales were still more frequent and side-splitting. He was, moreover, a complete master of all the arts of lure, and I used to marvel at the skill with which he would egg one buyer on against another until the highest possible price was obtained.

Once he held me spellbound while he recommended some simple article of domestic use and adornment as a treasure that could never be replaced as it was the only specimen of its kind in existence, solemnly assuring the buyers that any one who was fortunate enough to secure this exquisite example of domestic art would find himself in the possession of something that would give him rank far above that of any of his neighbors as a "connosure." Stimulated by his eloquence the bidding became frantic, and at its close he congratulated the buyer on his wisdom in a voice that was almost tearful in its emotion. Then, resuming his businesslike tones, he exclaimed: "Here's another just like it!" and everybody except the discomfited buyer roared with laughter.

The Friday evening prayer-meeting in our village never failed to attract both old and young, the men sitting on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, while unregenerate youth loitered outside the church to escort the girls home. Once only did I venture into the meeting, not for purposes of prayer but that I might seize the girl of my choice before my cousin who was lurking outside could get ahead of me. On this occasion I witnessed two elderly rustics engaged in their favorite pastime of praying at one another.

While all heads were bowed in devotion one of these interlarded his supplication with: "And if they be enny on us

here ez hez been a leettle mite sharp in a hoss trade we ask the Divine forgiveness for their sins." At this, there was much furtive lifting of grinning faces, and an audible chuckle went round the room. When the other man's turn came I heard a nasal voice saying: "And if they be enny on us pore sinful critters ez hez burned down their barns for the insurance money, we hope they will find forgiveness and grace."

I have often wondered who that wandering Jew of Yankeedom, the "Old Leather Man," was, and what episode in his life led him to spend his later years in futile trampings through rural New England. Dressed in leather and carrying a staff in his hand, he passed through our little village at rare intervals, paying no heed to the small boys who hooted at his heels, and, so far as I know, never begging his bread. Rumor declared that he had been disappointed in a youthful love affair and that he hibernated in a cave in Connecticut, where he lived on roots and herbs. I should really like to know his history and what brought his strange career to an end.

Another character whom I recall was "Comical Brown," an entertainer whose periodical appearance in the town hall was hailed with delight by the entire population. Brown carried neither company nor scenery and kept his expenses down to the minimum. So popular was he that a few posters displayed in the blacksmith's shop or on trees a week ahead of his coming seldom failed to procure for him a crowded house. His entertainment consisted of a monologue introducing all sorts of jokes and conundrums and although many of these bore the hall-marks of Joseph Miller they were none the less effective.

A more elaborate and costly show was "Washburn's Last Sensation," in which variety actors and Indians shared the honors with the venders of lemonade. Years afterward John T. Kelly, of the Weber and Fields organization, told me that he had travelled with the company in the double capacity of artist and owner of the lemonade privilege, and that it was his custom to put a strawberry in each glass as a lure, at the same time offering certain pecuniary emolument to the boys for each strawberry they brought back.

William

BY E. W. KEMBLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



OUR cook, Pinky Shell, says "this place is too dog-gone slow" for her, and if she "can't dig up a few culled folks what's got some social quality" she'll "jes hoof it back to the city."

As I had not succeeded in engaging a hired man as yet, although I had a dozen applicants, summer tramps one and all, I concluded to look for a "person of color." I got in touch with the article needed. He had been porter on a Pullman, could cook some, was special nurse for several gentlemen of prominence, waiter in hotels and private families. If I wanted "recommends" he could show them. From a dirty leather wallet he unfolded a dozen torn and greasy letters, every one lauding his abilities and every one written in the same hand, but signed by names that would make the hall of fame look foolish. His name: "William Hickweed."

"Jes call me Hick, and I'll git yer—yes, sah." Did he know anything about horses? "Used ter be pussional jockey for Colonel Blossom of Kaintucky in his spotive days." The only live stock on our place was an old Kentucky saddle-horse named Daniel Boone. "Danny," as we called him, had been left by the doctor who had rented the farm before us, and used him "for his feed." He was gaunt and wild-eyed and had a hairless tail that pointed upward and outward, his movements were uncertain, as he had any number of different gaits—one front gait, two back ones, and several side ones—you were never sure which one he was going to use. He would shy at nothing, and allow the most rip-roaring automobile to pass him without twitching an ear. I had tried but once to ride this beast. As I led him from the stable he started to back down the road and would have dragged

me across the county line had he not punctured his hind quarters on a barbed-wire fence, when he shot forward and tried to use my chest as a door-mat before "singlefooting" it back to the barn.

I wished to send a message to the village, so I asked William to saddle "Danny." "He is gentle but very playful," I remarked.

"Ah'm used to dat, boss. Ah likes a hoss what's got sperrit." He was leading "Danny" from the barn when "Danny" began his backing tactics. He backed over the flower-beds, into the pump, and broke it, across the road, into the vegetable-garden, straight across the potato-field, into the stone wall, and not being able to back any farther he tried to kick the wall down. William held on like grim death, and getting one ponderous pedal in the stirrup, mounted him. Then the movement became a forward and uplifting one—first rearward and skyward, then sideways and undulating.

William's face assumed a different hue at every new movement; from livid green it faded to dull ashen gray, then back to umber, and from umber to mauve with a dash of violet. Gradually the beast ceased its calisthenics and stood with ears thrown back—snorting but weak-kneed. "Danny's" feelings had been hurt. He couldn't throw William, and he was crestfallen. "Reckon I done got his sperrit broke, de old rapscaillon of a . . ." William didn't finish, for "Danny" made one forward plunge, and striking a two-minute gait, darted down the dusty road toward the village, and William, humped over "Danny's" shoulders, clinging to the scrubby mane with both hands, went with him. A prayer went up for William's safety—an answered prayer, for soon I saw them turn into the state road at an easy canter, and I knew William would return safely. He did, an hour later, but on foot. "Where's Dan-

ny?" I asked. "Don't ask me, boss; fo all I know he's backin hissef to New York City; he ain't pinted dat way, but he's gwine dar. I reckon he'll git dar less he change his mind. I done delivah you message, but doan ax me bout no hoss, dat am outa de question."

As William limped around the corner of the house I sauntered over to the barn, and there stood "Danny." He had come home "across lots." I unsaddled him and turned him into the pasture.

William proved a veritable jack of all trades. The garden thrived under his careful management, and Pinky Shell concluded to remain. I have given them an old phonograph, and William entertains "the girls" nightly at his quarters.

Pinky was given to the intemperate habit of overeating, her weakness being griddle-cakes soaked in pork fat. She would place a pyramid of these delicacies before her, and they would disappear as doth the summer mist at sunrise. William delivered a lecture to her one day on the evil of such "high living" for one of her "bulk." She weighed close on to two hundred. He grew eloquent as he summed up the ills that would follow. "Pussons what ovah load de scales an cause dem to groan, should trim close on de viands what dey is supposed to nourish. You-all is ovah nourished. Youah figger depicts dat, you-all is liable to suffah degenerations of de body in most places." As William continued to enumerate the dire ills that would follow, Pinky gave a feeble squawk and sank to the floor in a faint. William's face grew ashen gray as he shuffled about the kitchen, clasping his hands together, giving vent to his alarm in groans of anguish. "Lawd, lawd! what hab I done?" he muttered. I allayed his fears by telling him that Pinky had simply fainted and would soon be all right, and that the pancakes probably had as much to do with it as his discourse on diet.

Pinky recovered. As she rose, slowly and with much effort, to her feet, she gave one withering glance at the trembling William, pointed her fat finger toward the kitchen door, and fairly hissed: "Out of dis kitchen, nigger, you git." William got. The feud was on. William must leave. Pinky would not live in the same

place with a "witch-doctor," let alone in the same house. I argued, and plead with her. She finally concluded to stay on one condition—"Dat Willyum is to keep clar of de kitchen an not obtrude his hoodoo face into my doin's. Dat law is iron bound from now an' so forth on." Those were her very words.

We had taken into our summer home, from one of the city missions, a little lass of fourteen, a mere wisp of a creature, frail and delicate in mould, but the very embodiment of grace and beauty. The congestion and din of the noisy city streets had preyed upon her little body, but her keen enjoyment of the beautiful things in nature had been left untouched. She flitted among the flowers, called to the birds, and clapped her frail little hands at every new vision that met her eager eyes. The woods, the hills, the little lake that snuggled in the valley brought forth childish exclamations of glee.

William became greatly attached to the child, and she followed him around as if he were her appointed guardian. As he worked in the garden she busied herself with weeding, while he told her marvellous stories of Moses in Egypt. "De culled race neber done hab a greater man dan Moses. He was a born leader and de chillun of Isrul was all ob de culled race. You must understan' dat fust an last, Miss May." This astounding bit of information the child accepted with absolute faith, as she did all of William's wonderful narratives. "Yes, chile, he was a born leader after de great Jehova teched him. Befo dat he was jes a ornary ole witch-doctor. When ole King Pharo refuse ter let de chillun of Isrul go to whar dey want ter, Mister Moses, he ups and rains down frogs and snakes an grasshoppers till yer can't move around comfortable like, dey so thick. He pester dat ole King so much dat he jes throw up his hands an say, 'fer de lub o' Mike, git out'—an dey git. Ob course de good book done say dat de Lord sen' dese snakes an sich, but I has my spicions, chile. Ah blieve de debbil done mix up in dat somehow. Ole Mister witch-doctor Moses, he know how dey come, but so soon as he git out in de wilderness de Lord tech him an he change. He ain't a witch-doctor no mo. He riz up



He was leading "Danny" from the barn when "Danny" began his backing tactics. —Page 497.

wif power dat wuz gib him, den he become de great leader. He walk by faith, he talk by faith. He just trust in de hand what guide him. He writ dem laws be-kase de great Jehova tell him what ter write. He jes listen, chile, an ef yer jes listen, an blieve, it'll come to yer, ain't no doubt bout dat, de good book jes plum full er men what blieve and listen, den dey go ahead an do it."

The child would listen intently to William as he filled her eager mind with stories from the "good book." He made them so much more entertaining than she

was wont to hear at the Mission Sunday-school. He reasoned differently and she liked his reasoning; especially was she affected by his simple belief in regard to the Deity. "God, you know, is good; if yer good, yer give out good. Yer can't give out evil, kin yer? Can't be bof; got ter be one or tother. Ef de Lord's son spent his time healin' de sick, stan's fer reason dat de Lord don't send sickness. If he did, his son wouldn't spen' his time undoin' what he done sent. No, chile, dat ain't reasonable. Evil and goodness don't mix, how yer gwine ter keep evil

out? Jes ask fer goodness, den sit still an expect it. It'll come, an, honey, de joy dat comes wif it, why yer whole little body jes tingle wif glory."

"Can a little girl like me get it?"

"Jes try it, Miss May. Why it was jes made fer chillun, dey git in easier dan grown folks."

Through the summer days William and the little girl were constant companions. His "good-book" stories, as the child called them, were her constant delight. When his work was finished he took her for short walks among the hills, or on a fishing trip in the neighboring lake. One sultry afternoon, toward sunset, William and his little charge returned from a long tramp. The old negro was carrying the little girl in his arms. Her head hung listlessly on his shoulder and her flushed cheek burned crimson against the white of his faded shirt.

"Reckon de heat bin a little too much fer her. She come aroun' all right so soon she git rested up," he murmured, as he carried his little burden to her room. That night the child tossed and turned with a raging fever. The doctor was sent for and pronounced her "a very sick child, seriously sick." William, with tear-filled eyes, crouched beside the pillow on which the little head lay. With his wrinkled brown hand he smoothed the fevered brow, crooning to her, "You is all right, honey. Dey ain't nuffin' ter be afeard of. De doctor's medicine gwine ter cure de little body."

The directions were given to the old darky as to the treatment the child was to receive. The women of the house were only to be called in case of extreme distress. As the old doctor passed from the room, after arranging the medicines to be administered, he paused and, looking intently at the child, shook his massive head. William, still soothing the burning brow, turned to the child and whispered: "It's all right, honey." The days wore on, and though the recovery was slow it was sure. William was the watcher at the bedside. The little patient followed his every move with eager eyes. Seated in a rocking-chair, he swayed gently back and forth as he retold his stories in subdued tones. Old Doctor Hyde made his visits with regularity.

William was always courteous, listened attentively to his directions in regard to the medicines, when they were to be given and when changed, and invariably bowed stiffly as the old doctor left the room, then snorted, and his whole expression was one of contempt. I passed this over as a mere whim, a peculiarity of his race, and concluded that he merely took offense at the old physician's pomposity while in the black man's presence. Faithful and constant in his devotion, worn and weary with his long vigils, he was urged to rest. He would not listen to the suggestion until he was told that his little charge was well again and past all danger, and that the old doctor's visits were at an end. William's face was wreathed in smiles at the welcome news. He grasped the puny hand of the little girl as his eyes filled with tears. "Chile, we hab won!" he whispered, and the thin parched lips answered back: "We have won." I called William to my study to learn of his future plans, as we were soon to return to the city, and thank him for his loyalty to us and the little girl. I told him that I felt that his care and devotion during her serious illness had as much to do with the child's recovery as did the medicines prescribed by the good doctor. The old negro shuffled uneasily as he fumbled in the pocket of his coat, tugging at a bulky package which he extracted with some effort. He placed it on my desk, his wrinkled face aglow as he uncovered a pasteboard box of goodly size, in which the pills and powders prescribed by the physician were closely packed.

"Dar dey is, boss, in deir nachul state, jes as dat ole humbug lef dem," he hissed.

I gazed in astonishment, as he fumbled in the box, drawing forth pill and powder until the desk seemed fairly covered with them.

"Sit down, William, and explain this to me," I demanded. He dropped into the nearest chair and clasping his wrinkled hands together in his lap began the story.

"When dat doctor done leave de room de fust time he come to see Miss May, I know dat he ain't de one to cure dat chile. How does I know it? Why, boss, de fust time he come inter dat room whar she lay burnin' up wif de fever, what was de

very fust thing he do? He done shook his head—you seen it. I seen it, and wust of all, Miss May seen it. He ain't got no faith an hope, dey done fled befo he begin. Jes so soon as you an dat doctor lef de room I goes ter dat chile an' I sez: 'Honey, dey is hope ef yer got de faith, an yer git de faith jes as easy as yer kin give up hope. Which yer gwine ter do?' An she whisper in dat soft and gentle

like she was a queen. Twice durin' de year all ob her followers would gather together an hab a ceremony what last fo several days and nights. I never forget dem scenes. Dey would bring dem what was ailin' in body an mind to her, an she would mix a charm in a old copper kettle an as de vapors rise she sing out a chant, what say for de most part: 'Does yer blieve?' Dem what was needin



“I drap on my knees beside de bed an my ole heart jest flow plum full ob glory.”

voice of hers: 'Faith.' I drap on my knees beside de bed an my ole heart jest flow plum full ob glory. I watch wif her all dat night; you remember every time you done stole inter de room ter gaze at her, you spect I was dozin' off, but I warn't. I jes close my eyes in one long prayer fer dat chile, dat she would continue strong in de faith. Way back in de dark days I lived in Louisiana, de mammy what brung me up was a Voodoo. She live on de shore of Lake Pon'cha'train, jes back of New Orleans. She done pass fo a great woman in dat section an she wuk a heap of cures mong de culled folk what come to her. I grew up ter blieve in what she done. De culled folks treat her

help answer her back an sing: 'Yes, we blieve.' When my mammy begin ter git feeble I done took her place, an I wuz known in dem parts as de conjur man. Soon de law done clap his hand on us an we had ter break up. Den I come Norf. I find a place wid a fambly what live in Delaware. De missus was one of dem folks what casts glory an light on dose what's round about her. She done change me from a conjur man to believe de way she did. I had de faith but I wasn't usin' it right. Bimeby I begin ter see things her way. It was jes like switchin' off from de branch line onter de main line and goin plum thro'. I had ma ticket, faith was what she called it, an all I

needed was ter change cyars. I done it, an I hain't never had cause ter regret it. I done tole Miss May about my believin's long time befo she fell sick wid de fevah. Dem pills an powder gwine ter do her no good. She low dat. Dey wasn't mixed with faith, so dar dey is, in deir nachul state, untouched."

For some moments we sat in silence, the old negro firm in his belief, and I in doubt. He must have read my thoughts, as he drew from the inner pocket of his coat a small, shabby note-book which he handed to me. "Why, dar it is, boss; it tells yer all about it." I turned the worn and discolored pages on which were written in a delicate feminine hand, and read aloud: "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

"Dat's it, boss, faith—dat's what I keep tellin' Miss May when she lay in de shadder ob death. Dey is more, ef yer wish ter read."

I closed the little book and handed it to him. "No, William," I replied; "I

don't need to read more. I wish I had your faith."

"Thanks, boss. I'm powful glad yer ain't angry wif me. I know I done right. If de ole doctor didn't blieve his pills gwine ter cure her, how he gwine ter spect her to blieve? Got ter mix em with faith, an he didn't do dat."

The old darky rose, bowed politely, and shuffled out of the room. The following day he took the train for the city as special escort to the little girl on her homeward trip. Soon after their departure I drove to the home of the old doctor and paid him for his services during the summer months. As he handed me the receipted bill he spoke feelingly of the little girl. "She seemed to be a trusting little creature, and they always make good patients, but as for that old coon, he certainly riled me; seemed to resent my visits. Your cook told me he was a witch-doctor; rather dangerous to have his kind around in the sick-room. Guess he was faithful enough to follow my instructions, or the child wouldn't have pulled through."

Youth and I

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

You have the right to sing, you who are young,
But no such right as I who had not sung
In any sort for long,
But now can bring to evensong
A voice that, as it finds once more the will,
Finds the forgotten strength and skill.

You have the right to laugh, as thus far free
From tears, but no such right as rests with me,
Who knew and banished them,
Who grafted on life's bitter stem
Buds that drew sweetness from the sap of pain,
And, when they blossomed, laughed again.

You have the right to crave peace and content,
But no such power as I to circumvent
Unrest and vain desires,
For ere the floods rose and the fires,
I owned a land where all I wished came true,
And so need wish no wish anew.



THE POINT OF VIEW



THERE are few things more companionable than an apple-tree. To have your daily horizon bounded by an orchard is to live very close to nature.

So firmly do I believe it that I built my country house in the heart of one—this was literally true; in other words, I made the house subservient to the orchard and pitched my tent on the top of a gently undulating hill. At its foot the apple-trees lay in lovely symmetrical lines, breaking into single blessedness with the upward slopes, curving with the sweep of the road, grouping themselves oddly on the lawn, and the most rounded beauty of all brushing the veranda railing and reflecting her blushes in the big glass door.

April brought this exquisite touch, and September was not to be outdone, for she hung scarlet apples among the yellowing leaves, picture apples, blood-red; and the sun's long kisses, and my front door made a shining frame for so much loveliness.

Springtime in an orchard! That is an old, old story, so old and yet so eternally new. Surely the buds swell faster than they did last year; surely they never crept out all in a day and a night, no matter how wooing the sun, or how tender the south wind. Was it quite like this twelve months ago?

This wealth of rose and white in a setting of chrysolite green, these days of blush and bloom, this drenching sweetness, this symphony of bees in heavy-laden boughs!

Did they lose their bridal veils with the first veering of the wind? Were the waterways white with petals where my dainty crabs grew thickest, and were there drifting scents and pink and white patches on the lawn so soon?

How you miss the blossom even when you watch closest for the fruit! How tame the delicate fringe left clinging to the shell, and in reality how quickly comes the generous fulfilment of promises!

Summer in your orchard! Is it not immemorial? Can you ever forget its checkered light and shade, the blue and gold that filtered through from the sky, the rounding

of the green fruit above you, the first blush that stained the cheek of a June beauty? June apples! How the sight of one makes a boy of you again, how they glamour over middle age, how they revive the sunny days of youth!

And what of seedtime and harvest? The gathering in of your spoil when the winesaps and pippins turn red and gold, and maturity is at its zenith of completion, when the haystacks are curing in the midday heat, and with the setting of the sun comes a still more ravishing sweetness mixed with a drop of rue from the life everlasting.

And the mornings, what of them? Keen-breathed, golden, serene, when the asters open their violet eyes, and the briars that have defied you all the growing months make a scarlet network at your feet and catch in the frosted cobwebs.

But does love and loyalty fail you with the waning of the year? I do not slight my orchard boughs when they are bared to the mercy of the east winds. I still see something beautiful in their sturdiness of limb, their dormant vitality, their sombre outlines. Against the gold of winter sunsets they weave much fine tapestry, they are not russet-clad like the oaks, they do not make sad music like the pines. I find that throughout the seasons they grant me confidence and cheer.

But aside from so much egotism my orchard is a treasure-house for song-birds. Even in the depths of winter I have heard a heartsome note from some wayfaring wax-wing as he lingered over a well-seasoned pippin. And April brings to my door choirs visible and invisible in the shape of feathered tenants that make furtive spots of color flitting in and out, so shy they are of humanity. The blue jays are there—saucy chatterers—and the bluebirds themselves, those azure-winged treasures, and there are golden warblers and red-hooded cardinals, and now and again a flash, a flutter, and the memory of a scarlet tanager—he is more a dream than a reality—and added to these is an innumerable company of sober-coated, white-vested choristers.

So, with song and scent and color, with

In an
Apple Orchard

blossom and fruit and the glorious looking forward to a springtime resurrection, I come to my orchard slopes as a child runs to his playground.

THIS morning I wrote on "The Warring Factions in Mexico." This afternoon I got out the Beauty Page.

And such is my life; Monday I penned a Fashion Letter, Tuesday a biographical sketch, Wednesday called attention to the results accomplished by the pull-together spirit of Californians. What the rest of the week it will be my lot to deal with, no man knoweth. Things happen momentarily, and what cometh the next instant in newspaperdom no mere man or woman may forecast with assurance—unless man or woman be very yellow indeed.

The Humor of
One Newspaper
Woman's Life

The affairs of Ireland continue in an ominously unsettled condition, and it behooves us to mark time on the unsettledness; but nothing more, for so many of our readers have the "dhróp" in their veins. In Europe, generally, labor troubles and warfare disrupt nations large and small, and we must at least try not to mix locations and broilings. Over in Europe American wives are seeking release in divorce courts, and we must assume a knowledge of nobility magnificence and nobility degeneracy. In southern Italy earthquakes are laying low man and man's handiwork, wherefore the public will find of interest a bird's-eye view of earthquake catastrophes. There's a sore famine in China, and the tragedy of the situation must be presented to the sympathetic American people. And, of course, we must keep in touch with the latest acts of violence in Russia, perhaps be forced to anticipate a few. We must try to master the technical terms of English politics, talk familiarly of "In" and "Opposition," do our best to get the hang of Secretary of State for War, etc., etc.; for just now every one is very knowing in regard to English politics; then, too, republican America is tickled to hear of all those sturdy labor leaders that have ousted all those afternoon-tea dandies. No dearth of subjects, plenty doing.

I was once something of a student, a digger, loved history and the getting-down to the root of things; scorned padding in

writing, long space-filling rot; railed at inaccuracies and cheap generalizations, little thinking of a day I was to spend good honest working-hours at the veriest skimming and an ensuing space-filling. In these great word-factories one cannot take time to think; one just typewrites.

When ambition led me from the blessed isles (Hawaii) to the antipodes (Chicago), the goal was magazine writing, not a newspaper job; but the periodicals I thought the suitable ones for work I had taken as my standard, maintained an inhospitality so persistent as to discourage the brightest hopes, the most vaulting ambition. I was forced to turn to the lesser "rungs on the monthly ladder of fame," and these being not only lowly in character but low in purse I finally offered my wares to the daily and Sunday press.

At first I was a free lance, but free-lancing proved too uncertain; very happy and gay was the month the account-book showed one hundred dollars, very sad and forlorn the one-hundred-cents-a-month season. So in the course of time I let my wings be clipped and bound myself for steady pay to all day in an office-chair. A free gypsy such as I at an office-desk!

But I have tried to down the gypsy and toil steadily the seven long hours demanded. The "sitting" makes me frantic—I want to swing a golf-club as of yore, I long to take my horse Akiahi and gallop away miles into solitude as of yore. I hunger to climb mountains and bathe in the sea. I feel driven to camp in the woods weeks at a time as I was wont in the good old past. Some day, some day, I must, I will, go back to the freedom and the beauty; now I live in the city and earn money that in the future I may live out of the city. (Do I not know that thousands of city-doomed dream this dream, thousands that will never realize it! Let us hope there will be country life in Heaven.)

Every bright, beautiful morning that I enter the dingy newspaper building I feel like a miner being swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, saying farewell to sunlight and vital air and joy. I am a worshipper of beauty, and I toil amid the most squalid surroundings, our "plant" unhappily placed in the very centre of a factory district. I am a sun-worshipper, and my office-window looks out on a narrow alley.

I am an apostle of cleanliness, and have to spend six days a week in a room about as clean as a village railway-station, the windows caked with dust, grime everywhere. I love "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," and under me the heavy presses pound and rock, over me the stereotypers or "make-ups" frequently drop a "form" whose fall almost makes me jump out of my skin, while down in the alley giant trucks rattle over cobble-stones and teamsters wrangle in the profane fashion of their kind. I like a cool place in which to work, and there is a great power-pipe in one corner of my room which, summer and winter, throws out stifling heat. I have an extremely fine sense of smell, and the little hotel across the alley burns street-sweepings for fuel.

I want to read devotional poems, I want to read "The Philosophy of English Literature," I want to read songs of the open road, I want to read outdoor prose as well as outdoor verse. - And what do I scan? Oceans of newspapers—almost all the big ones printed from Philadelphia to San Francisco, from New Orleans to Minneapolis, and some English ones thrown in.

"When Janwar winds are blawin' cold," I get out a Fourth of July page; when mid-summer adds its heat to the power-pipe, I write of Christmas decorations. When the squalid surroundings press heavily, I try to find lightsome verse for the paragraph-page man and sentimental verse for the short-story man. The Fashion Letter on the whole I do not dislike so much as I thought I should—rather enjoy glancing over the reliable trade journal to find "what is going to be worn," for I am but yet a woman—in spite of the manly names I sign to the articles on specific gravity, the virile style I attempt in the articles on specific gravity.

But let me be fair and look for gains, see if there exist compensations. I confess it is interesting to have even a superficial knowledge of the scattered nations of the globe. The hurried view—it adds to breadth if not to depth. I can write more readily than before the office-chair. I have gained in endurance; do not get so easily fatigued. I am more of a humanitarian since leaving the selfish seclusion of the study; I can tolerate crowds now. And in this "literature in a hurry," that I pass my days in scanning, I

come upon occasional illustrations of high-class journalism that claim real reading; and once in a while in the darkness there flashes a gleam of real humor—which I chuckle over at my tasks, through war and fashions, beauty and China.

Another compensation I have is in certain growing friendships. There's a lean, dark-haired, pallid lad from up-stairs, the stereotyper's apprentice, who comes down at stated times and dives into the great box of waste-paper just outside my door, keen after reading-matter, "stories or anything." I name him "The Ferret," and save for poor, cheated-of-his-boyhood Ferret all the thrillers that come my way. (And once he brought me some reading-matter, newspaper verse to "The Dead Rose of Desire.") I like the elevator man who, week in, week out, uncomplainingly travels up and down the elevator well. I like the scrub-woman who works so hard to conquer the grime in our office cells, and in her losing fight never loses heart, never grows bitter.

And the small boys about the place are of perennial interest—all so very small for the sixteen years they have sworn to. There is the little gypsy-faced messenger baby putting his head in at the open door and inquiring anxiously, "You ain't got no special, have you?" There's the regular office-boy whom I despatch in a hurried hour to bring a certain volume containing information on the Roosevelt Dam. Hours later the boy appears—after I have utterly forgotten I sent him after anything—and says, with responsibility of aspect: "I found only a book on him."

"Whom?"

"Roosevelt Dam."

Again this office-boy, on a commission to fetch a picture of Pavlowa. Again hours late he appears, when again I have forgotten both message and messenger. Equal to the occasion, with that constant "responsible" attitude of his, he makes the announcement: "We did not have a cut of that gentleman."

"Whom?"

"Pavlowa."

I find the janitor a character not lacking in interest, in appearance a plodding scrub-man but with a neat knack at a bit of carpentry work, picking faded flowers out of the waste-basket, asking for odd numbers of the *Literary Digest*, "Sometimes good ar-

ticles in them." I find the pleasant-faced youth recently promoted to "make-up" possesses a telling way of phrasing.

"I have come to see about the make-up of the Woman's Page. Mr. Brown has left us, you know."

"How's that?"

"He had a few words with Mr. Schenk (the foreman), and took off his apron."

Ah me, ah me! I wish I, like Mr. Brown, could "take off my apron." It is easily done—it is so hard to do!

Can the
Blind See?

A STRANGE sense of misgiving is upon me: this is my customary reaction to a new and devastating thought. The matter is readily explained. For a long, long time I have thought of literature as youth's kindly instructor. One's knowledge of life, I had until lately reasoned, is to be perfected through reading. "Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon; and by that I suppose he meant a well-informed, perhaps a wise, man. Life should have no ugly surprises, no genuine amazements for the well-read. The springs of character and action, all motives, all causes and results—these, made manifest in books, should be so apparent to the Young Idea that all the dangers and difficulties of life would be anticipated; its sweets, youth would be taught, are to be tasted judiciously; its temptations rejected; and all the rest of it. You know what I mean. In thought I have been considering literature as a kind of gentle panacea for "the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to."

But of late came the revolutionary thought alluded to heretofore. It is this: How much does, how much *can*, youth understand of the life which literature presents?

Our schools and colleges are at some pains to offer courses in good reading. Our boys and girls read "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Comus," "Henry Esmond," "The Old Testament Narratives." We need go no farther. Now comes the question: Can we reasonably expect these great works to be appreciated by those whose limited experi-

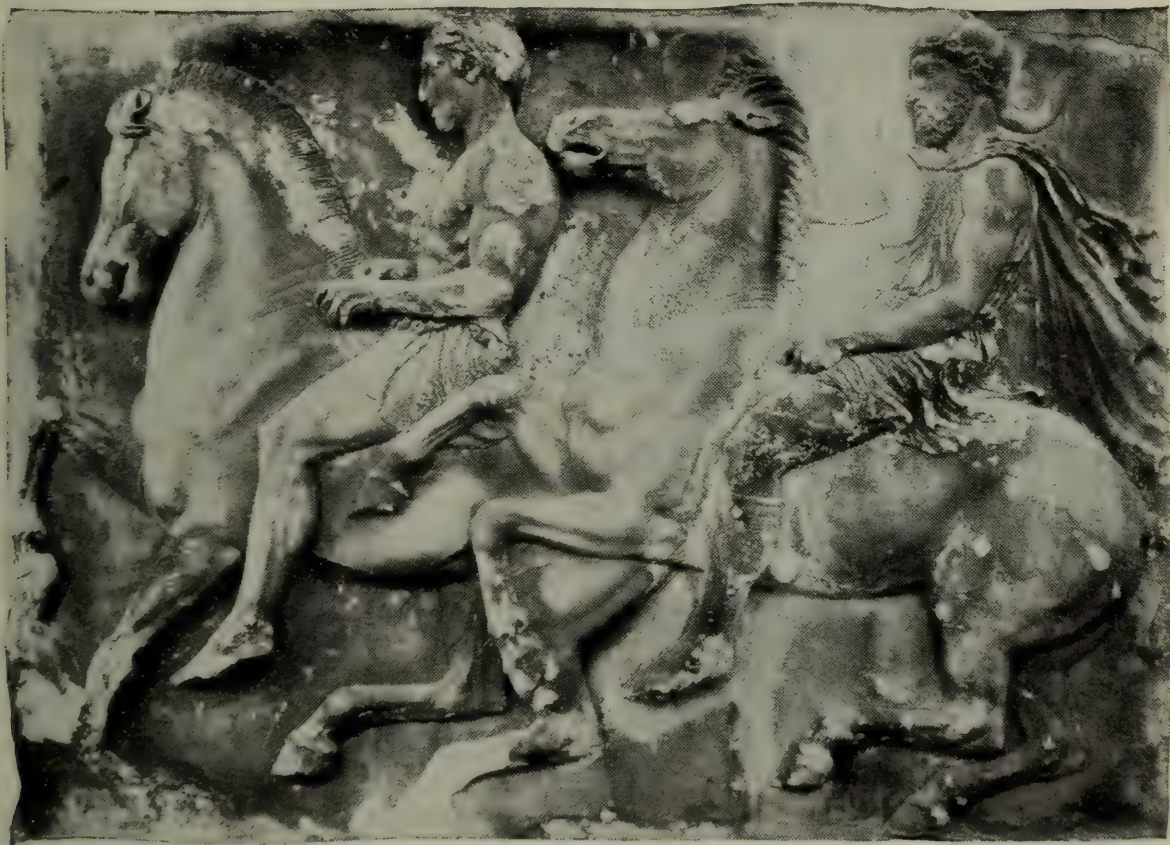
ence in life necessarily denies to them the acute power and pleasure of recognition? Perhaps a few illustrations may here be helpful.

As the gloomy tragedy in "Macbeth" deepens, it is fitfully illumined by lingering rays of human affection manifested by the hero for the heroine. Macbeth keeps calling his wife "my dearest love," and "my dearest chuck," and the like. You remember. You understand. But does a lad of sixteen understand? When one was asked to tell what we are to learn from the fact that Macbeth continues to call his wife pet names, he said: "This shows Macbeth's utter demoralization." Nor am I sure that the boy is of Puritan descent. Again, in describing that fatal tournament whereat Lancelot was wounded, a hopeful wrote: "Lancelot and some strange knights had a list." I suppose that, if grim humor may be used in referring to so unctuous a theme as the Round Table, we might say that Lancelot listed when he left the field. Again; when a boy was asked to name the literary qualities which made Irving famous, he wrote: "Washington Irving is America's greatest writer because of his invulnerable grammar." Again, the heart-breaking cry of Macbeth to the Scotch doctor,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,"—

is construed in this manner: "Can you, doctor, cure a person of the blues; or, have you been successful in asylum work?"

The mature heart (of whatever age) a poet can poignantly, even plungingly, fathom. But can the sad penetration of his darts affect the hard green heart of youth? I do not know. All of us admit that we receive from travel only what we take to it. Does not the same law apply to literature and our journeys into it? Young minds unused to reading are seldom advanced readily by it. For example, what I call an athletic mind will collide violently with "Hamlet." And always I remember the wise Bacon's canny saying: "Reading maketh a full man." Observe that he does not say a boy or a girl.



Fragment of the Western Frieze of the Parthenon left in place upon the ruins.

Modern Views of Greek Art

BY MARY MACALISTER

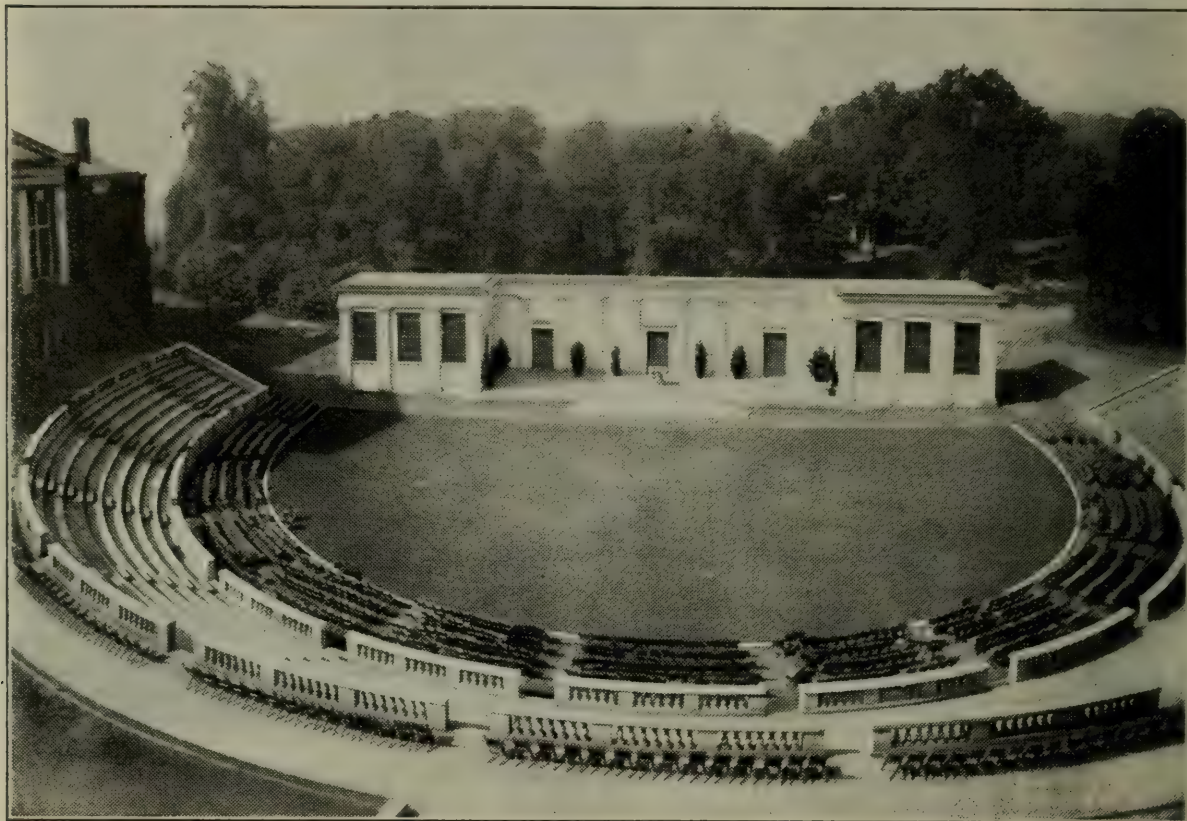
EVERY now and then some extreme modernist comes forward with the statement that the Greek inspiration has no place in the art of our time. Yet from a broad modern standpoint "classic art" has so greatly enlarged its scope and widened its horizon that it seems in no danger of dying out of the present-day world. What used to be called "the classic traditions" have long since died out, and given place to new conceptions of the origins of Greek art, and the tendency of modern criticism is also to revise old ideas of late classic styles. Any and all periods of Hellenic development are accepted—in their relation to our own time, rather than as absolute, conservative ideals of beauty.

Archæology has, in our day, become one of the most vividly interesting and thoroughly alive of pursuits, continually opening up new avenues of inquiry, and giving light and inspiration to the whole field of art. Archæological discoveries of the last fifty years have shown that the Golden Age of Greek art was more than two thousand years in the making. It is strange enough to think that previously it was regarded as a spontaneous growth, with origins veiled in impenetrable mystery. Now the adventurer into the great regions of knowledge where the story of Greek civilization enfolds itself may become possessed of at least the main facts of prehistoric epochs long before Greek art became Greek.

Much is still left for imaginative speculation, it is true; behind the definite facts is still the unknown, the glamour of a baffling, enchanted past that eludes the researches of the most learned.

The Homeric Iliad and Odyssey were first made to connect with history by the discoveries of Schliemann, late in the nineteenth century. When the site of Troy

King Minos of Knossos was the first result of the excavations in Crete. Many of the treasures unearthed there are familiar to visitors in American museums, not from originals, as a rule, but from very exact reproductions. It was an astonishingly "progressive" and luxurious civilization that was revealed in the Knossos palace and other remains. There are many proofs of



Greek amphitheatre at the University of Virginia.

Designed by Fiske Kimball.

was found, and later Mycenæ and Tiryns, the Heroic Age was no longer merely myth and legend but a reflection, put into poetic form long afterward, of a real period in which there were "shining palaces, gay-colored garments rich with golden ornaments, beautiful weapons, and vessels painted and carved."

Then came the discovery of that earlier civilization which proved to be the key to Mycenæan art, when, in 1900, Sir Arthur Evans commenced the famous excavations in Crete. He and the other experts who carried on the series of Cretan excavations in the years before the war, reconstructed what they named "Minoan" primitive art. And we know it almost as a modern fad, from which some of the very latest art takes its cue.

The palace of the half-real, half-legendary

the contact of Crete with Egypt, but formal, monumental Egyptian art and buoyant, experimental Cretan are very different. Modern artistic interpretations of Egypt often give the impression of audacity and "allure"—according to some of these, old Egypt was full of such qualities. But her civilization appears really to have been always a conservative one, while the Minoans appear as the innovators of the ancient world. And they share the fate of most innovators. The little island domain of Crete, evidently far advanced in civilization while Egypt was at the height of her power, was destined to be merely the "Forerunner of Greece," and its art forgotten for nearly three thousand years.

The art of Crete is shown in wall-paintings, stone-carvings, pottery of distinctive design, and many objects of faience, ivory,



The Hermes of Praxiteles, for all its remote serenity, is not so far removed from modern sentiment.

and metal. The cup-bearer fresco of Knossos, a most striking figure of a young man, seems a prophecy of Greek conceptions of the human figure. Minoan figures of women, on the other hand, are most un-Greek, the constricted waist and flaring skirts far from all forms of classic drapery. The costume of a snake-goddess figurine has been compared to the style of dress in vogue at the court of the Empress Eugenie, as well as to the Watteau style. It is this unexpectedness and inconsistency which attract the modern designer, out in the ancient world for novelty, and finding plenty of it in the new-old art of Crete.

As a source of myth and legend Crete was always known. The Minos palace was identified as the spot from whence came the Minotaur tradition, and the bull, the double axe, and other symbols are believed to be connected with Minoan life and worship. But the forms of religious worship are unknown; no separate temples have been found, only evidences of household shrines and of possible open-air cults. Authorities allow us to imagine that "The groves and rocky gorges of the land were no doubt peopled not only by forms of the great gods, but also by crowds of spirits of mountain, wood, and stream, the ancestors of the nymphs and

dryads of classical Greece."* Votive offerings have been found in the legendary birthplace of Zeus, the cave of Dikte. In some way the nature deity venerated in the Cre-



Reproduction of gold cup from Mycenæ.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

tan cave was associated with much later northern traditions and became great Zeus of classical conceptions. All this is but speculation; ancient Crete speaks only through art as yet. The hundreds of inscribed tablets found have not been deciphered. So that we of the twentieth century who gaze curiously upon Cretan art in our museums are free to judge its meanings as we will, unhampered by any greatly superior knowledge of scholarly readers of hieroglyphs.

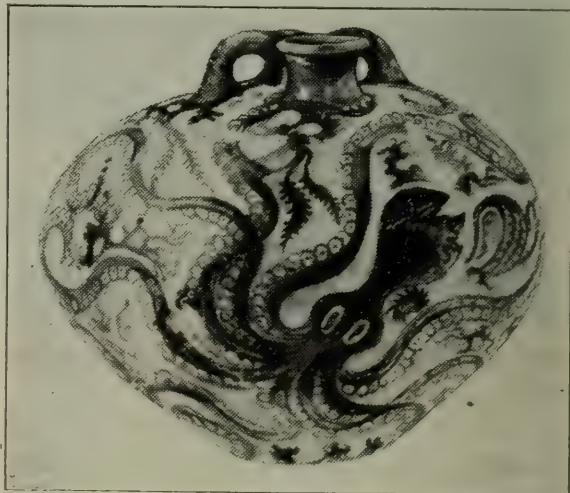
The period in Greek history that has not yielded any notable examples of art, in spite of modern research, is that following the Minoan and Mycenæan era, after the northern invasion of the mainland had spread through the Ægean. From about 1100 to 700 B. C. is the Greek Dark Age. At some time early in these unrecorded centuries of change the Ionian Greeks settled in Asia Minor. And in Ionia, on the Asiatic mainland and adjacent islands, Greek art flourished, both early and late, and there were all the varied influences and counter-influences in relation to neighboring peoples that are deeply interesting to serious students of ancient art, and very intricate to those who dip more lightly into the subject. Owing to Turkish rule and to present unsettled conditions, archæological explorations have not been exhaustive in this part of Asia Minor,

*"Ægean Archæology," by H. R. Hall.

though important discoveries have been made. The British some time ago carried on their work at Ephesus under the direction of Mr. D. G. Hogarth; the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis, under Professor Howard Crosby Butler, of Princeton, has dug up extensive remains of ancient Lydian civilization of different periods. This whole area, overlaid as it is with late Greek and Roman remains, is looked upon as the newest field for classical research.

Asia Minor had much to do with the development of archaic art, while Oriental influences were being both adapted and rejected, in the final stages of progress toward the Greek high period. These final stages are rich in suggestion. Naturally the vigor and vitality of archaic craftsmen have things to convey to our age of change and uncertainty in artistic ideas, and it is easy to trace their influence in American sculpture of to-day.

When it comes to explaining just how Hellenic art achieved perfection the wisest and most learned are up against the unknown again. Nothing that came before the fifth century accounts for the supreme distinction, the joyous freedom, and the sanity and proportion of such examples of



Octopus vase from Gournia, Crete, found by
University of Pennsylvania Museum
Expedition at that site.

the climax of achievement as there are left in the world. Every one knows how few these examples really are. There is the great heritage of architectural ruins—in Greece, in Sicily, at Pæstum. Their fallen glories have been enough to hand down the classic idea of building. In the United States it seems to have taken a new lease of life: the seventh American-Greek open-air

theatre, of a type especially designed for dramatic representations, was recently finished at the University of Virginia; a city in another State is completing a copy of the Parthenon for civic uses; and more convincing than direct copies is the subtle mingling of the classic with the details of some of the newest skyscrapers. The authentic original sculpture of the great classical period that is left is so limited the examples can be counted in a moment. As for our knowledge of painting, that comes mostly from vases. The bright coloring that was really Greek from the Mycenaean period we cannot know, and have to picture it with only the white and black, red, and buff, that we actually see as very insufficient evidence.

A new theory about Greek vases was first brought forward in the book on "Dynamic Symmetry," by Jay Hambidge, issued from Yale in 1920, and claiming the discovery of a mathematical system of measurements as the basis of design, used by the ancient Egyptians but fully developed by the Greeks. To the uninitiated the system would seem to be a most difficult one to be used with facility to-day, yet it is already being tried in the teaching of art. The author of this book is by no means insensible to the Greek vase as "an artistic miracle," even though one of the finest is called "a theme in double root-five."

The Parthenon frieze has remained a miracle beyond dispute. The mutilated fragments of it can convey a thrill of the fifth

century B. C. in the atmosphere of the British Museum, and we can dimly imagine what it must have been in its entirety, newly created and placed upon the building it was made to adorn, within the outer col-

onnade, its low relief gleaming with color in an indirect, diffused light. That procession of horsemen, chariot-eers, and townspeople afoot, proudly approaching the seated gods, illustrating a real festival of Athens, touched the heights of a civic idealism that belongs wholly to the antique world. To dwellers in an American city of to-day it is as incredible as a carved presentment of a phantom city that never really existed.

In fourth-century sculpture there is something that has been found to be nearer modern sentiment. The Hermes of Praxiteles, the young messenger of the gods with the infant Dionysus, for all its remote serenity, seems not so far removed. It is almost sentimental, if such a thing could be in Greek art. But sentimentality does not enter into Hellenic conceptions, where results, however they may have been arrived at, are direct and sincere in the way so hard to comprehend in this sophisticated age. After all, perhaps the intangible quality of

greatness that is so baffling is nothing very exalted, but only the impress of this sincerity, a reverent simplicity of outlook all but lost out of the modern world. It is not alone the simplicity of the ancient creative spirit that is so rare in modern art, but the simplicity of the old spirit of work-



Reproduction of cup-bearer fresco from Knossos Palace, Crete.

Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

manship can hardly live in the present world.

The great qualities lingered a long time in the world of antiquity. No hard-and-fast limits of date are now placed upon appreciation of classic beauty. The old-fashioned art criticism treated late Greek productions in a general way as decadent. Nowadays we are much too well acquainted with artistic decadence for any such view, and the Hellenistic period appears as a "new movement," in spite of all the copies and adaptations of older masterpieces, and their diminished religious significance.

Hellenic art and learning were brilliantly revived after the conquests of Alexander the Great in several of the localities picturesquely known as "the kingdoms of the Diadochi, or Successors." Alexandria was Greek in the midst of Egyptian traditions. Pergamon, on the other hand, had inherited traditions of the old Ionian cities in her territory. The island republic of Rhodes is regarded as having transmitted the old ideas most directly—a democracy with a purer Hellenic art. This late era is presented as one of private wealth, commercial activity on a large scale, and cosmopolitanism. Such characteristics are familiar, bringing us down from the heights, more into reality, and very great works sprang from the newer sources of inspiration. The Venus of Melos herself is the most conspicuous example of late, composite art. No remnant of ancient sculpture appeals to modern taste more than the Victory of Samothrace, the "Winged Victory" of the Louvre. This beautiful body of a woman,

vaguely connected with the commemoration of a sea victory, cannot be associated in the modern mind with ideas of decadence. Though the date is not definitely fixed, the latest opinion is that it was the creation of a great artist about 250 B. C., and of Rhodian inspiration.

Of course the real change came over Greek art when it became the æsthetic expression of the Roman Empire, subject to imperial ideas and to expansion in a new sort of utility. The distinctly Roman style is apparent to the student of antiquity, and is well understood and used as a decorative style at present.

And we well know that the fall of Rome, the end of pagan art as it was typical of the classic world, did not put an end to Greek art. It is strange that the first revival of it, when some of the classic forms and motifs were taken over as a part of early Christian art in Byzantium, should have been a return to Eastern influences from which the Greeks took so many centuries to escape. Then, after the passing of centuries, came the Italian revival, when old classic forms flashed into new life in the splendid reign of beauty which produced the Renaissance.

The Renaissance ideas were far enough from the old Greek standards, and art in the world to-day is confronted with a thousand circumstances the Greeks could never have dreamed of. The enormous developments of modern science are driving art into the new channels, and the wildest modernists are not challenging old Hellenic standards when they maintain that perfection, once reached, cannot be reached along the same lines again.



Reproduction of silver cup from Mycenæ.

Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Markets, Hard Times, and Politics

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

JUST at the time when Wall Street and the business community as a whole had settled down to belief that no important action of the markets, no change for the better in the financial outlook, could

**Events
in the
Financial
Markets**

occur before spring or autumn, events of significance began to happen. In the economic field as elsewhere, the last month or two of winter is usually a time of financial inertia, of what may be called economic low vitality. This season it has been marked by several occurrences in financial and commercial markets which were not only striking in themselves but foreshadowed a changing situation. Some of them embodied the resumption, with increasing emphasis, of movements which had got distinctly under way in the autumn months but had subsided at the opening of the new year. Others represented absolute reversal of a previous drift of things. All of them raised extremely interesting questions regarding the economic future.

After its sudden advance toward the end of 1921, the investment bond market halted during January in what seemed a mood of indecision; but the pause was only preliminary to a new forward movement during the next six weeks, in a shape which may fairly be termed spectacular. The autumn rise of Liberty bonds had not continued and there was much irregularity in the railway and industrial securities. With the foreign government bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, however, the market reached an almost unprecedented pitch of activity. Largely because of the greatly increased purchases of these securities, transactions in bonds far surpassed all previous records for the period; the total of purchases of the foreign bonds alone, during the two first months, rising from \$40,000,000 in 1921

to \$100,000,000 in 1922. Practically all of the foreign loans rose above the prices at which they had been subscribed in the five preceding years.

THIS happened in the face of a series of new foreign loans, running beyond a hundred million, which were offered and immediately taken in the American market. It did not merely measure overflowing American surplus capital, nor did it merely indicate the awakening of the American investing public to the striking fact, shown by the calculation of the largest international banking-house, that out of a total \$2,587,000,000 of Allied government loans placed in New York since the war began, \$1,769,000,000 had actually been redeemed by the end of 1921. As a matter of fact the rise in similar securities on the London market, especially after the Bank of England's discount rate was reduced in February to the lowest figure since the war began, was more rapid than the advance in Wall Street.

**American
Capital and
Foreign
Loans**

British war loans went in that month well above their original price of issue; both these and other high-grade English securities sold 10 to 30 per cent above their lowest price of 1921. With all due allowance for the influence of the world-wide fall in money rates on values of fixed investments, this notable movement testified as positively to a changing view regarding the economic outlook of the European countries whose governments had put out these bonds as the great rise

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of United States bonds during 1867 and 1868 testified to the belief of that day's home and foreign investors in this country's future.

AT the beginning of the present year the rise in foreign exchange had halted. Rates on the European countries had already risen as much as even the banking community thought was warranted by the European situation. This view was held not only by the London philosophers who had been talking of "stabilizing" sterling exchange at \$3.63, or by English bankers who last autumn intimated that financial London, disliking rapid changes, would be well content to see the rate remain for a year or so around \$3.80. The franc had declined sharply on the New York exchange market when France opposed the attitude of her allies on the questions of armaments and German reparations, and a new French ministry came into power on that issue. Nevertheless, resumption of the upward sweep of exchange rates during February brought the franc to the highest rate since January of 1920, and carried sterling from \$4.17 to \$4.44½, which compared with its low price of \$3.18 two years ago and was only 42 cents, or 9 per cent, below the normal par of exchange. Some of the very people who in England were talking last autumn of the impossibility of maintaining the rate above four dollars are now remarking comfortably that sterling may reach par of exchange next summer.

The expectation may easily be premature. But the change of attitude was strikingly embodied in last month's public statement of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to Parliament, to the effect that a "free gold market" (meaning virtually resumed gold payments on the currency) will be approved by the government "at the earliest date at which the state of the exchanges renders the course possible and desirable." For this remarkable movement of exchange on Europe, as for the equally notable movement of the prices for European securities, there was more than one visible reason. In so far as the abnormal premium on American exchange, in 1920 and 1921, the

discount on European exchange at New York, measured the immense surplus of exports in the American foreign trade, the influence was disappearing. Taken together, December and January recorded the smallest excess of our merchandise exports over imports since the autumn of 1914.

January's export surplus, \$63,000,000, compared with \$446,000,000 in January of 1921. It was exceeded in the corresponding month of five out of the eight years which immediately preceded the war; in addition to which, Europe in January of 1922 was sending gold to the United States in amounts five or ten times as great as the import of the pre-war years. On the other hand, Great Britain's surplus of merchandise imports over exports fell during January actually to the smallest total of any month since August of 1913. The January import surplus was £4,890,000; the average monthly import surplus of the pre-war year was £11,000,000.

THIS great change in the balance of merchandise trade affected every European country. Whether it can or cannot continue on its present scale, it conforms to the logic of a situation in which Europe owes prodigious sums on current account to America which it must mostly pay in goods. That it would reverse the downward movement of New York exchange on Europe was inevitable, always supposing a disastrous economic situation in Europe did not offset the improvement of its foreign trade through the flight of investment capital from Europe to America. But, as the bond market has shown, nothing of that kind is happening.

Instead of the capital of England and France and neutral Europe seeking refuge in the United States, American capital has been moving in large amounts into securities of the sound European countries. That has notoriously occurred during this present season, not only through subscription to new "dollar loans" offered by European governments on the New York market but through extensive purchases on the markets of Europe itself. Such a movement is good

**Europe's
Trade and
Europe's
Debts**

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Russia of Yesterday and To-Morrow

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

Author of "South African Memories," etc.



It was in the winter of 1897-98 that Mr. Gregory Wilenkin, the financial agent of the Russian Government at London, and Doctor Rafalovitch, who acted in a similar capacity at Paris, had an interview with Mr. Leopold Hirsch and myself regarding the future industrial development of Russia. At that interview they extended us an invitation from M. Witte, afterward Count Witte, the financial minister of Russia, to go to St. Petersburg to discuss the subject further with him. We accepted the invitation, and in the early spring of 1898 went to St. Petersburg. In the meantime, in order to obtain data to enable me to form an impression of the potential resources of Russia, I sent several of my assistants to Siberia and other parts of the Empire, and upon arrival at St. Petersburg I received from them a preliminary report conveying the desired information. At that time I was practising my profession of a consulting engineer in London, and as a representative of Cecil Rhodes had become acquainted with Mr. Leopold Hirsch in connection with the financing of some of the Rhodes mining properties in South Africa. Hirsch was the head of L. Hirsch & Company, a well-known London financial firm.

Sergius Witte was then at the zenith of his career, and was justly regarded in Europe as one of the most highly qualified of all the great statesmen of his day as an empire-builder, though perhaps in the economic rather than the political sense. He was second only in this respect to Cecil

John Rhodes. By way of comparison and contrast it might be said that Rhodes was interested in the industrial development of a country chiefly as a means of the territorial expansion of the British Empire; that is, Rhodes's aspirations were pre-eminently political, while Witte's paramount interest was for the expansion of his country's industries, rather than for extension of its dominions. Witte's ambition was to bring Russia to a high state of industrial development, and to consummate this purpose he was willing to sacrifice such frontier territory as was not essential to Russia's political integrity. Witte comprehended the political weakness of an overextended empire. Like Rhodes, he was a man of commanding personality. Both were over six feet in height and broad in proportion. Each was imbued with the belief that he had a great mission to perform in enhancing the prestige and power of his country. There was in Witte a certain Oriental imperturbability, in contrast with the nervous energy and responsiveness which characterized Rhodes. Either would have been a great factor in the history of any nation, and either would have exerted commanding influence if he had been born under the Stars and Stripes. Both were in pre-eminent degree self-reliant and resourceful, both were dictatorial in their methods. Rhodes had more the spirit of compromise in attaining his ends. Witte was more rigid but was compelled at times to make compromises to maintain his position and influence. Witte had a far more difficult problem than Rhodes, because of the lack of appreciation of his policies by his relatively ignorant coun-

trymen. Rhodes could, with confidence, appeal to the enlightened self-interest of the Englishman. Witte was handicapped by a selfish bureaucracy, and by a court camarilla opposed to any economic or political change that would militate against their control of Russian affairs.

It is a commentary on the provincialism of Americans that they know so little of the life of Sergius Witte, one of the great statesmen of his time. Few know of him other than through his connection with the Portsmouth Treaty. His real achievement was as a captain of industry, for such he virtually was when finance minister of Russia. At our first interview with M. Witte I asked if the reason that he sought English capital was not that Russia "had sucked the French orange dry," and was not disposed to allow German capitalists and entrepreneurs to obtain further measure of control and thus stifle Russian industries. He frankly admitted that this was his object in seeking the aid of English capital. I then asked him if he would not like also to secure American capital for Russia, and he replied that America was not an international money power, and for that reason American capital was not available. This was before our victory over Spain, and our resultant interest in world politics, and his criticism was doubtless justified. Later, when America had become an acknowledged world-power following our great industrial development after the Spanish War, I jestingly reminded Witte of this remark.

"Yes, you are right," he replied, "in saying that America is now a star of the first magnitude in the financial heavens, but it will be a long time yet before she will become an international banker."

Less than a decade after this discussion America had loaned almost as much money to the bankers of Europe as the total sum of England's foreign investments.

From Witte's office we proceeded to his house, where we had luncheon. At that time there were rumors that the Nihilists were "out to get" him, and when he invited some one member of our party, which consisted of Mr. Leopold Hirsch, Captain Money, and myself, to drive with him in his drosky—a diminutive victoria which had seats for only two—

my friends, with the ostensible desire to be polite—"after you, Alphonse"—offered me the place of honor. Suspecting their motive, I could not help turning upon them a knowing smile, which must have conveyed very clearly my thought; spoken, it would have been: "I suppose you fellows are afraid of bombs." At any rate our keen-witted host understood perfectly and did not try to hide his amusement at the embarrassment of my friends.

At luncheon Madame Witte presided, and took an intelligent part in the conversation. I recall the vivid interest Witte evinced in Rhodes. I told him, in discussing England's attitude to Russia, that if Rhodes were the autocrat of England, and another man exactly like him the autocrat of Russia, the two would get together and settle all their differences. The English Rhodes, recognizing that Russia must have an economic outlet on the seaboard, would favor Russia's occupation of Constantinople—her coveted "window on the Mediterranean"—provided Russia would cease causing uneasiness to England on her Indian frontier; and that for the peace and welfare of the world, as well as for their mutual advantage, Russia and England would harmonize their foreign policies.

At the luncheon Witte warned Hirsch and me to be prepared to meet German interference in our plans. He also said that we must, under no consideration, pay anything in the nature of bribes to Russian officials; that, while there was a good deal of graft, he had to confess, among Russian officials, unscrupulous promoters had magnified the scandal, but that very little money paid to the middleman for his introduction and alleged influence with the officials ever got out of their hands.

We drove back to Witte's office. As we were about to enter our droskies, Mr. Hirsch expressed a desire to ride with Witte on the return home. To this the latter demurred, saying that "Mr. Hammond was a more dependable bodyguard, because he belongs to a republican form of government, and the Nihilists would be disposed to show him more consideration than they would an Englishman, in spite of the fact that England was well

known to be the asylum of 'persecuted Nihilists.'"

The private coachmen of Russia are selected from the fattest men of their class. That they are fat shows they are well fed and indicates the prosperity of their masters; wherefore the coachmen of the minister of finance of the empire was one who bulked inordinately. Coachmen even resort to padding to attain the requisite bulk. I had a sense of comfort in the reflection that our coachman might serve as a shield from an assassin's bullet, but would have felt more secure had he been armor-plated. Notwithstanding, I could not help feeling somewhat anxious, and was relieved when we arrived safely at our destination.

After a few days in conference with Witte, we decided to make a trip into the Ural Mountains, and thence into south-eastern Siberia. Through the kindness of Prince Khilkof, the minister of transportation, a charming Russian nobleman, who had attained his practical knowledge of railroading starting as a locomotive-driver on one of our Western lines, we were given a very comfortable private car to take us to a station not far from what was then the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. From this station we went southward for several hundred miles into the Altai Mountains on the border of Mongolia.

Travelling in a troika over the almost impassable Russian roads (which is comparable, in discomfort, only to a journey in a dead-axe wagon over the rough roads of western America) proved very exhausting to my friend Hirsch, who was unaccustomed to such discomfort, having hitherto incurred no greater physical hardship than that of his customary morning horseback ride in Hyde Park, or fishing and stalking deer on his estate in Scotland. Therefore we were delighted to find en route a most hospitable host and very comfortable quarters at the Ivanisky estate. It was indeed an oasis in the desert, two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railway-station and a thousand miles from any town of significant size.

Ivanisky's story is full of romance. Sent as an exile to Siberia some forty-odd years before, whither he was followed

shortly by his loyal and plucky wife, he had settled in the foot-hills on the northern slope of the Altai Mountains. In his younger days Ivanisky had acquired some knowledge of mining, and was fortunate enough to find employment in working a small gold-mine owned at that time by a fellow exile. Under the laws regulating exiles those who showed a disposition to be law-abiding were allowed, after a time, considerable latitude (and longitude), and could take up their residence in localities remote from police supervision. Ivanisky told me that, having served his full period of probation, he was at liberty when I saw him to return to Russia. He preferred, however, to remain where he was, as he said that his family and nearly all his old associates were dead and gone, and he elected to spend his remaining years in this remote part of Siberia.

I examined the little mining property of Ivanisky's, which consisted of some hundred and odd acres of gold-bearing gravels, or "placers." It was being worked in a crude way, but amply answered Ivanisky's financial requirements. We made him an offer for the property, which he very promptly turned down, saying that, while the sum offered was a fair one, he preferred to keep his gold in a gravel bank than to deposit his money in any of the banks of Siberia. It was far safer, he said, to have his wealth in that form. From this mine Ivanisky derived an income of from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, varying with the amount of work done upon the mine, which in turn depended upon the income he required.

The Ivanisky home was the only one of any importance or size within a radius of many hundreds of miles. It would have been to any one else a dreary existence, but he found diversion, curiously enough, in raising trotting-horses. It was not a spot well adapted to the purpose, as there was hardly a level acre of ground within many miles of his stables. Notwithstanding, he had laid out a half-mile undulating track, and sent the man who was in charge of his stables to California to study scientific methods of breeding and training trotters.

The old gentleman (for gentleman he

was in every respect) was a genial soul. He was well on in the eighties at the time of our visit. He loved to dispense hospitality, and provided most delightful entertainment for us during our visit. His sole amusement during the long winter nights was, together with his wife, to listen to the raucous music ground out from one of the early phonographs, which in some way he had obtained. The repertoire of the primitive phonograph was almost entirely limited to negro minstrel songs and *soi-disant* humorous dialogues. Our good friends did not understand a word of English, but nevertheless seemed highly amused at the minstrel jokes. They prevailed on me to translate those jokes and songs into Russian. This I did through a German interpreter, but the humor seemed to disappear through my rendition, and I fear that unwittingly I did my friends a disservice in detracting from the amusement hitherto provided.

From Ivanisky's, as a base of supplies, we outfitted for a trip into the Altai Mountains. Our route was through a country devoid even of trails, and, though it was the month of May, there was considerable snow on the northern slopes of the hills. Fortunately we had remarkably sure-footed Cossack ponies, which were able to negotiate treacherous places covered over with thin ice or incrustated with frozen snow. We trusted a good deal to the so-called instinct of the ponies (which is really judgment born of experience), and, with the exception of an occasional tumble into a soft snow-bank, we met with no mishap. It was interesting to observe how the ponies made their examination of suspected spots by rubbing off the snow with their noses, and testing questionable ground by carefully pawing. One night as we were preparing to go on a bear-hunt a messenger arrived from Marinsk, bringing to me a telegram forwarded from Petersburg by the American ambassador, my friend Mr. Hitchcock, who had promised to keep me informed of the result of the naval engagement then imminent between Cervera's fleet and our own, at the time we left Petersburg. It took us all evening to decipher this telegram. It had been sent in French from Petersburg to Moscow, translated into Russian there, and then

forwarded to Marinsk, whence it was sent by special messenger on horseback. Our interpreter, a German, translated it from the Russian into German, and for the edification of my friends I gave them an English version of it, but the text was so mutilated in transmission from Petersburg, that all we could make out was that there had been a naval engagement between the Spanish fleet and ours; but as to which had won we were left in doubt, although the version seemed to be in favor of the Americans, and as an American I was confident that such was the case. We never did know, in spite of many telegrams of inquiry sent on our way back to Moscow, exactly what had happened until we reached that city.

On our way back to the railway-station at Marinsk, we stopped a day at Ivanisky's. Our entertainment on this occasion was beyond the cavil of an epicure. I should blush to have to confess the degree to which our conviviality reached. Suffice it to say, we began with champagne early in the morning, and were duly provided with caviare and other thirst-producing morsels to enable us to respond by drinking bumpers to the innumerable list of toasts proposed. It was a trying ordeal for Hirsch, Money, and me to meet the demands of the occasion. We were not accustomed to champagne toasts and "no heel-taps" in the morning, but we could not sidestep this conventional obligation without showing a lack of appreciation and wounding the feelings of our generous host. It was a relief when we retired at midnight for a few hours' sleep before starting on our trip early the next morning.

To our consternation, we found the breakfast to consist chiefly of champagne, and all our resolution was required to maintain sobriety until the time that our host bade us adieu. As we stepped into our troika his farewell words were: "God speed you, but pardon the lack of true Russian hospitality of which I am guilty. You are the first guests I have entertained who were able to leave my house sober." After we were out of hearing all breathed a sigh of relief, but when we arrived at the river where we were to leave the troika, we were flabbergasted at the sight of young Ivanisky, scion of the family, who stood on the

brink of the river with a case of champagne to bid us a final farewell. He had secretly taken a short cut, and, by driving furiously, had arrived ahead of us. We protested against drinking more wine, abjectly pleading incapacity and pointing out the danger that we were facing in crossing the river, which was at that time a raging torrent, due to recent heavy rains. We explained that, even perfectly sober, it would be difficult for us to maintain an equilibrium to prevent the dugout from being capsized. Firm in this resolution, we left young Ivanisky dumfounded. By good luck we succeeded in dodging uprooted trees borne by the swift stream, and reached the other side safely. The last view we had of Ivanisky, Junior, was as we climbed into another troika which was awaiting us. He held in either hand an upturned bottle of champagne, the contents of which he was emptying on the river-bank. Then, according to Russian custom, the empty bottles were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

At Marinsk I found awaiting me a cable to the effect that if I arrived at New Haven on a certain date (at the time of the commencement exercises at Yale) my Alma Mater would confer on me an honorary degree. This news was as welcome as it was unexpected. I figured out closely that I should have time to spend two days in St. Petersburg, and arrive in London the night before the sailing of the *Kaiser William the Second*, and immediately telegraphed my wife to secure sailing accommodations, and to be ready to start on that date. I arrived at London the afternoon as per schedule, and found all our trunks packed and ready for the steamer, which was to sail the next morning. Just as we were about to leave the hotel a messenger from the steamship-line came to notify us that, owing to the breaking of one of the propellers, the sailing of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite* had been postponed for a week. We were of course greatly disappointed, and especially so because my long and strenuous trip, so successfully planned, was of no avail, nor could we find consolation in the generous offer of the steamship company to defray our hotel bills meanwhile, which, under the circumstances, the agent informed us, would include the cost of a not too expensive

brand of Rhine wine and one bottle of champagne, if we would retain our reservations. This delay upset all our plans, and I decided to defer my trip, because it would have been impossible to reach New Haven in time to receive the degree, which I had been informed could not be given *in absentio*. However, Yale made an exception in my case, and the degree was given me.

When we returned to St. Petersburg from Siberia we had secured sufficient information to justify an optimistic opinion of the attractive opportunities for the investment of British capital. But, unfortunately, at that period the political conditions in the Far East were very disturbing, and there was considerable tension between England and Russia. Besides, the laws of Russia were not favorable to the investment of foreign capital, as there were clauses which made confiscation possible. At a meeting between Witte, Ethan Allen Hitchcock the American ambassador, Sir Nicholas O'Connor the British ambassador, Leopold Hirsch, and myself, I pointed out these objections. While Witte was willing to modify the laws regarding the tenure of property by aliens, he was forced to admit that it was not an opportune moment to attract British capital. On this trip I discussed the economic policy of Russia and America from the standpoint of a protectionist, to which economic policy Witte and I adhered. I was greatly impressed with the plans Witte had formulated for an intensive industrial development of Russia and Siberia.

Leopold Hirsch and I, on this trip, had made plans to secure the control of the platinum-mines of Russia, and succeeded in tying up nearly all the important properties. There was one large property, however, that we thought essential to our proposed consolidation. It belonged to Count Schuvaloff, of the famous family of Russian diplomats. We approached Count Schuvaloff on the subject, and he invited us to luncheon, for the purpose, we thought, of transacting business, as he had expressed willingness to join in the proposed amalgamation. But, to our surprise, after luncheon the count said it was not customary for him to discuss business affairs *au sérieux*, and he turned us over to his business

agent, who professed sympathy with our plans. Unfortunately we could not remain to conclude negotiations, but intended to return shortly to St. Petersburg for that purpose. We never knew just how it happened (though we had grave suspicions) that in our absence a Belgian and French syndicate acquired control of the Schuvaloff property, and certain other interests comprehended in our scheme, and thus succeeded in defeating our consolidation. To obtain the backing of the Russian Government in this enterprise, we had agreed with Witte to refine the crude platinum in Russia. Up to that time the Russian platinum, which represented ninety per cent of the world's production, was sent to be refined in England, and in that way certain English firms had secured the monopoly of the manufactured product, enabling them to establish the market price of the metal for the world. Platinum was then selling at about five dollars an ounce, and Russia was producing about two hundred thousand ounces a year. Just before the outbreak of the World War the price of platinum had advanced to upward of forty dollars, and in 1918 was in demand at one hundred and five dollars per ounce. This obviously would have been for us a very profitable enterprise if our scheme had been consummated. Most of the world's platinum comes from the Ural Mountains, where it occurs in gravel deposits and is mined by the operation of dredging, very similar to that of dredging in working gold-bearing alluvions in other parts of the world.

My next meeting with Witte was in the summer of 1905 at Portsmouth. During the Russo-Japanese War, I had made an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia on the subject of "America's Commercial Interests" in the Far East. On that occasion I expressed the opinion that, irrespective of the merits of the controversy between Russia and Japan, a Russian victory would best serve the commercial interests of America in the Orient, et cetera, et cetera.

Witte had been informed of this address, the effect of which, coupled with the friendship that had developed between us in 1898, induced him to regard me as a genuine friend of Russia. For

that reason he discussed with me the progress of peace negotiations with considerable frankness. He told me that he had been very much opposed to the war, ascribing it to the intrigue of an unprincipled coterie of the court camarilla. In confirmation I recalled the fact that Witte had expressed to me in 1898 opposition to the Russification of the Far Eastern territory of Asia. He had been unquestionably an advocate of world peace, since as an economist he realized the handicap under which the European nations suffered in competition with America, owing to the large cost involved in their national defense.

While, as is commonly asserted, Witte might have been playing the game of bluff, which he thoroughly understood, nevertheless I believe that he was sincere in stating that under no consideration would he be a party to signing a treaty of peace which involved the payment of an indemnity to Japan.

At the time of the Portsmouth Conference in 1906 Russia was in a bad way politically and financially: politically because of the unrest aggravated by the lamentable failure of the Russian army and navy; economically because of the depletion of her treasury by the war and the great difficulty experienced in obtaining further foreign loans. Witte was indeed negotiating with French bankers for a loan at this very time. This consideration had doubtless much to do with the practicable attitude of Witte at the peace conference, though he realized that Japan was also financially weak, that, in fact, Japan had reached the limit of her financial ability further to prosecute the war. Witte did not fail to recognize also the fact "that Japan in the event of a continuance of hostilities would be very seriously handicapped as her military operations advanced westward, because of the increasing distance from her base of supplies." Russia had not been vanquished, he told me. Indeed, he said: "Russia had only just begun to exert her full strength, and to attain the coordinated effort in her military plans." Witte exerted himself, during the conference, to win the confidence of American newspaper correspondents and, through the press, to counteract the prevailing pro-Japanese sentiment. In this

he received valuable assistance from his old friend Doctor E. J. Dillon, and their efforts were entirely successful, much to the surprise and embarrassment of the Japanese representatives. Witte's repute as a statesman was greatly enhanced by the favorable terms, for such they were generally regarded, which he secured through his ability as a negotiator, and it is not surprising that the tardy expression of appreciation by his imperial master caused him deep chagrin.

In the spring of 1910, Mr. Gregory Wilenkin, who was on a visit to this country as financial agent of the Russian Government, extended me an invitation from that government to visit Russia to discuss plans for the development of its industries by American and English capital, under American auspices. He told me that my financial connections here and in England and my knowledge of Russian conditions was why the Russian Government requested me to take the initiative in this movement. After I had been assured that the Russian Government was keenly interested in this plan, and was willing to make such an enterprise especially attractive to American and English investors, I decided to accept the invitation of the minister of finance, M. Kokovtsoff, and started for Russia via Berlin late in November. I spent a few days in Berlin getting what information I could as to the relations, political and economic, between Germany and Russia. My departure for Russia had been cabled abroad, and the German newspapers were prepared to interview me. Of course I refrained from disclosing the object of my visit, and from giving them any more information than was necessary to allay their suspicion.

My wife and my son Jack accompanied me on this trip. At the Russian frontier we were shown every courtesy in having our baggage passed without examination, and a private car was provided to take us to St. Petersburg. Mr. Wilenkin had come from London to meet me there, and to introduce me to the Russian officials. I was accorded a very cordial reception, and was soon assured of their desire to conclude negotiations with me. I had chiefly to do with the minister of finance Kokovtsoff, the minister of commerce Timasheff, the minister of agriculture

Krivoschein, the minister of foreign affairs Sazanoff, and the prime minister Stolypin.

My old friend, W. W. Rockhill, was then the American ambassador, but had not as yet been able to present his credentials to the Czar. At the time of my visit, the relations between our government and Russia were somewhat strained, on account of conflicting views regarding railway lines in Manchuria. I studiously avoided bringing Mr. Rockhill into the negotiations, in order that my visit should not assume anything of an official character, which otherwise might have been so regarded on account of my known close personal relations with President Taft. The result of this visit was most promising, for I had the assurance of the highest Russian officials that, as far as consistent with Russia's treaty obligations with other nations, preference would be given to American and English capital in the various enterprises we were to undertake. My investigation confirmed the opinion I had formed in 1898 of the great importance to Russia of a system of grain-elevators throughout the country; also of the need of a system of refrigerator-cars to transport fruit and other perishable supplies from distant parts of the empire. We likewise discussed in a tentative way the better equipment of Russian ports, et cetera.

I sent two American experts, Doctor Davis, chief of the U. S. Reclamation Survey, and Mr. Mackie, an expert in the development of the arid regions of the West, to make an investigation of the agricultural resources of the southeastern part of the Russian Empire. I also had secured the reports of experts in the building of American grain-elevators, after they had made a thorough study of Russia's requirements in this regard.

To get the imperial imprimatur of my agreement with the government officials, an audience was arranged with the Czar. He was then in residence at Tsarskoe Selo, one of his palaces about fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg. I was instructed through the Russian foreign office to present myself in evening dress, though my audience was to take place about four o'clock in the afternoon. I found myself in a quandary as to whether etiquette prescribed a white vest

or the ordinary black evening vest. So I wore one, just which one I have forgotten, and carried the other in my pocket prepared to make the necessary change, if by good fortune I should be able to ascertain which vest was *de rigueur*. I faced the ordeal of meeting the Czar of all the Russias single-handed and alone. Although it was not later than four o'clock, it was dark when I reached the station. A royal equipage was there to meet me, with a Cossack footman gorgeously arrayed standing at the door. There was no other vehicle at the station. Not being able to speak Russian and to make inquiry, I assumed that the carriage was for me, and without further formality stepped in and was quickly driven off. On arriving at what subsequently I ascertained to be one of the lesser palaces, I was first taken to a small reception-room. I removed my coat and sat down for a few minutes, when I was, as it seemed to me, summarily hastened back into the carriage and driven down the same hill we had ascended in coming from the railroad-station. Fearing there had been some misunderstanding, I stuck my head out the window to protest in English, German, and French against being taken back to the station, but seemed to make no impression on the driver, and I had about become reconciled to the thought that there had been some confusion of arrangements, when suddenly the carriage turned into a side road, which brought me to the imposing palace where I was finally to meet His Imperial Majesty.

Here I had but a few minutes to wait when the Czar himself appeared. He was attired in the fatigue uniform of a Cossack. He advanced quickly, shook hands with me cordially, and offered me a seat, asking pleasantly in perfect English how I had been treated by the Russian officials, and whether I was satisfied with my trip. The Czar had been apprised of my negotiations with his ministers. Realizing that I had but a short time to talk with him, and thus encouraged to disregard diplomatic usage, "Your Majesty," I began, "I feel honored by the confidence you have shown me in your invitation to undertake the responsible task under consideration, and I presume that you wish me to speak very

frankly to you, and not to take up your time with polite pleasantries." He replied: "Yes, Mr. Hammond, I would be obliged if you would speak perfectly frankly with me." Put at my ease, I said: "Your Majesty, let me reassure you as to the confidence you repose in me by suggesting that should I be so indiscreet as to betray this confidence, you could remedy all harm by placing me in the Ananias Club—a club formed a few years ago by President Roosevelt." To my query as to whether he knew about the club, the Czar smilingly replied he did. I told him that, inasmuch as Russia was going on a constitutional basis, an Ananias Club would be found an important institution. The Czar asked me whether it was true that America had sympathized with Japan at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, to which I replied in the affirmative. He inquired why that was the case, and I told him that the sympathy of Americans for Japan was both because Japan was the smaller nation and the American's belief in the righteousness of the Japanese cause, it being the impression in America that the war was brought on by Russian concession-seekers belonging to the court camarilla. I also told the Czar that the Russian Government had forfeited the sympathy of Americans because of the frequent Jewish pogroms. He said he could understand that, but that the Jewish problem was a most difficult one, as there were over six million Jews in Russia—more than half the Jews of the entire world. I then asked him if the effect of modifying the administrative regulations, which restricted Jews to residence in certain congested localities, would not result in eliminating the "sore spots" and, if so, why it could not be done. His Majesty assured me that this was under consideration.

Then I expatiated upon the superiority of Americans over any other people in the industrial development of Russia, where the problems were almost identical with those which had been so successfully solved in western America. I also pointed out that politically it would be to the advantage of Russia to have American and English capital, instead of German. Indeed, I continued, it was a great misfortune to Russia that Germans had been

allowed to establish the strong foothold they had in Russian industries; that the Germans were exploiting Russia, and would stifle the growth of her middle class, so indispensable to Russia's financial and commercial independence.

Emboldened by the Czar's acquiescence in my views, or perhaps so absorbed in my mission that I was unmindful of the impression I was making, I monopolized the conversation for a time, and continued to give him good fatherly advice as to how the interests of Russia, politically and economically, could be best served. At the conclusion of our interview, the Czar assured me of his approval of the plans I had outlined and, wishing me success, he bade me a cordial *au revoir*.

Immediately following my audience, Sazanoff, minister of foreign affairs, called to see the Czar, who told him that he had just had a very interesting and informing interview with a man who spoke to him as "man to man, and not as subject to sovereign."

Before leaving St. Petersburg, Ambassador and Mrs. Rockhill gave us a brilliant dinner, one of many kind attentions we received from them. Mr. Rockhill was highly gratified with what I had accomplished, and predicted that my visit would prove of great advantage to America's commercial relations with Russia, adding that I had also done much to promote the *entente cordiale* of the two nations.

Another very interesting dinner was given us by M. Kokovtsoff, minister of finance, at which his brother-in-law M. Stolypin and Mme. Stolypin, M. and Mme. Sazonoff, and other prominent members of the Russian Government were present. Poor Stolypin was assassinated a few months after. Several attempts had previously been made to assassinate him. As a result of a bomb thrown a few years before, he had a badly mutilated hand. Stolypin was always regarded as a leader of Russian reactionary officials. He expressed great desire to see America, and when my wife asked him to give us the pleasure of reciprocating his hospitality if he came to America, he shook his head and said, "You little realize the danger you would bring to your peaceful household through my presence," evidently referring to further threats on his life

by Nihilists. A few months later poor Stolypin fell a victim to the bullet of an assassin in the Royal Opera, on which occasion the Emperor himself was present.

When I left Russia I had with me, I believe, the most important packet of commercial opportunities ever offered by one nation to another, for I had succeeded in opening up a great field for the profitable investment of American capital and the expansion of her commerce. This was the view of American financiers, at all events.

It was my ambition to have this achievement the crowning work of my career as one of those "unprincipled American exploiters," who are accused of leaving their comfortable homes to open up new territory in foreign fields—often at the risk of both life and fortune, to the advantage of their critics, the stay-at-home beneficiaries of America's export trade. In Berlin, where I remained a few days to look into the much-vaunted efficiency of German industries, the object of my visit to Russia was freely discussed by the press, and considerable apprehension, I learned, was created in the ever-watchful German official circles. From Berlin I went to London, via Paris. In London I got in touch with financiers who evinced a keen desire to participate in the enterprise I had in hand. During my stay in London I accepted an invitation to have luncheon with Lord Rothschild at his office. It had been my custom, extending over a period of many years, to drop in informally and have luncheon with the Rothschilds at their bank once or twice during each of my frequent visits to London. On these occasions always the most interesting topic of conversation was my estimate of the wealth of Rockefeller and other rich Americans. Lord Rothschild invariably introduced the subject and, forewarned, I was ready to give him the desired thrill. He would usually start with some "piker" capitalist whose wealth did not amount to more than the paltry sum of one hundred millions of dollars, and then worked up by queries until he reached the American Cræsus, John D. Rockefeller. It would be an unpatriotic American who would belittle the wealth of a compatriot at a time like this, and after hav-

ing modestly admitted, in reply to Lord Rothschild's question, that Rockefeller was certainly worth five hundred millions of dollars, assuming an air of ultra-conservatism, I would allow him to extort what was to him a delectable fact that Rockefeller was worth at least three-quarters of a billion dollars; and when the money-bags around the table stared at me with an expression of pleased surprise, but not of doubt, I would in subdued tone convey to them the fact that in informed financial circles of America, the Rockefellers' wealth was estimated at over a billion dollars! The internationalism of the Rothschild family, and the utter lack of envy, is evidenced in the unmistakable pleasure which characterized the reception of this titbit of high finance.

But on this particular occasion Lord Rothschild desired to see me in order to ascertain what I had accomplished in my negotiations with the Russian Government, and how my plans would affect the status of the Jews in Russia. I told Lord Rothschild that the Jewish question, as the Czar had said, was "a difficult one"; that there were in Russia six million Jews and that their political and social status was both deplorable and intolerable. They had been subjected, not only to every conceivable form of ignominy as a race, but had been cruelly persecuted as well, and they had been made the victims of innumerable fiendish pogroms. While expressing the sympathy that must be shared by all humanitarians, irrespective of the questions of the inherent justice of the controversy and of the responsibility for the pogroms, I said the argument pro and con had developed into a vicious circle of crimination and recrimination between the Russian authorities and the Jewish population. The former, I explained, proclaim the fact that if Jews would abstain from participation in revolutionary politics, they would be treated more liberally; the latter retorting that if they were treated more liberally, there would be no occasion to seek redress through political activities. Hence the impasse.

Lord Rothschild prefaced his allusion to the subject by reminding me of the fact of the intimate relationship I had enjoyed with many of the leading Jewish

financiers in Europe and in America, and of the friendship that had developed through those associations, to which of course I gladly assented. I went on to explain, in answer to his question, what effect the carrying out of my plans would have on the welfare of the Jews in Russia; that under no conceivable circumstance would they be affected adversely, but that, on the contrary, if I succeeded in enlisting the financial support of certain of my Jewish clientele I felt convinced that I should be able in time to contribute very greatly to the amelioration of the condition of the Russian Jew. I told him that there was a strong feeling of resentment in Russia, not only on the part of the government, but on the part of the people almost universally, against the Jewish bankers of Europe and America, for the financial assistance they had rendered Japan during the Russo-Japanese War, and that one of the political parties in Russia had capitalized this circumstance in their partisan propaganda.

The hostility of Jewish capitalists in the future would, I said, tend to accentuate the tension now existing. On the other hand, by the co-operation of Jewish capitalists in the industrial development of Russia, I hoped to be able to effect gradually many reforms in the status of their co-religionists. I left, assured that I had impressed Lord Rothschild with the fact that my plan did not involve a disservice, but, on the contrary, might prove of great advantage to the Jews of Russia. A few days after, I sailed for America. Like a bolt from the blue I learned when I reached New York that our government was seriously considering the abrogation of our commercial treaty with Russia, in retaliation for the refusal of that government to grant America's request for passports into Russia for American Jews. On account of my close relations with President Taft, I studiously avoided every action that might be represented by his political enemies as an endeavor on my part to influence legislation on this subject. Moreover, I fully realized that endeavor on my part to frustrate the passport movement would be futile. I did, however, warn my Jewish friends that the desired passports never would be secured by threats and hostile legislation

against Russia. Subsequent events have confirmed this prediction.

As the chairman of the commission of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, appointed by President Taft to invite European nations to take part in the exhibition to be held in San Francisco in 1915, I again visited Russia in 1912. Owing to the abrogation of our commercial treaty with Russia, to which I have before referred, the Russian Government could not receive our commission officially, but I was extended a personal invitation to meet the members of the government when we visited St. Petersburg en route to Austria. It was then that I saw Count Witte for the last time. I found my old friend greatly changed from the Witte of 1898, when he was at the zenith of his power; now a disappointed, embittered, despondent man, believing himself, and rightly too, a Russian Cassandra. It is interesting, though it may not be profitable, to speculate what might have happened if Sergius Witte had been retained at the helm of the Russian ship of state, and if he had been given the unqualified support of his sovereign and the loyal co-operation of his subordinates. Had Witte's policies prevailed, there is no question but that Russia would have been far better prepared to engage in the World War, precipitated by the vaulting ambition of the Kaiser. Sergius Witte alone, of Russian statesmen, had the genius to foresee the inevitable trend of political developments. He had, too, the ability to mobilize and to co-ordinate the resources of the country in preparation for the catastrophe. Witte, I think, will go down in history as a victim of the system that resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy—the system to which is to be ascribed the present deplorable condition of the country. His fall from power was a great calamity, not only for Russia but for the world, as events have shown; but it would seem that he was predestined to failure. His position in the political life of Russia was altogether anomalous. As a statesman in the Russia of his day, he was an anachronism. Foreseeing the need of a more liberal government to forestall the revolution that was otherwise inevitable, he used his influence to the utmost for

that end, but without avail. In advocating a more liberal policy, he estranged himself from the court and the bureaucracy of Russia, who thought his aims too radical; and, by the irony of fate, he lost support of the liberal element, which regarded him as too conservative. He fell between two stools. What a fall it was for Russia and the cause of the Allies!

At the time of my visit in 1898 the fundamental laws of Russia described the power of the Emperor as "autocratic and unlimited," but since the opening of the first Duma, following the revolution of 1905-6, the word "unlimited" had disappeared, although the name and principle of "autocracy" was jealously preserved. Russia was described in the "Almanach de Gotha" as "a constitutional monarchy under an autocratic Czar." It was still a question whether the emphasis should be placed on the word "constitutional" or on the word "autocratic." The definition itself connoted the transition period through which the empire was passing. But in 1910, as far as was observable on the political face of Russia, the revolutionary spirit had become mollified, and the nation seemed destined to attain a more liberal form of government through political evolution instead of through revolution. Russia seemed about to begin an era of great industrial expansion and prosperity. Who could have seriously believed that within the brief period of seven years there would have been a Bolshevik Samson born of the opportunity created by a world cataclysm to pull down the temple of the mighty Russian Empire, though erected, unfortunately, on the quicksands of political oppression instead of upon the solid foundation of the "consent of the governed"?

To foreign investors Russia will be found a very attractive field. The vast opportunities will grip especially the imagination of Americans conversant with the development of our own great West, for the physical geography of many parts of Russia and Siberia bears a striking resemblance to that of western America.

The problems presented in the industrial development of Russia, the construction of systems of transportation,

the opening of the mines, the erection of grain-elevators, the creation of new industries, the introduction of improved methods of agriculture, of a system of refrigeration to move the perishable products—all these, and other complementary problems to be solved in the development of the great natural resources of that country, will not be new to the American captain of industry.

Furthermore, Americans will enjoy in the new era a significant advantage over the peoples of other countries, because there can never be any political jealousy between Russia and our country. Russia has always held Americans in high esteem and admiration, and there exists among the Russian people a sincere friendship for Americans—a friendship that exists in spite of the controversy over the question of the Jewish passports.

Heretofore about two-thirds of the trade of Russia has been in the hands of the Germans, and every effort had been made by them to prevent the extension of commerce between Russia and other nations. A large part of the exports of America to Russia have gone through German channels and have been credited to Germany's exports. Germany enjoys, of course, the advantage of proximity to Russia, but, in view of the betrayal by her of Russian interests at the outbreak of the war, it is hardly conceivable that she will enjoy again the advantages that she derived under the treaty of Björke.

This treaty was made in 1905 by Witte, because of political pressure applied by Germany on Russia, at that time in the throes of the Russo-Japanese War. The treaty was tantamount to establishing a German economic protectionate over a large section of Russia, and had become a most onerous burden on her industry. As Russia has within her boundaries most of the raw material required in her basic industries, her policy will be to establish a protective tariff in order to build up her home industries. By reason of the greater earning capacity thus created, higher standards of living will result, and with her immense population Russia will in time provide a great home market for many of her industrial products.

It is my confident opinion that, under the right kind of government and indus-

trial development, Russia will be able to create in the not remote future a national wealth greater than any other nation in Europe with the single exception of Great Britain.

The empire of Russia embraces one-sixth of the surface of the earth. Its extreme dimension from east to west is 6,000 miles—almost twice the distance from Maine to California, with a stretch of 2,300 miles from north to south. European Russia alone is larger than all the rest of Europe. The total population of the empire is 170,000,000, of which 130,000,000 are in European Russia. The largest city is Petrograd, which, until recently, had a population of 2,000,000—almost as large as Berlin or Vienna. There are in Russia 35 cities with an average population of over 100,000, and 3,000 towns having from 3,000 to 10,000. Upward of 80 per cent of the population of Russia, being agriculturists, dwell in villages.

With the exception of America, there is no other country under one flag with so great a variety of climate, of soil, and of mineral wealth. It is often stated by enthusiasts, in describing Russia, that her potential resources are greater than those of any other country. This is true if we make the single exception of our own great land, for I believe that America has been blessed in respect of its natural resources in a far greater degree than any part of the globe comprising a like area.

Within the boundaries of Russia are the most extensive timber tracts in the world. In European Russia alone they cover a territory ten times the aggregate area of our New England States. The timber industry of Russia is capable of enormous development and expansion.

Before the World War Russia produced more wheat, rye, and oats than any other nation. There are in Russia extensive deposits of iron, coal, lead, copper, gold, platinum, petroleum, and other valuable minerals. The country too will be able to provide an abundance of labor. While the labor is as yet crude and lacking in technical skill, it is the opinion of Americans who have conducted mining and other industrial operations in that country that there is the possibility of developing a most efficient class of artisans from the great Russian proletariat.

All agree that while the Russian peasant is illiterate and ignorant—densely ignorant indeed—he possesses in an exceptional degree resourcefulness and “native wit.” Physically he is equal to, if he does not excel, the peasant of any other European country. Given native intelligence and industry, which the Russian has, and educational advantage, which he will have, one is justified in having an optimistic view of the future man-power of Russia. The Russian peasant, contrary to the popular impression, has a peaceful and kindly disposition, but as his knowledge of the world is extremely limited, he has become an easy prey to the false political and economic doctrines foisted on him by unprincipled political agitators.

The opinion often expressed is that Russian political thought is so thoroughly indoctrinated with socialistic theories that it will take a long time to eradicate Bolshevism from the body politic; and that it will require not years but generations to restore economic and social order from the chaos incident to the aftermath of the Soviet régime. I do not share this view, for even now the Bolshevik dictators themselves acknowledge the ignominious failure of that fatuous and tragic experiment in Marxian economics, and from sources unbiassed and authoritative we learn that Bolshevism virtually has spent its force, not only outside of its own boundaries, but within the confines of Russia itself. There may be, most likely there will be, a recrudescence of Bolshevism in certain European states and elsewhere, where the political conditions are unstabilized, as the result of the débacle following the World War. But future attempts to establish Sovietism as a principle of government will be sporadic only, and foredoomed to failure, incompatible as it is with the genius of modern civilization.

Many persons unfamiliar with their history question the capacity of the Russian people for self-government. This unwarranted pessimism arises from the misconception that the *de facto* government is the exponent of Russian political belief. Nothing is further from the truth. History has repeatedly shown that in the political evolution of autocratic governments (especially where the administration was in the hands of a

narrow bureaucracy, as was the case in Russia), men who were leaders for political reforms, whether by peaceful or by revolutionary measures, have almost always been theorists and visionaries.

These men had not the advantage of actual administrative experience, and for this reason they often advocated utopian reforms which, however, they were quick to repudiate when later they themselves were confronted with the responsibility of the conduct of government. Russia has been cursed as well as blessed by a class of “*intelligentsia*,” which in other countries as well often renders a great disservice to the cause of real reform and progress, through advocacy of unrealizable ideals. Many of the leaders of reform could be justly stigmatized as unintelligent intellectuals. This will explain the attitude of mind of many upright and patriotic Russians who are affiliated with the proletariat dictatorship, under the less reputable leadership of *Lenine* and *Trotsky*. There is another class of statesmen, who served under the former Russian Bureaucracy; these have been proscribed by the Soviet dictators, and now reside outside of Russia. They will fortunately be available for future administrative service.

It is the deliberate judgment of those who are familiar with the history of the *Mirs*, the *Zemstvos*, the *Co-operatives*, and the more recent *Dumas*, that the Russian people possess no mean capacity for self-government. These institutions, which contributed such signal service in the amelioration of the conditions of the peasants, following their emancipation in 1861, (and who subsequently aided the proletarians of the vast industries established under the fostering administration of *Witte*), have been almost entirely suppressed by the political vandals of Soviet Russia. While the function of these institutions legally was economic and sociologic, the people were nevertheless afforded considerable opportunity to learn something of the political phase of government. But these institutions will be revived, and will become important factors politically in the regeneration of Russia, which country under a constitutional form of government is destined to be one of the greatest of the great world-powers.

The Suffrage Torch

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT

BY LOUISINE W. HAVEMEYER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[FIRST PAPER]



CAME by right of heritage to the suffrage cause. My mother and her associates were interested in it and were friends of the pioneers of the movement. Susan B.

Anthony and Lucy Burns were familiar names to me in my childhood. I was for a long time a fellow *pensionnaire* with Lucretia Mott's granddaughter in a French family in Paris, and Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton (she who inserted the equal-suffrage clause in the woman's constitution and, therefore, was the cause of the ensuing struggle), was the head of my first political party and my guide and friend for many years. It was Mrs. Blatch who insisted that I could speak; that I must speak; and then saw to it that I did speak. I think I spoke just to please her. How well I remember that first time that I spoke to an audience! It was at a large meeting at my own house, and Miss Helen Todd, of California, in order to answer our antisuffrage critics, was to tell us what the women of her State had already done with the vote. I was to introduce Miss Todd, and as I stood trembling amid the elaborate draperies of purple, white, and green, the colors of the Woman's Political Union, if any one had asked me if I were upon the platform or the platform upon me, I should have given it to the platform.

However, I soon became a seasoned campaigner, and I remember how amused I was during the last days of our long struggle when a call came from North Carolina for "Mrs. Havemeyer," because

they wanted "a speaker of national reputation."

I always appreciated Mrs. Blatch's encouragement and discipline, for, when we entered the World War, I was able to serve my country in a small and humble way, and I spoke continuously, while the war lasted, on Liberty Loans, land army, food conservation, economy and relief, and conducted a "jam campaign," in which the women of several counties (one of which was Fairfield County, Connecticut, where Clemenceau had spent his six years of exile), made and shipped, the first year of our war, thirty thousand pounds of jam to the wounded soldiers at the front, and the second year increased it to forty thousand pounds. I also started and won out in a running fight of four years with the administration in order, for the sake of efficiency, to secure for our Army Nurse Corps relative rank similar to that in the Canadian and Australian armies.

But all that is in a story by itself. I mention it to prove that one can learn to speak. Often when I stood upon a platform—sometimes very weary—I was obliged to stop and think what *was* my subject for that occasion, but once started I forgot everything else and thought only of what I wanted to say. I enjoyed the speech as much as any one, and, although I frequently felt elated, never, I can truly say, did I feel conceit.

One of my best friends settled that question for me early in my career.

"My dear," she said to me, "you've got the gift of gab."

After that, no matter what thanks, what eulogies I received, that terrible word was ever before my eyes; and hum-

bly and modestly I sought to banish it from my sight.

Again, in my early married life I was encouraged to support the suffrage cause. My husband firmly believed in the enfranchisement of women. "If a woman does not know how to vote, she'd better get busy and learn," he said, and when I was but a bride he stood beside me while I signed a great petition for woman's rights that was to be presented to our governor in Albany.

Of course, I thought I would have my franchise by return mail, but alas! I was many times a grandmother before that came to pass, and only after a long and bitter struggle, including six years against a President and an administration that hesitated at neither legal nor illegal means to subdue and imprison us.

The record of that struggle throws a dark shadow upon the otherwise brilliant pages of our history. A little band of women, women as valiant as those patriots who, disguised as Mohawks, threw the taxed tea overboard in Boston harbor a century before, they fought and conquered President, administration, senators, representatives, governors, and legislators, and finally the word sex in connection with the federal amendment was obliterated forever.

It goes without saying that my art collection also had to take part in the suffrage campaign. The only time I ever allowed my pictures to be exhibited collectively was for the suffrage cause. As a proof of the deep and bitter animosity against us among certain classes, I may say that some of our best-known and important collectors not only refused to attend the exhibition, but threatened to withdraw their patronage from the dealer who had kindly loaned me his gallery for the exhibition. For those of my readers who enjoy humor I may add that, at my second venture, some of my opponents had so far changed their minds as to become contributors to it.

My posters were beautiful! After the fashion of France I adopted the three-striped poster—only, instead of the French tricolor, I used our party's colors, the purple, white, and green. I well re-

member how delighted I was to see the fine effect they made hanging on each side of the entrance to the gallery, as well as in the most important windows on Fifth Avenue, where with a great deal of tact and a little assurance I managed to place them.

Furthermore, the only time I ever spoke upon art matters was at one of these exhibitions. The party needed funds so badly that we had to find an excuse to charge an entrance fee of five dollars, instead of the usual one-dollar admission. I had to be the excuse. I spoke upon the art of Degas and Miss Mary Cassatt, whose work was for the first time creditably exhibited in America and formed about half of the exhibition, while the other half was made up of an unusually interesting collection of old masters. To contrast the old with the modern gave me a most attractive programme; but nevertheless, probably on account of the enthusiasm it excited and the wide publicity the exhibition received, I was very much frightened at this venture into a new field of oratory so different from anything I had ever attempted before. It was very easy to talk about the emancipation of women, but art was a very different and difficult subject. I knew every art critic in America would be ready to challenge my remarks about Degas, and, as I had brought his first picture to America and had been his friend and champion for over a generation, they would be curious to hear what I would say about him. Fortunately for me I met the dean of our art critics, and he gave me some advice. "Mrs. Havemeyer," he said, "if you don't want to be reported as advertising some 'soothing syrup' or a 'popular hair tonic,' write down every word you intend to say. After you do that you can say what you please, but release only written 'stuff' to the press." "Oh," I gasped, "I wish I hadn't said I would do it; I never wrote a speech in my life; but I have given my word and I suppose I must go through with it, and we simply must get the money! If I write a speech, will you run your pen through me?" He saw my feeble joke and encouraged me, and we spent some delightful hours together which always did me good, for they made

me feel that nothing was too hard to *try* to do when it was worth doing.

After a long midnight vigil the dying embers of my once cheerful fire saw the last flourish of the pen to my speech, and, lest I should do anything foolish, I mailed it at once to my friend. The following evening I received a number of typed copies labelled "For the press," and my dear critic wrote me a kindly letter in which he called my maiden midnight effort a "sluicy" speech. After I had read his letter I did not care who heard me—I had something to say and I said it, and we made a lot of money. Another art dealer—a French dealer—had my speech printed for circulation among his art patrons abroad, and he sent me a great many complimentary copies which we sold for the benefit of the cause.

I think I did a bit of good in an art way also, and I felt very happy afterward when some one would say to me: "*You* made me understand Degas for the first time"; and I laughed over one dear friend, who told me he was so nervous about my speaking, fearing that I might break down, that, although he had bought a ticket, he was afraid to come and hear me speak. Later he came to hear me preside at "The Shop," and, as it was a bright afternoon with plenty of fun, I hope he changed his mind.

I must not fail to tell you about "The Shop," a great empty shop with a seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty, loaned to us—until rented—by a kind friend, and directed by some of the brightest women of the Woman's Political Union. The window committee saw to it that the biggest crowd on Fifth Avenue was always in front of *our* window. "The Shop" became so well known that strangers could call a taxi at any terminal in our city, and all they had to do was to say, "The Shop," to be whisked off and landed as quickly as possible at our building. In the window there was a little theatre where the history of suffrage was illustrated with dolls. There were maps in colored sands indicating the enfranchised and unenfranchised parts of the United States, and leaflets in our party's colors upon which were printed short sentences to catch the eye and to

reveal the unfair, cruel laws and the hard conditions to which women were subjected. The daily remarks of our opponents appearing in our newspapers were usually answered in some conspicuous way. In fact, it was the one window which never failed to attract attention; even business men, whether for or against us, confided to me that they had formed a habit of passing that window just to see what the next novelty would be, for we did not forget the huge bulletin-board outside the door.

As Washington's birthday approached, the chairman of the window committee said to me sadly: "Oh, why are we so poor? I want an eagle for our window, and I don't know how to get one. Just think of a great eagle in the window with a streamer in his bill with 'Votes for Women' on it! Oh, dear! Why are we so poor?"

Her distress was so genuine I felt I must either laugh or cry, but I only said to her, "I will try to get an eagle for you," and I disappeared. The next day I telephoned them, "Get your window ready for the eagle," and by afternoon a huge bronze, too heavy to lift, was rolled in by several men and put in place; it filled the window, and in its bill was the purple streamer with "Votes for Women" on it—done at top speed by another worker. The bulletin-board announced daily every attraction that the mind of woman could think of. We announced days for the clergy to express their opinion on suffrage, days for lawyers to do the same thing, days for men of science, for men of business, for men in every profession in life; we even had convicts or reformed convicts to speak for us. We encouraged speaking *for* and *against* suffrage—it meant discussion, and discussion meant interest and publicity; publicity was our greatest asset, that open-sesame to the ignorant and uninterested feminine mind—publicity which awakened their curiosity and their intelligence. It was wonderful how we secured so many speakers. Speakers would offer their services, friends would bring them. Every one knew some one who could speak, and that some one knew some one else. Even opponents and our formidable politicians found it embarrassing to refuse; popular actresses would fre-

quently fill our hall and often also fill our meagre exchequer, for I can imagine no order, religious or lay, that was ever poorer than our party! Pioneers are rarely the wealthy members of a community, and I have often, when asking for funds, had women pledge the price of a dress or of some article of wearing-apparel and do without it. The devotion to our cause was sincere and complete. Yes, at an election when I called for watchers at the polls—think of it—a needed precaution in the old days of State referendum—many a young school-teacher or working woman with pale cheeks and weary eyes, would come up to me and say: "Mrs. Havemeyer, I will watch at the polls until school begins," or "I will watch until my factory opens," which meant a loss of needed rest and a very early rise.

We held some very brilliant meetings at "The Shop." Such were those when we answered the antisuffragists' criticisms, when we had one-minute discussions for and against suffrage; on those days the hall was packed to the doors. At another time we would answer the prevailing slogans of the day, such as: "Woman's place is in the home!" "Would suffrage break up the home?" Our answer to that was to put as many happy married couples upon the platform as it could hold, and they all testified that it did not disturb the home in any way. During the debate a large box was sent up to the platform; the chairman opened it and found it was filled with orange blossoms—corsage pieces for the women, and boutonnieres for the men; they made the platform appear as if June had come and many weddings had taken place. That meeting counted for the suffragists!

Again, our opponents sneered that suffrage was only a passing fad, that we were not really in earnest but seeking notoriety; and as quickly again our bulletin-board announced that on the following afternoon there would be four groups of suffragists, three consisting of three generations, and one of four generations; and we were as good as our word. I presided at that meeting, and it was very touching to see Mrs. de Groot leading the group of four generations and to hear her tell us of the early struggles and of her friendship with the emancipators.

We scored that day as we never did before. I placed my little grandson upon a chair and said: "Friends, if the *men* of your generation will not grant us justice now, you may be sure this generation will!" The little fellow, thinking it was time to do something, began to clap his hands vigorously, which the audience interpreted as his approval of my remark, and caused much amusement.

The activities of "The Shop" lasted for over a year, and then, alas, our day of doom arrived and it was rented, and we were obliged to move out and close it up. "The Shop" was always considered a brilliant feature of our campaign.

Now, before I go on to tell you more of our devices for attracting public attention and appealing to the sympathies of the people, before I speak of "The Suffrage Torch" or "The Ship of State," or of our later prison experience, I must tell you as briefly as possible the history of the movement.

In 1915, when I was requested to speak in Seneca Falls on the centennial of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's birth, I requested Mrs. Blatch to tell me what she remembered of her mother, and to give me some of the details of the beginning of suffrage. She said: "Suffrage began about seventy years ago in a little town near Seneca Falls. One hot Sunday morning in July my mother and Lucretia Mott were discussing the 'woman's constitution' they were writing. Suddenly my mother said: 'Lucretia, I think I will put equal suffrage into our constitution!' Lucretia threw up her hands and exclaimed: 'Why, Elizabeth, they will think thee is crazy,' but my mother did put it in, and, crazy or not, the suffrage clause was inserted in the new constitution, and for over seventy years the battle raged hotly." It was defeated whenever it was reported in Congress. In the form of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, it was shut up in Congress's strong box by the judiciary committee for twenty-five years at one time. But Elizabeth Cady Stanton's propaganda spread over the West, and slowly, State by State, won the vote through the referendum. In the East little was done until the militant movement in England created a renewed interest for it in America, and eventually four

of our Eastern States determined to try and win the franchise through State referendum. Again Mrs. Blatch's astute political sense saw defeat ahead. She said to me: "We cannot do it! We are trying to do too much at once. If we concentrated on one State we might accomplish it, but we shall never carry them all." She was right; after a brave struggle against great odds and against a hostile administration, the suffrage cause in four States went down to defeat. The different suffrage organizations broke up or combined as they saw fit. My party, the Woman's Political Union, of which Harriot Stanton Blatch was president, joined Alice Paul's party, which sought to win suffrage by a constitutional amendment. A year after we joined the Congressional Party, as it was then called, they did what old politicians called the "cleverest thing women ever did": they formed a national woman's party, with a single platform, and that was the passage through Congress of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, which said that "the rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of sex."

The National Woman's Party, as the new organization was called, had no political affiliations. Their business was to pass that amendment; they begged their sisters in the West to help them with their vote, they exerted every known means—known to women at least—to bring enough pressure to make Congress pass the measure, and at last, after thrilling experiences, some of which I am going to tell you of, they succeeded in passing it in June, 1919. Then came the struggle for ratification! The amendment had to be ratified by thirty-six States in order to become a constitutional amendment, and again a dark shadow crosses the pages of our history as we have to record the opposition and treachery of a number of States, of their governors, and of their legislators.

There you have the briefest outline of the suffrage movement. A detailed history of it will no doubt be written later; probably many will be written, and by those far more capable of writing one than I am. But you see I did not begin this

chapter to write a history of suffrage, but only to tell you of my personal experiences with the movement.

Well, to go back to "The Shop," which had to be closed. Mrs. Blatch's fertile brain was already hatching a new scheme for publicity. The parade was already a thing of the past; prejudice, with vulgar flippancy, had frowned upon parades, had jeered at and spat upon the bluest blood in the land because they walked sedately shoulder to shoulder beside the humblest worker who, like us, was asking for her freedom. A few years later, when the Great War was declared, all the women of the land could march—and march together—under Uncle Sam's banner in any and every parade. I watched the President as he passed my windows in the Liberty Loan parade in 1917. He had the land army in front of him—women with their hoes and their wheelbarrows, and the "women's motor corps" behind him, women in khaki and their stretchers and their ambulances, and no one even commented upon woman's parading—but then, even men can learn a good bit in two years when war pounds it into them! As the parade was no longer interesting enough to excite publicity, what could we do? Mrs. Blatch called me to her office one day and asked me if I would go "up State" on a speaking tour for about ten days. I consented, and said if she had no objections I would take my landaulet car as I would be more comfortable and it would make me entirely independent of time-tables. It could be easily opened if necessary to speak out-of-doors, and one great advantage would be that I could take my organizer along with me. Everything appeared to be satisfactorily arranged, and I was to go my ways and await further orders.

THE TORCH

I was visiting on Long Island about a week later when one morning what was my surprise to see Mrs. Blatch's secretary come to my hostess' door, and have her thrust into my hand a piece of wood that looked to me something like a torch. Well, it *was* the celebrated Liberty Torch, as great a piece of campaign publicity work as Mrs. Blatch ever did.

"Here, take it," said the secretary out



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I lifted the torch as high as I could and . . . the words came to me as if by inspiration.—Page 534.

of breath. "It has been at Montauk, the eastern coast, and you are to take it to the western limit of New York State. Mrs. Blatch wants you to be at the old Academy of Music in the city just at noon to-morrow," and all in a breath she continued: "Can I get my train back? I have only four minutes to catch it; don't you think I can? I must, can't I?" "Sure," I answered, knowing suffrage necessities, "there is my car, jump into it; James"—this to the chauffeur—"don't miss that train! It may be a minute late." They did not even hear my last words, as they were spinning down the road to the station, and I stood there holding the ugly brown thing in my hand.

"Look," I said to my hostess, who still stood dumfounded at this little scene, and holding up the torch; "the paint isn't dry on it and what has a torch to do with suffrage anyway?"

That same question kept my mind busy the next morning as I approached my destination. Traffic had delayed me a few minutes, and, as I drew near the old Academy, I saw the familiar "lunch-wagon," which we used for a speaker's stand, and a number of women ran toward me all calling out at once to hurry up, as they were waiting for me, and "Don't forget," they added, "you are to speak on the torch." As I ran, the torch was thrust into my hand; I was "boosted" onto the stand, while about thirty cameras were trying to "snap" me. All I recollect was that I had an intense desire to step out of the lunch-wagon and walk upon the numberless straw hats that spread out before me like an endless field of grain. The luncheon-hour had assembled one of the largest audiences I ever spoke to, and almost every man wore a straw hat. I suppose the new situation excited me; I lifted the torch as high as I could and for once I did not have to think—the words came to me as if by inspiration; I could not utter them fast enough; I feared the moments would pass before I had told those men all I wanted them to hear. The torch, I told them, was like the one that lighted up our harbor, like the one held aloft by the Statue of Liberty—it stood for liberty and for freedom—the freedom we were seeking—and it greeted the strangers who came

to our shores and it did not welcome men only—no, but rather men and women alike, bidding them welcome to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But I must not bore you with a campaign speech; my audience liked it, and it ended with a rousing cheer, as the men went back to work, many stopping long enough to speak to me and to promise they would vote for us.

Sunset of that same day saw me rolling along by the upper Hudson, trying to make Beeman, where I was to meet my organizer and to fulfil my first engagement that very evening.

It had been a long and exciting day, but I thought I should have only a house or a theatre meeting, which were comparatively easy to do; but to my surprise that night I was to have my baptism of fire, my first street meeting; I was told I was to speak at the opera-house, and I proudly communicated the fact to my companion, a very dear but dainty sister-in-law, who liked me but never could see why I liked suffrage. Alas! when we arrived at the opera-house I was not to speak inside of it but on a busy corner on the outside of it. "And great was the fall thereof," I said, as I mounted the "Jewel Box" the name given my pretty landaulet, and I began with a few boys and ended with a big crowd. I cast a triumphant glance at my sister-in-law, but it was lost upon her—I found she was treating the small boys to soda-water. My other meeting was in the slums; it was the first time we had met the men of the slums, and I was afraid of them—oh, so afraid! How foolish! for we became the best of friends, and even at that very meeting a laborer returning from work in shirt-sleeves and carrying an empty dinner-pail came up to me, and handing me a bit of silver said to me: "Lady, I do hope you win out." That fixed the status; after that they were all my friends.

My organizer was past master at the game, or she could not have averaged seven speeches a day for ten days, arranged garden-parties where the whole town turned out with a splendid brass band, have taken me into the very camp of the antis, and have discomfited them at the State Fair by her tactics on publicity.

At Chautauqua the great gates, contrary to rule, admitted our automobile, and we rolled up to the immense auditorium, which was generously offered to us and where I spoke to one of my largest audiences. My organizer had a chain of decorated autos accompanying my "Jewel Box" up and down the Mohawk Valley. She got suffrage into clubs by clever ruses when the antis tried to keep it out. She would call it a simple luncheon or an informal reception. I recall one huge affair at Schenectady, where the opposition was so strong that I suggested speaking without rising in order to make it more informal, and it was one of the most sociable and convincing meetings we ever held.

The torch leaped into notoriety with bounds and strides, and as the paint dried, although I always maintained it was a clumsy thing to hold, I became deeply respectful toward it. I was surprised to see how it impressed audiences whose minds seemed to grasp the visualized analogy of woman's suffrage to the Liberty Torch.

To better illustrate my remarks I noticed, when any one took hold of the torch, it was always lifted up, held high, or waved in the air. My audience left no doubt that it expressed a big idea to them. In Chautauqua, in the big auditorium, the audience surged around the platform where I spoke, and as I finished my speech they begged to be allowed to hold the torch, which they did with deep reverence, causing a delay of over an hour in our schedule, which it was difficult to make up, although campaigners are supposed to be indifferent to "hours."

After the torch had accomplished its purpose in New York State, Mrs. Blatch planned a very spectacular transfer of it to the New Jersey branch of the Woman's Political Union, the transfer to take place in the middle of the Hudson River under the very shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Unfortunately, Mr. Blatch died very suddenly just at that time, and Mrs. Blatch was obliged to sail at once for England. Her last request before sailing was that I should take her place, and, of course, I felt I could not refuse. I assure you I had no appetite for speechmaking in the mid-waters of the Hudson, but it had to

be done. It meant tremendous publicity, both in press and movies, and the public were all interested. It was a bright windy day when I presented myself for duty, the tugs were decorated with our colors, the whistles blew from shore to shore, and we were finally told to start. While lashed together in the middle of the river, I, with an appropriate speech, was to deliver the torch to our sisters in New Jersey, and with another speech our sisters in New Jersey were to receive it. All went well for a time. I was a bit dizzy trying to dodge cameras, but when I arrived in mid-stream that dizziness assumed alarming symptoms, and I began to get anxious about my speech. I knew what a poor sailor I was, and I was afraid in the increasing wind my condition might prove discreditable to the suffrage cause.

"Hurry up," I said anxiously. "Let us get this over with as quickly as possible. Where is that Jersey boat?" I noticed a look of consternation on the faces of the committee, and just at that moment a small motor-boat came alongside of the tug, and some one shouted:

"The party over there forgot to get a license to come out."

"Good gracious!" I gasped. "Will it be long?"

"No, no," some one said soothingly; "come and lie down, and you will feel better."

I did not wait for a second invitation, for we were now tossing wildly about, but promptly lay down—I don't know where, for there isn't any place to lie down on a tug, but I just lay down. I closed my eyes and tried to think of my speech and of our great cause! It was no use—I became more wretched every moment, and I was about ready to commit myself to the waves when a cheery voice said:

"Now, Mrs. Havemeyer, Jersey is here and we are waiting for the speech." Would you believe it, friends? I got up and made that speech! I blessed the father of the great river, and the brave men of the Empire State who were to give us our freedom in the coming elections, and I confided the sacred token of liberty, the beloved torch, to our sisters in the neighboring State, and hoped in the coming elections their mighty men, headed by

the President himself, would lead them on to victory! The whistles screeched, the ferry-boats puffed and wheezed; the crowd cheered, the press wrote madly, and the camera and movie men ground away like frenzied hand-organs—the threatened fiasco ended in a glorious finale. I went home despising myself as an arch-hypocrite, pretending to be seasick and then being able to make a speech at a moment's notice, and that without an unpleasant sensation. I believe firmly to this day that I was seasick; and I really don't know what happened to me that I was so easily cured.

"I saw you in the movies; you were on the Hudson River in a boat," said a friend to me a short time after, who had just returned from California.

"Did you?" I asked eagerly. "Did I look seasick?"

"Not a bit," was the answer, and I was still more puzzled.

A day later I crossed the Hudson again. This time to start the torch upon its career in New Jersey. Not only the antis but a hot day greeted us in Newark. The asphalt was soft and gooey as the crowd gathered around my car. My audience had "warmed up" before I began, and as I caught their attention I was congratulating myself that Newark was not as bad as I feared. Suddenly, from out of the crowd came a tall, raw-boned man full of booze and talk. He staggered to my car, braced himself up, and said, as respectfully as hiccoughs would permit:

"I want to shake Mrs. Havemeyer's hand; I am the father of nine children and I hope she gets the vote."

Several men stepped hurriedly from the crowd, took hold of his arm, and attempted to draw him away. He resisted, of course, and wanted to continue to talk to me. I saw my opportunity to let him plead the woman's cause. I drew back and let him be plainly seen as he continued his drunken chatter. I never saw a crowd of men more moved or more ashamed. It was a spectacle, and somehow they seemed to feel responsible for it. They could not escape the question so solemnly put to them: Was a man or a woman the more worthy to be a citizen, to make the laws that would at least give a mother equality over her children? At

last my visitor was coaxed away and I had no heart to start in again. I closed by saying:

"Men, look to it that some day your daughters don't turn upon you and say: 'Father, oh, father, why didn't you give us a right to help make the laws which might protect us, and which must affect every condition under which we live?' Remember, it may be their nine children whom they cannot protect because you deny women the right to vote."

I carried the suffrage torch through all the great watering-places on the Jersey coast, and then, worn out with the heat and fatigue, I returned home, leaving it in the custody of a group of young campaigners.

"Remember, young ladies," I called to them, as I motored away; "the torch is not an easy thing to take care of."

The very next day it was stolen, and, although we were heart-broken, we at once tried to make the misfortune count for publicity. The New Jersey branch offered a large reward; the antis said we had had it stolen; I am not sure we did not hint that the antis had it stolen themselves, but, as we were about to give it up for lost, it appeared at headquarters, brought in by a man who said he found it in a street-car in Philadelphia. He was handed the promised reward in a check. He said politely that he was for suffrage and wished for no reward, and, indorsing the check back to our party, he handed it to our chairman and left, wishing us good luck.

For a long period the torch was our leading lady, and even years later I had to carry it in a parade in our neighboring State of Connecticut, as well as the still more popular "Ship of State."

I was the originator of that emblem, the greatest crowd-gatherer I ever saw, and it happened in this way. When Mrs. Blatch was obliged to return to England so suddenly, and leave us to run the party, we all felt a sense of responsibility. It was growing late in the season, the days were shortening, and the evenings, the only time we could get hold of the men for a street meeting, were growing very [dark. New York must be held! How could we attract the crowds?

"Ladies, what are we to do?" I asked



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

I confided the sacred token of liberty, the beloved torch, to our sisters in the neighboring State.—Page 535.

as I walked into headquarters. "How can we replace the torch?" No one knew. Just then I walked the torch-maker herself. Immediately a suggestion came to me.

"How soon can you make me a little ship to replace the torch?" I asked her.

"In about ten days," she answered.

"All right," I said. "I will pay for it. And now I will tell you what I want."

In about ten days a little ship, whose centreboard tapered into a stick so we could hold it, was ready. It was made and rigged to look as much as possible like the *Mayflower*, and on the end of every spar was an electric light which outlined the ship so it could be distinctly seen even in the blackest darkness; the port and starboard beams bore green and red lights, which gave it a finishing touch and made it seem a very attractive toy. The electric wiring was attached to a battery which I

carried in the bottom of my automobile, and a button gave me control of the lighting. No matter where I went from the largest city to the smallest village, I had but to light my little "Ship of State" to collect a crowd. Wherever I went my organizer saw that the papers inserted a print of the ship, and the people would come out to look at it. In the manufacturing towns the small boys would crowd around me and beg:

"Please show it to us, Mrs. Have-meyer."

"No! Go get your fathers and mothers, too, to come out. I have something to say to them and then I will light it up

for you," I would answer and I would soon have a big crowd about me.

I should tire you if I attempted to tell you of all the arguments that little emblem enabled me to make. For instance, I would say: "Good women were good ballast on the *Mayflower*, why should they not be now on our Ship of State?" Or—

"it was a woman who climbed over the side of that ship, and was the first to put her foot on Plymouth Rock. She claimed this land as a home for men and women alike, not men alone." Or again: "Suppose a man and his wife had paid their passage on a ship and as they were about to go up the gang-plank, they were stopped, and the woman was told she could not go on board.

"Why not?" asks the man. 'Oh, because she is a woman,' he is told.

"But I have paid her way, I have signed all the papers, agreed to every condition.

It is all right, stand aside and let her go up.'

"No,' he is told, 'she cannot go on board.'

"But why not?' persists the man, who is getting hot under his collar.

"Because she is a woman,' is the indifferent answer."

When I see my crowd are getting a little "hot," too, under their collars, I drive home my argument and say:

"Friends, that is the state of things you men are tolerating to-day. There isn't a woman in the land who does not subscribe to and obey the laws. There isn't a woman in the land who, if she has



No matter where I went . . . I had but to light my little "Ship of State" to collect a crowd.

property, does not pay her taxes—taxes to support a government that deprives her of her rights, a woman who in every way supports the Constitution of the United States, and yet—she is told she cannot go on board our Ship of State—just because she is a woman.”

That illustration never failed me, and many are the votes it brought to us. Or again: I hold up the ship without lighting it, and say: “Friends, you want to see how my ship looks? It is dark, is it not? You see there can be no light where there is no freedom, but when you men give us our freedom in November, then my ship will look like this,” and as I say it I snap the button and the thirty-three lights with the red and green ones at its port and starboard sides flash out in the darkness, and one hears the ohs and the ahs, and great applause follows.

The leading lady of the town was usually asked to sit in my car and snap on the lights at my signal. It made splendid publicity and often made a friend for the party or a contributor to our always depleted treasury.

The “Ship” flashed out its lights up to the very day before our defeat in 1915. We had put up a good fight and had developed our political instincts; the campaign had “toughened our sinews and summoned up our blood.” It had prepared us for the coming struggle, the great fight when we had become a national party, and Susan B. Anthony’s federal amendment was our only platform. Those were the days when a little band of women had to fight single-handed an administration and a political organization armed cap-a-pie against them.

[Mrs. Havemeyer’s second article, “The Prison Special,” will appear in the June number.]

I Would Not Grow Old

BY CATHERINE ISABEL HACKETT

I WOULD not grow old, loving wind-swept grasses
Too much to have my eyes grow dim;
Bowed pines sighing as the warm wind passes,
Sunset tawny on a mountain’s rim.

I cannot feel youth die, for gay music thrills me
Too much to have my feet grow slow;
Fear of gray years in the future chills me,
I cannot let my short youth go.

I would not grow old, for I love light laughter
Too much to bear thought of tears;
I want days filled with dawn-flush, and no night after;
I must have gladness all my years!

Too much I love small bits of beauty—
Whistling winds or the touch of rain,
To bear old age, or to walk in paths of duty—
Exquisite rapture lost in pain.

I fear touch of age on precious gifts I treasure—
Far-off glint of wings in cloudy blue,
Voices at evening, and dear beyond measure
The look in the eyes of you.

To-day there was an old man, walking slowly down the street—
I saw his face—and ah, how old age can be sweet!



Notre Dame de Paris.

From the garden of St.-Julien-le-Pauvre, which is entered through the old Gothic church of that name, hedged in from the gaze of the curious, screened by stately trees, one gains a unique view of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Seven Etchings of Paris, Amiens, and Chartres by Robert F. Logan

IN the following reproductions, principally of Paris, the artist has successfully obtained view-points of his subjects which are a little out of the ordinary and consequently full of interest.

We see the stately towers of Notre Dame de Paris looming up behind the quaint old houses on the Isle de Cité, while in another plate, under the very nose of the magnificent Cathedral of Amiens, busy market scenes are being unfolded. Again, we have an unusual view of the church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, constructed in part after the plans of Charles Le Brun, a child of the parish, and situated at the eastern end of the Quartier Latin.

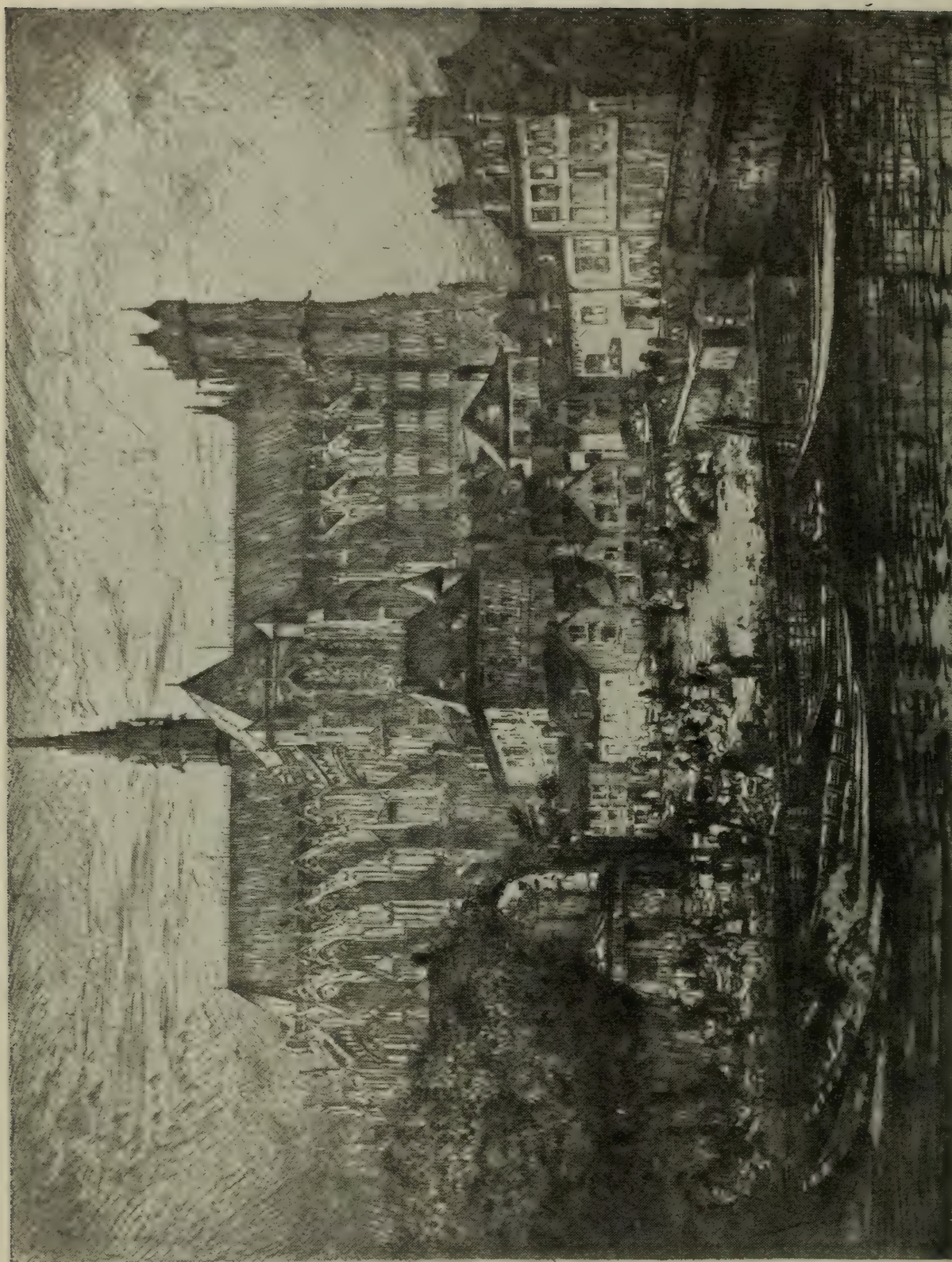
The Pont Marie, reminiscent of Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, the Pont Neuf with its sombre arches and quaint carvings, and views of the stately Cathedral of Chartres, complete this unusual group of etchings.

These etchings reproduced by permission of Alphonse Le Goupy, Paris.



Le Pont Marie, Paris.

Built by the engineer-architect Marie, it connects the Isle St. Louis with the right bank and is one of the oldest and most romantic of Paris bridges.



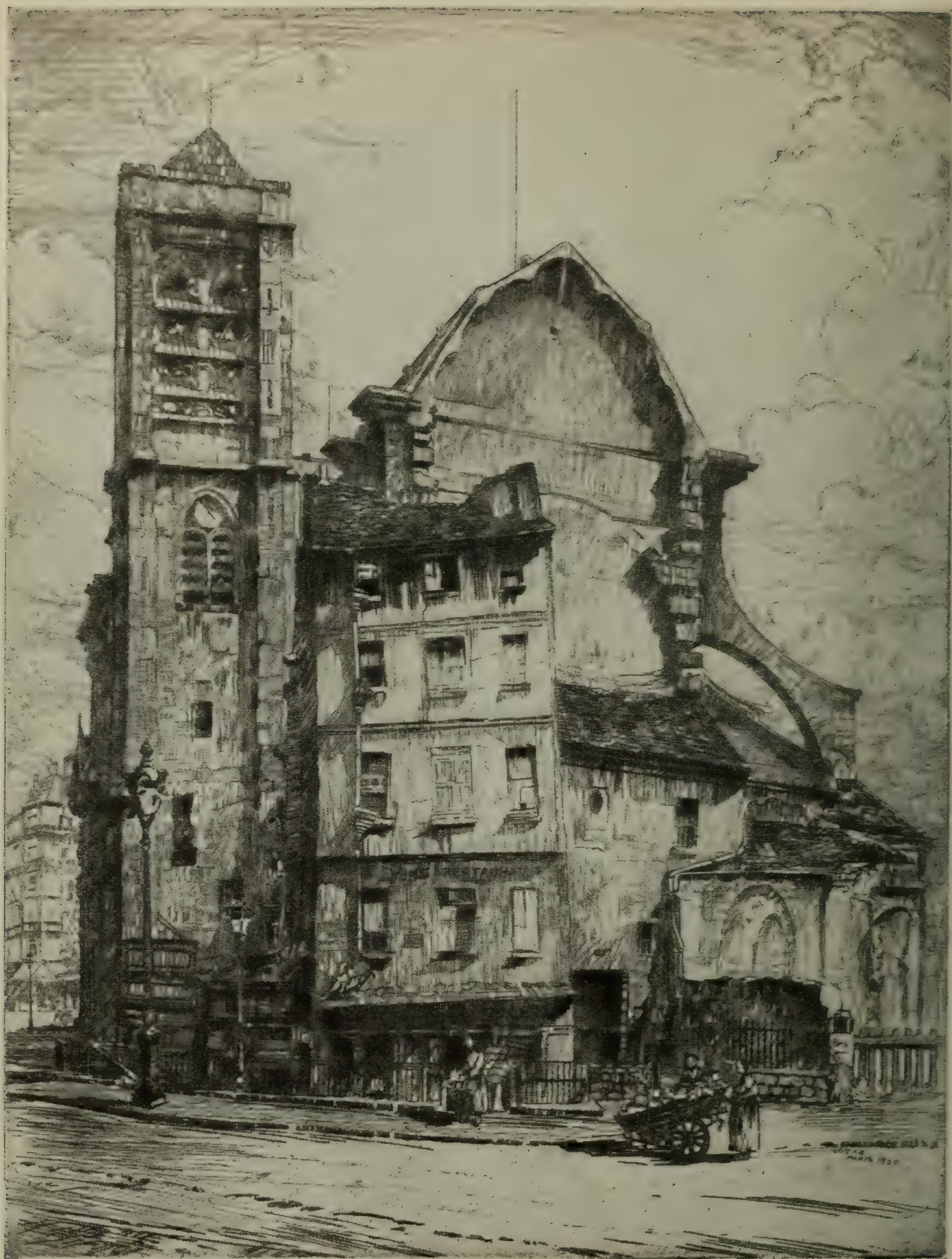
Market-Day at Amiens.

The Cathedral of Amiens is one of the noblest of Gothic temples and towers like a cliff above the seventeenth-century houses nestling at its base. Here, thrice weekly, a scene of bustling action takes place when purchaser and vender vie with each other in voice and gesture.



L'Isle de Cité.

The Gallic capital Lutetia was the Paris of the Romans and the Franks. It separated the Quartier Latin from the bourgeoisie of the right bank, and was the seat of bishops and kings of Gaul. Notre Dame de Paris dominates the Isle, reflecting past glories of the Crusades.



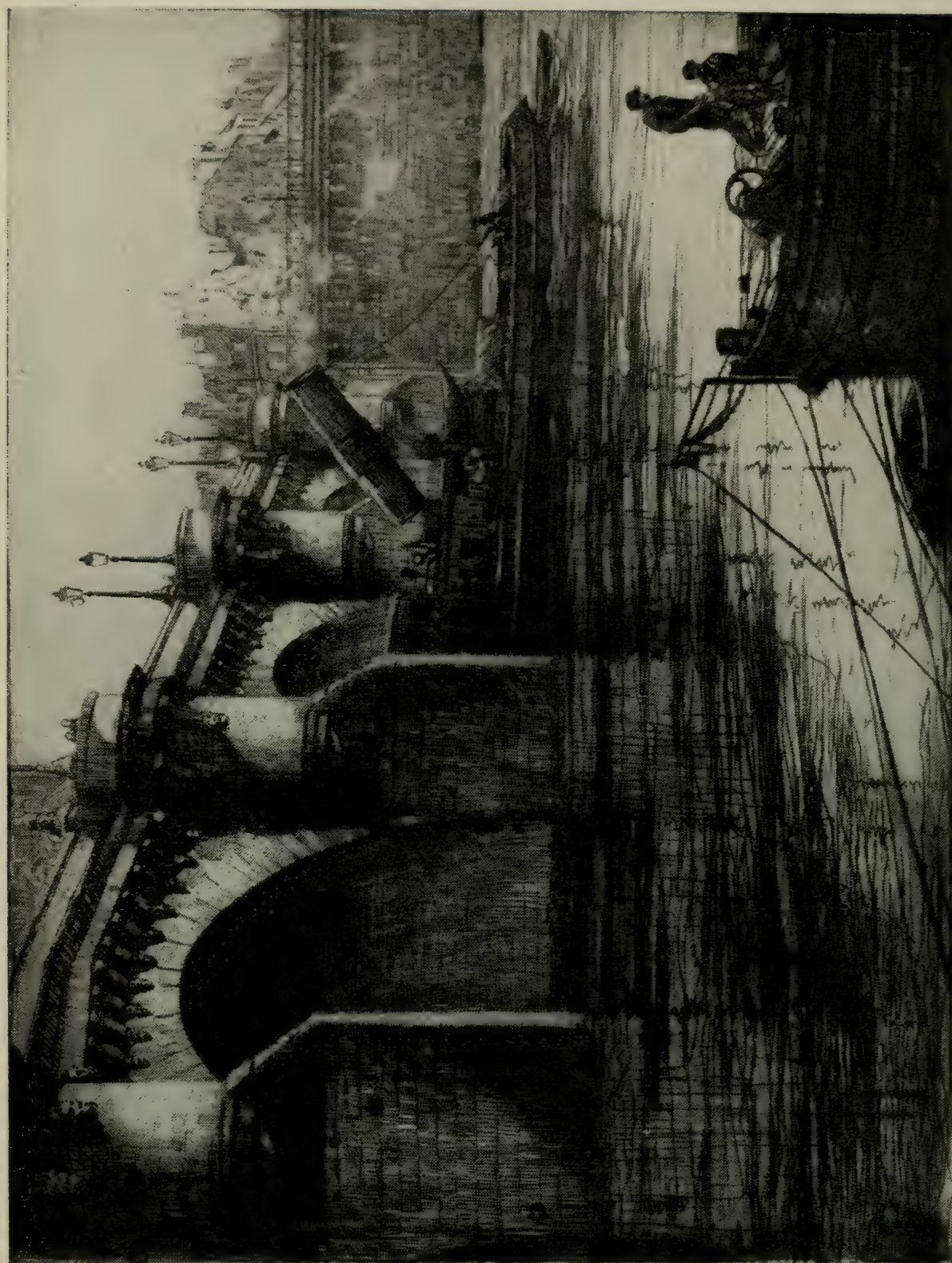
L'Eglise de St. Nicholas du Chardonnet.

Finished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it is an agglomeration of styles, the tower belonging to an earlier church, while a side-chapel has been torn away, leaving blind lancet windows like scars in the ancient walls.



The Cathedral of Chartres.

It is crowned by two of the most magnificent of Gothic towers in existence. The present church, embellished with splendid rose windows and sculptures, is built above a grotto of the ancient Druids.
The crypt dates from the eleventh century.



Le Pont Neuf.

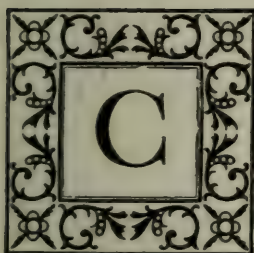
One of the oldest and most interesting of bridges in Paris. Built in about 1578, it was lined originally with little shops and for a long time was a great commercial rendezvous. Around the buttresses are unique carvings from the chisel of Germain Pilou (1535-1590).

Commuting from Mont'Estoril to Lisbon

BY NORVAL RICHARDSON

Secretary of the American Legation, Portugal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



CONTRAST is in some ways just as much the spice of life as variety—especially if the contrast is in one's favor; and it surely is when, in winter, one walks along the sunny paths of Mont'Estoril, smells the spicy fragrance of geranium and stock, pauses a few moments in an avenue of palms, catches a glimpse of an emerald sea gently washing a beach of white sand—and while doing all this reads in the European edition of an American paper, three days old, that the whole of the United States is being swept by a terrible blizzard. It seems impossible to believe that such contrasts exist, especially when one realizes that straight out across the emerald sea, only three thousand miles away, is that snow-swept country.

The little station at Mont'Estoril is built facing the sunny beach; ivy geraniums cluster about its red tile roof; a solid stone wall forms the road-bed of the railway and creates a bulwark against high tide. The emerald sea is in reality a wide bay, outwardly placid, yet a deceptive entrance to the Tagus which leads across perilous sand-bars to Lisbon. The ancient fishing town of Cascaes drowns in the curved line of the rocky shore, its fortress, once the summer home of Portuguese kings, a landmark for all incoming ships. Fishing-boats are scattered over the calm water—sailboats that seem to belong to centuries long past, left over from those hundred glorious years of Portugal. There is real romance in their large sails of orange and yellow and wine-dark red; their gondola-shaped hulls, their Phœnician prows—all suggestive of epic adventure. Surely, their mission must be more poetic than merely that of

furnishing food to modern Portuguese citizens!

As one waits at the station for the arrival of the "business man's special" to Lisbon, many other things in sight are suggestive of that far-away time when Portugal led all the nations of the world. The fishwives passing down the road bear their flat, heavily laden baskets on their heads with the superb carriage of those whose ancestors had learned to master the sea; their bright handkerchiefs stream out behind them as they speed on fleet feet from village to village. The full-throated voices of peasants shouting "A Burro" to their tiny staggering donkeys makes one hear again the shouts of brave mariners braving the gales. A huge bull, led by two men wearing the black knitted caps, a style which has come straight down from the Phœnicians—some of them look as if they were the very caps themselves—gives a clew to the traditional sport of the country, for they are leading the bellicose beast to Alges, where he will amuse thousands next Sunday in a bloodless fight. A flock of turkeys, most well behaved and following in soldier-like fashion the direction indicated by their master, march from house to house to offer themselves for sale. And donkeys, carrying venders of fruits and vegetables whose heads are arrayed in dazzling red and yellow scarfs, are trotting by just as others like them have trotted for years unnumbered. Of course, there is the flaunting contrast of modern life; automobiles, motor-cycles, even motor-trucks may pass by occasionally; and the calm sea is sometimes disturbed by motor-boat and dashing hydroplane. But nowhere has the ugliness of modern life crept in; the most recently built cottage or villa follows the traditions of centuries of building in Portugal.

Commuters assemble leisurely. Why not? Even if they miss the nine-thirty express there will be the slow train in half an hour. And as for reaching Lisbon so early, what does it avail one? No shop-keeper with any self-respect would think of taking down his shutters—the equivalent of opening his doors—before ten o'clock. Morning was meant for sleep—or at least quiet repose and the undisturbed reading of yesterday's change of government. No one should work until after a midday breakfast. Besides, there is a long, sunny afternoon to be got through somehow. The rhythm of Portugal!

When you enter the little station and look about for the ticket-office you may be a bit puzzled. Then your glance falls on a tiny little window, just large enough to pass your hand through. It is set very low; you almost have to lie down to see through it with one eye. When you achieve this position, your eye meets the black eye of the ticket-agent. Now you must take away your eye and apply your mouth to the window and ask for a ticket. Then you remove your mouth and apply your ear to hear how much it is going to cost. All this takes time, a great deal of time—and develops long-unused muscles—but no one is pressing you impatiently from behind.

"One thousand and eight hundred reis!" the ticket-agent hisses in your ear. At first you stagger at the tremendous sum, and do a little calculating which ends with the realization that, in your own exceedingly good money, all this amounts only to eighteen cents. You hand out two one thousand reis notes and await the change. But the ticket-agent has never been known to have the change. If the train is on the point of arriving you give up the fight and add two hundred reis to the agent's salary.

A timid whistle is heard in the distance, the station-master comes out and blows a little horn—for all the world like those we used to blow at Christmas time—and the passengers rise languidly from benches under palm-trees and stand in readiness. The train appears, coming casually round a cliff where sprigs of ivy geranium brush the engine's smoke-stack, and comes to a very gentle stop, often quite beyond the

station platform—all a matter of how much steam the wood fire is producing that morning. The passengers climb in, find plenty of comfortable seats—those wide aisles and seats of English coaches—the Christmas horn is blown again, and without any jar or noise of any kind the train glides off to make two more stops before going straight on to Lisbon, a matter of some seventeen miles away.

The first stop, at Estoril, gives one time to glance at a beautifully laid out and partially finished imitation of Monte Carlo. There is a rather splendid hotel, an impressive thermal establishment, two semicircular buildings for shops and, crowning an eminence, a building dignified by columns and handsome arches which is destined to be a casino. These buildings centre about a vast park of palm avenues, fountains, miniature waterfalls, and flaming flower-beds. The background is an extensive grove of pines. It is all a Portuguese financier's dream, left unfinished in the aftermath of war. One day it will surely be famous, for it has much to recommend it over the too fashionable Riviera, particularly its milder climate.

The next stop, Sao Joao do Estoril, a little farther on, shows only a small station with pleasant hedges and a road leading toward a small town on the beach.

By this time the coaches are well filled. Friends have greeted each other—this very formally done with bows and handshakes all down the aisle—and conversation becomes animated in the usual Latin manner. Almost every known language is heard. Above the undercurrent of Portuguese, much English is spoken, some French, and, now and then, a guttural German phrase.

Two English ladies, who got on at Mont'Estoril, begin an excited discussion over their experiences of the night before at the Casino. Though their ages are uncertain, their reputations are surely not. Garden-party hats with long veils, sweaters uncompromisingly home-knitted, solid boots, woollen stockings, tweed skirts—all stamp them unmistakably, even if one did not hear their explosive voices.

"My dear, it's really most extraordinary! Do you see! I put two pence ha'penny on thirteen—I always play

thirteen—and, just fancy, it came up! Extraordinary, wasn't it? But, my dear, the most appalling thing happened. You know that frightfully vulgar Mrs. Slatings-Roberts. She was sitting next me. My dear—she claimed it—said she had put two pence ha'penny on thirteen herself! What did I do? I simply *looked*

to those at play so they could shift quickly from roulette to tea-tables before unfriendly inspectors entered the building. In the centre of the one large room is the roulette table which seats about sixteen people. Those who cannot find seats lean confidently over the heads and shoulders of the more fortunate ones. The Portu-



Mont'Estoril.

One catches a glimpse of an emerald sea gently washing a beach of white sand.—Page 547.

at her, my dear! The result? Oh—the croupier paid us both.”

To appreciate fully this conversation, you would have to spend an evening at the Pequeno Casino—the Little Casino—the most intimate family gambling-place one could well imagine. In reality it is only a small cottage set back in a delightful garden with one or two thoroughly sympathetic policemen standing at the door. One is inclined to wonder that any officers of the law are necessary at such a gentle place until it is learned that they are there simply in the interests of the patrons. You see, gambling is forbidden in Portugal and, if the government suddenly decided to open its eyes, these pleasant attendants would give the signal

guesses say that this little casino is run only for the diversion of British spinsters and widows who come all the way out from England, not really to escape fogs and endless rains, but for the sole purpose of spending cosy afternoons and evenings about a roulette-table. The chips are so large and of such low value that one can grow daringly reckless and lose the large sum of fifty cents an evening. One spinster, who is always at the door at the opening hour, five o'clock—they say she hasn't missed an afternoon during five winters—immediately buys a stack of chips which she puts in her reticule—there is no word that expresses so perfectly her bag—and, playing them carefully according to some system until they

are all gone, has tea, smokes a cigarette, and then returns to the hotel apparently quite happy, feeling no doubt that she has been outrageously daring and immoral. Any sort of gambling, you know, gives one the feeling of being something of a devil—even if one only loses fifty cents after three hours of hard work!

In the coach, seated next the English ladies, are four Portuguese men—a prosperous ship-chandler, a doctor who has office hours in Lisbon, a politician—perhaps minister for foreign affairs last week—and a rich exporter of sardines. They talk in that extraordinary language in which *ishes* and *owngs* seem to dominate, a language in which nothing is called by a name that vaguely resembles any that you have ever heard before; for a simple train is called “o comboio”; a carriage is “trem”; a knife is a “faca”; a fork is a “garfo”; and only “thank you” sounds the least bit familiar as “muito obrigado” almost a third cousin, by marriage, to “much obliged.” The four men discuss politics with wonderful gestures and speculate upon who will be in next week’s cabinet; then one nudges another and calls attention to a very dapper gentleman in smartly cut suit, spotless white spats and monocle, who is sitting a little way from them.

“Manoel’s secretary! What’s he doing here?” Mind you, a republican would not be caught saying King Manoel or even Dom Manoel.

“Looking after the Braganza estates, I suppose.”

“Ah—and where is Manoel now?”

“As usual—playing tennis at Nice,” the other one replies with a disdainful shrug and an envious glance at a king’s secretary. Republicanism does not seem to have quite eradicated the traditional glamour of thrones.

A woman with eight children—this is small for a Portuguese family; a recent prime minister boasted eighteen sons by the same wife—is dispensing cocoanut candy and quince paste with generous hands. She is undoubtedly accepting immediate peace for future trouble. However, the children are strong and lusty and exceedingly pretty; they appear quite capable of managing such rich food.

The train now leaves the coast and comes to an almost abrupt stop as it attacks the gentle grade which leads across the peninsula that forms the dividing line between sea and river. On one side a pine forest, the trees bent and leaning from the effect of the north wind, stops the view; on the other side a stretch of barren land, really moors, extends to a distant mountain range—the Serra de Cintra. Against the sharp blue sky, clearly distinct in the crystalline atmosphere, on the topmost peak of those mountains of the moon, looms the grand-opera castle of Pena, a perfect reproduction of a mediæval stronghold built only seventy years ago by one of the sons of that Coburg family that allied itself to so many ruling houses.

When the high point of the ridge is passed, the train begins to roll gaily down-hill, and a panorama that is full of historical import and actual beauty gradually unfolds. To the right stretches the broad mouth of the Tagus, so broad that one sees the surf breaking against the calmer waters of the river; on the far shore bleak sand-dunes gradually give way to fertile hills and gaily colored villages; and still farther on, in the blue distance, too far away to be seen, are ruins of Roman cities, Moorish strongholds and remnants of Lusitanian civilization.

Over a near hilltop one sees a group of Moorish towers, golden in the sun. The sight brings a thrill. One wonders if, after all, he has not suddenly been transported back a thousand years, and is approaching the abode of some mighty Saracen chief. But a turn in the road dispels illusion, and shows a fort with perfectly modern equipment placed on ancient foundations. Then Sant’Amaro comes into view, a village of pink-and-white houses with red tile roofs and palms and eucalyptus-trees, and a miniature bay filled with fishing-boats with orange-and-red sails. It is exactly like a stage curtain, just those colors—vivid blue sky, vivid blue water, vivid green shrubs, and vivid red roofs. Nothing is subtle or subdued. It is all vibrantly intense.

Far ahead, the broadly curving shoreline which makes this part of the river almost a bay stretches along with gay villages set in green surroundings, and

ends at a point which is made salient by the sparkling white Tower of Belem—one of the most beautiful buildings of the world and as perfect to-day as it was four hundred years ago when it was built to defend Lisbon from invasion by sea.

bougainvillea, appear in shady groves, their gardens coming down to the railway and even crossing it to reach the sandy shores of the river. Modern villas cluster near the railway, small but resplendent with an overdress of glistening



Modern Portuguese Villa.

Resplendent with an overdress of glistening tiles . . . with roofs curving upward at the corners and finished with metal ornaments.

Just beyond this tower rise hills congested with houses—Lisbon.

Romance and adventure are all along the way. Villages slip by with immensely suggestive names: Paco d'Arcos—the Palace of Arches; Cruz Quebrada—the Broken Cross; each with a story of days when pirates waited until the dark of night to come stealthily ashore; or sailing crafts swept by on their way to unconquered, unknown lands; or Roman galleys rode triumphantly along to claim country and people; or even those vague, shadowy Phœnicians landed at these very same inlets. Old crumbling villas, covered with protecting ivy and gorgeous

green, yellow, blue, pink, and white tiles, each one of them with roofs curving upward at the corners and finished with metal ornaments—a decoration which some roving mariner originally brought back from the land of pagodas. Now and then a bare, forbidding fort rises on a jutting point, its crumbling walls and battlements proclaiming the need of protection from those dangers which came so silently from the sea, and the suggestion of Moorish architecture, showing in a pinnacle or dome, giving ample evidence of its original builders. And all the while, floating by or moored in some shallow inlet, are strange old ships—as redo-



Caes de Sodre.

The Caes de Sodre is not beautiful but it has great interest in that it appears to be the connecting link with so many interesting and remote places.—Page 555.

lent of adventure as the face of an old crusader, and no more really a part of to-day than the forts which were built to keep them at a safe distance.

There is so much suggestive in the scene that one wonders if some of this left-over romance is not still living in the people of this country; and one turns to their faces in the effort to find, in flesh and blood, what so abounds in stone and mortar. The conductor, passing so leisurely up and down the aisle, catches one's attention. He is not at all one's preconceived idea of what a Latin looks like; nor does he suggest other Latin races; but then, one must remember that this Iberian land was populated with so much more than purely Latin blood. The infiltration of Moorish and Gothic and Celtic characteristics makes for a very distinctly marked race. Gray eyes, rather far apart and severe, set in olive skin and framed with black lashes that make them gleam both dreamily and in-

tensely; a thin face with aquiline, rather delicate features; and an economical use of flesh on both body and face—all make this man quite different from what one who has travelled in other Latin countries would naturally expect. He is in no way Spanish; he is not at all French; he has little of the Italian geniality; he is purely Portuguese—perhaps more really Gothic than anything else.

As the train approaches Lisbon the modern villas grow more numerous and the shore-line becomes dotted with quaint little bathing-houses. Alges—the Coney Island of Lisbon—is a suburb which combines a nice sandy beach with a park where trees, jolly awnings, comfortable willow chairs and cafés make a day's excursion from the city—only a matter of ten minutes—within the reach of all classes. Even in the early morning, when it is deserted, it still has the air of being all ready for gay visitors.

The Tower of Belem marks the real

entrance to Lisbon. It is the point at which entering war-ships salute; it is the line at which the city's customs are drawn; and it is the salient object which fires one's imagination and makes live again those glorious hundred years of Portugal, for clustered near it are so many of the best things the country boasts. The tower itself, seen from the car window, is an elaborate structure of white stone—a combination of Gothic, Moorish, and Manueline architecture. It would be difficult to imagine a building more ornate. It has all the charm of a fairy fabrication; it appeals immensely to the imagination. Towers, turrets, elaborate traceries, winding stairs, pinnacles, balconies, drawbridge, moat—all stand out against a background of river and sky like some fantastic dream.

And across from the tower, seen from the other side of the train, above a grove of Judas-trees in full bloom, springs up

the church and convent of Soao Jeronymo—another building of enchantment. The exquisite detail of the main portal is fairly gleaming in the sunlight; it seems too delicate and fragile to be actually real; its Gothic, Moorish, and even Indian sumptuousness, showing above the dainty freshness of the flowering trees, makes it appear quite like a mirage—especially when one looks beyond and sees, dominating the crest of a hill, the monumental pile of the Ajuda Palace. The contrast is a bit bewildering. One building is so convincingly the work of man, so solid, so permanent, so uncompromisingly a safe abode for mere mortals; the other is more an imaginary structure—the sort of thing one might dream of and never expect to see realized.

History is about one on all sides now. Buildings, monuments, gateways, statues, all recall famous names. Here it was that Henry the Navigator came to see the



Tower of Belem.

It would be difficult to imagine a building more ornate. It has all the charm of a fairy fabrication.

ships he had fitted up sail off to conquer the world; there is the spot where Vasco da Gama and his followers passed the night in prayer previous to starting off on that perilous voyage which was to end in the discovery of a new route to India; a tall marble column bears a colossal bronze statue of Affonso de Albuquerque,

packages, and stand impatiently in the aisles. Perhaps it is the effect of the scene without that has made them restless. Once within the real boundaries of the town the change is very noticeable. The river which, a few miles back, was so suggestive of old Portugal is now a modern, animated harbor. The docks are



Fish Venders.

They are superb, these fishwives, real Amazons . . . the backbone of Portugal.—Page 555.

whom many consider the greatest of Portuguese administrators; a pink-and-white palace set far back in a grove of pines transfers one quickly to the past century, for it was here that recent kings have lived; the Necessidades Palace, dark-red and white, rising out of extensive gardens, brings history almost up to the present day, for it was here that Manoel lived until he was forced to give up both throne and country.

Though there are still ten minutes more before the journey will be finished and the train stop at the Caes de Sodre, in the heart of Lisbon, the passengers hurriedly gather together their hats and sticks and

lined with all sorts of vessels. There are tramp steamers, many of them with names that appeal to the American—John Prentiss of Portland; Mary Thompson of Norfolk: there are tank-steamers and coal-barges; far out in midstream looms the huge bulk of a transatlantic liner reducing everything else to absurdly small proportions. A River Plate steamer is just coming up the river, all the way from Buenos Ayres; a French liner, boasting three smoke-stacks, is leaving for distant Brazil; a dapper Portuguese boat is making ready to go straight to Madeira, then the Azores and the Canaries; a British schooner is dropping anchor after a

long voyage from Cape Town; another is on its way to Angola—boats from every part of the world going to every part of the world.

Warehouses and sordidly commercial structures line the way, though, now and then, a picturesque old church covered with blue-and-white tiles and some ancient neglected palace give evidence of what this busy river section looked like in the days of the great Manoel.

Now the air becomes almost overpowering with a stifling scent. The fish-market announces its proximity. Surely, all the fish in the world are being offered for sale—fresh fish, dead fish, fish in oil, and fish in salt. One has the feeling that he will smell of fish for the rest of his days. Then the market comes into view, close beside the track, with its hundreds of fishwomen arranging their baskets preparatory to starting forth, barefooted, their skirts girded up about them, heavy gold earrings in their ears, gold necklaces hanging down over their negligible corsages, to peddle their wares up and down and through every street of Lisbon.

The Caes de Sodre is not beautiful but it has great interest in that it appears to be the connecting-link with so many interesting and remote places scattered over the globe. The sailors lounging on the benches there could probably tell you of any seaport you might ask them about; the little café on the corner, decorated inside and out with tiles that depict the maritime story of Portugal, is always filled with ships' captains that are either leaving or just arriving; the pavements are banked with vegetables and fruits, their venders standing under signs that announce the best route to reach some unheard-of African port; straight ahead, out of the centre of the square, a street leads directly up the steepest hill one is likely to find in any city. No wonder Lisbon calls itself a rival of Rome in this respect! And all the time, while one is

trying to remember that this city no longer belongs to the past that was so living on the journey there, he is in very great danger of being run over and knocked down and carried entirely away in the rather reckless form of transportation that is passing through the square. Motors and trams and carriages apparently vie with one another as to who can go fastest. After one has dodged and run madly for the narrow sidewalk, still he is far from having reached safety, for here he comes straight into a procession of fishwomen. And here a word of eyes, warning! They are superb, these fishwives, real Amazons, strikingly handsome, the backbone of Portugal—I grant them all that—but lurking in the corner of their eyes, which apparently are bent only upon selling fish, is a mischievous gleam. Spotless white linen has an irresistible fascination for them. You can't blame them, with their constantly fish-scented clothes. But give them the right of way, don't force them to move an inch out of their paths, for if you do, their baskets will tilt casually, and you will find yourself splattered with a thin stream of fishy water that necessitates an immediate return home.

The square safely crossed, you jump into a tram which, to your consternation, begins, without apparently the least thought of danger, to climb the precipitous hill. If a Portuguese notices your alarm and overhears the prayers you are stammering that the brakes are in working order, he will most considerately try to reassure you by telling you that you are ascending the Rua Alecrim—Rosemary Street—and that no evil can overtake you in Portugal as long as there is a bit of rosemary about; then, further to divert your attention from what you are now certain is immediate death, he will point to Lisbon, unfolding beneath and above you, bland and smiling in its pink-and-gray dress. The rhythm of Portugal!



The Man with the Ironic Mask

BY JOHN D. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. J. DUNCAN

I



IMPRESARIO GERALD JAY CARTON, husband of the famous actress Mrs. Carton—one of the few non-Yiddish managers in the theatre—and therefore not finan-

cially successful—was sitting on a high stool in the box-office, beside the ticket-seller, delightedly watching a huge, distinguished-looking audience pour through the lobby of the Gotham Theatre into the auditorium.

It was the first performance of the new drama "Possession." But it was just barely the first performance. That afternoon the chief actor had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him whole. However, Impresario Carton had not been forty years in the theatre without encountering similar emergencies. The understudy had been located, rushed to the theatre; found to be letter-perfect, in fact, surprisingly equipped with his own wigs, clothes, and make-up, and at that very moment was pacing up and down behind the curtain ready to go on for the leading part. "Slips," explaining the star's indisposition, had been printed and inserted in the programmes. There was also a "stretcher" in front of the theatre announcing the fact. Thus far nobody had asked for his money at the box-office.

So Impresario Carton was happy. He radiated his usual, optimistic, fun-loving self. He talked—mostly to himself but he talked incessantly—quoting, paraphrasing, laughing at his own jokes, quizzically knitting his brows as he invented a new one, laughing in turn at that. A trace of the dandy—a hang-over of the boulevardier—that was once a real figure on the Avenue, was discernible in the

cracked monocle that hung from his neck, and the care with which he every now and then punctuated his remarks by giving sharper points to the ends of his tiny, waxed mustache.

When Madison Square was the centre of New York fashion and 14th Street its art zone; when people dined and did not merely eat; when the best part of every gentleman's afternoon was religiously reserved for calls or a cocktail tour extending from the Lafayette, up the Avenue, with stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Manhattan Club, to a gathering of wits in the grill-room of Martin's; when MacGowan's Pass was the Ultima Thule of coaching and sleighing; when there were no motors nor taxicabs, and millionaires were as scarce as tired business men; when a man was honored for his culture rather than his success, and life was an enchanting vintage to be tasted, not devoured; when correct dressing was a ritual as important as one's good name, and to be a beau sabreur, a fine sportsman, or a brilliant raconteur were careers sufficient unto themselves; in short, when everybody was somebody, time a device for renting houses, and money a topic only for tradesmen—Gerald Jay Carton was a celebrity, as distinguished as a festooned Corinthian column on that decorative, leisure-loving, wise living, Appian Way.

Of the catastrophe that had just survived—his play abandoned by its chief actor on the opening night—Impresario Carton gaily declaimed: "Doubt that this star is fired; doubt that he'll ever know how I wish he had never been hired; but do not doubt my show." His face was red with merriment, his eyes sparkled with fun, and he chortled, as he thought up his own lines, all the while watching the goodly line at the box-office window.

But in less than two hours Impresario Carton was badly in need of another quotation, and he had none. For once he



From a drawing by W. J. Duncan.

SUDDENLY HE FELL AWRY INTO THE HALF-STANDING, HALF-ROLLING POSITION OF A PUPPET WHOSE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT.

—"The Man with the Ironic Mask," page 556.

was dumb, but, as always, uncomplaining. A thing took place that even his encyclopædic knowledge of the theatre could not compass. His carefully rehearsed understudy—an actor of vast experience—suddenly lost possession of all his faculties. In a trice he was as useless to the play as a locomotive to a train when its wheels are making millions of revolutions without advancing it an inch.

Many who read this doubtless saw it all—that night at the Gotham Theatre; but until they read these pages they will never know what they really saw.

II

THE night Antonio Silvain, on very short notice, brilliantly essayed the principal part in the drama "Possession"—only suddenly to achieve the greatest and most inexplicable failure ever seen on a New York stage—the few who were really in the know told one another that a great actor, an artist akin to the elder Salvini in genius as he was in blood, was lost to the theatre, broken upon the wheel of some mysterious mischance, a spiritual bankrupt within the hour.

Silvain—it is best to put it just as he afterward explained it—suddenly believed himself confronted by a vision. He afterward defined it variously at various times, but never more clearly than to call it his conscience embodied. He was pedantic and pseudoscholastic of speech, and once, hating to be questioned any more, he left even Impresario Carton baffled by blaming his downfall on his alter ego. He said it walked and had enormous eyes, this thing; that he had been "got" by the evil eye in the ghostly image of his finest traits; the traits he had discarded to get on—because they had made him fail all his life—sensitivity, fairness, giving, never asking or expecting, but, above all, a religious trust in the ultimate triumph of certain theatre ideals. It was never any use pressing him to tell, even years afterward, what *it* or *the thing* was. His answers were maudlin; "the thing I've done," "the ghost of the artist that was me."

The disaster was poignant to the few who knew that, when Silvain first became a part of the two hours' traffic of "Posses-

sion," he had no thought of being priest but acolyte to the play. It had been given him to read, and at once he so loved it that he declared he would act a door-mat in it—merely to be within sight of its lovely scenes and sound of its exquisite lines. As a matter of fact he had been cast for a minor character in the first act—with something vaguely said about "understudying the lead," but so vaguely that it did not appear in his contract, and was only casually mentioned again during the rehearsals.

Between themselves producer and author admitted they would have liked to have given Silvain the part of "Marvin"; but they also admitted that heaps of other producers and authors had thought the same way about him for other plays; for Silvain, plus being an artist, was a most lovable, interesting man. But there was that comic-supplement countenance; belonging nowhere but in a circus-ring; not merely laughably ugly but in action almost disgusting; not homely but, especially if excited, horrifying.

So that his acting opportunities were rare. A grim irony forbade him to do what he could teach others to do—magically. But this night his chance had come. And then, for him—the deluge; an artist buried alive.

III

It happened in the middle of the second act, with a huge audience entirely with him. Silvain delivered his lines of the text with the charm and freshness of extemporaneous thoughts until he was almost half-way through his performance. As for the spirit of the piece, he was uncannily brilliant—easy in method, with a sure, authoritative hold upon each scene; never acting, always living the character; warming and perfectly pacing the other actors about him, like an amiable magician waving a wand. That indefinable suction that takes place in a theatre when a really good play, finely performed, pulls on an audience, had unmistakably set in.

Then there was suddenly a good deal of noisy jostling, talking, and bustling at the rear of the theatre—apparently late comers colliding with the standees. At that, Silvain casually glanced out front;

looked again, and then stopped in his tracks, staring intently at the rear seats of the theatre. For a moment he stood as if transfixed with horror, but suddenly he fell awry into the half-standing, half-lolling position of a puppet whose wires have been cut. He uttered a low, far-away exclamation—as if through his bulging eyes; and then, fascinating but awful to see, as his enormous, thick-lipped mouth fell open, the make-up he had carefully laid on to give him the face of "David Marvin," benign and as lovable as an old bishop, gradually vanished and there came through the distorted features the preposterously caricatured countenance of Silvain himself.

The face exposed was even more out of drawing than Silvain's—because the flattened nose, with blood-red nostrils, was now distended wide from hard breathing; the eyes gleamed, ratlike, with terror as if belonging to something cornered; the heavy jowls had dropped and could not be lifted; the cavernous mouth wide open—and edged with flabby, wet lips—tried hard to shut, but had not the strength to cover a lolling tongue and rows of black teeth. The act of transformation was as grotesque and as absorbing to look at as if a stone gargoyle had gradually come to life, and begun to pantomime its years of pent-up suffering.

Taken as acting, it was rewarded with thunderous applause. And not unreasonably so, for the chief character in the play—the plot was very like "The Bells"—was supposed to end in madness. The word "genius" flew from lip to lip.

But, in the theatre, what passes for genius out front is often recognized as paranoia back stage. The people about Silvain, terrified for the fate of their own performances if he gave them no cues, expecting at any minute his complete collapse, gazed at him as if hypnotized. After the climax of the mad scene Silvain became more and more inaudible, but the audience thought this natural to the character until the effort to hear became trying and irritating. Toward the end Silvain mouthed the text until it was meaningless. He was like a man, waked in the night, groping for his wits.

The final scenes of the play seemed all the more interminable, because of Sil-

vain's incoherence. But the man's fine sense of responsibility was touchingly shown in the stubborn exertion of all his will to stress the last words of each speech—so as surely to give the other actors their cues. After seemingly hours and hours, it was possible to signal for the curtain with decency. At last it was rung down—and, of course, this time it would fall with a resounding, comic thud—on the pitiful remnants of the glory that was Silvain, and the exploded hopes of a young, black-haired, pink-cheeked lad, sitting in the gallery. His hands were white like a girl's; they had been clinched together for hours. And his eyes were wet, but even after the curtain had fallen, he still stared at the stage. He could not believe what he had seen—his best play, the work of years, ruined as if by a blight.

Motionless, awe-stricken, the company huddled near the prompt entrance, and silently watched Silvain as he tottered through the lane they had automatically formed. He attacked the iron stairway with one or two firm steps, but soon was climbing slower and slower. He planted his feet as if they were separated from his legs on the top step, wavered, and then the door of his dressing-room slammed, and was locked.

Silvain fell into an old wooden chair that screamed horribly as his limp body touched it. He swabbed the thick sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand and began to talk.

"Well, here we are, all alone, David. Just you and me; just you and me, David Marvin. But him! That loafer! That bluff! That ham! Where do you suppose he is? He beat us, by God; he beat us just as I thought we were making the hit of our lives! We're licked, David. Wiped out! *La Commedia e finita!*"

All the while Silvain gazed fixedly at his own image in the long mirror, that, with its row of tiny footlights, he had rigged up for himself on one of the walls. He was mad.

IV

WHILE it would be much more telling and appealing to say so, the truth is there was not one atom of sympathy coming to Silvain; quite the contrary. He was piti-

able, but not a pathetic figure; a pitiable marplot; the assassin of a great play. He had taken a bold chance; staked everything; even gambled another man's life and failed—pulling the entire enterprise down with him. Even if he had succeeded he would have only been another example of the charge that an artist knows no scruples.

Years earlier he had laid out a programme of revenge for all the rôles that had belonged to him; that had been denied him for a reason that, he thought, no playwright or producer of artistic honesty should let stand in the way. So intense was his passion for acting, that what had once been an humble contentment with a small part, out of love of a fine play, became a cunning device for gaining any kind of a foothold in a company—trusting afterward to his acting genius and fine Italian wits to fetch him the acting honors of the piece.

So that when Impresario Carton and the author of "Possession" pitied Silvain, after he had gratefully signed his contract for a small part in the play—"alas, poor Silvain! I knew him well, Moffett. A fellow of infinite jest, a most excellent clown"—the laugh was really on them. And Silvain gave loud vent to it, all the way down the corridor of that office-building, until the lights of the approaching elevator cautioned him.

For, as an actor, a constant habitué of actors' clubs, he knew that the star they had engaged for the principal part was for him, Silvain, as easy to show up as an amateur. More than that, he knew what the sponsors of the play tried to forget—that this star had the reputation of being about as reliable as a flea, and that once he disappeared he was no easier to locate.

Silvain was as correct in his reliance on the last fact as he was wrong in depending on the first. Robert Bancroft, the "Marvin" selected, was far from being an amateur—just as far as he was from being an artist. He was an extremely good, safe, uninspired actor, with about as much imagination as a reliable carpenter. He had personality and personal beauty, although obviously the face of a drinker. He had presence, authority, and fine diction. In action he displayed

warmth, but it was the warmth of a radiator; never the white flame of an inspired imagination.

It was extravagant of Silvain to expect anything else of Bancroft, a workaday product of a Western stock company, but in discovering Bancroft's kinship to the flea family, Silvain got a master's grip on his rival. Rehearsals of the play were not two weeks old when Silvain—always helpful to everybody in the cast, and always deferential to the star—or, if ready with a suggestion, certain to whisper it to him in a dark corner—knew Bancroft as thoroughly as if he were his own brother. They became inseparable. It was very convenient for Bancroft because Silvain knew New York better than he, and Silvain not only took an occasional drink, Bancroft was glad to see, but knew where to get another.

So they had many parties in common—very common—night after night, in place after place. Silvain's thirty years' residence in New York came in handy. When their usual haunts wore out, when mine host shook his head, even at Silvain and his "distinguished friend the star, Mr. Robert Bancroft," there was always the Italian quarter.

Arm in arm, night after night, from the garlic to the spaghetti zone, thus went Silvain and Bancroft. The first was rather short, stocky, broad-shouldered, obviously physically powerful, looking forty but nearer sixty, walking with the tiny, delicate steps of a toe-dancer, always wearing a black slouch hat and always with his head down—ever conscious of the gargoylean countenance. The second was tall, head erect, always with a cane, certain to be taken either for an actor, a floorwalker, or one of the traffic squad; and as conscious of what he considered his personal distinction as Silvain was of his personal extinction.

There they go now; they are just leaving the basement of the Brevoort. Louis has served them one of his wonderful dinners—onion soup, brook-trout, sauté; guinea-hen casserole; potatoes chipped in cream; salad, just flecked with garlic; and a small flask of—sh!

They have been together ever since the rehearsal finished at five o'clock. It is now eleven. They are crossing the

Avenue toward the Washington Arch. Now they are skirting the Square. They are fearfully out of step, but Silvain trots along as if avoiding eggs, while his companion strides like a cavalryman. Bancroft is talking very loudly, gesturing, waving his cane, so that the multitudinous dingy denizens of the dimly lighted park stare at him as he goes by. He thinks that they know he is a famous actor. They think he is a hard-hearted landlord raising the little man's rent.

Now they are passing the theatre of the Provincetown Players.

"Once a stable, egad," says Bancroft, romantically waving his cane as if it is the sword of Rupert of Hentzau.

"Well, the greatest protagonist of all times was born in a stable," answers Silvain.

Whereat Bancroft, already in his cups, and thinking the remark a joke, gives vent to his manufactured actor's laugh—a raucous sound, just like a horse in vaudeville trained to duplicate the printed signs of laughter.

This was their favorite nightly tour, week after week; and this night, as usual, the sidewalks were so littered with children they had taken to the middle of the street.

"The patient lives of the poor," Bancroft started to declaim.

"The dirtiest of them can buy and sell us in happiness," interrupted Silvain. He had long since got to hate the stencilled actor in his companion.

"But look here," he went on; "at one end of the village, the Provincetown Players; at the other, this."

He took Bancroft by the arm and led him into the tiny Marionette Theatre, on Mulberry Street.

It is a long, low, dimly lighted, but picturesque hall, with charming imitation mediæval banners on the walls. It is late; the play is on; it is in Italian. The stage, not more than ten feet by eight, takes on the proportions of a normal theatre as one's imagination is excited by the thrilling action. There is a delightfully colored stage-setting, with castle walls and moats and knights of old, caparisoned in swords and shining armor.

At this moment the audience was wildly applauding and cheering a duel with

broadswords between two puppet figures in armor, outside a very frightened but perky-looking castle. Crash upon crash resounded, and, as the heroes fought, they were so skilfully manipulated by unseen hands from above, that they themselves seemed to declaim the noble thoughts one heard. Shout after shout went up from an audience genuinely moved at the sight of the old duke defending his daughter and castle against the robber baron.

Bancroft stood at the rear of the little theatre amazed at the sight, especially at the enthusiasm of the audience. At the thunder of applause he pricked up his ears like a terrier at the word "rats."

"Wooden, aren't they?" he asked Silvain, who was meantime busily whispering to the woman who manages the place.

"Yes."

"Worked on levers?"

"Yes."

"Gad, I'd let myself be worked on lightning-rods in a thunder-storm if I could get a reception like that. What's the play? Who controls the English-speaking rights?"

"Petrarch."

"Who speaks the dialogue?"

"A woman and a man behind the scenes—in fact, this lady's husband speaks all the men's parts. Allow me, signora; my distinguished friend, the star, Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft—Signora Spinnelli. And now whenever you are ready please show us the way, signora."

Then Bancroft realized that it was not to the Marionette Theatre, but to a resort of probably infinite possibilities, that Silvain had taken him.

They climbed a flight of rickety stairs.

Some gas-jets were lighted on the way by the signora, who soon "took the orders," and, after lighting more gas-jets, left the men seated at a table at one end of a room as long as the theatre and directly over it.

It contained some rather good pieces of Italian painted furniture, casually scattered about as if stored there, all imitations, but unexpected pleasures to the eye. There were two mediæval cabinets, a refectory-table and bench, and a rather fine inlaid Venetian fireplace, now filled with the heaped-up ashes of burnt papers. Some chairs were sprawled along the wall,

as if there had been a dance there, and on the floor without a single self-explanatory sign, were scattered three mattresses covered with black velvet.

Through the floor, from the theatre below—as they waited for the drinks—Silvain and Bancroft, even though they talked, could still hear plainly that sound beloved of all actors and politicians, gorgeous applause. And all for wooden figures, Bancroft thought. How wonderful it would be if only some of that champagne of champagnes, as it filtered up through the floor, could be bottled; to be released as one needed it.

VI

It was dawn when Silvain left the place. He staggered down the rickety steps, and pushed his way through the swinging door, next the theatre entrance. He paused on the sidewalk to steady himself. He was stunned for a second by the sunlight, the smells of vegetables, the shouts of venders, the drone of unseen thousands, and the drone of things in his memory. He was drunk. But he grinned a horrible grin, with the satisfied cunning and shrewd calculation of a man whom liquor effects more in the legs than in the brain.

He was grinning at the thought of the last thing he had seen by the faint gaslight in the room up-stairs. He had loathed the sight but now was exulting over it. There he had left Bancroft, his collar off and his shirt pulled open about the throat, stretched out on one of the mattresses, his face as white as marble against the black velvet.

With his feet now well under him, Silvain pitter-pattered up Mulberry Street toward Washington Square, with thoughts of a bus, and the good it would do him riding on top in the cool morning air. The clearer his head got, the greater he enjoyed remembering. He laughed and laughed as he recalled the details.

It had been at Bancroft's suggestion—after they had been drinking together for hours—and then at his pleading, that Silvain, guided by Signor Spinnelli, had set out to get the stuff. And, sure enough, it was easy to buy at the corner of Forsythe and Delancey Streets. They sold

it almost in the open—ratlike-looking people—walking up and down the sidewalk, waiting for victims whom they could distinguish from detectives either through knowing them for years, or, even more clearly, by the pin-point pupils of addicts' eyes or their distended, glassy stare.

Tiny, harmless-looking vials, rather pretty, and yet the remembrance of their power and the extraordinary metamorphosis they produced was staggering. To think that such a simple little potion, as white as snow, could first effect such enchantingly brilliant talk, such absorbing fantasies, and then so complete a paralysis.

Silvain remembered it all. He remembered that he could not rouse Bancroft. And then he remembered that he remembered about himself. It was the day of the dress rehearsal of "Possession." So he left "his friend, the distinguished star, Mr. Robert Bancroft"—alone.

VII

It was fortunate for Bancroft, like many Irishmen, that he had a number of retainers about him, in his home and at the theatre. They were part pensioners and part servants. There were two in particular who were adepts in protecting him in just such lapses. He called them "the old faithfuls." Generally they knew where he was, what the matter was, and, even without instructions, were quick of feet and glib of tongue with excuses to the panic-stricken or enraged manager. But this time the poor old things were entirely in the dark, themselves completely panic-stricken. They were too experienced to show outwardly any anxiety as they reassured Impresario Carton.

But there was no Robert Bancroft at the dress rehearsal, although the curtain was held for him over an hour. The old faithfuls took turns running into the theatre with fresh bulletins of apology and explanation, supposedly direct from Bancroft, but really invented between them on the nearest street corner. And still he did not come.

Finally the rehearsal had to go on without him. Silvain volunteered to "read" the part of "Marvin."

He did read it, seemingly from the manuscript, but with extraordinary ease and flashes of unexpected memory. Every now and then he would put down the manuscript, and do whole scenes letter perfect. It was an amazing feat of memory to the rest of the company. They not only marvelled at it, but cheered him as a surprising example of a "quick study." Everybody on the stage, down to mechanics and grips, hoped that he would get the part for the opening; even the lowliest loved him.

Of course, Silvain had been privately studying the part of "Marvin," ever since the first rehearsal. But the masterly ease with which he went through the dress rehearsal was a brilliant, courageous performance, and, except for his appearance, it was much truer to the author's intention of the part than Bancroft's.

Impresario Carton, dazed by Silvain's resource, bravoed him; gave him a new coin—one of his pet devices for flattering—and exclaimed: "I had rather have an understudy to make me money than a star to make me sad." Inwardly he had no doubt but that Bancroft would be on hand for the first performance. Still, it was "clever" and "nervy" of "poor old Silvain," to get through the dress rehearsal so smoothly.

"Quite like the good old times! Now, in the days of Palmer's Theatre I remember Augustin Daly once said to me——"

VIII

AT three o'clock that morning—the rehearsal was not over until two—Silvain, making sure that he was not followed by either of Bancroft's minions, was again climbing the rickety stairs that led to the room over the Marionette Theatre. As he approached the top landing the faint light under the doorway showed him that the gas-jets were still burning.

The whole house was as quiet as a church.

He pushed open the door leading to the room, the gas-jets flickered in the draft, increasing the dimness.

He looked at the mattress.

Bancroft was not there.

He had got away. Silvain's heart sank at the thought.

But he had not got away. He had been up and had partly dressed himself. He had apparently started to leave the place, and then it was plain that Spinnelli had done good work; that he had dissuaded him—with a fresh supply.

There he was, propped up against the wall, his right hand outstretched toward the window facing the street, as if he had thought of opening it. Blood had been flowing for some time from his inert left arm. Obviously he had accidentally jabbed the needle of the hypodermic into an artery.

On the floor beside him were a spoon, a water-jar that had spilled empty, and two little brown vials, also empty.

Silvain picked up the vials and looked alternately at them and at Bancroft. One vial had contained morphine and the other heroin. Bancroft had not only doubled his dose but mixed the drugs.

His head was buried in his chest, his eyelids, when Silvain lifted them, showed a sightless stare. There was no pulse. The body was as rigid as stone, and it seemed much smaller than Bancroft's.

Silvain leaned over the body and listened for breathing. Not a sign of it.

He did not know what to do next, so he lifted Bancroft's outstretched hand, but it was like ice. He had to drop it. It rattled against the floor like fleshless bones.

Then Silvain wiped the sweat from his grimacing face, and got up from his kneeling position.

"Bob! It's Silvain! Wake up!" He grinned with terror as he spoke.

Nothing; not a movement nor a murmur.

Silvain made the sign of the cross on his sweaty forehead, cautiously got up from his crouching position, and at one spring flung himself through the door leading to the street.

IX

LATE that afternoon there was a heavy pounding on the door of a room in the dingy little Hotel Marblehead, on Sixth Avenue. At the same moment the telephone inside the room, began ringing as if it were a fire-alarm. The din went on for some minutes until it was redoubled

by a man inside the bedroom alternately screaming—"Spinnelli! It was Spinnelli!"

At this the uproar was further aggravated by the voice of a man in the corridor pounding on the door.

He panted like a race-horse eager to get away.

He was in the theatre, dressed, made-up, and mulling over his lines, just behind the curtain, long before the orchestra began the overture. He begged the stage-



"Bob! It's Silvain! Wake up!"—Page 562.

"This is Mr. Carton's secretary, Mr. Silvain. They want you at the theatre right away. You may have to go on to-night in Bancroft's part. Please hurry up. Do you understand?"

By that time Silvain had recovered himself. The riot of noises had caught him sound asleep, his head covered by the bedclothes. But he calmly answered the telephone and at the same time the man outside the door; their messages were the same.

Soon Silvain, quite himself, had all preparations under way for the great hour. It had come at last. A part as good as King Lear; and a superb play.

manager to keep everybody away from him until the end of the play.

The artist then submerged the man, and, with the rise of the curtain, Silvain, through that gorgeous imagination that was his, that uncanny, miraculous faculty of self-loss, was totally displaced by the venerable, kindly old "David Marvin." Like a hypnotist, and yet seemingly without effort, playing with the audience, and not at it, he held the vast throng spell-bound, until—until—

"Sancta Maria! Sancta Maria! What is that at the back of the house? It's him—back from the dead—"

"Look at his face—so white and his

eyes so bulging—I'll never be able to get away from them——

"He'll always be there—every night—at the back of the house—staring——

"All white, just as I left him—and a touch like ice——

"The evil-eye of the dead——

"I'm doomed—doomed——"

X

IMPRESARIO GERALD JAY CARTON was sitting alone in a dark corner of the Gotham Theatre, two days later, watching the scenery for "Possession" being carted to the storehouse.

It was all over. Silvain and Bancroft had fought their duel. Both had lost, both had disappeared, leaving Impresario Carton to pick up the pieces and pay the check.

Poor little roly-poly Impresario Carton! He was so silent, so comically pathetic. If only a quotation would pop into his mind to buck up his spirits! But he was mute, and for some time motionless. But presently he stirred a little, began to hum, and that old-fashioned courtesy which was always his came to the fore, warmly if not gaily, as somebody, uttering his name, groped toward him through the darkness of the auditorium.

It was Bancroft.

"The old faithfuls" had found him. It had taken time but they, too, had often bought "supplies" for him from the ratlike people at Forsythe and Delancey Streets. Only this time it had taken so long to revive him that they had not gotten him to the theatre until ten o'clock.

It was his arrival that had caused the bustle, talk, and confusion. He saluted friends, was warmly and excitedly saluted by them. But he was principally anxious to elbow his way to the head of the centre

aisle. And at last he had got there—conspicuously.

He wanted revenge, he wanted his sudden dramatic presence to strike terror in Silvain, he wished he had the power to paralyze him with a look.

And he had done just that. But—irony of ironies—he did not know it.

At the sight of Bancroft, Silvain seemed to have become inspired rather than terrified.

Then followed that thunderous applause.

Bancroft, as if nailed to his tracks, had gazed dumbly, and had listened wide-eyed at the apparent triumph of his usurper.

Effaced on an opening night by an understudy, by a human caricature, a gargoyle! He could never show himself in a theatre again.

He never would. He would not only flee from that theatre but the theatre.

But great actors, like great generals, may retire, they may even flee, but they never surrender. So there stood Bancroft—back again. He showed not a sign of his recent orgy—if anything he was handsomer than ever, stick in hand, jaunty of manner, tailored within an inch of his life.

"All dressed up and no play to act," Impresario Carton smilingly greeted him.

"Mr. Carton, I wish to explain to you the dastardly deed done in your theatre the other night when——"

But he got no further, for Impresario Carton burst into loud song. It had come—the quotation! He was gay. As if oblivious of Bancroft's existence, he parodied at the top of his voice, the old Béranger song to Lizette.

*Théâtre, O Théâtre,
Tu m'as trompé toujours;
Mais vive Le Théâtre!
Je veux, Cher Théâtre,
Boire à nos amours.*

After the Ball

BY GILBERT PARKER



It was one of the poorest districts of the city of Montreal. In its dirt and its grimness it was not surpassed by the slums of London or New York. In summer it had refuse in the streets, and its odor was bad; in winter it had bleak cold and grinding poverty. To the eyes of those who lived in better quarters, it was hell. The French Roman Catholic families were cared for somewhat by the priests and the sisters who had the district in charge, but the few English Protestant families were left in a state not easily described. No philanthropic Protestant ladies came to the district and the condition of the few Protestant families was deplorable.

In one home was Jean Roone and his family. Roone had been a worker in a great sawmill at a low wage, not sufficient to bring up his family of five and to care for his faithful wife, who had been an English girl in a cheap music-hall when he married her, at eight dollars a week. He was good-looking when they were married and she had been as happy with him as poverty and misery will permit. She had a quick temper and no religion, for her people had belonged to circuses and cheap shows, and she had gone to school only about four years of her life. She was very pretty in a tousled sort of way when she married, and buxom and taking, and had had no lovers—she was only seventeen. She was exceptionally virtuous for one of her class. One day in the winter she had slipped and fallen on an icy pavement after her performance at the music-hall, and Jean Roone, who had attended the performance, helped her up, and as he lifted her had a thrill he had never felt before in his life. She was magnetic in those days and the end came soon.

He went to the music-hall every night, took a twenty-five-cent seat, and then

walked home with her. She was not very happy in her home, and when at the end of a week he proposed to her she accepted him. They went to a registrar's office and were married, for he, though French through his father, was a Protestant, and then followed months of wild happiness, for she was deeply in love with him and he adored her. After the first child was born things went well for a while, then she realized that another child was coming, and the second child was born a year after the first. Again a child was born at the end of the third year, and then troubles began. Times were hard and they became harder. Work was not steady and the expenses of the home did not grow less. In course of time—six years—two more children came, and now love, as it had once been, declined, and little remained of the old romance. Year by year the struggle to make both ends meet went on.

At last Jean said to her in English, for they talked in that language: "Things go not well, Meg. Wages are low and they'll be lower, and I not feel well—no, bagosh!"

She was in an irritated mood this day, and she replied: "If wages go lower we can as well peg out. It's too hard now. Five children and us two on ten dollars a week! It's starvation, that's sure. I'm sick of it all. I earned eight dollars a week myself before I married. You're getting little more."

He fired up. "P'r'aps you wish you'd not married me, *hein?*"

"P'r'aps!"

Then suddenly she relented, for the look in his face hurt her. She went over to him. "Jean, you're not well, you say. I'm sorry. If you get real sick, what are we going to do? . . . But never mind, I'll go out, and earn ten dollars a week in the music-hall again!"

Poor creature, she did not realize that her day had passed forever at the music-hall, that she was no longer young and

pretty and taking, and that there was no manager who would employ her. Jean knew this well, and he stared for a moment at her, then he said: "Them places ain't so easy to get now. You're not sixteen—no."

There was a mirror in the room on the wall. She went over to it and looked in, and then a queer change came over her. She swung round on him. "I ain't got any looks no more. Why, my face looks fifty, and I'm not twenty-seven. That's what marriage has done for me. My, what a fool I was!"

"*Nom de diable*, I thought we'd been happy, Meg, even when things was bad, but I made a meestak. *Sapristi!*"

Suddenly she repented. She caught his head to her breast. "You not well, my Jean—that worse than all. I'm not myself to-day. What's the matter now?"

He looked at her sadly. She had always been neat and clean even in their direst poverty and now she looked worn and tired and dejected, but wholesome and clean and patched. She had been a good wife to him. He said: "I not know what the matter is, but I not feel well this past three months. I not sleep well. I have no real strength any more—no. I not know what to do. If I must give up work, we starve, Meg!"

She drew back with sudden fear and looked at him. "You not so well as to work, Jean! That's bad. You have had meat, but the rest of us have not had meat for a month. You must not get so sick as to give up work—but yes, you shall give up work if you have to, Jean."

The haggard look in his shrunk face tortured her. She turned her head away, then went about her work, thinking hard. Jean was sick, and that would mean Heaven knew what. If Jean were taken from her, what could she do? Her heart was in her throat. She went and looked at the five children in one bed. As she stooped over the bed, the eldest child waked. It was a girl, who resembled her mother greatly in all ways. She had dark-blue eyes, pale but not scrawny cheeks, and a mind that thought quickly. She stared at her mother and the look in the face startled her. "What matter, mother—what makes you feel bad?"

The mother did not reply, but stooped down and kissed the child and tucked her in. It was early November and winter was near. Snow would soon come. She shook her head, no more, and the little girl, understanding, as only the children of the poor can understand, cuddled down, but lay long in the night thinking hard of the look in her mother's face and of the strange way her father had acted of late. She was very sensitive.

Next morning when Meg got up to light the fire and make breakfast—bread and porridge, no butter, and tea for herself and children, and the same with a little ham for her husband—she did not at first call Jean. But at last, seeing he did not move, she went over to the bed and spoke to him.

"Jean, get up; breakfus' will be ready ver' quick."

Still he did not rise. She touched him and he did not respond. She stooped and looked at his face. His eyes were open but there was no light in them. He was gone forever.

She did not cry or exclaim. She looked at him in horror. He was dead; he had been dead about an hour. He had waked with a sharp pain at his heart, had gasped, and was gone. He had died of a combination of heart and kidney disease.

She sent for the doctor and undertaker by the eldest girl, who, like her mother, had not exclaimed when she saw her father dead, but had comforted the other children, and helped to dress the youngest; then after a hasty cup of tea and plate of porridge had gone for the doctor and the undertaker. For one so young she knew her way about well. Her name was Denise.

The funeral took place two days after, and the undertaker, doctor, and others had to be paid, and the total bills for all the funeral expenses, etc., were some sixty-nine dollars. Meg had but three dollars and her home. There was naught to pawn and the undertaker pressed. He must be paid and she had promised him that he would be paid. What was there to do? She must keep her word and pay him. But how? She could not go on the music-hall stage. That was over forever. Yet her experience of the music-hall came to her aid. She would earn the money

and pay the undertaker and the doctor. Coming from a shop she passed a drill-hall, and then came to her mind that she could give a ball at fifty cents a head, and pay for the burial of Jean. She went at once and secured the drill-hall for fifteen dollars. She had a gift for organization, and it became known in the district that Meg was trying to pay for her husband's funeral by a ball. It startled the Roman Catholics, it shocked the Protestants, yet when the night came there were four hundred who paid for admission to the drill-hall, and Meg took the money at the door. Refreshments had to be paid for inside, and they were paid for at fifteen cents a head, and the final result was that the funeral indebtedness was paid, and there were sixty dollars over. At the ball a violin and a concertina had provided the music, and neighbors who wished to be kind and who admired Meg's pluck, helped to make the affair a great success. She plainly showed by this one act that she was an unusual woman. Curiously enough, it was the influence of heredity and early association. Had she not been connected with the music-hall she would have been wholly at sea.

The next day a Protestant lady, who had lately come to Montreal, visited the district in a philanthropic way. She had heard nothing of the ball, and she came by accident to Meg's house first, as it was at the beginning of the street. She was admitted. Meg was not at home, but Denise was, and when the lady came in Denise talked to her.

"Where's your mother, little girl?" asked Mrs. Medley, looking round the orderly room which showed extreme poverty, yet taste and cleanness and ornamentation.

"She's settling up about the ball—sure," answered Denise.

"About the ball—what ball?" Mrs. Medley asked, looking at the black dresses of the children.

"The ball last night to pay for father's funeral."

"To pay for father's funeral!" Mrs. Medley exclaimed.

"Yes, at fifty cents per head. Father was buried six days ago, and the funeral had to be paid for, ma'am."

Mrs. Medley was horrified. A ball at

fifty cents a head to pay for a funeral! It struck her as dreadful. A ball to be arranged by the mother of five children in a house like this—a common workman's cottage. It seemed almost phenomenal and improper.

"I don't understand," she said helplessly.

"Lots of things we can't understand, but they're true—yes," said Denise.

At that moment Meg entered, and saw Mrs. Medley with surprise. "It's my mother that made the ball," said Denise, and looked inquiringly.

"I've come to see if I can help you people in this district in some small ways. Things don't seem very bright here now," said Mrs. Medley.

"Things ain't never very bright down here—no. Wages are low, and we've little enough to eat and wear. And when there's death——"

"You give a ball to pay the funeral expenses," said Mrs. Medley severely.

For an instant Meg looked as though she could cut the lady's throat, then she lashed out.

"You come here—the first that ever come to see what we do and how we do it, and help us 'in small ways.' Then, when you find a poor honest woman gives a dance to pay for her man's funeral, you turn up your nose and are shocked—yes! Well, if you don't like it, you needn't. It would be better to let the undertaker not be paid, or the doctor, or other bills, would it? Is that the thing Christ taught? I'll face my judgment-day with no fear. My dead husband would bless me for letting people get pleasure out of his death, if it made his home happier, and paid what he couldn't pay. Christian religion—what is it if it ain't to pay debts honestly made? You are rich, mebbe, and you come down here to us poor, because you wish to do something good, and when you find an honest woman like me, who gives a dance six days after her man's death, you're startled. There's oceans between us. You don't—you can't understand—Haven't you stayed long enough—eh?"

Mrs. Medley rose to go, startled by the attack made upon her. Tears were in her eyes. She was no hypocrite, she was only conventional, and she had not understood,

but she was beginning to understand with difficulty.

"I can see a little of what you mean. I have never done this work before. My husband died six months ago, and I wanted to do something to help my fellow creatures. So I began this work here. I didn't realize that no one ever came here before like this. Few women like you have the gift of organization. You are not like other women, I see. How did you come to organize the ball? . . . Don't send me away, please. I honestly want to know. I'd like to help you. Of course I was startled at so unusual a thing, as who wouldn't be? But you've explained it all. How were you able to do it?"

"I was on the music-hall stage before I was married at sixteen. I came of a family of circus people and cheap-show people. I've had a happy married life, though poor."

"That explains so much," said Mrs. Medley. "I have a brother in the music-hall business, and can now understand how you did what you did." She came close and looked into the clear, yet sad, blue eyes of Meg.

"You are a remarkable woman, and you ought to get on. What can I do to help you?"

She took a purse from her pocket, but Meg said: "No, put it back, madame, I've enough to go on with. I've sixty dollars over the cost of the funeral—but, yes, I can go on! In any case I couldn't have taken your money, except if my children were starving, and it'd have hurt me to do that, and I'd have paid it back! I know what the world will think about this ball. It's in the papers to-day, but I don't care. I've done what's put my conscience right, and my children will have food I've earned for them."

Mrs. Medley said: "You have forgiven me, and I'd like to help you. I'll try and think it out. You've got a mind of your own, an original mind, and you're young yet. You should only be at the beginning of your life-work."

"My life-work? It is to earn bread for my children, and I'll do it, and I'll not borrow, beg, nor steal. If I keep my health, I'll do it. I seem to have waked by the death of my Jean. I'll keep awake now. I know what some Roman Cath-

olics think of what I've done, and the Protestants too, and yet they come to my dance. I'd do the same thing over a hundred times, yes, I would, *bien sûr!*" She smiled. "We'll see what God does for me now. I ain't ashamed of it."

Mrs. Medley said: "Of course you're not ashamed of it. It's a matter for your own conscience, and Heaven above, and you meant only to do good. I'm going now, but I'll try to help you—to find work for you to do. You want work, I suppose?"

"I want work to support my children, and I'll get it too if I can."

At that moment there was a great noise outside the house, and looking out of the window they saw a crowd of boisterous boys and men shouting at her house. They were chiefly from outside this district, and had come to challenge her on her giving the ball to pay for her husband's funeral. As they clamored there came a knock at the door, and when Meg opened it a young man stepped inside.

"I'm a reporter of the *Comet*," he said, "and it wants to know about the ball. There's a feeling it was sacrilegious, but what's your point of view? Why did you give the ball?"

His blond face had a sort of sneer on it; his manner was patronizing and familiar.

"Why I do this or that's my own business, and I won't tell the public why I did it. I'm my own mistress. I don't care what the public think. I'm not a bad woman, as all know."

"Well, the crowd out there seem to think otherwise." He pointed to the street, where men and boys were noisy and insulting in their remarks. They were evidently organized before they came.

Meg opened the door, and the reporter of the *Comet* stepped outside. He was greatly nonplussed by the will and fiery temper of the woman he had come to interview. She had qualities quite her own, and it was clear she meant what she said. Yet he now had a "story" apart from an interview, and this pleased him. It would be a sensation to the public to have a woman of the lower class refuse an interview so firmly and so bitterly. Here was the excited crowd outside. What would she

do with it, this six-days-old widow and the heroine of the pay-for-the-funeral ball? He soon knew and he chortled with glee. Meg saw the crowd, and it roused her spirit. She looked at the noisy men and boys for a minute, then, in her plain black frock, she stepped forward to the middle of the doorway with Mrs. Medley behind her and the *Comet* man on the edge of the crowd. She had gifts of her own, got from her earlier life and inherited from her parents now dead, and her stage experience. By nature she was a good actress, but she was not acting now. She was in dead earnest, and her face showed what she felt. She looked at the crowd in mingled surprise and anger, but there was a touch of pride in her anger. Unconsciously she realized that she had an audience, and the spirit of the stage came out unknown to her. Her fuzzy hair was always well brushed. She was by habit neat and clean, and, though of medium height, she seemed to tower over the noisy crowd.

"What you folks doin' here? You don't belong. This ain't your district. No, you're out of your beat. You not belong here. What you want—eh?"

"We want to give you blazes for the ball when your husband was only dead six days. That ain't decent—no!" shouted a man.

"It ain't decent—no," she repeated. "It'd be more decent to owe for the funeral and burial, eh? Wot you givin' me? I loved my man." Her voice got thick and broken. "I loved him so I wanted his soul to be at rest. And could it have been w'en we were starvin' and his funeral expenses wasn't paid? Was it easy to crowd down my grief, and do that thing? It wasn't. It hurt me terrible, but I pulled myself together and I done it. But, yes, I'd do it again, no matter what the world thought. I have five children, and I had five quarters—that was all, and my man was gone from this world. I had to fight for them and for myself. There was the bill of the burialman and all, and I had to pay it. How? By takin' from some charity society? No, I ain't built that way. I couldn't—no. I told the undertaker I'd pay him and he believed me. He took the risk, he was white. And I went out and earned enough

by the ball to pay for the funeral and to give me something besides. Eh, wasn't that right? Wasn't it right to pay honest debts by a ball?"

"Dancin' on a dead man's grave!" shouted a man in the crowd, which gasped at his boldness, for she had almost conquered them.

"Dancin' on a dead man's grave—to pay the dead man's funeral debt. Would he object? He knows that the dancin' was made by a woman that loved him, and wanted to see his home clear of debt and the children fed. Dancin'! He'd dance in heaven to think the woman that loved him was with a breakin' heart doin' this—but yes! Do you think it was no trial to me? All my neighbors know I loved him, and was straight with him while he lived. I love his memory now, and I'll stand my chance at the last day for what I've done. It was done all right, and my neighbors thought so or they'd not have come to the ball."

"It was a damned good ball too!" shouted one who had been at it. "It was no insult to the dead. It was an honor. She's a brick, that widow Roone. Three cheers for the widow Roone! She's all, all right."

The crowd laughed, then burst into a cheer. It had all come right, and the reporter of the *Comet* chuckled, for he had a splendid story for his paper. This low-class woman was a genius in her way, and he meant to say so. She had loved her husband, yet she had swallowed her grief, and with a dollar and a quarter as her only capital had brought off this magnificent coup. She had paid for his funeral and had a balance to go on with to keep her house. It was unusual, it was a stroke of genius. The clear thing was that she had a white heart and had initiative and courage and will-power and goodness. And now her neighbors had gathered and the vast majority of them were in her favor. Some were not, but that was envy and jealousy. There was naught to be said of her but what was good. He came forward to her and said: "You've given me a splendid interview, madame; I don't want anything better."

She frowned and stepped back into the house as the crowd cheered and presently dispersed. Mrs. Medley was alone with

her. "That was an eloquent and convincing speech," she said. "You'll do well in life. I want my brother to know you. Perhaps he can give you work in his office, or even older parts on the music-hall stage."

"No, I've finished with acting. I'm too old, and I have no looks, but I'd like to work for the stage."

Mrs. Medley eyed her house and her dress. "You'd be good in the dress department."

"In the property-room and in the dress-making, eh? Well, p'r'aps I'd know it by instinct. My parents was on the stage. I'd like to go back to it. I would for sure—but yes!"

"I'll speak to my brother. He's hard, but if he takes a fancy he'll do all he can." She turned to Denise and the four smaller children. "There are five children and you did what was right. Dancing to pay an honest debt is no crime. Even David the king danced before the Lord. Dancing is moral if it's a good dance and your dance was a good dance." She put her hand on Meg's shoulders. "I like you, and I'll do what I can for you. You may go far yet."

Meg looked at her with sad, glad, startled eyes. "In these three rooms, and with these five children, I may go far—but!" She looked round helplessly. Then she sank into a chair, leaned forward, and put her head in her hands and her arms on her knees. Denise and the other children crowded round her, and Denise put a hand on her shoulder and with the other stroked her hair.

"Don't feel so bad, muvvie, we'll be all right."

Mrs. Medley admired Denise greatly. She saw in her the making of a fine woman. She had sensitiveness, feeling, temperament, and common sense above the ordinary. She was pretty and would be prettier still in good time.

Meg got to her feet with composure restored. Her children called out her best qualities, gave her courage and self-possession. She smiled, but rather sadly, and her hands stroked the heads of her bairns. "I've got a fair start, and I'll be all right. Sorry, but where should I be if it hadn't been for the ball? It saved us and did no one any harm at all. I got

to keep my children from starving—*bien sûr*."

Mrs. Medley smiled. "You'll do far more than that. You'll have success and good luck. You have the true thing in you. Good-by. God bless you! You'll hear from me again."

With that she left the house, parting with Meg at the door, and made her way to her brother's office in the city.

That night, however, she was knocked down by a motor-car and was badly injured, and, though the accident appeared in the papers, Meg did not see the account of it, and waited without hearing from her for four weeks. Meanwhile she kept her house in order and tried to lay plans for the future. What could she do? She could not go on the music-hall stage again, and, though she had been famous by the account, first of the ball and then of her defense of it by the sensational article in the *Comet*, it brought nothing but advertisement and cheap *rêclame*. She was bitterly disappointed that Mrs. Medley had not kept her word, and yet, somehow, she continued to believe in her. One music-hall manager came to see her, but she did not suit the stage, and, though she said she could do other things, nothing came of it. The ball had developed her enormously. Imagination was alive. It had been the turning-point in her life. It opened up the way to a bigger scheme of things.

One day she stood in front of a dress-making shop and looked at the models in the windows. It interested her, yet she had never had dresses since she was married that meant either style or finish. Nevertheless she was better dressed than any of the women of her class or in her district, and she had always been neat and had a sense of decoration in her humble home and in her person. She had made picture-frames out of old cigar-boxes with ornamentations of putty, she had made a rag carpet for her floor and had pasted the walls with plain brown paper from the stores, which cost very little. A sense of style and decoration were in her. Leaving the dressmaking window, she passed a book-shop and in the window she saw a fashion-plate magazine. She went in, bought it, and took it home. Then she studied it and saw pages

of fashion-plates. After studying them for two or three days she got some newspapers and began to cut out patterns. She was pleased to find that it came to her so easily. She saw her way. She would cut out patterns and sell them from house to house, not in this district but in a better district, and Denise was old enough to look after the younger children while she was going from door to door. Denise saw what her mother meant and her eyes brightened. It was curious how the touch of temperament made them feel such a difference in their lives. Denise helped her mother in cutting out the patterns.

With twenty different patterns cut out of brown wrapping-paper in a carpetbag Meg issued forth one morning, and going into a better part of town began her commercial travelling from door to door. At ten houses she had no success, but she set her teeth and went on. At last she began to sell; and she sold a pattern for a dollar; then she sold four more. It took her all day, but in the end she had five dollars, and the cost had only been the brown paper and her labor.

Her heart throbbed fast as she went home. She had found the way to make a living, not very distinguished, yet respectable, and she realized that her gift of talking had helped her with her sales. Next day she cut out more patterns and then she went forth again. All day she tramped and sold only three patterns—yet it was successful, she felt it in her bones.

That night, as she ate supper with her children, there came a knock at the door. It was a messenger with a brief letter from Mrs. Medley. From it she learned that Mrs. Medley had had an accident, that she had not forgotten her, but in her illness had waited until she could write herself. She assumed that Meg had seen the accident in the papers. There Mrs. Medley erred, for Meg's class seldom, if ever, read the papers. Now, would Meg come to her house and see her, and she would have news for her. Meg told the messenger that she would come next day at four o'clock, and when he had gone she drew her children toward her and thanked Providence for all that had come her way. A new and bigger horizon opened out before her.

The next day at four o'clock she entered Mrs. Medley's house. It was a fine residence in a respectable but not fashionable part of the town. She found Mrs. Medley in a rocking-chair, with bright eyes and a serene look. She reached out a friendly hand to Meg.

"You look well," she said. "Is all well with you?"

Meg told her of what she had been doing about the patterns and how well they had sold. For a moment Mrs. Medley sat without speaking, then, with a warm light in her eyes, she said: "I've got it now. My brother was willing to give you a chance, but he could not quite see how he could use you. I see it altogether. You can go into the dress department of his business, and show Fordyce how you can save him much money by planning and cutting dresses for his actresses. Will you do it, if he consents?"

Meg said: "I'd slave myself to death to do it. I think I could—I'm sure I could."

Mrs. Medley grew suddenly grave. "I don't know what the head, Madame Raoul, will say. She's a difficult woman and a snob, though capable. She may not like you, and if she doesn't it won't be quite possible, I fear. But keep up your spirits. You've begun so well you can't fail. My brother depends on Madame Raoul, and he would not go against her. Let us have good hopes. I'll arrange for you to go to his place to-morrow at noon, when all the workers will go to lunch, and you and he and Madame Raoul can meet. I wish I could go with you, but I'm tied here for another fortnight, I fear, and no time should be lost."

Meg nodded. "So—I will go at the time and see Madame Raoul—well, we'll see! I not believe in being frightened—no!"

The next day at noon Meg, in her good-fitting black dress, went to the office of Fordyce Glynn, the manager and proprietor of the *One Star Music-Hall*, and was shown to his office. It was empty. She sat down and waited, but he did not come. Suddenly she heard a cry of "Fire!" and she sprang up. The cry continued and she ran out. A porter told her that a fire had started in the dress department, and she ran toward it. She

had just reached the dressmaking department when a woman rushed out of a burning room and slipped and fell, spraining her ankle. Meg was at once beside her, and lifted her up.

"Oh, my God, the dresses will all be burnt," she cried, "and it'll be long before the fire-engine comes!"

Meg always kept her head in times of crises. "No, they won't all be burnt." She rushed into the burning room, and Madame Raoul, with her sprained ankle, began to descend the stairs with difficulty.

Inside the burning room Meg saw in the corner a fire-extinguisher which Madame Raoul had forgotten, and she loosed it and gave its contents to the flames. They grew less and less. She persevered, and by the time the fire-brigade had come she had the fire in hand. By this time Fordyce Glynn was on the scene. The fire-brigade chief said to him: "This woman has saved your place. Without her it would have been lost."

"Who are you?" asked Fordyce Glynn of Meg.

"I'm Madame Jean Roone, and I came here to get work, sent by your sister, Mrs. Medley. I got work at once," she added, with a dry laugh. The chief of the fire-brigade had gone on directing his men.

"Your work has been temporary in one sense and permanent in another," said Glynn. "You have a head on your shoulders. First the ball, then your defense of it, and now this! I engage you as fire insurance—if nothing else." He laughed, for this woman had done him great service. He loved character and he saw she had it. He was a man of moods, difficult, and yet stanch and true when his mind was convinced.

"I wouldn't be very useful as fire insurance—no, m's'ieu," she said.

"Well, then, you can go into the dressmaking department under Madame Raoul." His face clouded. He knew that this was a difficult question. He did not know what had happened to Madame Raoul.

"I've met her, m's'ieu." Then she added: "She sprained her ankle and I helped her."

"Well, of all the splendid luck!" he

said. "If you helped her and saved this dress-factory, you're right enough here. That's sure. You were born with a lucky spoon in your mouth, by George!"

An hour later they all three met in his office, Madame Raoul with her ankle bound up, and Meg with her hair singed by the fire.

Fordyce Glynn said: "I'm hiring Mrs. Roone to help you in your dress department, Madame Raoul. I hope all will go well."

"If she's as good with dresses as in putting out a fire, she'll do all right. She helped me when I fell. I don't object to her staying."

"That's good. With your approval, neither do I. What experience have you had, Madame Roone?"

Meg told them about the patterns, and Madame Raoul raised her eyebrows. "That's the first time it's ever been done. You've got ideas, and you'll do all right. *Bien sûr!*"

"I hope, Madame. I'm green, but I can learn."

"That's the right spirit—come tomorrow. We can't begin too soon. There'll be new patterns to make."

Fordyce Glynn winked an eye at himself in a mirror. Madame Raoul was a splendid head of his dress department, and things were going well. "I'll give you fifty dollars a month to start with, Madame Roone."

Meg caught her breath. Fifty dollars a month! Madame Raoul shook her head at first in negation. Then she became tranquil. It was all right. She liked this independent-minded little woman, and her own place was secure.

That night at home Meg celebrated the new course of life by having for supper buttermilk pop, fried sausages, baked potatoes, and a dried-fig pudding.

"It was good about the ball, mother," said Denise.

Madame Roone nodded. "I hope you don't ever have to do it," she said.

"I won't," said Denise, with a far-away look.

Did she have a premonition that she was in the end to marry the son of Fordyce Glynn when her mother became head of the dressmaking establishment after Madame Raoul's death?

Colleges and Religion

BY AN INSTRUCTOR



It is a doleful truth that most of our problems become bore-some before they are solved. And many a problem has seemed incapable of solution for the simple reason

that for years it was never really faced. Both of which observations, I believe, apply to the subject of colleges and religion.

"If the colleges are to retain their importance," says Mr. E. S. Martin in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, "they must be able to impart . . . spiritual leading to minds that are fit to receive it." "If they don't," he continues, "they fail in their most vital office, in the use that most of them were originally founded to serve. If they fail in that they lose their leadership, which will go to men of faith, as it always does." So Mr. Martin reaches the conclusion that what the colleges need is what all the world needs—religion.

As a college instructor, I agree with Mr. Martin that our colleges need religion. The questions remain, How are they to get it and of what sort is it to be?

When I was in college, the Reverend William A. Sunday paid us one of his famous flying visits. We crowded to see and hear him, of course. We gave him a voluminous vocal welcome, and he came back an hundredfold. At the conclusion of his discourse we were invited to hit the trail. And, as was natural, since to most of us that operation denoted stepping up front, grasping Billy firmly by the hand, and getting a close-up of his physiognomy, we freely participated. Press reports of his service at our college were despatched all over the country. Many telegrams were said to have been sent to the folks at home telling of their boys' having got religion. Some really did. The bulk of us, however, considered Mr. Sunday's visit as an unusual diversion in the midst of a bleak February's bareness, and let it go at that.

Then, I remember too, that we were

subjected to so-called weekly periods of special meetings. Some noted divine, who particularly understood the student mind and psychology, held forth on the need of religion in our lives. A few of these men made favorable and sometimes lasting impressions on a number of us. But usually we were aroused for the time—it being the thing to attend the meetings, for lo! even members of the football team were discovered on the front benches—and then we sank back into our wonted ways.

The last word in college evangelism is to have two or three speakers, each possessed of a particular forte. Thus a cumulative effect—so termed—is reached at the end of the period of special meetings, and each group in college has heard an appeal specially adapted to it. Again, it has been my observation that after a week or two the great majority lapse back into the old familiar paths.

One is reminded a bit by all of this—though, of course, the analogy is not perfect—of crossing to France in 1918 with some troops of color. When all was peaceful—the "galloping dominoes," jumped merrily on deck, and games of chance were general. But whenever the guns barked at submarines, usually supposititious, the brethren gathered below for a season of fervent and audible prayer. When the guns were silent again, the click of the dice and the cries of coaxing were heard once more.

Now don't mistake me. I am not opposed to Mr. Sunday, nor to any other of the very earnest and devoted religious leaders who hold special services in our colleges. They have a real mission—to stir us in religious matters. I am only giving voice to doubts of long standing as to the permanent effects of such methods, taken by themselves. And I wish also to record my present fears that our college authorities are prone to let the religious obligation be so discharged and argue to themselves that their duty lies entirely outside of that field.

Is this true? Or has the college itself a responsibility for the religious life and

training of its students? And if so, how is that obligation to be met?

Mr. Martin is unquestionably correct when he affirms that most of our American colleges were founded for the purpose of imparting spiritual leadership. To demonstrate this truth, we have only to turn to the classes that graduated a generation or so ago and adduce their testimony. In these latter days, somehow, that emphasis has dropped out. And not only is there a manifest lack of interest in the subject of religion on the part of the individual members of the faculty, but in some of our colleges a single course even, in the history or literature or philosophy of the Bible, in recent years, has been omitted.

It is true that such courses are fertile fields of controversy; that many colleges have become involved in acrimonious disputes over the teachings of some of their professors of Bible. So some authorities have taken the attitude that it is far better to allow this field to lie fallow. Fallow fields, however, usually grow weeds. And, although weeds are excellent fertilizer when ploughed under on the farm, they are not great thought-producers in the realm of the mind. In religious matters, as in every other field of human endeavor, a neutral or negative position can be assumed only with extreme peril. So it would seem that to offer no instruction in religious subjects, especially in the Christian philosophy and ethic, simply because it may lead to controversy, is to premise a logic which, carried to its conclusion, would afford sufficient reason for omitting instruction in every other field.

American colleges were originally started as Christian institutions. The time has come for them to reaffirm their faith. A definite stand for or against Christianity must be elected. No negative or neutral position will suffice. For so surely as any college attempts to occupy middle ground, just as inevitably will positive anti-Christian teaching and ideals creep in. If you doubt this, look around you.

The great void in the world is the lack of standards: standards in business, in politics, in international relations—in fact, in every walk and avocation of life. Nowhere is this truth more manifest than

in our colleges. What standards exist in educational theory, in teaching, in research, in scholarship, in advancement of professors, save the most artificial and superficial? Above all else, where are the standards of lofty moral ideals and leadership to which the colleges throughout their departments once pointed their undergraduates?

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are performing valuable services in our institutions. But if the philosophy and ethic of Christianity are not presented on a basis of intellectual parity with the non-Christian systems of thought with which every student of philosophy is brought into contact, all the organized and unorganized, paid and volunteer, work of a religious nature operating on our campuses lacks the solid foundation which the superstructure calls for.

The chapel services, both Sunday and daily, are pressing problems in many places. The complaint is made that the students are unresponsive to the eloquent appeals to which they listen Sunday after Sunday. And why not? If we do not care enough to raise the philosophy of life of the Great Teacher to the intellectual level of other systems of thought, if we fail to consider it worth our while, at least to offer instruction in Christian ethics, how, I ask, can a student's mind be prepared for the truth preached from the college pulpit on Sunday? It would seem palpable that it is futile to appeal to young people to rise above the materialism of the day and follow the teachings of the Master, when no really adequate instruction in Christian fundamentals is afforded.

So we reach our first conclusion that if religion is to become vital in our colleges, the colleges must imprint their official stamp of approval by offering adequate and attractive courses in the Christian philosophy and ethic. We are not advocating—far from it—that religion be forced on the students. We are simply arguing that it is as reasonable as it is vital that in our colleges, which for years have been denominated Christian, real instruction in the Christian philosophy should be offered in the curriculum.

Perhaps some may feel that because of personal religious convictions I am trying

to inject into the curriculum something which is out of place. They may believe that colleges should be impartial on every subject,—should simply present the facts. Individuals, however, grow from boyhood into manhood while in college. They thus develop whether the college takes cognizance of the process or not. It is inevitable. Life is difficult then. Inspiration, purpose, direction, and incentive—are they not needed? Is it unfitting the college to give some hints on the subject? If we do differentiate between incentives, then surely history must teach what incentives there have been. And are we unwilling to say, courageously perhaps, that for our students we are satisfied with nothing short of the highest and noblest springs of human thought and action? If we affirm this as our faith, then it would seem that we have justified not only the teaching of the history and philosophy of Christianity, but also the holding up of Christianity as the nearest approach to, in fact as the consummation of, the finest and truest of life's aspirations. Surely, no one honestly disbelieves in the moral virtues of the Christian teaching. Those virtues, reinforced by the vision and power of practice, are the only corner-stones upon which we can build the character of our young men. If this be so, then we should demonstrate as best we can the "Why," and afford the opportunity of self-development along sound moral paths. The world needs equipped scholars and trained men. Yes. But it demands something more. It must have men of character.

But what benefit, one may ask, will accrue, numberless courses of this kind being offered, if the students do not elect them? Here is a most significant fact. You will find the students themselves anxious that such instruction be given. I base this statement on inquiries which have been made among students, and also upon suggestions emanating from the students themselves.

To offer courses in religion is but the initial step in a programme of a revitalization of religious interest and life in our colleges. To impart true spiritual leadership, the whole curriculum should be permeated with religious teaching and ideals.

I know a professor of English, a teacher and scholar. He is not limited, however,

by the bounds of English literature; for it is his belief that literature includes life, and that life is encompassed by religion. The students of this professor are one in their admiration and respect. And they all come forth from his course with new ideals and convictions.

I remember talking one night last winter with a student. He told me that when he got his discharge from the army and returned to college, he had made up his mind to loaf. He succeeded all too well and had narrowly escaped becoming a complete failure. In his senior year, he said, he got into the course of the professor I have just mentioned. First, he became interested in the subject. Then he began to feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied with himself. The upshot of it was that before the end of the first term his whole attitude and purpose had undergone a complete revolution. At the time I refer to he was seeking advice as to the most useful investment of his life. And all because of one professor whose subject was English. Conducting a class so as to effect such a change in a student's life must be close to religious teaching.

My friend, the professor, is, however, somewhat of an exception. Those of you who know intimately the daily life of our colleges must have discovered the great dearth of moral and religious influence on the part of the faculties. This is evidenced not only in the conduct of their courses, but also in the lack of faculty attendance at chapel and other religious services. When a speaker for daily chapel is sought, or when the Y. M. C. A. appeals for teachers for Bible-study classes, the paucity of available candidates from the faculty is another unmistakable sign. So true is this that, instead of those who do not participate being remarked, it is those who do take part who are considered quite out of the ordinary. When you ask the students who of the faculty have been of the greatest influence and help, you will discover they are usually the same few teachers who have identified themselves with the religious life of the college. "It is not the exclusive province of religious teachers to teach religion," says Mr. Martin. "It is the province of all teachers, and a teacher who cannot do it is by so much less qualified for his job."

Religion is more than a matter of instruction—it is a part of life and of everyday life. You remember the Master once said: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Where we seek to impart life, we must have examples. The naturalness, attractiveness and power of Christianity can be seen most clearly in the lives of men. Thus, the religious life of our colleges will become firmly established only when we have numbers of teachers who are, in every sense of the word, men themselves—sympathetic, desirous of helping and guiding their students, understanding and loving youth. When faculties are crowded with such men intent upon inculcating in those under them the highest ideals, then, and not till then, will we begin to approach a solution of our problem.

American colleges must soon decide whether they also are to forsake the fountain of "living waters," and hew them out cisterns, "broken cisterns that can hold no water." It is my conviction that the world—at least the educational world—is waiting to-day for the emergence of some institution possessing the courage and initiative to revert to the strong,

simple, productive standards of former days. Such an one assuredly would be the leader in a new day.

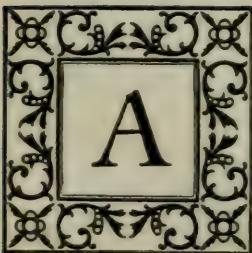
But I was saying that teachers should be possessed of moral and religious leadership. A teacher, one says, who is not only a scholar but a man interested in the general well-being of his charges. Is he not rare? Is it reasonable to suppose that we can collect faculties composed chiefly of such men? I counter: Was it not true that in former days teaching was considered a calling, a vocation on a plane with the highest altruistic endeavors? Was not a teacher held an exceptional person, one who, by his personality and character, his broad humanity and deep interest in men, as well as by his learning and attainments, was a veritable leader and maker of men?

The question, then, to-day is this: Are we to return to our old ideas and conceptions of what constitutes a teacher, or are we satisfied to lessen inevitably and immeasurably the enriching influences with which young lives are to be brought into contact? Must we not conclude that the real problem of the religious life of our undergraduates lies in the character of the men who compose our faculties?

Palmore

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. H. HENKEL



T Warrenton's exclamation and eager question, Penrose raised amused, tolerant eyebrows.

"That?" he nodded imperceptibly in the direction of the beau-

tiful girl upon whom the young Englishman's roving glance had lighted. "That is Mrs. Michael Considine, late of Detroit, Michigan, with Count Barbaresco, the Italian minister. The good-looking, red-faced young Irishman in their wake is

her husband, 'Mike' Considine, formerly her father's chauffeur."

Warrenton gave another exclamation, this time of dismay.

"'She walks in beauty like the night,'" he murmured, and added mournfully: "I don't understand in the least."

Penrose shrugged his broad shoulders.

"That's what her father said—that and some other things not fit for repetition."

From their vantage point in a corner of the roof-garden atop the Salle de Patinage, Penrose and his two guests, Follans-

bee, of Shawnee University, Ohio, and Seymour Warrenton, the celebrated young English novelist, watched the pageant of "afternoon tea" unfold before their interested gaze.

In his double rôle of host and bona-fide resident, Penrose was complacently satisfied with the little social comedy and its setting. Never had Lake Lemane been more deeply blue, the Dent du Midi more chastely white, the holiday crowds more exhilarating. Life was certainly recapturing some of its pre-war leisureliness and savor in the little Swiss resort.

Besides his satisfaction with the *mise-en-scène*, Penrose felt also the glow which waits upon the accomplishment of a kindly deed. Good old Follansbee, on a frugal, Sabbatical year's sojourn abroad, and avid of literary adventures, was unaffectedly delighted at the meeting arranged for him with the young literary celebrity. And Warrenton, planning a lecture invasion of "the States" in the early fall, was glad enough to make the acquaintance of the head of the literature department of even so modest an educational centre as Shawnee, and receive the assurance that a series of talks on "The New Romanticism" would be financially appreciated at that institution of learning.

The three gentlemen watched the approach of the beautiful Mrs. Michael Considine with unconcealed interest. She advanced toward them with incomparable grace, her lace draperies sweeping backward with a Winged Victory *élan* which, if obviously calculated, was none the less triumphantly effective. Her rough, dark hair, stirred enchantingly by the breeze from the lake, framed a charmingly animated countenance whose chief beauty was a pair of eyes that would have made the fortune of a cinema actress. The plume of Henry of Navarre was no more potent a cynosure than the white ostrich that fell across the wide brim of her lace hat. As she swept past the crowded tea-tables all eyes followed her, and she left in her wake a froth of murmured exclamations and admiring glances.

Warrenton drew a long breath and cast a baffled look at the young Irishman just seating himself in an uneasy, pro-

visional way at the table with his wife and the Italian diplomat.

"It's incredible!" he murmured.

"'Incredible' is the mildest word her father used in connection with the affair, I understand," said Penrose. "He was violently opposed to the metamorphosis of a first-rate chauffeur into an indifferent son-in-law. I have it on reliable authority that he had entertained hopes of a princely, or at least ducal, alliance for his daughter. It is easy enough of belief when one knows his income tax. And his disappointment was natural enough—a nobleman of whatever degree might have been counted on to spend his money and misbehave himself like a gentleman. The Mike Considines are more uncertain in their reactions."

"Then why——?"

"Ah, who can explain the sentimental eccentricities of a beautiful American heiress? Perhaps it was the spectacular quality of her personality that demanded a surprise finish, the O. Henry twist to her emotions. To have become an Italian or Austrian countess or a French duchess would have been such a conventional ending—the social audience would have guessed the *dénouement* from the beginning, and the piece would have had only a mild *succès d'estime*. An accomplished actress demands a more exacting rôle, greater opportunities. Life with some one so far removed from her former sphere of activities will not lack dramatic moments for Mrs. Mike Considine, I take it." Penrose flicked the ash from his cigar. "You ought to make her the leading lady in your next novel, Warrenton," he added after a moment's pause.

The young Englishman threw out an impotent hand.

"Ah, the American woman is a mystery to me—yet! Why doesn't one of your own men undertake the agreeable—and difficult—task?"

"You do well to call it 'difficult.' Perhaps there was but one American who could have lived up to the melodramatic opportunities she afforded!" Penrose glanced meditatively at Follansbee.

"She's the kind of glittering, incredible creature, I take it, that Palmore would have delighted to lay violent literary hands on and revelled in misrepres-

sending through five hundred pages of slush."

Follansbee turned an enigmatic eye upon Penrose.

"Palmore!" he echoed.

Warrenton leaned eagerly across the little table.

"Palmore? Is he one of your men I ought to know about? I don't think I ever heard of him."

Follansbee looked at him gently, reflectively.

"No," he said, "no—you wouldn't have heard of Palmore. There was a time—" He fell silent and drew at his cigar.

Warrenton turned his puzzled young eyes from the veiled implication in Follansbee's to his host.

"Who *is* Palmore?" he asked.

Penrose smiled a somewhat embarrassed smile.

"He was Follansbee's find—ask him."

Follansbee twisted his little iron chair sideways and gazed out at the blue lake, the birdlike boats, the motor-launches darting about.

"Yes," he confessed at length, "Palmore was my find. At the time I experienced the emotions that Madame Curie must have felt when she discovered radium, or Speke when he came upon the sources of the Nile. If these comparisons sound ridiculous to you, remember that I had been teaching at St. Eusebius School for eleven years and had never encountered a trace of literary genius in any of my pupils until Palmore swam into my ken. He was the one talented and the one poor boy in the school. All the rest were the sons of rich but honest parents, and as dull as only millionaires can afford to be.

"Palmore was a marked man from the first. I say 'man'—he was only a dreamy, poetic-looking boy of fourteen when he came to St. Eusebius, but infernally clever with a cleverness that assimilated knowledge in an astounding fashion. No need to ask him his schedule—one had only to listen to him talk for five minutes to discover what studies he was interested in. When his roommate, Landis, flunked his Tacitus examination, Palmore casually disposed of him by remarking to me, 'Oh, Landis—well, what could you ex-

pect of Landis? His formula's easy—FO₂L!' and I knew Palmore was taking the freshman course in Arkwright's 'Principles of Chemistry.'

"He got the Doane prize in his sophomore year, and the Reigate medal in junior oratory. But I'm going too fast! I like best to think of him as he was when I first knew him, in my freshman literature class. My lectures consisted of a sort of non-stop air flight across the whole expanse of world literature as a preparation for more specialized work later. As a matter of fact no one ever did specialize later, I believe, but St. Eusebius considered its duty done when it afforded a bird's-eye view of the literary landscape and an opportunity to make a safe landing in some particularly pleasant field of letters.

"As Alan Seeger puts it, 'I asked for nothing and expected less' of my pupils, and I confess to a delighted astonishment at the enthusiasm with which my youngest student, Palmore—Eugene Palmore—threw himself into the work. He absorbed it and was absorbed by it. The classics, of whose meaning and beauties most of the boys were naïvely innocent, were a delight to Palmore. I caught him poring over the *Odyssey* as though it were an Alger story. He was in love with *Nausicaa*, I discovered. He blushed when I laughingly taxed him with it—he had a trick of blushing like a girl! . . .

"One day we went on a hike, and at our camp-fire lunch I read him the opening lines of the '*Agamemnon*.' I shan't easily forget the effect they had on him.

"'I'd like to write something like that—some day,' he said quietly when I'd finished. I looked at him, ready for a smile, but the tense expression on his white face, the glow in his fine eyes, struck it from my lips. It came to me suddenly that perhaps he might some day write something wonderful—who could tell? . . . I felt a curious rush of emotion.

"Later, when we came to the Middle Ages—the Trouvères and Troubadours—he burned with a martial, chivalric fire. For a while I think he fancied himself in the rôle of Charlemagne, of Roland. . . . And with the beginning of the last century he fell under the spell of Keats. He came to my rooms one night with an ex-

quisite little fragment—or so it seemed to me. At least it had a touch of pagan fire.

“‘Lover of high Olympus’ bright array!
Thou last and dearest worshipper of those
Who cast a golden glory o’er the day
When Hellas was the world! hast chose
To weave anew the spell of all that lorn
And faded hierarchy? Hast thou sought
To crown the lovely Psyche who was born
A goddess when thou sang’st?’

“and so forth. I believe Keats would not have disdained this tribute from a school-boy.

“And then it was Byron. He was caught up in that poetic maelstrom and beaten and buffeted to an ecstasy. Curiously enough he had something of the beauty of ‘the noble poet.’ There was the same perfect oval of the face, the same clear, brilliant eyes, the same deeply cut lips. I spoke to him of the resemblance one day when he was on one of his numerous visits to my rooms and I could see that he was naïvely pleased. When he left me I watched him cross the campus and I swear he walked with a limp!

“His audacity knew no limits. He wrote a 5th canto to ‘Childe Harold,’ bringing the errant knight back to England! He had mastered the Spenserian versification astonishingly well. There were whole stanzas that were good—very good. I remember one or two:

“‘Upon the wide Atlantic’s restless blue
No more we rode, sole monarch of the main,
With but some passing ship that frightened
flew
Before the wind, to dare dispute our reign.
As in a pageant entered we a train
Of barks swift wing’d and snowy in the
glance
Unclouded of the sun; at last did gain
A narrow sea and slowly did advance
Between two fair and smiling lands—Eng-
land and France!

And thus while gazing at the waves that day,
I thought of other times, when on that sea
Eight hundred Roman triremes plough’d
their way
Toward Britain’s isle and bloody victory.
I saw approach in pride from Normandy
The treacherous galley of th’ usurping king,
The golden boy upon the prow, the three
Gold lions on the mast, while loud did sing
The armed host of Charlemagne the Con-
quering.

And still a statelier vision saw I there—
Spain’s fleet advancing in half-moon array—

“Oh, you can smile if you want to! All I can say is that *I* didn’t. I thought his English canto a remarkable performance—with something of the ‘grand gesture’ of the original. I grew enormously proud and fond of the boy—it hurt me like the devil when he had finished at St. Eusebius and was ready to go to Yale. Fortunately I received my call to Shawnee that very summer and I consoled myself by thinking that the break in my surroundings would soften the blow of his loss a little.

“He had been entered at Yale by the banker Henry Snelgrove, the rich friend of the family, who was giving Palmore his education. I had always secretly disapproved of the choice of an eastern university for a poor boy like Eugene, and when a month before the opening of college his benefactor was killed in an automobile accident, I wrote suggesting that he matriculate at Shawnee. I wasn’t entirely disinterested, I confess. I had visions of a delightful continuity in our relations.

“His refusal surprised me. It was the first hint I had of a Palmore different from the one I had known. From what he wrote, I gathered that Shawnee wouldn’t quite come up to the standard which he had set up for himself in the way of a university. I angrily insisted to myself that he was right—that perhaps it wouldn’t. As for the unwisdom of going to an expensive eastern college, it seemed that there were ways and means, somewhat indefinite, it is true; promises from the beneficiaries of the estate, who were cognizant of Mr. Snelgrove’s wishes, which, unfortunately, had not been incorporated in the will. I thought Palmore a trifle too optimistic, but, of course, I could say no more. I was so uneasy about the boy, however, and so interested in him that the next year when business connected with a small legacy called me to New York, I swear I was more pleased to find an opportunity to see Palmore than to collect my modest fortune.

“I went to New Haven by an afternoon train and he met me at the station in response to my wire. There was a change in him—even to myself I couldn’t deny it. But he was unaffectedly glad to see me.

“‘It’s too good to be true!’ he cried,

linking his arm in mine and dragging me across the campus, and he added with his old shyness: 'I've got something to show you!'

"He had rooms in one of the expensive dormitories—in some indefinable way Palmore looked unaccustomedly expensive too—and bolting the door we settled down to a comfortable smoke and discussion of the two finished acts of a romantic play built around Sir Walter Raleigh—the treasure he had to show me.

"He paced up and down while he read and outlined the dénouement of the plot, his eyes brilliant and daring, his hands gesturing unconsciously as he talked.

"What do you think of it?' he demanded at length, stopping in his rapid walking.

"It's great!' I declared. 'You've caught the true Elizabethan spirit—there's the tang of salt water, the hot breath of adventure in every line. But I'm not sure that it will be marketable,' I admitted dubiously.

"Oh, *that*—' flung out Palmore derisively. 'Thank God, I don't care for money, and a man can always live on next to nothing!'

"He threw himself into a big chair near the window.

"And as soon as "Sir Walter" is finished I want to "do" a play about Chatterton. That thing of De Vigny's is so inadequate! I mean to do it from an entirely different angle—the Frenchman's left out any hint of the genius. I want to make a big thing of it!'

"Palmore began his rapid pacing again, and I sat smoking and listening to his visions translated into eager, trembling words. So complete and satisfactory seemed the resumption of our relations that it was with a shock of surprise and chagrin that I was made aware, after an elaborate dinner, that Palmore and I were not to have the evening together.

"I promised the fellows to go to this musical show with them,' he explained. 'It's a bore of course, but I'm helping with the sophomore play, and although I'm afraid "Fancy Free" will not be very illuminating, still one has to get the hang of these things. I think you know I'd rather spend the evening with you,' he added feelingly.

"I hid my disappointment at my frustrated plans with what art I could summon and, pleading an early engagement at my lawyer's for the following morning, I took a night train back to New York.

"It was three years before I saw Palmore again. I met him on Fifth Avenue as I was passing through town on my way to the north shore for one of my infrequent summer outings. I have found that it is only from Manchester-by-the-Sea or Pride's Crossing that one gets the perspective from which Shawnee seems an entirely admirable institution of learning. After a year's hard work, with uninspiring undergraduates, I confess that I sometimes feel the need of fortifying my complimentary opinion of the college which offers me a living.

"Palmore greeted me with his old-time affection and enthusiasm. He was so obviously glad to see me that I invited him to take luncheon—an invitation which he regretfully declined.

"I'm more sorry than I can say that I've already got a date for luncheon at the Ritz—oh, don't think that I frequent the Ritz daily,' he added, laughing. 'I'm with some plutocratic friends—my old roommate at Yale and his sister. It's quite an occasion, I assure you. Any old joint is good enough for a cub reporter!'

"I looked my surprise.

"I didn't know you were a newspaper man,' I said.

"It's just temporary,' Palmore hastened to explain. 'I'm trying to get my play on, but it takes so deuced long to get a play placed and produced that I found I had to do something while waiting. Even playwrights have to eat!' he concluded on a note of somewhat forced jocularly. I smiled in company. Suddenly I remembered.

"Ah, it's the Sir Walter Raleigh play!' I cried, and as he shook his head I added hopefully, 'then it's the Chatterton tragedy!'

"Wrong again!' he said with an embarrassed laugh, 'you yourself suggested that the Raleigh play would hardly be marketable—I simply couldn't afford to keep on with it. I can't tell you what it meant to me to have to give up the idea!' He paused an instant. 'And as for the



Drawn by A. H. Henkel.

“ ‘We’ll leave it to your superior judgment—which shall it be?’ ”—Page 585.

Chatterton play—of course I realized that the public was not exactly crying for *that* sort of thing!

"Then what is it?" I demanded. "Have you gone back to the classics, as you once dreamed of doing?"

"*"Agamemnon"*?" He evoked the remembrance with a sadly derisive smile. "If I couldn't afford *"Raleigh"* and *"Chatterton,"* you may be sure *"Agamemnon"* was beyond my means! *"A Man and His Money"* is distinctly modern, but,' he spoke with a rather portentous dignity, 'I hope it is done in—what shall I say?—"the grand manner." I mean,' he elucidated, 'that while the theme is modern I believe the treatment will stand the test of time.'

"I tried to look intelligent at this cryptic statement.

"*"A Man and His Money"*—I thought you knew little about money and cared less, dear boy?' I hazarded at last.

"Palmore blushed—he still preserved the trick of blushing like a girl.

"Ah, that was a thousand years or so ago!' he murmured. 'Since then, believe me, I've learned the value of money!'

"Of course!' I assented eagerly. I felt an absurd desire to help him put himself in an unassailable position. 'One doesn't lunch with friends at the Ritz without returning the gastronomic courtesy, for example,' I added gaily and then wished I hadn't reminded him of the obligation.

"Palmore looked at his watch hastily.

"By Jove, you're right!' he exclaimed. He held out a cordial hand. 'I'll have to run for it!' he said and vanished in the crowd.

"Six months later I received Palmore's wedding-cards and in the same mail a note from him. I read it with a sinking heart.

"... She's the girl I took luncheon with that day at the Ritz. She's a wonder and a beauty and confoundedly rich. She tells me to say that she joins me in hoping that you will surely come on to the wedding.'

"I couldn't, of course, compass that, but I sent a wedding-present and my best wishes. I had an odd conviction that if the silver flower-basket was a superfluity,

my best wishes, at least, would be useful—that Palmore, in some obscure way, had need of them.

"The next year was my first Sabbatical year at Shawnee. I wasn't sorry to leave its academic groves for a while and establish myself in a New York apartment for a season of literary feasts. I had long arrears to make up. One of our faculty, who had spent the previous year in New York, turned his rooms in University Place over to me, and when I landed in the Pennsylvania Station on an afternoon in early September I had the agreeable assurance that a well-appointed *pied-à-terre* was waiting for me. I took a taxi and as we turned into the street I saw, to my astonishment, the announcement, on the boardings, of a theatrical offering by Eugene Palmore—'The Husbands of Suzanne.'

"I gathered from the press notices printed in large type on each side of the title that it had made a tremendous success at the Kemble Theatre, but some way the name struck on me unpleasantly. I consoled myself by thinking that Palmore might be able to explain away the title and lost no time in looking him up in the telephone book. Fortunately he was not far from me, and as soon as I had unpacked my slender wardrobe and eaten a solitary dinner at the Brevoort, I started to hunt up the Palmores. I discovered them occupying an apartment on Twelfth Street just off the Avenue, in one of those massive brownstone houses of an extinct type of architecture where the spaciousness of the high-ceiled rooms is counted on by a careful landlord to make up for the exiguity of the furnishings and service.

"Palmore welcomed me effusively, and when Mrs. Palmore came, in answer to his call, her welcome rivalled his in warmth. She was as beautiful as Palmore had prepared me to expect, with an elusive, high-bred charm and finish that led me secretly to wonder how he had been able to afford such an obviously expensive specimen of her sex. She had tact, too, and insisted on my taking her place in the small party the Palmores had invited that evening to see 'The Husbands of Suzanne.'

"We could only get four seats—imagine!' she exclaimed brightly. 'The the-

atre is sold out every night even this early in the season! It's a tremendous success!

"Palmore looked at me uneasily.

"Yes, a *succès de scandale!*" he said with a little laugh. He put his hand on his wife's arm: 'You'd better get Copley or that young Englishman to take my place, and leave me here with the Prof for a talk and smoke—I've an idea the Prof won't be interested in "The Husbands of Suzanne."'

"On the contrary, I'm most deeply interested," I objected warmly. 'I'm interested in everything he does,' I explained to Mrs. Palmore.

"Of course you are," she agreed, and the taxi being announced at that moment, Palmore and I got in and started for the theatre.

Three hours later I found myself back at the Palmores. Mrs. Palmore—still tactful—had waited up for us, but after a few words had said good night and gone to her room, leaving Palmore and myself alone in his little den.

"I would have liked well enough to get away without the talk that I saw I was in for, but Palmore showed a nervous eagerness to have me stay. As the door closed on his wife he turned to me quickly.

"Of course I know what you're thinking!" he burst out, and as I hesitated he went on rapidly, 'you're thinking that "The Husbands of Suzanne" is a far cry from "Raleigh" or "Chatterton" or "Agamemnon"—though Clytemnestra was hardly what you would call a respectable married lady, either,' he added with a grin. 'Well, I think so, too, of course.' He went over to the smoking-table and lit a cigar with a hand that trembled a little.

"And equally, of course, it isn't at all the sort of thing I like to do—or intend to do," he flung out. 'It's only an entering wedge. I can't tell you what I suffered—adapting that dirty French farce to our stage! But I couldn't afford to let the opportunity slip, and at least it's a hundred per cent cleaner than it was. Lord! you ought to have read the original!'

"I'll take your word for it," I said dryly.

"He gave me a look that craved sympathy.

"Of course, I understand your contempt for the thing, but the fact is that I needed the money like the deuce! You've seen my wife—" he broke off and threw himself into a chair near the table.

"My dear boy, by far your most brilliant performance!" I murmured enthusiastically.

"The most brilliant—and the most expensive!" He smiled a little. 'The truth is, I oughtn't to have married her until I could afford her and her kind. You'll agree that this is hardly the setting for her!' He threw out a contemptuous hand at the shabby room. 'Well—I want to take her out of all this! I want to prove to her damned plutocratic family that she hasn't done such a rotten thing, after all, in marrying me! And believe me, "The Husbands of Suzanne" is going to do the trick, Nestor!' his old name for me. 'Gedney says the play'll net me around forty thousand this season. If it keeps going strong until spring they'll send out two road companies next year. And then there'll be the stock and movie rights—' His words trailed off into silence as he threw back his handsome head and gazed upward at the smoke-rings curling away into space with his hopes and his dreams. But if his thoughts were nebulous and fanciful, the expression in his eye was calculating and earthly to the last degree.

"You'll see!" he said, turning his businesslike look upon me. 'And when I get hold of this money I'm going to buy a little country place somewhere and settle down to some big literary work.' He leaned forward and laid a hand on my knee.

"I don't mind telling *you*, Nestor, that I've been hatching the plot of a novel—"Soul-Wings." I'm fairly aching to get at it! It won't be for the big public—it will be for the good of my own soul primarily. I've got things I want to say out loud and strong; thoughts that I can't find every-day use for, and which I want to enshrine in a book that's worth while. And if it turns out as well as I hope, I mean to dedicate it to you, if I may!'

"He looked at me, glowing boyishly in his old way, and I felt the rush of emotion he so often evoked in me.

"‘You know how delighted I’ll be to see the best that’s in you, Palmore, and I’ll be confoundedly pleased to have a share in it!’ I said, getting up to go.

"‘He went with me to the outer door. ‘Oh, to get settled in my cottage!’ he said. ‘You must come and see it and I’ll read you my *magnum opus*.’

"I did see the ‘cottage’ the next summer. It turned out to be a specimen of that sublimated type of architecture so prevalent in the resorts of the superrich on Long Island. I had accepted Palmore’s invitation to stop over for a day and a night on my return from my modest retreat on the north shore, and was looking forward eagerly to the pleasure of seeing him once more.

"He met me at the little station with a car which gave me the first inkling of what I might expect in the way of a ‘cottage,’ and which carried us with the speed and ease of a Pullman sleeper through the big gates, up to the porte-cochère of an ample, half-timbered house whose windows looked out upon several acres of expensive landscape-gardening.

"At sight of the place I could not repress an exclamation. Palmore looked at me.

"‘You’re surprised?’ he asked after a short pause.

"‘My dear boy, what a pot of money “The Husbands of Suzanne” must have brought you!’ I made the détour of his embarrassing question as gracefully as I could.

"‘Ah, that contemptible crew didn’t bring it *all* to me—I’ve written a musical comedy since I saw you—“Bright and Early”!’ He stood on the steps of the porte-cochère and looked about him. ‘They gave me a generous contract,’ he murmured.

"I gazed at him in stupefaction.

"‘A musical comedy!’ I echoed.

"He turned upon me impatiently.

"‘My dear fellow, some of the best writers are doing it—the profits are enormous. You’ve simply no idea!’ He looked at his watch. ‘We’ll just have time for a smoke before tea—Margaret’s at the Casino watching the tennis match.’

"He led the way into the house and I noticed that the promise made by the

handsome exterior of beauty and comfort within was amply fulfilled. Palmore’s study was a delightful, big, square room, book-panelled, luxurious. A noiseless footman brought in a tray with whiskey, a siphon, and a bowl of frosted cubes of ice. I watched Palmore mix our drinks in fascinated silence.

"‘Yes—you’ve no idea what a successful musical comedy means,’ he went on ruminantly, looking up from the clinking glasses. ‘Of course, I had no idea of doing one, but “The Husbands of Suzanne” made such a stir that Ellwanger wouldn’t let me rest until I had promised to write the book for Koravinsky—the new musical genius he’s discovered on the East Side. Koravinsky’s a little Russian Jew, chock-full of temperament. I will say it’s been tremendously stimulating and informing to work with him!’ He looked at me somewhat belligerently. ‘Those people are interesting, you know, and the piece was bound to be a “go.” We got hold of a Tahitian dancer and a comedian that are the best ever. And the leading lady, Ruby La Verne, is a great little actress, take it from me!’

"‘Splendid!’ I murmured and stirred the ice in my glass.

"Palmore regarded me for an instant. ‘You don’t understand—you’re surprised—disappointed!’ he said in a hurt tone.

"‘No, no!—that is—if I am surprised or disappointed, it is only that I thought you were working on “Soul-Wings.”’

"‘Ah, “Soul-Wings”! It will be all the better for this experience, believe me. I’ve learned a lot about human nature lately,’ he said eagerly. ‘And, to be perfectly frank with you, I found that, after all, I couldn’t keep up “Melrose” on the money from “Suzanne.” Margaret was so plucky that first beastly, dull year—I wanted to give her a home *she* would like. Any old house would have done for me, but you know what a woman’s first home means to her. Well, that sort of thing—the sort of home that would satisfy a girl brought up as Margaret had been—costs money to get and to keep. Ellwanger’s proposition sounded like a message direct from heaven to me! More than ever I needed to make money. Her family was just waiting to see me fail!’

I'd pulled Margaret and myself out of a hole, and I had no intention of slipping back into it. I'll get enough out of "Bright and Early" to make me easy for a long while to come.'

"And in the meantime you'll be working on "Soul-Wings,"" I suggested hopefully.

"Indeed I will!" he rejoined enthusiastically. 'I've promised to write an article for *Stageland*—"How I Broke into Musical Comedy"—they're going to give me two thousand for it!—and a one-act farce comedy for Miss Severn's graduating class—I'm going to direct the production, too, because they proposed such ridiculously munificent terms that I couldn't see myself refusing. And I shall run out to the coast for three weeks to help put the finishing touches to the picture they're making of "Good-bye, Broadway!"—a screen comedy of mine—but after that I intend to settle down to "Soul-Wings"!' He sighed a little. 'Of course, I'd like to be on the heights, you know—on the heights all the time, but life seems to be always calling to us from below! We're not going into town this winter. I'm going into "winter quarters" out here and work like the devil!'

"As he finished speaking there was the swift rush of an approaching motor, a babel of laughing voices in the hall, and in an instant Margaret flashed on our view at the open door of the study. I had just time to note that she looked more costly, more radiant than ever when she advanced toward me with outstretched hand and smile of welcome.

"How beautiful of you to come to see us in our new home!" she cried. 'Stop talking, Eugene, and let me show Professor Follansbee over "Melrose"!' and she dragged me off on a tour of inspection.

"The house was a model of convenience and luxury, and I was as appreciative as even Margaret could have wished.

"I don't wonder you two look forward to spending the winter out here instead of in town," I said enthusiastically. We were in the steam-heated sun parlor. 'This will be a bully place for Eugene to write.'

"She stared at me.

"Did Eugene tell you that?" She

broke into a little laugh, and laid the tips of her slender fingers on my arm. 'Don't pay any attention to the old dear—I never do!' she said.

"My hard work at Shawnee was rewarded the following winter by an invitation to address the Institute of Arts and Sciences, and accordingly I found myself, late in February, once more in New York. I had intended staying over a day or two in order to run out to 'Melrose' for a glimpse of the Palmores, but, to my surprise, I met them on the afternoon of my arrival at Tiffany's. I had stopped there to leave my watch to be cleaned and regulated, and encountered them as I was going out. Mrs. Palmore was looking at diamond bracelets, and Eugene was standing uninterestedly by. His roving eye caught mine as I was trying to slip by unnoticed.

"Why, if it isn't the Prof!" he cried, and laid a detaining hand on my shoulder. His wife greeted me very prettily.

"But this is delightful!" she exclaimed and held up two bracelets for my inspection. 'We'll leave it to your superior judgment—which shall it be?'

"They each cost a fortune, so it's fifty fifty!" said Palmore in a stage aside, with mock melancholy. I thought I caught a hint of real distress though, in the face he turned upon me.

"Fortunately my choice pleased Mrs. Palmore, and as a reward of merit I was invited, indeed coerced, into taking tea with them. As we drove rapidly up the Avenue to their expensive hotel, the impression, I had somehow received, of fatigue, of nervous irritability in Palmore was intensified.

"We had tea in their private sitting-room—"our little two by four—we can't afford a big suite," explained Mrs. Palmore brightly. 'This hotel is ridiculously expensive—and there's "Melrose" to be kept up.'

"Ah, yes, "Melrose"—I thought you were to spend the winter there," I murmured.

"Impossible!" broke in Palmore. 'I found it simply impossible under the circumstances. You see I've been doing a musical comedy for Koravinsky. I'm horribly fed up on them, but Koravinsky made it a personal thing—it was immense—

ly difficult to refuse. "Bright and Early" had been a record-breaker, and he's got a big family—thought one more success would put him on Easy Street. By Jove, it seemed the only decent thing to do, you know. What are we here for if not to help one another?"

"I looked at Palmore in surprise. His glibness reduced me to silence but set me to wondering. Was he deceiving himself knowingly? I asked myself.

"If Mrs. Palmore was more beautiful than ever, she was assuredly less tactful. She stayed with us until the softly chiming clock warned me that my dinner engagement with the president of the Institute of Arts and Sciences made it impossible for me to remain longer. I had hoped that she would leave Palmore and myself to a *solitude à deux*, as formerly. In some indefinable way I got the impression that it was Palmore's wish not to be so left. At the door I summoned my courage.

"And how about "Soul-Wings"? I inquired with as much detachment as I could muster. Palmore shot me a derisive smile.

"My dear fellow, I found I had to chuck that sort of highbrow stuff. It's as expensive a hobby as a yacht or a race-horse. I can afford neither at present. I talked over "Soul-Wings" with Montross and he didn't see his way to publishing anything of that sort—wants me to do a novel that comes to grips with the life of to-day. I'm thinking of doing a story around that little actress in "Bright and Early"—remember her? Ruby La Verne? What that girl has seen and gone through! There's life, there's tragedy for you! . . . And the movie rights will be enormous!"

"I bowed to Mrs. Palmore. I really couldn't stand any more.

"Good afternoon," I said."

Follansbee fell silent, drawing strongly at his cigar and looking out over the lake.

"Well—and did he do his little actress?" demanded Warrenton after a pause.

"Eh?—oh, yes—yes, the little actress—it sold around four hundred thousand copies, I believe. And then there was the story of the beautiful artist's model,

who married a Russian prince, but ultimately preferred her East Side tough; another story of a still more wondrously beautiful American who married an Indian rajah, and was rescued from death at the hands of her agreeable husband by a handsome young English officer and— and others I've forgotten, all equally important and true to life."

"What a pity Mrs. Mike Considine had not appeared above his literary horizon!" said Penrose.

"Yes," assented Follansbee, "it was what I was thinking. . . . He was very industrious—wrote five or six so-called novels in the next three years. They made him a fortune, but there wasn't a line of literature in any of them. Fortunately, I didn't have to lie to Palmore about them, because I didn't see him—in fact I never saw him but once again—four years after that meeting at Tiffany's.

"It was in the summer of 1916—the war had been going on two years, I remember—when, one day, I received a letter from him. It was very short and to the point, totally unlike Palmore's usual charming prolixity. He informed me that he was going overseas and wanted to see me before going. It was out of the question for him to go West, he was so rushed—would it be possible for me to come to him? He had a fancy for seeing me before he left, and he was always my faithful and obliged friend, Eugene Palmore.

"Something in the note struck a chill to my heart. A wave of old affection swept over me and bore me—via the Empire Limited and a taxi—straight to Palmore's white-stone mansion on upper Fifth Avenue—the architectural embodiment of 'The Heart of a Dancer,' 'Tiger Lily,' 'The Off-Chance,' and his other masterpieces.

"I found him amid a welter of khaki garments, thermos-bottles, improved writing-tablets, and high boots which a harried valet, under his directions, was trying to pack into an officer's trunk. He dismissed the man, and offering me the only available chair, seated himself on the corner of a table from which he swept a mackintosh, a pair of rubber boots, and a first-aid case.



Drawn by A. H. Henkel.

"There's life, there's tragedy for you!"—Page 586.

"I knew you would come!"

"Of course I came!" I replied, trying to speak lightly, but the sense of foreboding which his note had produced was intensified as I gazed at him. He looked ten years older than when I had last seen him. The bright brown hair at the temples had turned gray, and there was a heavy look of restlessness, of defeat about him that tore at my heart.

"So you're going overseas," I said, looking around me, glad to turn my eyes from Palmore's intent gaze.

"Yes—I think you'll agree with me that it's the only thing to be done," he replied. There was an acid edge to his words that made me look at him hastily.

"What do you mean?"

"He blushed a little—not the quick, evanescent blush that I had surprised in him so often, but the slow, dull red that burned darkly under the skin and looked as if it hurt.

"Ah, don't pretend," he said earnestly. "I'm through with pretense! I know—and you know—that unless I can get away from all this"—he flung out a contemptuous hand at the richness about him, as he had once done toward the shabby walls in Twelfth Street—"unless I can get away from all this and make a new start, I am lost. Do you think I have any illusions about the rot I've been writing? I've sunk pretty low, but not *that* low!"

"He made the admission with an air of disenchantment that hurt me with a physical hurt.

"If it weren't for Margaret I'd chuck it all—give it away to some charity, and start fresh with clean hands!" I wondered idly if there was such a phrase in the alienists' jargon as 'the delusion of good intentions.' "But I can't leave her unprovided for, so it's all made over to her and I'm off on the great adventure. Wish me luck!"

"He leaned forward, speaking eagerly. For an instant I caught a glimpse of the old buoyancy, the old fire.

"I may yet tread 'the paths of glory,'" he urged wistfully.

"I bit savagely at the end of my cigar. 'What are you going to do?' I asked.

"Drive an ambulance. I can drive a car better than I can drive a quill," he smiled forlornly, 'and it'll take me into the thick of danger. I'll get my lost literary soul purified by fire. You *do* believe that we poor devils of mortals get a second chance, don't you?' he pleaded.

"I made consoling noises in my throat.

"I'm sure of it," went on poor Palmore insistently. "I'll redeem myself. I'll see splendid, unforgettable things—I'll meet Life—and Death—at last. You'll see! I'll make something fine out of this! I'll come back with an epic. . . .!"

Follansbee lapsed once more into silence.

"And did he?" queried Warrenton patiently, after a long pause.

There was a little stir and Mrs. Mike Considine rose from the tea-table and made a triumphant exit through the admiring throng, escorted by Count Barbaresco and her husband. Follansbee's absent glance followed the little party.

"What's that?—oh, no—no, he never came back at all. He was killed two months after he went over—in the attack on Courcelette."

"Poor devil! What a pity!" said young Warrenton softly.

"A pity?" Follansbee turned meditative eyes upon the Englishman. "I think not. . . . The surgeon who was in the ambulance with him sent me the letter he found in Palmore's breast pocket. It was almost undecipherable—the bullet, which killed him, had gone clean through it. But I managed to make out a few of the powder-burned, blood-stained sentences. . . ."

"I have met Life and Death and am not fit to touch the hem of their garments. . . . I see myself now for what I am . . . this has given me the measure of my inadequacy. . . . I shall write no more. . . . At last I, too, realize "the flavor of emptiness that comes to the writer who has tasted life and knows it is not to be put into printed pages. . . ."

My Tennysons

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

Author of "My Stevensons"

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES FROM MR. ARNOLD'S COLLECTION



EVERYBODY knows that "Poems by Two Brothers" is the earliest book containing verses by Alfred Tennyson. Alfred was eighteen and Charles was twenty when J. & J. Jackson, printers of Louth, the market-town nearest to the Lincolnshire home of the Tennysons, arranged with the brothers to publish a selection of their poems, and actually paid them in cash and books the equivalent of twenty pounds for the doubtful privilege. A few poems of the eldest brother, Frederick, were included. What induced the Jacksons to enter into this unbusinesslike engagement does not appear. Moreover, with amazing assurance these country printers produced the book in two sizes, an ordinary edition priced at five shillings and a large paper edition at seven shillings. There was no high degree of merit in any of the poems and none of them have been included in the authorized editions of the writings of the poets. In later years Tennyson spoke of his large share in the book as "early rot." Of course there was no sale to speak of, but for the boys it was a time of rejoic-

ing. Alfred and Charles (Frederick was at Cambridge) celebrated the day of publication by hiring a carriage with some of the money the Jacksons had paid; they drove to the seashore, fourteen miles away, and "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." To-day twenty pounds would not buy one single copy of "Poems by Two Brothers" as issued in its simple covers of drab-paper boards, with paper label. The original manuscript is now one of the treasures of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next year, 1828, both Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity, where they soon became leaders of a literary group of aspiring students. A relic of

this period, now in my possession, is a classical atlas which belonged to Alfred, and has his name written on the white lining of the front cover. Also in his delicate hand on the inside of the back cover is a list of classmates, doubtless the sympathetic intimates of the young poet. Here among a score of names we find Merivale, who became dean of Ely and the distinguished historian of Rome; Milnes, later Lord Houghton, the first biographer of Keats; Selwin, afterwards Anglican bishop of New Zealand; Buller, who gained fame as a Liberal statesman;

POEMS,

BY TWO BROTHERS.

"N.B.C. NOS NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL."—*Marialis.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,

STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT;

AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

MCCCXXVII.

and Hallam, brother poet, the best beloved.

The subject for the English prize poem at the University of Cambridge for the year 1829 was "Timbuctoo."

Tennyson was the successful competitor. In accordance with custom, the author would have read the poem in the Senate House, but then, as in later life, he had an aversion to all publicities and, by request, his friend Merivale relieved him of the distasteful honor.

"Timbuctoo" and Greek and Latin poems by C. R. Kennedy and Charles Merivale were officially printed at the University Press under the title "Prolusiones Academicæ." The pamphlet, though scarce, is not a rarity. When catalogued by booksellers and auctioneers, the Latin title is often ignored and only the contribution of Tennyson mentioned. Of course this distinction is due to the great interest in Tennyson; otherwise the pamphlet is of no importance.

The existence of a separate print of "Timbuctoo," bearing the same date as the "Prolusiones," was unknown to collectors until about twenty years ago, when a single copy came into the market. It was bought by Albert J. Morgan, of New York City. At the sub-

sequent dispersal of Mr. Morgan's collection I secured this treasurable brochure.

My Tennyson collection already contained several extreme rarities—the de-

spair of many collectors; now was added the earliest separate print that bears the name of Alfred Tennyson; *presumably a unique copy.*

But, in such a matter, you never can tell. Years later, Winston Henry Hagen, of New York City, put in a bid of twenty-five dollars at Anderson's for what he supposed was the "Prolusiones," although the auction catalogue made mention only of "Timbuctoo." It happened that several weeks passed before Mr. Hagen examined his purchase. He was surprised to find it comprised only the Tennyson poem. Mr. Hagen, never having heard of the little-known separate print, naturally inferred that the thin octavo was probably a defective copy of the "Prolusiones." To resolve his doubts he took the pamphlet to Beverly Chew, one of the best informed

of book collectors. Mr. Chew immediately identified it as a twin to my copy. Since this find was made another copy has turned up in England, and is now in the possession of Thomas J. Wise. The Hagen copy (now in the extensive Tenny-

TIMBUCTOO.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXIX.

BY

A. TENNYSON,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

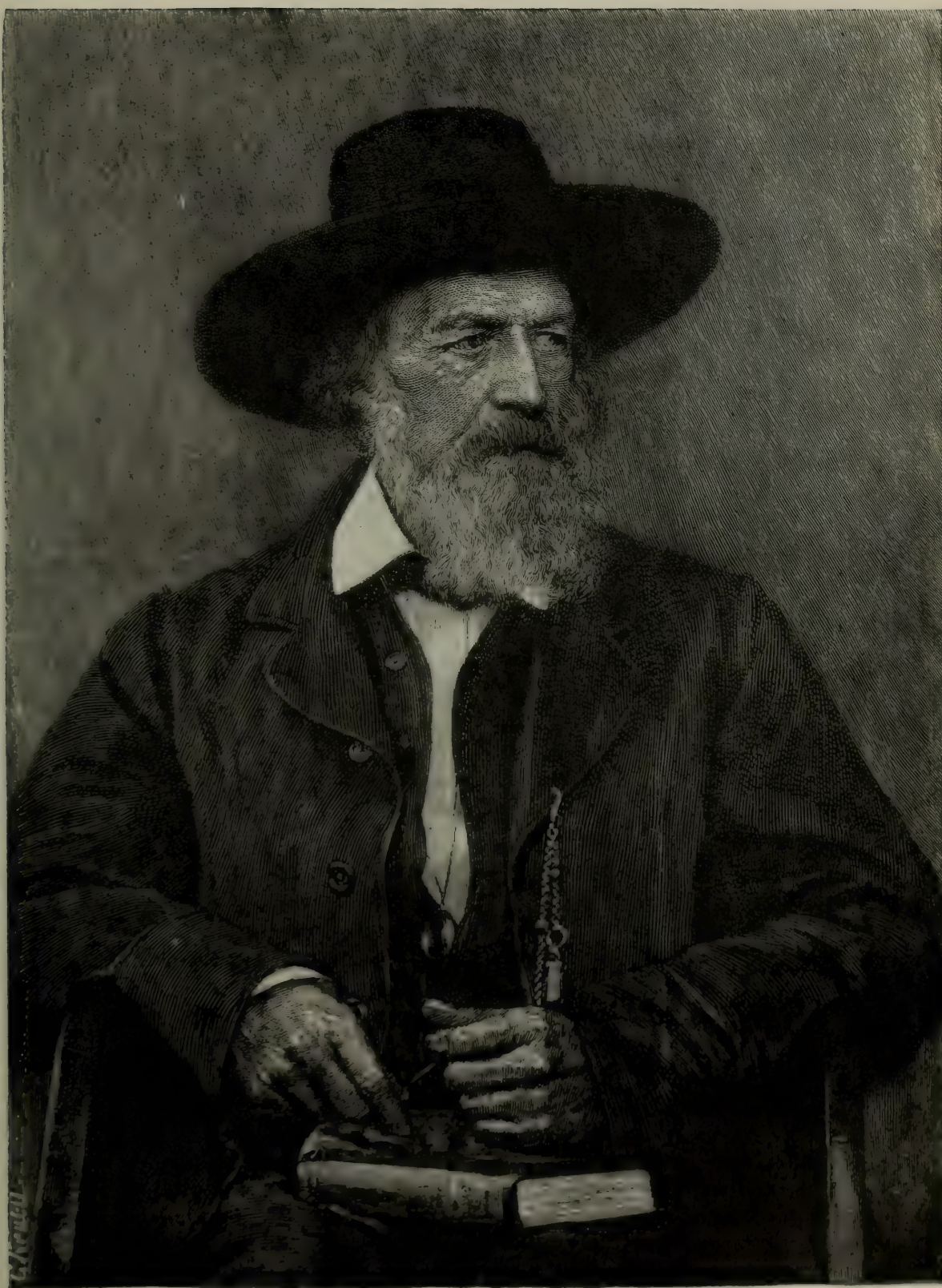


CAMBRIDGE

Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University

1829

Facsimile of the title-page of the very rare separate issue of "Timbuctoo."



Tennyson.

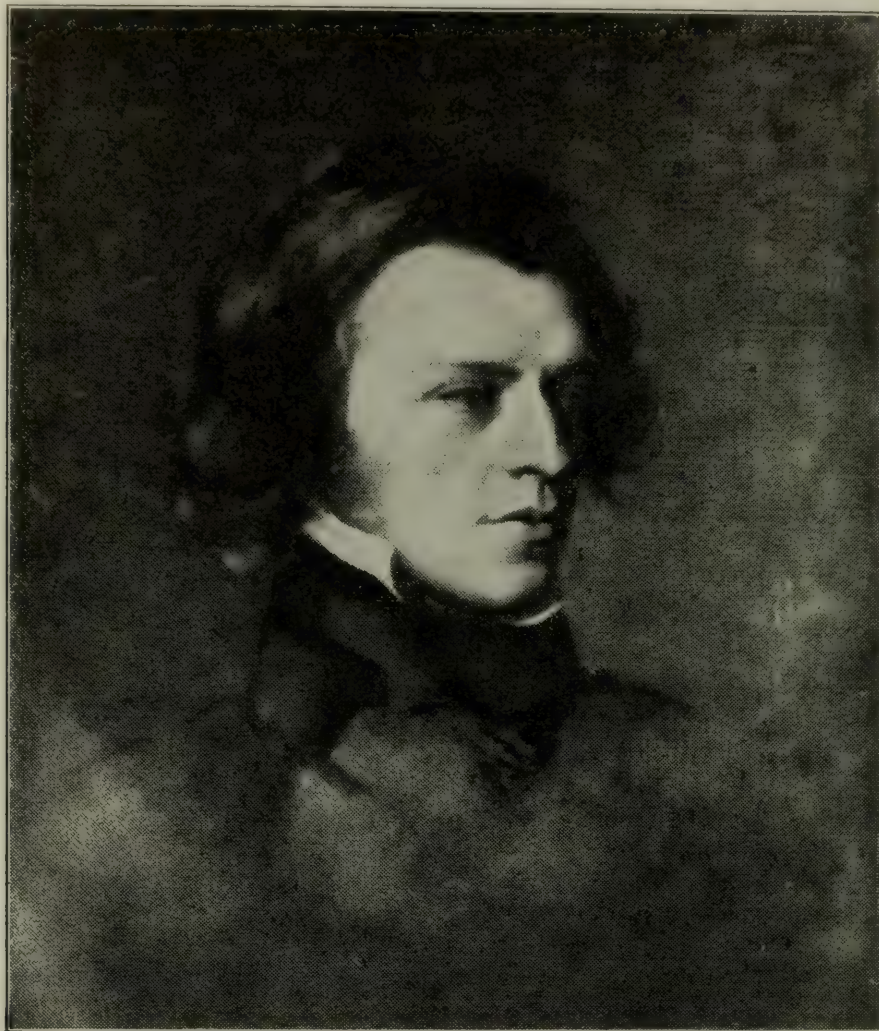
From a wood-engraving by G. Kruell made from photograph taken in 1838 by Barraud, London.

son collection of John A. Spoor, of Chicago) and mine are without covers and the edges are plain; Mr. Wise's copy is in original dark-crimson stiffened paper covers, with gilt edges.

The separate "Timbuctoo" was

known to collectors and dealers and there has been no lack of effort in the search for other copies, but, so far, only the three here mentioned have been discovered.*

Tennyson was but twenty-one when he had the manuscript of his first volume of



The Samuel Lawrence portrait of Tennyson used as frontispiece in Hallam Tennyson's "Mémoir."

"'Blubber-lip,' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is, but still the only one of old days, and 'still the best of all to my thinking.'"—Page 594.

printed from the standing types of the "Prolusiones"; probably only a few copies were struck off by request of the young author, for distribution among his friends. The existence of this separate issue of "Timbuctoo" is now well

poems ready for the printer. Returning home one night from a neighboring town he lost the precious sheets from his overcoat pocket; they were never recovered. Though it seems an almost incredible feat, the young man actually rewrote all the

* Unfortunately, the "Prolusiones" is open to juggling manipulation. The "Timbuctoo" portion, which has an individual title-page, may be easily detached. More than once, to my knowledge, the Tennyson poem thus removed from the official pamphlet has been offered for sale as the rare separate issue. However, such examples may be easily identified. The title-page of the poem as printed in the "Prolusiones" reads:

Timbuctoo | A Poem | which obtained | The Chancellor's Medal | at the | Cambridge Commencement, | M.
DCCC. XXIX | By | A. Tennyson | of Trinity College.

There is no imprint.

The title-page of the separate issue is the same as the foregoing but has in addition the arms of the university and this imprint: Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University | 1829. Also, the title-page is preceded by a half-title which has on it only the single word, Timbuctoo. There are also minor differences in the spacings of the text, but enough has been said to enable any one to identify a pseudo separate issue.

lost poems from memory. Six hundred copies were printed by Effingham Wilson under the title "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." The price was five shillings. The poet received eleven pounds as his share of the proceeds. My copy, in the original drab-paper boards, has this pleasing inscription: "Mary Green from her affectionate friend A. T." Two years later another volume was printed, this time by Edward Moxon, who was destined to publish for Tennyson for many years. The edition was only four hundred and fifty copies, nearly all bound in drab-paper boards; mine happens to be one of a few in cloth of the same shade. Though issued in December, 1832, the date on the title-page is that of the following year, so the usual designation of the volume is "The Poems of 1833."

A letter to Moxon of considerable bibliographical importance in relation to this very book is printed, apparently without abridgment, in "Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir by his Son." Actually only half the letter is given. Here it is in full, copied from the original in my collection:

"Dear Sir,

"After mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume entitled *Lover's Tale*—it is too full of faults & tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet to my eye it spoils the completeness (*sic*) of the book & is better away—of course whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above, must devolve on me solely.

"The Vol. can end with the piece titled to 'J. S.' Half of this last I have received in *revise*: there are 9 stanzas more which it will not be necessary to send me—if I remember right they only contained one material blunder viz 'Bleeding' for 'Bleedeth.' Should this last revise be already on its way it will be better for me to retain it, & if there be any other mistake, which is scarcely probable I will give you notice by letter. We who live in this corner of the world only get our letters twice or thrice a week: this has caused considerable delay: but on the receipt of this you may begin to dress the

Volume for its introduction into the world as soon as you choose

Believe me, dear Sir

Yours very truly

Alfred Tennyson."

"P. S. The title-page may be simply

Poems

by Alfred Tennyson

"(don't let the printers squire me)

"Be so good as to send me five copies."

In this volume first appeared many of the poems which have secured enduring popularity: "The Lady of Shalott," "Mariana in the South," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotos Eaters," "The Dream of Fair Women," and "The May Queen."

Although Tennyson decided not to publish "The Lover's Tale," he had six copies of the poem separately printed. Five of these were given to friends of the young poet. The single copy retained was cut to pieces by Tennyson thirty-six years later, in preparing copy for another trial edition, much revised and enlarged. The poet was not content with this second effort, for the first published edition, again revised, was not issued until 1879.

When, in 1907, Thomas J. Wise, after years of meticulous research, printed his exhaustive "Bibliography of Tennyson," he was able to record the existence of only two of the original six copies of "The Lover's Tale"; one of these in his own possession, the other in the collection of John A. Spoor. So much effort had been made by collectors and dealers in the search for this important rarity, it seemed unlikely that any more would be discovered. But a few years later a copy turned up in Southampton and was secured by a firm of London booksellers, who offered it to Ernest Dressel North, the veteran dealer in rare books, then on one of his frequent book-hunting visits to England. Mr. North had a long-standing request from Charles Templeton Crocker, of San Francisco, to report at once should he ever come upon this particular rarity. Thus Mr. Crocker had the exceptional satisfaction of adding the much-sought-for little book to his notable Tennyson collection.

On a certain bleak night early in the year 1920, my wife and I were ensconced

in our after-dinner chairs, one on each side of the open fire—a veritable Darby and Joan. Several book catalogues had come in the mail of the day. I began with an unpretentious one issued by Edward

session, more than a year later, is a secret—I can only say that I am a very lucky book-collector.

In 1842 Tennyson had many more poems ready for publication. These, with selections from the earlier books, many of them revised, were issued in two volumes. The edition of eight hundred copies was sold in a year, so Moxon brought out a second edition of a thousand copies. In the succeeding ten years six more editions were required to meet the steadily growing demand.

Tennyson's business relations with his publisher were always highly satisfactory. The two men soon became friends, as this invitation for a week-end visit attests.

THE
LOVER'S TALE.

BY
ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON 64, NEW BOND STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

Facsimile of the title-page of the very rare first issue of "The Lover's Tale."

Howell, of Liverpool. The first page did not hold my attention, but the turn of the leaf made my eyes pop, for there, in big type, was described—unmistakably described—one of the missing copies of the original trial edition of "The Lover's Tale." The price absurdly low—twenty pounds!

I immediately telephoned the Western Union and gave a cable order. As I afterward learned, sixteen American collectors cabled to Mr. Howell. We were all too late; the little volume had already been bought by the most alert booksellers in all England, who quickly sold it to an eager collector.

Nevertheless, this identical copy of the book now fills the long-empty gap in my collection. How it came into my pos-

"Mount Pleasant
Eastbourn
Sussex

"My dear Moxon

"Could you find time to come & see me next Saturday? There is a coach every other day all the way to Eastbourn* & on those days when this coach does not run if you come to Brighton by a forenoon train you will find a coach hitherward at half past one. Answer me if you can by return of post for maybe if you don't come I shall flit. Beachy Head is worth mounting. I shall write to Laurence by this post to come down with you that you may have a companion. You will arrange it together.

ever yours

A Tennyson

* from the Golden Cross."

The Laurence who was to accompany Moxon was doubtless Samuel Laurence, the artist who painted a portrait of the poet in these early days. A reproduction of it is the frontispiece of the first volume of Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir" of his father. Edward Fitzgerald thus speaks of the painting:

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the *only* one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all to my thinking."

In my collection is another letter to Moxon which speaks of the next poetical flight. The greater portion of the new

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
(Chorus)

O hark, O hear! how thin & clear
And thinner, clearer farther going
O sweet & far from cliff & scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying

O love they die in your rich sky
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever & for ever.
Blow bugle blow set the wild echoes flying
And answer echoes answer dying, dying, dying.

As
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poem had been written at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Mablethorpe
Alford
Lincolnshire

"My dear Moxon

"I find that I shall not be able to get away for a fortnight. I am putting the last touches to the Princess. I trust there will still be time when I come up to get the book out by Xmas. I shall be at this place for about ten days—if any letters arrive send them on here

ever yours

A Tennyson"

Tennyson's desire was gratified—"The Princess; a Medley," came out in November, 1847. The first edition was two thousand copies; another issue was required in 1848. Two years later much of the poem was revised for the third edition, in which first appeared the six intercalary songs that so greatly added to the fame of Tennyson. I have an original manuscript of five of these lyrics written by the poet before publication on a single folded sheet of note-paper. Each song differs more or less from the published text. At the bottom of the last page is this remark, signed "A T." "These are not written regularly but just as they turned up."

The five lyrics of the manuscript are "The splendour falls on castle walls," "As thro' the land at eve we went," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more," and "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums."

There is a marked difference between the manuscript and the published text in the first two lines of the last-mentioned lyric. Instead of the printed form:

"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands."

We have in the manuscript:

"When all among the thundering drums
Thy soldier in the battle stands."

At the end of the manuscript verse is a trumpet blare—"Tara ta tantara." This was omitted on publication. The lacking song is "Sweet and Low"—probably it had not yet been written.

Whenever I show this precious sheet I tell a little story, relating to one of these

familiar lyrics, which expresses the poet's dry humor. An aspiring citizen of our great country wrote to Tennyson requesting an autograph signature and sentiment. He received no reply. The man again wrote, repeating his request. Still there was no reply. The persistent one made a third effort. This time came a response, here reproduced from the original:

Tennyson

sentiment'

"Ask me no more"

Tennyson first met Emily Sellwood when he was twenty-one; she was seventeen, a lovely girl of much charm. Emily was walking at the time with Arthur Hallam in the "Fairy Wood" of Somersby. To Alfred she appeared "like a light across those woodland ways." He said to her: "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" After this first meeting they saw little of one another for six years. Then the young poet escorted the fair one, a bridesmaid, at the wedding of her sister Louisa to Alfred's brother Charles. From that day friendship quickly ripened to deep affection, but, after three years, as there seemed to be no prospect of marriage—Alfred's income being too small for the greatest of all ventures—communication between the lovers was forbidden. There were ten long years of separation before the engagement was revived. This was in the spring of 1850; in June the patient pair were happily made one.

This mid-century year was a great year for Tennyson. During the very month of nuptial festivities, "In Memoriam" was published and greeted with general acclaim. Edward Moxon, his publisher, agreed to pay a small annual royalty. The office of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Wordsworth, had been tendered to Samuel Rogers, who declined

it on account of his advanced years. The post was then offered to Tennyson. Following time-honored custom, the new poet laureate planned to attend one of the queen's levees. Learning that Tennyson was searching among his friends to find the required form of dress for the occasion, Rogers came to the rescue. I have a letter in my collection written shortly after the function in which Tennyson says:

"You will have seen that I kissed the Queen's hand on the sixth. Rogers lent me his court dress, the very same that poor Wordsworth had worn. I hate all publicities & so was a little bit nervous but got thro' very creditably."

Tennyson and his bride began house-keeping in the little village of Warming-lid, Sussex. But one night a storm blew down part of the wall of their bedroom and through the gap "the wind raved and the water rushed." Moreover, they now learned that the dining-room and their bedroom had been a Roman Catholic chapel and that a baby was buried somewhere on the premises and, later, that a notorious thief and murderer had once made the house his home. The nearest doctor and butcher were seven miles away. Altogether these traditions and conditions were too much for the newly wed, so they soon moved to Twickenham, where they found comfort and convenience.

After two years the Tennysons again decided to seek a new domicile. In a letter I have that was written to his friend Flowers it appears the task was not an easy one, for the poet says:

"I am so engaged in flying about the country in this wretched househunting business now in Sussex, now in Gloucestershire or Yorkshire that I never can be sure of my whereabouts a day before hand."

At last a permanent home was found in Farringford, situated near the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. A few miles away lived Sir John Simeon, highly esteemed by the poet as friend and critic.

About this time "Maud" was begun. The poem was first printed in what Mr. Wise calls a "pre-natal" edition, of which

no copy can now be traced. Fortunately, one, which had been sent by Tennyson to Coventry Patmore in order that the latter might have an opportunity to prepare an early and well-considered review, was seen by Mr. Wise before Patmore destroyed it in accordance with Tennyson's injunction to "Burn or Return." A subsequent proof of the poem was seen by Richard Herne Shepherd, who compared it with the text of the first published edition. Shepherd removed the cloth covers from copies of the published book and inserted blank leaves between the printed pages. On these blank leaves he transcribed the many lines of the proof that differed from the published text. The books thus treated found ready sale to collectors and students, as they afforded the only available text of the early "Maud."

In the summer of 1904 a few books from the library of Sir John Simeon, then deceased, were sold at auction at Sothaby's. Two of the items were thus described:

"Maud and other Poems, Original proof-sheets of pages 1 to 128, first edition, unbound, 1855.

"Maud, Etc. another collection of odd-proof-sheets. 1855."

On the possibility that these sheets might have an extraordinary interest, I made venturesome bids which happily secured them. When they arrived my attention was so taken by a certain item of recognized importance which came to me from the same source, and to which I shall refer later in this article, that I gave little consideration to these fragments of "Maud" and, owing to other distractions, more than a year elapsed before I examined them carefully. I was, indeed, delighted when I found that while these proof-sheets do not form a consecutive copy, they do comprise overlapping proofs which embrace a complete text of "Maud" in which are not only all the lines that the errant Shepherd surreptitiously copied but also several lines and many verbal variants hitherto unknown. Thus my risky bids brought to me a series of sheets (the only examples known) which include the earliest existing text of "Maud."

In a letter in my collection written by Tennyson to his brother-in-law, Charles

Weld, there is this allusion to the new poem:

"I received the other day a most flattering letter from Ruskin, touching poor little Maud. I am glad that you too find something in her. It is a poem written in an *entirely* new form, as far as I know. I think that properly to appreciate it you ought to hear the author read it—and this I say not in vanity but that to give effect to the long sweeps of metre, you must have a reader who not only reads somewhat dramatically, but likewise has a full voice and ample lungs."

The published volume bears the title "Maud, and Other Poems." Of these other poems the most important are "The Brook," "Ode on the Death of the Duke

*Plunged in the battery smoke
Fiercely the line they broke
Cossack & Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd & sunder'd.*

*Then they rode back as
Before they rode onward
Half a league back but not
Not the six hundred*

Facsimile of a portion of the manuscript of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

of Wellington," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The famous battle-ballad was written in a few minutes. Tennyson's emotions at this time are revealed to us not only in the poem itself but also in a letter I now have which was written shortly after the fatal "Charge."

"... my heart almost bursts with indignation at the accursed mismanagement of our noble little army, that flower of men."

No other poem of Tennyson has been subjected to as many revisions. It was first published in *The Examiner*. The original galley-proof, now in my possession, bears noteworthy alterations in the poet's hand. As a matter of interest to all admirers of the poetry of Tennyson, I wish it were feasible to give these changes in detail, but to do so, and to show other changes written by the poet on a subsequent page-proof, also in my possession, could only be satisfactorily done by reproducing these early proofs entire. The limits of magazine space forbid this indulgence, so we must be content with a few manuscript lines on a separate sheet which differ materially from the galley-proof, agree word for word with the page-proof, and again differ from the poem as it appeared on publication in *The Examiner*. This bit of manuscript is now in my collection.

"Plunged in the battery smoke
Fiercely the line they broke
Cossack & Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd & sunder'd.

Then they rode back as
Before they rode onward
Half a league back but not
Not the six hundred."

After publication the poem underwent more changes; altogether the revisions and reversions of themselves would afford ample material for a separate article restricted to the story of this immortal ballad.

Another letter from my collection, though written many years later, must have place here; it already has been printed, but, unfortunately, with errors of transcription.

"Dear Sir,

"I cannot attend your banquet—but I enclose five pounds to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed, as you may

"Oct 20/75

think fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest & most obedient under the sun.

"I will drink a cup on the 25th to the health & long life of all your fine fellows, & thanking yourself & your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me I pray you all to believe me, now & ever,

Your admiring fellow countryman
A. Tennyson"

The project for a poetical rendition of the Arthurian legends was entertained by the poet for many years. It found its first expression in "The Lady of Shalott," which appeared in the poems of 1833, and was followed in 1837 by "St. Agnes," and in 1842 by three more lyrics: "Sir Galahad," "Sir Launcelot," and "Queen Guinevere." The 1842 volumes also contain "Morte d'Arthur," which later became part of "The Passing of Arthur." The Arthurian scheme was broadened in scope when fifteen years later Tennyson had his printers produce trial copies in folded sheets of two epics under the title "Enid and Nimuë, or The True and the False." These were sent to critical friends with injunction to return to the author. Only three of these trial copies are now known to have survived. One was presented to the British Museum by Francis Turner Palgrave; one was bequeathed with other books to South Kensington Museum by John Forster; and one, discovered among the books of Sir John Simeon many years after his decease, was sent by Lady Simeon in 1904, with a few other volumes from Sir John's library, to be sold at auction. This was the certain item of recognized importance which came to me from Sotheby's in the same package with the fragments of "Maud" already described. This trial copy of "Enid and Nimuë" is still in the state in which it came from the printer; that is, unbound and the folded sheets of each poem "stabbed" and separately tied by cord. The title-page is lacking; doubtless, it had not yet been printed when the proofs were sent to Sir John. There are a few minor alterations of the text in Tennyson's hand.

Two years later, 1859, two more Arthurian poems, "Elaine" and "Guinevere," were ready for the printer. A few trial copies which also included "Enid and Nimuë" were struck off under the title "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King." Of these trial books only two copies remain. One of them is in South Kensington Museum. How I obtained the other, the earlier of the two, has been elsewhere told; it will now suffice to say that this Tennyson *rarissima*, obscurely catalogued by an English dealer in second-hand books, became mine for a few shillings.

The title of the second idyll, "Nimuë," was changed before publication to the more euphonious "Vivien." The published volume, containing the four poems, bears the ever-familiar title "Idylls of the King." Ten thousand copies were sold in the first week.

In the spring of 1920, a few manuscripts and books, which had been withheld when many years ago the "Rowfant Library" was sold, were sent to Sotheby's to be auctioned. The most important of these was a manuscript in Tennyson's hand of "Nimuë." The closely written sheets of note size are bound in paper boards; on the first leaf is this inscription: "F. Locker from Tennyson." I was the successful bidder for this and three of Tennyson's books which bear similar presentation inscriptions. Each of these three volumes has important manuscript additions in the poet's hand.

Locker, for his own purposes, had printed a sumptuous catalogue of his "Rowfant Library." My sensations of early collecting days while reading his descriptions of these very same presentation volumes are still vivid. Even the possibility that they might one day become mine did not then enter my head. But undreamed-of treasures are the reward of the patient collector. The little row of first editions has grown and grown until it is now the most important Tennyson collection on this side of the Atlantic.

The continued popularity of the "Idylls of the King" had an effect in the first choice of title for the next issued volume of Tennyson's poems. This was "Idylls of the Hearth." Why the charming designation was discarded does not ap-

pear. It was a "stop-press" change. Not only had proof after proof been passed back and forth between author and printer to the extent of apparently nine revises in folded sheets, but also a few completed cloth-bound copies had been distributed, all bearing the felicitous title.

Of the nine revises, the one in my collection is the fourth, as is indicated by the Roman numeral IV written at the top of the title-page. There are many corrections in Tennyson's hand, especially to the "Northern Farmer—old style"; the Yorkshire dialect would be a stumbling-block to any printer.

The new name, so hurriedly adopted, was the colorless "Enoch Arden, Etc." My copy of the first published edition was presented to the wife of the Reverend William Henry Brookfield, fondly called "Old Brook" by his intimates. As is well known, Mrs. Brookfield was a brilliant woman of rare charm who drew into their circle of friends nearly all of the London literary group of the mid-Victorian period. The volume bears this inscription:

Jane Octavia Brookfield
from
Alfred Tennyson

We hear little in these days of the notion of the climacteric which maintains there are critical periods or turning-points in human life which occur when certain multiples of seven years are attained. Thus, the ages of 21, 35, and 49 are endowed with unusual importance, and at 63 years one reaches the grand climacteric. Be that as it may, Tennyson might be cited in testimony of the validity of the supposition. Though he had never before written a drama, other than some boyish attempts, in the decade following his grand climacteric he wrote no less than seven—six poetical: "Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket," "The Falcon," "The Foresters," "The Cup"; and one in part prose: "The Promise of May," last of the series. Of five of these dramas, the exceptions being "Queen Mary" and "Harold," small special editions were

printed in advance of publication for the use of the author. I have fine copies of four of these early issues. Of "The Foresters" only one trial copy has survived; this lone example is owned by Mr. Wise, whose Tennyson collection excels all others in interest and extent.

It is no part of my purpose to refer in these notes to each and every first edition of Tennyson, and I leave unmentioned several of the very scarce privately printed issues. There is, however, one more rarity as yet lacking in my collection that I wish to speak of.

The poem "Early Spring" was published in *The Youth's Companion* of December 13, 1883. As Mr. Wise tells us in his bibliography, the poem was also printed in London in pamphlet form simply in order to assure the English copyright, and six copies only were produced. Although not published until 1883, "Early Spring" had been composed at least as far back as 1834, for a manuscript written in that year is still in existence. The poem in its original form consisted of nine stanzas, of which four only are identical, and these not verbally so, with the eight stanzas printed in 1883.

Some years ago I spent a very merry Christmas in Boston. In one of the few intervals of relaxation from hilarity I found myself at the little stone steps that almost drop one into the alluring basement bookshop of Goodspeed in Park Street. I had had happy business relations with Mr. Goodspeed for many years. Often he had written to tell me of a recently acquired book or letter of the sort I was interested in. This time I said to him: "When you have something important, especially if it be a Tennyson item, do not write to me about it but send the book or autograph itself. If I don't want it I'll send it back without delay."

About a fortnight after this visit I received a rather large thin parcel with the Goodspeed label. It contained the manuscript of "Early Spring" written on a folio sheet as sent to *The Youth's Companion* in 1883. Following the poem, which is signed by the poet, is this message:

"March 12/83

"Gentlemen,

"My father begs to send you this new poem of his for your *Youth's Companion*.

He has copied it out for you: & hopes that you will like it.

I am
Yours faithfully
Hallam Tennyson"

Of course Hallam Tennyson was not aware of the fact that the poem was not wholly "new" but was a radical revision of the unpublished verses of half a century earlier.

While I am still on the lookout for the little pamphlet, I can most truly say that I am not the least bit envious of those fortunate collectors who have acquired the very rare separate print of this charming poem.

One more manuscript is to be mentioned.

In 1868 Tennyson built a summer home, on Blackdown, Surrey, and named it Aldworth. Here in his eightieth year he wrote the little poem "The Roses on

the Terrace." An early draft of these lovely lines is pasted in a scrap-book of autographs which evidently was once a possession of a member of the Tennyson family. The manuscript has slight variations from the printed form. Apparently Tennyson transcribed the poem, making two or three verbal changes, and then tore the original sheet into the three pieces for whose preservation we are indebted to the owner of the scrap-book. Below the poem has been attached a signature, probably cut from a letter.

"Here on this Terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words 'My Rose' set all your face a-glow,
And now that I am white & you are grey,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Lives in the past, but close to me today,
As this red rose upon the terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away

A Tennyson"


Here on this Terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words 'My Rose' set ^{all} your face a-glow,
And now that I am white & you are grey,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Lives in the past, but close to me today,
As this red rose upon the terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away

H. Tennyson

What Is the Matter with Your Golf Game?

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

Neurologist; Author of "The Way with the Nerves," etc.

F only they would let their unconscious minds work!" said the golf "Pro" to whom I had commented on the rarity of even a fair drive from the first tee of a seaside golf course, where I awaited my turn while the early risers got under way. His words entered my stream of thought that evening, previous to sleep, when the amateur golfer is wont to recall the disasters and successes of the day's engrossing sport. I knew him as a successful teacher, but an indifferent player. I now felt convinced that he was a practical psychologist as well.

Why is the game that is favored as no other participating game was ever favored in the history of man played so badly in this country by the rank and file of its votaries, even by those who devote much time to acquiring the stroke; and why does our experience daily give the lie to the time-honored adage that practice makes perfect? Possibly it may be denied that it is played indifferently, but I fancy that any one who has had opportunity to contrast golf in this country and Great Britain, or who has watched the game on international links, such as those of Cannes or Monte Carlo, will agree.

There is a reason, and it is a psychologic one. We are temperamentally not adapted to the game. As a people we are self-conscious, and self-consciousness is fundamentally opposed to golf perfection. This infirmity, be it in an individual or in a nation, tends naturally to diminish with age. In another generation we may look forward with confidence to being cured of our infirmity, or at least sufficiently relieved to attain such success in golf as we have in other sports. Aside

from our youth, our temperament, and our self-consciousness there are other reasons why we do not play the game more satisfactorily, why those who are addicted to golf, as men in the past were addicted to drink or cards, do not give a better account of themselves on the links. We are obsessed with the belief that we are born golfers, and that we do not need to go through wearisome and laborious training. Before we joined up with the Allies the same conviction was expressed by a pacifist orator, then of Nebraska, who, decrying preparation, maintained that we went to bed peaceful burghers and arose the next morning valiant soldiers. Individually and collectively we soon learned we needed training, discipline, and practice.

Golf is largely a game of co-ordination of muscular movements, particularly of those of vision and those that produce the stroke. When any simple or complex movement of co-ordination is acquired very early in life, walking and running, for example, it becomes what is popularly called natural: that is, it becomes automatic, involuntary, and its direction is assumed by the unconscious. The conscious mind often takes charge, but when it persists in doing so for any length of time the results are affectation, pedantry, or even grotesqueness. The problem of the golf novice is to acquire a stroke that is as natural to him as his gait. An individual with slouchy, shuffling locomotion can be taught to walk gracefully if he has no gross structural defect, particularly if instruction is begun before he has become set or fixed in his ways. It is the same with the golfer. He must acquire a stroke of some kind, then entrust it to the unconscious self to operate it. Every time the conscious

takes a hand in its direction it makes a mess of it, in the golfer's phraseology. Hence the player who is not expert, and who concentrates on pivoting, dipping the left shoulder, keeping the right elbow on a line parallel with the revolving torso, going back slowly, gripping with the right hand at the top of the swing, and the score of other things that he has been told he must do to improve his game, usually finds that the more he attempts to do any or all of them the worse his game becomes. He soon finds that he must learn to swing his club rhythmically, and after that add force to it. To accomplish this, after he has been shown how to stand, to hold the club and to swing it, he must take a club, a bag of balls, and, if affluent, a boy to chase them, and withdraw to some secluded part of the links and hit the balls, one after the other, countless times with force adapted to the drive, the approach, or the putt until the stroke becomes automatic, until everything that makes for efficiency becomes unconscious. This is what the real student of golf calls practice, and what the man who says "Oh, yes, I play golf," calls drudgery, and, it should be added, can scarcely be persuaded to do. However, should he do so he will soon become familiar with a sensation which is as pleasurable as listening to soul-moving music, or to landing a wary salmon, the sensation that comes with making a perfect golf shot, and which the Caruso of the golfing world, Harry Vardon, has had so often, and for so many years, that he is probably no longer cognizant of it.

The majority of beginners and golf duffers cannot be persuaded that such practice is essential. They want to go to the links and play the game, and the good shot that they make now and then leads them on to their golf destruction. The greatest concession that they are willing to make to "form" is to take a few lessons which they fatuously believe will make golfers of them after they have been slicing or pulling to such an extent as to bring on an attack of acute discouragement, or after the Greens Committee has called their attention to the fact that they are a menace to the up-keep of the course and to the safety of the players. This type of golfer has, perhaps, been told by

his physician that he should have more exercise, and as bowling and quoits are the only outdoor games that a man beyond middle age may play safely and beneficially, games which scarcely exist in this country, the golf links throughout the country are thronged. Moreover, it is good form in this country now to play golf, just as it was a generation ago to ride a bicycle. It is health-giving or restoring, it is diverting, and it is as care-destroying as it is the enemy of ennui. Comparatively few of those who essay to play the game have had any fundamental training in other games which call for speed, accuracy, and co-ordination. Therefore, when they are called upon to display the physiological and psychological factors upon which considerable degree of success in golf is dependent, they make a poor showing.

Not that training in other games is essential for the golfer. Good baseball players do not, usually, make good golfers. I recall but one of anything approaching national fame who has advanced to class A, and he has accomplished it by display of industry that would make Hercules envious. For twenty years I have observed him practising the same shot over and over, day after day, until he has become as familiar to me as the bunker for which I have a weakness. We so readily forget, or choose not to let it enter our minds, that the only way to be sure of doing a thing well is to do it repeatedly in trial.

Exceptional co-ordination capacity is an endowment, a gift from the gods. It has no relationship to intelligence, that is, to considerable degrees of intelligence. In reality, some high-grade imbeciles possess it to a very remarkable degree, as is shown by world-renowned pianists and dancers. Any one can be taught to dance, but comparatively few become expert even though they devote much time to practice. It is very much the same way with the acquisition of a language. Facile linguists may have conspicuous intelligence and distinguishing mental gifts, but many examples could be cited of minds of the first order who found great difficulty in acquiring a foreign language, Emerson, for example. Such capacity as one has for co-ordination by endowment may be enormously added to by suitable

practice at a time of life when the tissues are plastic, and the unconscious is not yet a jungle of repressions and a chaos of conflicts. Even after such time much may be accomplished by intelligent and persistent effort, but the price that one must pay is considered by many exorbitant.

Hence it is that the potential and ambitious golfer must yield to the lure of the game in his early years. The commonest rejoinder that I receive from those to whom life is becoming a fear or a burden, and I counsel to make overtures to Hygeia on the links, is: "I am not old enough to play golf yet. I am reserving that for my old age." They may quite as confidently make their reservation for the hundred-yard dash, and with the same expectancy of making a creditable showing. Moreover, they are denying themselves a pleasure, and a credit balance in the bank of health, which is a great injustice to themselves and a detriment to the community. Some day we may have a constitutional amendment which shall compel every individual to learn the game of golf before he is twelve, and to practise it twice a week after he is twenty. It is likely to be more easily enforced than the one that has wide publicity these days, and which furnishes so much material for European humorous weeklies.

It is quite extraordinary that the American man of affairs, industrial or professional, the astute politician, the ambitious statesman lets himself believe that he can devote his life to attempting to satiate the minotaur success and then "take up" golf and have a career in it which will compare not unfavorably with his success in other fields. He pretends not to understand why his game does not improve, and he attributes his bad or indifferent play to lack of practice, coddling himself with the belief that if he could play "regularly" two or three times a week, it would be an easy matter to go upward in class B. Not one in twenty would. Their conscious minds have too long been habituated to directing purposeful action; their lives have been devoted to enhancing awareness, and the conscious mind hinders the golf stroke, particularly it inter-

feres with that most important quality: timing. I am not contending that they cannot improve their game. Such contention would not only be absurd, but it could be contradicted by countless golfers who have accomplished it. The point that I wish to make is that golf is a mistress who must be approached with plan and assiduity; to win her she must be wooed; to keep her she must be dominated. She is peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of youth, and easily repelled by the awkwardnesses and brusqueries of age.

One of the most frequent comments that the golf aspirant makes to his instructor is that when he concentrates on keeping his body out of the swing, on not looking up, or on the five or ten other things that he has been told to do, or not to do, he forgets them all save one. He is a victim of the delusion that golf is a game of concentration. Concentration is a hindrance, not an aid. Indeed success with the game bears a close relationship to the vacant mind, or if not entirely vacant, nearly so. Apprehension, solicitousness, anxiety, concern, preoccupation are the emotional and mental possessions that are inimical to good golf. If they can be repressed into the unconscious, or better still, if their genesis can be thwarted, the amateur's chances of improvement will be enormously enhanced. Before the drastic enforcement of the Volstead act which one witnesses now in golf club-houses particularly, the enterprising amateur could borrow from alcohol to confront and combat these prejudicial mental states. But he had to borrow with great prudence and circumspection, for what he gained in abandon he lost in co-ordination—and more. Most successful golfers are recruited from the ranks of those who are not readily seized by such mental states, or who, if seized, can by effort or ruse easily rid themselves of them.

"I cannot understand why I go all to pieces (or, as Mr. Harding is reputed to put it, blow up) after I have been playing so well for nearly a week," is a remark that many of our friends make, and that so many of us make to our friends. It is attributed to some gross fault of technic, and, in reality, that is the immediate

cause; but the remote one, the one without which the sad exhibition would not take place, is psychic. In a very large measure these causes are beyond the control of the will. By effort they may be dislodged temporarily, but as soon as the will ceases to be on the alert they are in possession again, throwing sand in the gear-box of muscular co-ordination. Nature and time are the great healers here as they are in every other field of disorder.

Self-consciousness is the stumbling-block of the golf tyro, and sometimes of the seasoned golfer. Although one cannot prove it, it is probable that the psychic structure of self-consciousness is largely constituted of unsolicited, unwelcome darts from the limbo of repression into the stream of consciousness. No better illustration of its capacity for demoralization in a sport contest was ever seen than in some widely advertised tennis games of the past summer, in which a world-renowned and really great player was seized with spasmodic coughing as a defense or protective manifestation whenever it became fairly evident that defeat was looming up ominously. In the "good old days" the Britisher was wont to attribute such display to lack of —, a short word which has temporarily disappeared from the usage of polite society in these United States. Nowadays we pretend to know that it was her conflict that interfered with the contest. Temperament explains it quite as well. Every one who has played games very much knows that he is often vanquished by an adversary whose game is inferior, and who has the reputation of being a good "match-player," usually an individual who displays no outward signs of overconfidence, who plays every stroke for all it is worth, and who does not know he is beaten until it is announced to him by the umpire. In other words, he is a rather phlegmatic, self-reliant and not self-conscious person who has acquired a stroke, be it in tennis, racquets, baseball, or golf, which combines strength, speed, and accuracy, none of which is interfered with or inhibited by self- or sex-consciousness.

The golfer who realizes that oversolicitousness, undue concern, and self-

consciousness often interfere with his game, will ask how he may combat them, and he is likely to inquire if by taking thought or counsel he can liberate himself from their occasional or frequent dominancy. He has the same prospects as the actor or speaker has who suffers from what is called stage fright, as the doctor has in making graceful and impressive entrance to the sick chamber before he has acquired the bedside manner, and the tight-rope walker before he has learned to use the balancing pole. Few of them have to be psychoanalyzed before they acquire a fair success in their respective fields, and those who have to be thus investigated are not worth while.

Naturally, one who finds it difficult to acquire the co-ordination necessary to ride a bicycle is not likely to make an expert tight-rope walker, and there are defects of temperament and emotion which seriously handicap the golfer, or would-be golfer. There are no short cuts to golfing proficiency. Those who are adapted to the game learn it easier and quicker than others, and play it better, but no one plays it well who does not work at it assiduously and intelligently.

Successful golfers who write books and articles that enumerate and discuss our golf infirmities often differ as to our besetting sin. I hold no brief for the supremacy of "looking up," or for "getting the body into the shot," not even for my own predilection, "getting the hands through before the club head," or any of the other cardinal infractions as obstacles to improvement of one's game. From a long and intimate experience with them I know that they are subject to diurnal, sabbatical, and monthly variation, and that they are prone to bunch themselves. Singly or collectively, they are inimical to equanimity, as they are the allies of self-concern and undue solicitude.

Without entering the field of prophecy, I should say that golf in this country has come to stay. The investment in it is enormous; every year it is becoming larger, and the number who play almost incalculably greater. This country began to look up to such supremacy as has been vouchsafed it fifty years ago. Interest in outdoor sports began at about

the same time, and has kept pace with political progress, dominancy of science and invention, supremacy of corporations, and transformation of religious thought. It is not unlikely that they and our position as a nation, such as it is, have been, and are, interdependent. At least it is true that as we have progressed materially, intellectually, morally, (although some do not admit the last), we have become more addicted to, and dependent upon, outdoor games. Many of them we play very well, baseball, tennis, and polo. Golf we play badly, that is, the generation that is now in its plenitude.

The rising generations will give a better account of themselves on the links than their fathers and mothers gave, for they learn the game and make it an integral part of their personality in the years when such acquisition is possible. The chief obstacle to our prospects of supremacy in the golfing world is that, owing to the expense of the game, we are not able to recruit largely from the field that has supplied us with our invincible baseball material. There has been a commendable movement upon the part of some municipalities to develop public links, but so far they have not entered the souls of communities as they have in Scotland. Something more than links must be provided by commonwealths if we are desirous of making golf a part of our national consciousness and of our national prowess. We need public links to which men and women can repair, pay an appropriate green's fee, and get off on their round the same day. There are few more painful spectacles than the throng endeavoring to play on the public

courses in Van Cortlandt Park. Beholden as so many of us are to admonitions of virtuous conduct presented in tabloid form, many believe still that the early bird gets the worm, but the early golfer at Van Cortlandt is usually compelled to remain for an hour or two at the first tee, and when he gets off to go at a snail's pace over the links. It is no uncommon sight, I have been told, to find a long queue of golfers at the first tee at daybreak, having curtailed their sleep, handicapped their digestion, and jeopardized their health in the pursuit of pleasure and health. Indeed, a friend relates that recently returning in the subway at 3 A. M. from a dance, he encountered two of his friends making their way to the public links, that they might have a chance of getting off before the rush. In the same way as the solution of the medical-dispensary problem in this country is the establishment of pay clinics, where patients shall pay a reasonable and just sum for medical or surgical attention, so is the solution of the golf problem. At the present time only the well-to-do or the spendthrift can play golf, as it costs from five to ten dollars to play a game even if one is economical. This prevents enlisting and training recruits from the wage-earning class, to whom we can most confidently look for great successes on the links. Every now and then a Ouimet or a Guilford will come through without the way being facilitated, but we shall never get the pre-eminence in golf that we have in some other sports until we make access to our links easy for those who have natural facility for the game, and an insatiate desire to play it.





An old sport who doesn't know that he is old, has no capacity for age in him,—
the eternal type of young blood.—Page 608.

Horse Pride

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY



THE first time I saw Mr. Dietz (I never heard him called anything else, and I don't even know his first name, although I could find it by looking at the top of the

first editorial column in the *Orchard City Recorder*) he was standing with his back to me, his hands behind him, in the office of the town's little chamber of commerce, the black ribbon of his eye-glasses dangling straight, looking up with leisurely scrutiny at a wall map of Maryland. Here, I thought, was a James Whitcomb Riley or a Eugene Field (but are they good examples?), a man of the old-school

type of dilettante-gentleman-journalist with wide experience, a quaint and quiet humor, and some philosophy of his own as to why it is better to spend, or at least to end, your life editing a tiny north Maryland daily than getting down to the office at eleven o'clock three times a week somewhere on Park Row, or having a special leather chair in some dim Gramercy Park or Forty-fourth Street club reserved for you in the late afternoons.

For that was the kind I thought he was. As a matter of fact, I was all wrong. Journalist could stand, but the other parts of the designation had to be changed—gentleman was to be included in a larger term, and there certainly was never

anything in Mr. Dietz of the humorous dilettante! I have wondered how any one so little whimsical got on so well with horses; but perhaps horses, like women, love really best the fierce, uncompromising pride and devotion of a man.

But just then I was so sure of his type that I didn't even see my error when he turned around like a shot—a long, lean figure in crash trousers, white shoes, and collarless shirt against which the dangling ribbon made a most effective thin black line—at the remark of the chamber's secretary, who had now stopped telephoning, that we ought to know each other, since we both knew newspapers. I didn't even notice that he himself looked something like a horse. I only noticed that he was a little older than I had thought—so much the mellower his wisdom, the richer his reminiscences, the more impersonal his humor! And it was with infinite relaxation and relief that I heard him say, eagerly, "What brings you to Orchard City?" for I knew that this was not curiosity, like all the other eagerness I had met so far, but was because he hotly wanted to know what story I was on. And I looked forward, as to the one personal treat of my Orchard City half-week, to three-thirty that afternoon, when he said he would come to take me for a drive.

"I've got a horse," he said with the studied casualness, the ill-concealed pleasure, which never wears off, with which some men refer to their this year's six-cylinder. Old-school again! What better sport for a gentleman-journalist? What better development of the dangling-ribbon motif than a pair of leather reins?

"He knows a lot about horses," the secretary had said of him the day before, shaking his head sagely, and quite without the amused tolerance with which he had also said he was "a character," "an awfully odd stick."

But when I issued forth from my "hotel," through the restaurant and the proprietor's family assembled on the concrete porch, differentiated from the sidewalk only by thin pillars, and saw Mr. Dietz sitting in his runabout holding the horse and awaiting me, I suddenly saw what he was like, or what he looked like—an old sport who doesn't know that he

is old, has no capacity for age in him,—the eternal type of young blood, in a crash suit, old white shoes, driving-gloves, and high piqué riding-stock around his neck, and with an old and yellowish straw hat tilted on his gray hair above a long face with hard dark eyes and big, yellowish horse-teeth. The dangling black ribbon, along with Riley and Field, had vanished.

Directly across the road from the hotel was the railroad station where, at that hot and lazy hour, all the taxis in town were ranged up in the dust, waiting for the afternoon train, their boy drivers, chiefly colored, lounging in their seats with nothing more seductively delightful to do than to yell at old Dietz and laugh about the horse. Seldom did capricious fate bring their butt, their chief comedian, so neatly onto their stage for them as they were set, like an audience, waiting for the 3.45! They gave him close attention and a most appreciative hand!

In the thick of the fanfare of gibes, the salvo of thinly veiled hostility, sat Mr. Dietz, and in the thick of it he jumped out to help me scale the high step; and, as firmly as he held Bronze Belle with one hand the while, did he hold his grip on this game of ridicule and rivalry. He called back jest for jest, gibe for gibe, holding his own, not getting angry, not showing that he was hurt or that there was a chance of his being made to look ridiculous, until Belle had rushed us through the gauntlet and careened around the corner onto Main Street. But it was pitifully plain that he *was* hurt, that there was a tenseness about him of always being ready for them, an alertness which knew it might be called upon at any minute to wage war for the ancient dignity and honor and value of horsemanship, the war which has already begun to seem primitive and fundamental—between man-made and God-made means of transportation. That which was a long, idle joke on which to thread the lazy days for the nigger boys was life-and-death to Mr. Dietz. And yet there may have been some truth in what he said—that they hated his horses, that they were glad, and laughed, when his other horse died. Yes, there was cruelty, the wish to do away with something true to a type they did not know, in that long, raking fire of taunts.

For two blocks of Main Street he unpenned his scorn of automobiles, and talked of horses and how horsemanship ought to be revived. He sat above me, and well forward, and with his back just

never wanting to live in cities away from good dirt roads (I remembered how he had been devouring with his eyes that familiar Maryland wall map), of the horses and the horsemen he had known,



He had never gotten over the assurance that every woman who saw him would admire the sang-froid, . . . the callous dash-and-swing of a cool-headed, cool-hearted, cool-handed blade like him.—Page 610.

a trifle toward me, holding the reins hard and a little high, and the whip poised, sitting as he might have sat, and probably did, in 1895—a devotee to form, an upholder, left solitary, of a good thing out of style. He talked so rapidly, so jerkily, barely casting me a glance, and so much through his nose, that I could hardly follow what he said. And he constantly threw out a quick, loud “Hi, boy!” to passers-by, fearful lest some one should take advantage of him, laugh at him before he had a chance to speak.

He told me, jerkily, among the “Hi’s,” of always having run little papers, of

and of Luke O’Shaughnessy. He was as proud of Luke—that nation-known newspaper writer, whose name was more familiar to me than my own—as if he were his own son instead of the boy he grew up with. He admired him more than any one else in the world, I think, as only a person who has fully developed one’s own possibilities *can* be admired. It was delightful to find unexpectedly the old haunts of a person as well known as Luke O’Shaughnessy; it was delightful to find the link between these two widely diverse men, so different and so much alike.

And, in the meantime, consciousness

had been coming on me that it was not only the courtesy of the profession which accounted for this drive. The profession had something to do with it; but Mr. Dietz was a self-appointed official beau. He was not the fond and doting old beau—rather the indifferent young blood who takes a woman driving to complete the picture, who entertains every woman visitor not for his sake but for hers. He had never gotten over the assurance that every woman who saw him would admire the sang-froid, the intrepid horsemanship, the callous dash-and-swing of a cool-headed, cool-hearted, cool-handed blade like him. He paid little attention to me personally; he took only one good look at me all through the drive, and it impressed him very little, although here was a kind of appraisal in his eyes which seemed to say I might be useful to him in a matter he was thinking of. He would have liked me better if I had not seemed to him too old—I was just about the same age as that which he had never realized that he had passed, and he preferred them younger than himself. But he found me a good listener.

Gradually he got around to the horse which had died, and I knew we were coming to regions which were Holy Land. "You like *this* horse?" he asked scornfully. "You should have seen the Maid—Maid of the Mist. She was a big gray pacer—the best horse in the State. This horse is all right, the best I could get, when the Maid died—but a man who's got horse pride wants the best horse in the State. I got a nasty case of flu this spring, and she didn't get the right care or exercise. When they told me she was dead I wanted to die too."

We were very still for a block or two, tearing along a wide, shady side street, and just at the corner of Main Street we saw a newsboy, hawking.

"The paper's out!" exclaimed Mr. Dietz, and he let Bronze Belle out to her capacity, headed for *The Recorder* office. I had wondered why we stuck so to the town, going up one shady street and down another, and getting in the way of trolley-cars, instead of making for the outlands where the orchards are. Now I knew. We had to be on hand when the paper was out. He brought me out a copy to

read, sitting up in the runabout with a terrible fear that Bronze Belle would slip her tether and make away with me, while he retired into the little two-story office to read his in peace. I could see him there in the little room, through the screen-door, leaning back luxuriously, hidden by the eight pages which were to him as wonderful and ever new a daily occurrence as is dawn to worshippers of the sun. There was one other person in the shop—a young girl, to whom he threw comments as he read; evidently the "one member of my staff," whom he had mentioned.

"Read these two stories," he had said to me before he left me hitched, pointing to the two two-column spread heads on the front page. "That's an interesting thing. One of the stories is really not so good as the other, but it makes better reading—it's all in the way it's handled."

I read them, and also "Hetty; Her Half-a-Page"—a very well-done half. And then he came out again, bringing Hetty with him.

"This is Hetty," he said with a pride which was almost tender. "She's the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time. I'm trying to get her to go away and get on a big paper—she writes as well as I do now." Then I saw how I could be of use, or how he thought I could. But I also saw that Hetty would have no need of me. If I knew city editors at all, and I believed I did, that lovely child would have no trouble getting a job. She was the kind who could just walk in, and every one would be glad.

If I were making Hetty up, instead of telling exactly how she was, I would not have her so adorable, so bewitchingly pretty, so really unusual—it would sound forced and too conventional. But those are the ways she was—and with it all so eager and naïve, so unconscious of the fact that, with her charm and talent and fresh, eager loveliness, her way to what she wanted could not be anything but open. She was the kind of daughter, or reporter, that any one would crave to have.

And it was partly as a daughter that Mr. Dietz thought of her, and partly as a beautiful woman companion, to supplement and appreciate his own appearance



Hidden by the eight pages which were to him as wonderful and ever new a daily occurrence as is dawn to worshippers of the sun.—Page 610.

and ability and horsemanship—the last such companion, in all probability, that he would ever have; but it was chiefly as “the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time” that he thought of her—as the best thing of her kind, which must, according to the uncompromising and simple code of a man “who’s got horse pride,” be recognized and shown, and given its award. Mr. Dietz loved Hetty, I think, more than he had ever loved any one in his intense, cool-hearted life—perhaps not more than he had loved the great, gray, pacing Maid—I

cannot tell. But surely she was all his human loves rolled into one, as a younger person is so apt to be to an older one who has neglected love when he was young. How was he going to reconcile this with the fact that she was Orchard City’s best, and that she must go right away and get herself a worth-while job? But for Mr. Dietz there was never, not even now, a conscious conflict. Hetty was the best and she must have her chance.

Hetty herself wasn’t at all sure how to go about it. She jumped in with Mr. Dietz and me and took the reins to drive

me, and then herself, home, the day's work being done. "How do you like our horse?" she asked. "Oh, but you should have seen our other one! I was too busy with the paper to keep her exercised." We talked as we went about Hetty's chances in New York, and I told her what I thought, and she didn't know whether she'd have the nerve, and I said it was easy. And now that she was with us, he wasn't uneasy any more—he didn't anticipate with "Hi, boy!" all the time. But once he gave us a startled glance, looking at me and then at Hetty. Perhaps he was thinking that if she did get started in New York she might grow to be like me—too old for him, never the same little lovely Hetty any more, and thinking of him more in my way than in hers. Sportsmen take big chances. Just for one second I caught that haunted and pitiable look in his eyes. Then we careened around that corner again into my hotel street, and our ride was done.

Well, as a matter of fact, it wasn't I at all, but Luke O'Shaughnessy, who got Hetty her first job. I took it out in writing her a couple of letters, giving her the names of editors to see, and urging her to come. But she was shy, and a little afraid, and said perhaps she would come in the fall. But when I went back in September to Orchard City to gather up the loose ends of the story I had been getting there in June, she had been gone two weeks. Luke O'Shaughnessy, who, it seems, always goes back in that time of year to the country where he was a boy, for a vacation, had taken her back with him. He was going to give her a place in his syndicate until she got onto a paper, which he very sensibly thought was the best way for her to start.

The *Recorder* office looked a little empty when I went in to see Mr. Dietz. The black oilcloth cover over Hetty's quiet typewriter had something the air of a pall.

"Well, Hetty's gone, you see," he said, jerkily and through his nose. "I spoke to Luke about her when he came down . . . he'd been following her work in the paper, anyway . . . he's never given up the paper. She never would have gone unless somebody came and had a job all ready for her. Luke can get her most anything, you know." He paused a

minute before going on: "I couldn't do anything for her—but Luke knows 'em all, all the big editors. He'll get her placed, get her started. . . ."

"You'll be lonesome," I volunteered, weakly forcing the issue. He gave me a quick look out of his horse eyes and closed his big mouth tightly over his big horse-teeth. He thought I was just making talk. All he said was:

"She'll make good all right. She's the best there is, you know," as if he dared me to deny it.

The secretary of the chamber of commerce—that very patient and resourceful man who had threaded me a way through civic tangles for the story I was after—came to see me off that afternoon on the 4.20, down at the "other station" of Orchard City, almost on the outskirts. And in the sketchy résumé of conditions and characters and community in general which we made while we waited for the train, we came to Mr. Dietz, who, in a way so amazing for the editor of a little country daily, made fiction and history of the doings of the town. We saw him so plainly for a moment as we talked—that extraordinary but not unusual type of newspaper man with so little conscious, so much unconscious, humor, seeing himself not at all but other things so clearly! I knew so well the grim and rapid and preoccupied way in which he threw his situations into print, the hard eagerness with which he seized and wrote his funniness, never realizing for a moment what he was at! If only Mr. Dietz were not the perfect sportsman, I thought, with sharp regret, getting myself into that same grimly eager mood of those who must always avariciously record, how perfect a specimen of the journalist he would be—no, not journalist—just plain newspaper man! But, at any rate, it was through the newspaper man in him that the sportsman came so beautifully to flower!

And then the secretary was saying: "A queer stick," ruminatingly. "An awfully queer stick . . . but sometimes, I think, a rather unusual man! Sometimes I think he has wasted himself here in this town . . . with a little newspaper and a good horse! Why, he and Luke O'Shaughnessy were brought up here to-



"This is Hetty. . . . She's the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time."—Page 610.

gether, you know, as boys. Look at Luke now . . . and look at Dietz . . . well, some people get everything, anyway. . . ." The secretary didn't know, and I didn't tell him, that Luke had even gotten that one ultimate, precious thing—the chance to help Hetty make her way, the chance to be the one she'd turn to first.

And thinking of O'Shaughnessy, that successful man, whose solid, accurate, able, never-ceasing work I knew, as did every other reporter in the country, and then of Dietz, and of his pride, his rigor, his consistency, his uniqueness, his splendid, utter, single-minded sportsmanship, I remembered what he himself had said, that day I took a drive with him.

"This story isn't really as good as the other, but it makes better reading. It's all in the way it's handled."

And that was just exactly it.

Just then, by a chance, though really not by chance at all, but because this outskirts station was just about as far away as Mr. Dietz allowed himself to get in his circling afternoon drives, so as to be back to Main Street by the time the paper was off the press, he came driving by.

When he caught sight of us, he veered up close, slowed his horse a little, and called out, nasally and abruptly and as if it didn't matter very much: "If you see Hetty in New York, tell her the Belle is getting into form."

And he was off again, an old sport in crash and straw and piqué stock, sitting a little forward, the reins held hard, the whip just poised. And, as he dashed away, I heard a colored taxi-boy hoot.

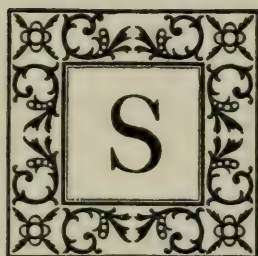


"Very considerate, my boy, but I feel that I cannot leave you in the lurch!"—Page 615.

The Drudge

BY THANE MILLER JONES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



SAMMY PUTNAM, junior member of the law firm of Putnam & Putnam, had been at work three hours when his distinguished father, Winthrop G. Putnam, came down

to business.

Sammy wearily glanced up from the long briefing-table. It was twenty-five minutes past nine. Court would resume at ten.

"Ah, good morning, Sammy!" greeted his father crisply.

"Good morning, sir."

Winthrop G. Putnam disposed methodically of his silk hat, his cane and gloves, and, gazing blandly down into the busy street, daintily nipped off the end of a mild perfecto.

Sammy hastily gathered his papers together, thrust them into a large envelope, and hurried toward his consulting-room.

Winthrop G. Putnam turned from the

window and stood at his great desk—the Putnam desk—tranquilly enjoying his morning smoke. There was an air of elegant leisureliness, a polished poise of deportment about him, in odd and incongruous contrast to his son's hurried, unrestful expression. The son appeared harassed; the father superbly serene.

"Ah, Sammy, preparing for court?"

The junior member paused on the threshold.

"Yes, father. I'm trying to get into shape my address to the jury."

Winthrop G. Putnam's intellectual features expressed sudden interest. His eyes lit up with forensic fire.

"I have decided to come to your relief, my boy. I will personally address the jury!"

Sam Putnam stood leaning against the door-jamb. His earnest gray eyes were full of a troubled perplexity.

"Why, yes, father. Certainly! That will be splendid!"

He walked slowly into his own room

and sat down heavily at his desk. His father called after him:

"By the way, I saw at the hotel last evening Chairman Reid, of the State Patronage Committee. They say he is interested in some case going on here. Was about the court-house yesterday afternoon."

Sammy sighed. His father had always exhibited a fruitless deference to those in power.

He seized a pencil and pad, and determinedly sought to fix his mind upon the coming fight. It was, of course, very fitting that his distinguished and brilliant father should take personal charge of the supreme appeal in the biggest case that Sam Putnam had ever tried. And yet something perplexed and troubled him.

Through the open door he saw his father stroll slowly to his desk and sit down. All his actions were without hurry; graceful, dignified. Dignity of deportment was the inevitable flowering of that scholarly and distinguished life. He always had appeared to Sammy to be so sure of himself.

Yet in a moment of rare confidence he had once admitted to his son that, in those first months after his father, Governor William H. Putnam, had died, some seventeen years before, he had actually felt some slight misgivings. These misgivings, however, were soon dispelled. It gradually became almost a byword that Winthrop G. Putnam was a great lawyer. People somehow got to know that he was. And he himself knew that he was.

Sammy remembered how as a growing boy he had watched the actual law cases drift past the doors of Putnam & Putnam. It was inexplicable to the youth. That pettifogger Smeed, and that unbearable little shyster Fred Burnham, down on the side street, somehow had managed to chase up and capture all the big cases.

As the years went by, Sammy became automatically associated with the firm, to the extent, at least, of being permitted to sweep the offices, mop the floors thereof, and to turn over to his father—to meet a laughably absurd temporary shortage of actual cash—such sums of money as he could earn in small-court cases. The dire need of Sammy's stop-gap activities grew with the years. The present case, the

Madison Realty Company *vs.* Lane, was the most important tried in the county in a decade.

Sam Putnam passed a big hand impatiently across his face as though to rid his brain of a perplexing problem. He told himself fiercely, as though to crush with finality the strange insistence of some intruding misgiving, that his father was indeed head and shoulders above every other lawyer in the State.

Sammy abruptly seized his hat and reached for his law-bag. As he approached his father's desk his face was disturbed by curious lines of anxiety and indecision. The sheer burden of the big case, now in its final stages, weighed down his optimism. He paused at his father's side. He stood for a moment watching the white, graceful hand moving methodically over the legal cap. Suddenly he burst out:

"Father, there is really no need for you to take time from your own work to address the jury."

Winthrop G. Putnam glanced quickly up, in mild surprise.

There was in his questioning eyes a dawning expression of wonderment that somehow drove his son to precipitate explanation.

"For, dad, your article on 'The Simplification of Criminal Procedure' is very important, and I know how it distresses you to take your mind from your own work."

Winthrop G. Putnam had risen from the great chair which his father, William H. Putnam, had bequeathed to him. He gazed with a very curious expression at his son. Then, as Sam hurriedly finished, that expression changed somewhat.

"Very considerate, my boy, but I feel that I cannot leave you in the lurch!"

Sammy sighed in relief. He somehow felt that he had just avoided an affront to his father which he could in no wise have intended. He warningly put it down to the long, wearying days over the case.

"Thank you, father. Court-time now. I must hurry along."

"The case will not reach the jury till after lunch, will it, Sammy? Don't, above all things, worry!"

All through the morning session Sam fought stubbornly, aggressively, ably. In

the middle of the afternoon, when the last witness had stepped down, he was dead tired. He listlessly gathered his papers together in some sort of order as Attorney Smeed for the defense was concluding, and glanced anxiously about the big court-room. He beckoned his father.

Winthrop G. Putnam strolled tranquilly over to the railing. Sammy looked up into his serene and distinguished face.

"Please take the jury now, father."

Winthrop G. Putnam came within the bar, and sat down a moment at the attorneys' table. He took from his pocket some memoranda, glanced at the judge, then rose in his place.

Sammy Putnam sat in his. He was positive that he was completely concealing the anxious look that had no business to be in his sober gray eyes.

Men sat up in their chairs now. "Sam Putnam's got his father to address the jury. Gosh!"

The father spoke at some length. At the end of two hours and fifty-five minutes the last grand superperoration had flowed from those fine, mobile lips, ushered through portals of strong, white teeth. That voice, mellow, flexible, somehow condescending, should, one felt with all one's heart, resound in stately halls of judicial and legislative grandeur.

Sammy rose quietly and unostentatiously as his father sat down. He addressed the judge in a non-musical, matter-of-fact voice.

"May it please your Honor, just one moment. I wish to read certain legal propositions which I submit should form part of your Honor's charge to the jury." He read them, then passed up a typed copy. "And in connection with paragraph four I submit that the address of my learned colleague was in all respects apt, unassailable, and exemplary. For instance, when it was pointed out that—" And so on and so on. The upshot of it all was that Sammy, under cover of this method, had in a hurried effort that extended into five minutes managed to drive home certain salient points which his father's grandiloquence had hardly touched upon.

"But—" had interrupted Attorney Smeed.

"Now, I did not interrupt you!" demurred Sam illogically.

He rushed his stop-gap manoeuvre to a conclusion, then sat down, comforted by a slight batting of an eye vouchsafed to him by one of the jurymen. He had got his points over.

When the jury came in twenty minutes after the judge had charged them and sent them out, and brought a verdict in favor of Sam Putnam's clients, Winthrop G. Putnam became the modest recipient of many hearty and loud congratulations. He was indeed the master-lawyer. No wonder that his name was—nearly—a household word. No wonder that he was so good a lawyer that people determined—nearly—to employ him.

As Sammy walked out into the corridor he was in a glow. How brilliantly his father had spoken! There was such a finish, such a scholarly polish about Winthrop G. Putnam's public utterances that, in his mouth, mere speech became rich oratory. Sam knew that his own work was sordid prose. All work and no theory had been of necessity Sam Putnam's slogan. The law to him was a mere trade. He had always deplored his inability to sympathize with his father's efforts to revive the English custom of wearing the academic gown in court. He went at a lawsuit as a business man went at a business deal.

In the vestibule he met K. K. Reid. He recalled that his father had told him that the chairman of the State Patronage Committee was in town. He now hoped ardently that he had heard his father's great speech.

"By the way, Putnam," said the big politician, "I wish that you would keep Friday afternoon clear, if you can. I may 'phone you to run over to the capital. I am not sure, but I may want to see you on an important matter. Think you can?"

"Oh, I think so, Mr. Reid," said Sammy.

Winthrop G. Putnam came sauntering through the vestibule. The three chatted pleasantly as they walked down the broad driveway.

"I presume that the vacancy in the supreme court caused by the regrettable death of Judge Lindsay will soon be filled?" Putnam senior mildly inquired.

Reid glanced at the old lawyer quickly. "Yes, I suppose the matter will be given consideration soon," he slowly replied. "Been a beautiful day, hasn't it?"

Sam came back to the offices a little later than usual on Friday afternoon.

"I'll just light my pipe if you don't mind."

"I'll try not to mind—much," laughed the big man. "Now, here's the point: there is, as you know, this supreme-court judgeship. And for two reasons, because you have earned it and because



The phrase "Only, just at this particular time—" how often he had heard it!—Page 620.

"I'm running over to the capital, dad. Will be back to-night, late."

"Oh, ah—something—?" There had been a question in his father's voice, but, instead of finishing his sentence, he became absorbed in his manuscript.

"Yes-s."

Sammy took the 3.20 train. He reached the inner offices where things politically big in the State are born, at 5.30. A clerk was deferential. "Yes, Mr. Putnam. You are expected. Please go right in."

"Have a cigar," said K. K. Reid.

we want to strengthen the court I—we—propose to offer it to you."

Sam's pulses thrilled to a sudden great elation. The tears tugged at his eyelids. He set his lips against them in frowning disdain.

Here was suddenly thrust upon him an honor which is the far dream of every young attorney with any vision left in his soul. A term in the supreme court meant success, placed him in the master class of lawyers. It was an unexpected, divine reward for what he could not bring himself to admit had been, after all, a

brilliant career at the bar, of over twelve years. Strange new joys in life! His keen mind felt a sudden zest, eager to fasten itself upon the great judicial work which awaited him. There was an infinite relish in his soul. He half rose and put out an impulsive hand.

"Now, that's all right, Sam Putnam. I'm doing this for the public. Once in a while a politician can do the right thing. You earned it and the public have a right to it. I don't mind admitting that I cold-bloodedly canvassed the whole situation both among the lawyers and the judges. That was my business over your way Wednesday. You're the man, that's all."

Sam managed somehow to get out of the office without executing any fancy steps. And then he had to walk, walk, walk! More than once his jubilant steps took him shamefacedly past that august edifice where he had with anxious heart and brain a-tingle stood up before that bench of judges to argue cases—that tribunal of which he was himself now to be a member! Ah, life was very kind and sweet!

Then, as he walked through the clanging, high-vaulted depot he felt an arrogant touch of sheer pride. These people hurrying along did not know who he was, or that he was, to all intents and purposes, one of their highest judges.

He found his train made up, waiting on one of the tracks. He sat in the semi-darkness of the car and lit his pipe. Dreams, dreams! He was obsessed with visions. That something sinister and dream-shattering lurked far back in his throbbing brain he may even then have dimly felt. He reached out awkward, yearning arms to this fuller life. It was intricately alluring.

And his father, he would be so . . .

From somewhere came a sudden new and painful vision of his father, standing airily by his great desk—the Putnam desk—conferring favors, condescending; reassuring the clients who came to see Sammy of his own personal oversight of their obscure affairs. The white hair was spare about the high-peaked, narrow forehead. Some sinister spirit of caricature presented Winthrop G. Putnam to his son's astonished mind a brilliantly ineffective figure of mere dilettanteism. With a pas-

sion indeed in those proud eyes to attain to the high things of life, he yet lacked that vital spunk for the mastery of life's drudgeries beyond which lies actual achievement. A man worthy enough among men had he been unharassed all his days by this wrenching, fierce ambition, placed in his breast by an all-ambitious nature, who, if she planted desire without ability to achieve, did not greatly concern herself, so that it be repeated in the boy—with the gumption.

Sam Putnam was appalled. He clinched his fists fiercely. It was grotesquely untrue. And yet . . . And now he came to know that his father was a failure. He had fought against the recognition of it for fifteen years. More and more stubbornly had sinister hints darted out at him, grinning ironically. He had driven them resentfully back. How they had assailed him the past week! He bitterly bowed his head to them now.

But it would kill his father, this appointment. It would leave him—passed over for his own son—unequivocally exposed, beyond all hope of cavil or camouflage, to a sneering world.

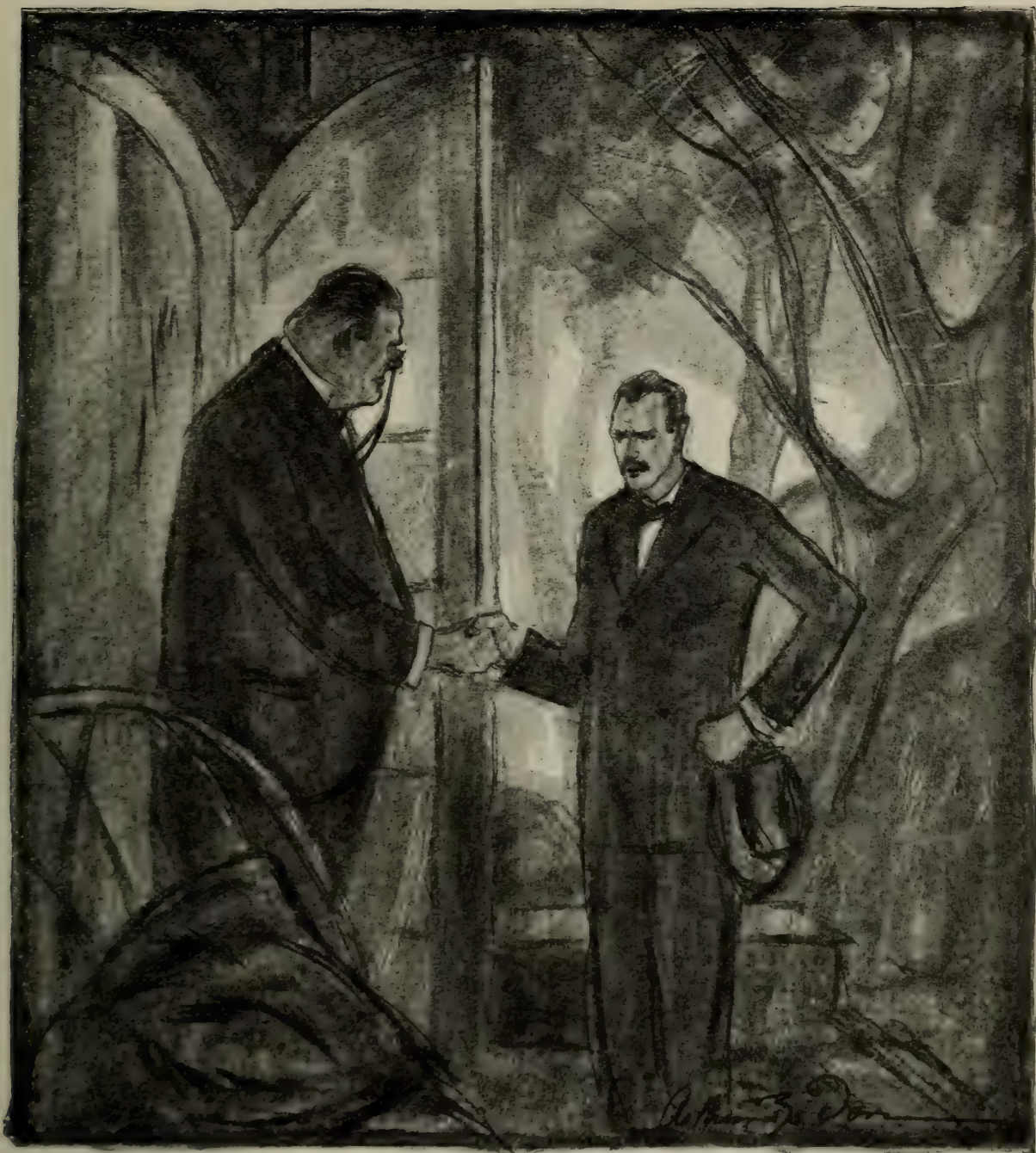
Oh, if only something could, miraculously—even undeservedly—turn up even yet! What a buffoon was nature that she had tortured him so!

Sammy, understanding all now, wanted to strike a blow at this buffoon nature. He wanted to put his hand in his father's, as when a little child, and feel again that his own daddy was the biggest man in all the world.

The train commenced to move. With a sudden audible cry Sam Putnam rushed from the car. He flung to the astonished porter a "Not going—mistake," and trudged moodily back through the station.

With bowed head, lost in the intricacies of wrenching thought, he walked the streets again. He saw places with brilliant lights—people eating and dancing.

Lights, too, gleamed from a great building before which he stood. He could hear the throb of machinery. In the basement great presses worked. Somehow this seemed to be a place that concerned him. He wondered fiercely what it could be. The printing-presses were flinging out leaves of news. Well? And then he



"Thinkin' of motoring down to the old place . . . to see my father soon."—Page 621.

knew! Hungry reporters had interviewed the big politician, and already in print there was the brief intelligence that was to kill his father. He realized that appointments are speedily made and as speedily announced, so that a hungry mob of office-seekers should not become unbearably importunate.

He wheeled swiftly and stared up the long street. There was a taxi two blocks away. He raced for it.

"Yes, sir. I can run you out in twelve minutes."

It seemed to him that the swift journey was to be unending. Past the great stores, then the old mansions of a former generation, and now the smart mansion-cottages, cold and unfriendly in the wan moonlight. Then over country roads, with now and then a nerve-centre of a few stores and clustering cottages, then the wide, clear stretch of country. His mind leaped ahead of the car in frantic hope and a more deadly fear.

The car slid suddenly around a corner and swayed to the ditch. Sam sprang

out and ran up the long driveway. A dim light burned in the vestibule. He pressed a bell-button, then glanced at his watch. It was twelve-thirty. They were all abed.

Determinedly he jabbed at the button again. He fancied he could hear a far, tiny bell.

There was a light. Then a nearer one. The door partly opened. The face of his big friend peered out!

"Why, it's Sam Putnam! Hello, Sam! What's up?"

Sam brushed aside the semi-apologies that rose involuntarily to his lips. The occasion was raw, vital. There was no room for amenities.

"I want to see you. It's very important."

"Come on in. Come in, man!"

Sam turned and flung a word to the chauffeur, then silently followed Reid into a small library at the end of a long hall.

"Have you given out the news yet—about the appointment?"

The big man looked up from his easy chair. He was puzzled at the vehemence of the young lawyer.

"Why, no-o. I didn't happen to. To tell the truth, I was dog-tired and dodged them. Came straight out."

In his relief Sam sank back limply.

"A big mistake has nearly been made," he jerked out. "I suddenly realized it this evening. A terrible mistake!"

"Yes?"

Sam leaned forward and looked with all the earnestness of his soul into the politician's puzzled face. "I'll tell you, sir. My father is the one man for the judgeship. He would be at once an ornament to the bench and—and——"

"Why, yes, yes! A splendid idea!" heartily agreed the man. "Great!" He sat flicking the ash from his cigar. He glanced appraisingly at the big, earnest-faced lawyer. "Fine idea! Only, just at this particular time——" He paused.

A dull, heavy feeling of resentment tortured Sam. It was as though some new, monstrous, crushing blow were aimed at his father. The phrase "Only, just at this particular time——" how often he had heard it! Quivering in dull anger, he continued his plea stubbornly.

"So that I trust it is not asking too

much on his behalf. You said I had earned something. Throw that in with the other considerations. The public would be delighted——"

Reid held up a protesting hand.

"I'm a little afraid," he checked, "under the peculiar circumstances of this particular appointment just at this time that— A little later, perhaps, there will be—yes!—the chief justiceship! Ah! Eh? That's it!"

"It always has been a little later!" said Sam Putnam bitterly. He looked rebellious. The big man studied him attentively, then spoke decisively.

"I might as well say it, Sam. It can't be done. We could not afford to do it. You take it yourself or it will have to go to the Elkins crowd."

Sam paced restlessly back and forth. He lit his pipe, puffed a moment, then absently knocked the burning tobacco out against one of the andirons at the fireplace, and refilled his pipe. He turned upon Reid accusingly.

"Well, then," he snapped, "you have been promising for some years to appoint a committee of three eminent lawyers to examine the antiquated system of criminal procedure in this State, with a view to its simplification. Now I have understood that slated for this committee were Burleigh and that chap from the river counties, Henderson. Why wouldn't father do as chairman of that committee? And let the damned judgeship go to the Elkins crowd!"

"But, Sam, that's throwing away thousands for the sake of what altogether would not amount to more than——"

"Yes, sir, but my father is eminently fitted— The people demand it! It would be a crowning activity of a life of great purposes and high——"

The big man studied the young lawyer curiously.

"And you would do this for your father? Think it over a day or two and come back to me then——"

"I don't need one minute to think it over. That I can do it—that I have the power to get this position for dad is the important thing."

He drew a chair up to the table and reached for a pad of writing-paper. Slowly he drafted a letter. Reid watched

him intently, a forgotten cigar in his hand. At last Sam glanced up. There was a look of deep satisfaction on his pulsing face that stirred the shrewd-eyed politician strangely.

"Listen to this, please," urged Sam.

"WINTHROP G. PUTNAM, ESQ., LL.B.

"*My dear Mr. Putnam*: A committee of three eminent and distinguished attorneys is to be appointed to report to the legislature on the present condition of criminal procedure, with their recommendations for its simplification. This is, as you know, an exceedingly important work, and I sincerely trust that you will accept the chairmanship of this committee. Should you feel that you could manage to perform this great public service, at some sacrifice, I admit, of your own private practice, the public would reap the benefit. The committee should begin work as soon as possible."

Sam paused and looked steadily at Reid. "There," he said. "Now, you send that letter, all officialed up, to my father in the morning."

Reid frowned thoughtfully. He meditatively tapped his cigar-stub against the edge of the tray.

"I can just about do this much, Putnam, and I will. The folks will stand for this. Wish you luck. You deserve it. Good-by."

In the porch he reached again for Sam's hand. "By the way, I may stop over and see you in a day or two. Thinkin' of motoring down to the old place, on the coast, to see my father soon. Sort of half forgotten the old chap lately. Of course he's all right, but—I'd sort of like to see him." He suddenly averted his face as

he pressed Sam's big hand. "I'll not forget this business, Sam Putnam. And I understand! Good luck!"

The following afternoon Sammy Putnam trudged wearily back from a stuffy session of the county court to the law offices of Putnam & Putnam. With a cheery word to his father, sitting at the great desk, he was about to pass into his own room when his father stopped him.

"You might read that, my boy!"

Sam took the letter and carefully read it.

"Why, dad, this is splendid! Three hearty cheers!" Then he added swiftly, his eyes upon his father's benign face:

"And it seems somehow natural that this honor should come to you! You'll make the sacrifice, won't you, dad? For the public weal, as the letter puts it."

Winthrop G. Putnam's graceful white hands trembled slightly as he adjusted his cravat. He sought wholly to retain his poise of tranquillity, but Sam noted a vague, troubled questioning in the sudden tenseness of his regard. Was there some pitiful misgiving behind those narrow temples? Winthrop G. Putnam did not know—could not know—but did he not dimly surmise that there might be something that he did not know? Sam noted with sharp apprehension the question shaping itself upon those twitching lips. The proud face quivered—the eyes debating, impelling, restraining. Then slowly a returning serenity coaxed back the old man's poise. Again he knew himself to be a great lawyer.

"I feel that I am practically compelled to, my boy. And I trust that my example will teach you that self-sacrifice is, after all, the true test of a man's greatness."





From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.

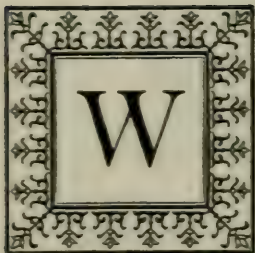
Going to sleep after lunch.

A Family of City-Bred Hawks

BY S. HARMSTED CHUBB

American Museum of Natural History

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WINTER had begun to show the first signs of decline, and lacked something of that vigorous defiance of earlier youth. The very ample garment of white which nature had worn was here and there beginning to look a little soiled and threadbare when a belated snow-storm was suddenly ushered in. Once more the earth was deeply robed in perfect white, and still the snow was driving hard from the northeast. March certainly came in lion's mood and did considerable roaring and storming during the days that followed, displaying no lamblike amblings of departure until almost overtaken by April showers.

Nature's table all set and ready under the shrubbery, where the white-throated sparrows and juncos had only to scratch the dead leaves aside to find abundance, was now buried, and the diners had gone to find shelter. Our own special guests had graciously accepted our urgent invitation to the feast and were faring quite well on suet, bird-seed, and peanuts at the window; but for most small creatures it was a hungry time in the snow-covered world, and one marvels at the economy of nature which enables them to survive and even to enjoy life.

The storm was driving harder than ever, hourly adding to the problems of livelihood, and developing the surprising resourcefulness of many humble creatures. Looking out of the window, the

only sign of life to be seen was a sparrow-hawk perched on a high branch of an old locust-tree.

We soon found that there were two sparrow-hawks about, and by the 7th of March it seemed evident that they were mated and were considering the locality as a summer residence.

We now saw them almost daily, and the perfect domestic harmony, indeed I should say affection, shown between them, and the tender care and gallantry on the part of the male, would seem to suggest a high plane of evolution, and reminds one again that all the world is kin. Indeed, what have we of altruism which may not have its beginning in the humblest creature?

In accord with history and tradition the male was chief hunter, but very often shared the game with his mate after the "killing." Rushing to the back window, attracted by a loud call of *killeé, killeé, killeé, killeé*, we would frequently see him returning from the hunt with a rat, a mouse, or an English sparrow, and it must be confessed that even small song-birds were not strictly prohibited under his liberal interpretation of the law. In a moment the female would light on a perch near by, whereupon the male would immediately remove the mouse from his talons, with which the prey is almost always carried, and politely deliver it to his mate from his beak.

One bright, sunny afternoon there was an unusually excited call heard. It seemed that a garter-snake had glided forth from its hiding-place to enjoy the early spring warmth, a circumstance which proved more fortunate for the "early bird" than for the early snake. It was most picturesque and exciting even to a spectator to see this fierce little bird, slightly smaller than a flicker, flying about from tree to tree as if in search of a more favorable stand, struggling with his writhing prey. When the snake had been decapitated and several inches of its length devoured, it seemed sufficiently subdued to be offered to the mate, although it was still wriggling when she accepted the offering. She ate it with evident relish, holding it firmly on the branch under her foot while she pulled off small pieces. When the tail was reached it became very

difficult to hold this slender, tapering morsel. With every pull it would slip from her grasp. She finally decided to swallow the last three or four inches whole, though even this was not a rapid method, for at intervals she would stand erect and motionless to rest while the tail wriggled slowly. Finally the last inch of the meal waved a fond farewell and disappeared. Whether or not this tail was faithful to tradition and "lived until sundown," only the hawk can tell.

From this time on garter-snakes formed a large part of the diet, although great numbers of the larger insects were also devoured.

Spring was now advancing apace. The spice-bush was in bloom and the hepatica, suffering some delay from the late snows, was hastening to gain time, although not trusting unduly in winter's defeat, but clad in its silvery furs prepared for the belated blasts of Boreas.

The hawks were with us daily, and yet the nest (for surely there must be one by this time) could not be found. How convenient it is that most birds advertise in advance, by the collecting and carrying of building material, that at a certain place and time in nature's illustrious periodical a charming story is to appear. But as the sparrow-hawks use no building material, simply appropriating a hollow branch or similar cavity, we were sadly in need of a clew.

We explored every inch of the neighborhood, investigating every tree which seemed to give hope in a dead branch. Like tramps we rapped at the basement of every old flicker hole, but got no response. While it was not to be expected that the domestic centre would be found very far from our immediate neighborhood where the birds spent so much of their time, it seemed as if the circle of exploration must be enlarged if we were to be successful.

Fortunately, down-town duties did not necessitate neglect of the hawks, for Mrs. Chubb, realizing the urgency of the case, armed with good glasses, selected a strategic position on a hilltop, determined to follow those hawks somewhere. It was not until a little after sunset that the female gave her a clew. After flying some distance she disappeared not far from the

back of our own house and was not seen again that day.

The point of disappearance, however, was so near our neighbor's roof that it suggested a new field of exploration which could be easily reached by means of our own hatchway and then a short run over the housetops. At the sound of footsteps on the tin roof above, the female hawk emerged from a hole in the rear wall be-

came even more attentive than ever, but assumed no responsibility for the eggs except as a most faithful assistant. He would bring home a mouse or a snake, the latter, judging from the excited tones, being particularly relished, call the mate from her eggs, stand near a few minutes as if enjoying her pleasure, and then take his place in the nest. After an hour's exercise, following the meal, she would



From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.

Female hawk entering nest.

tween three and four feet down from the top which had been provided for ventilating the air-chamber under the roof. But it was quite out of reach. Several days later a short ladder, a roof-hook, and ropes were arranged. The ladder was suspended from the top of the wall so that it could be easily drawn up and left on the roof when not in use. When these contrivances were perfected on the 17th of April, we were delighted to find four beautiful, buff-colored eggs, thickly sprinkled with dark-brown spots. The next visit, two days later, revealed a complete set of five eggs, although six or even seven are sometimes reported.

The incubation period which followed was intensely interesting. The male be-

return calling and the male would relinquish his charge once more to the proper authority. These duties were carried out each day with systematic regularity. The sitting bird was always provided with at least one hearty meal and sometimes, after ten or twelve inches of garter-snake, served with a second meal later in the day.

The birds became surprisingly tame, showing no concern when the ladder was thrown over the wall for the examination of the eggs, and did not hesitate to fly in and out of the nest even when children were noisily playing about in the yard below.

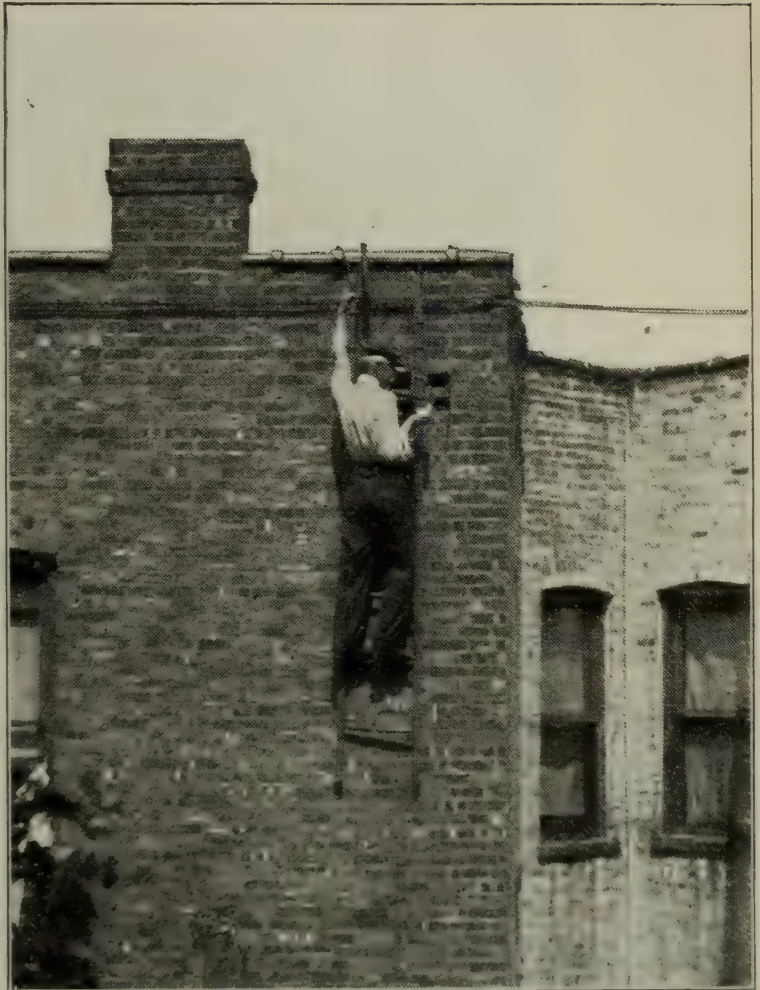
All went well until the end of the second week of incubation, when a tragedy oc-

curred. The female suddenly disappeared. While absolute proof of her death is lacking, it is the only reasonable conclusion. In the first place, after the last egg was laid she had not been absent from the nest except for meals and brief recreation, and had never left the eggs uncovered during the night. The first intimation of trouble was early in the morning when the male was seen restlessly flying about from place to place and calling anxiously, manifesting unmistakable signs of anxiety and alarm. Bringing food later in the morning, he flew about with his prey, calling frantically, but all in vain. Thinking something might have happened in the nest I investigated and found the sitting bird was absent and the eggs cold. Finally, the male seemed to abandon all hope and gave way to a state of inert despondency, spending most of the afternoon perched quietly and dejectedly on a fence within sight of the nest. Toward dark he flew away, presumably to his usual roosting-place, but no faithful guardian returned to the nest, and an early descent from the roof on the following morning showed that the eggs were still without cover, being decidedly cold to the touch.

A few minutes later, although still before sunrise, the male went to the nest and hopelessly glanced in at the entrance, then flew away and disappeared in the distance. With the flight of a sparrow-hawk he could have travelled many miles during his absence, but how far and where he really went is interesting to imagine. We only know that later in the morning he reached home in great excitement.

Had he been to a matrimonial agency? Hardly, but he was evidently introducing a new mate to the premises. It might be asked, may not this have been a case of a "returned prodigal"? This seems hard-

ly possible, for the new female was entirely unfamiliar with her surroundings and conditions, not quite knowing what was expected of her even at feeding-time, and in every movement and action showing characteristics strikingly different from those of her predecessor.



From a photograph by Mrs. S. H. Chubb.

Finding the young hawks just hatched.

Other evidence was found in her extreme wildness. She would approach the nest with much hesitation, flying toward the wall, then, her courage failing at the last moment, would suddenly turn and disappear over the roof or to one side or the other. This performance would sometimes be repeated six or eight times before she could gain sufficient courage to enter the nest so closely associated with human habitation, while her predecessor had shown no such fear. She gradually became more accustomed to her new surroundings, but did not gain the confidence shown by both the former mate and the

male. Yet she never allowed her fears to cause serious neglect of the eggs and really became a devoted stepmother.

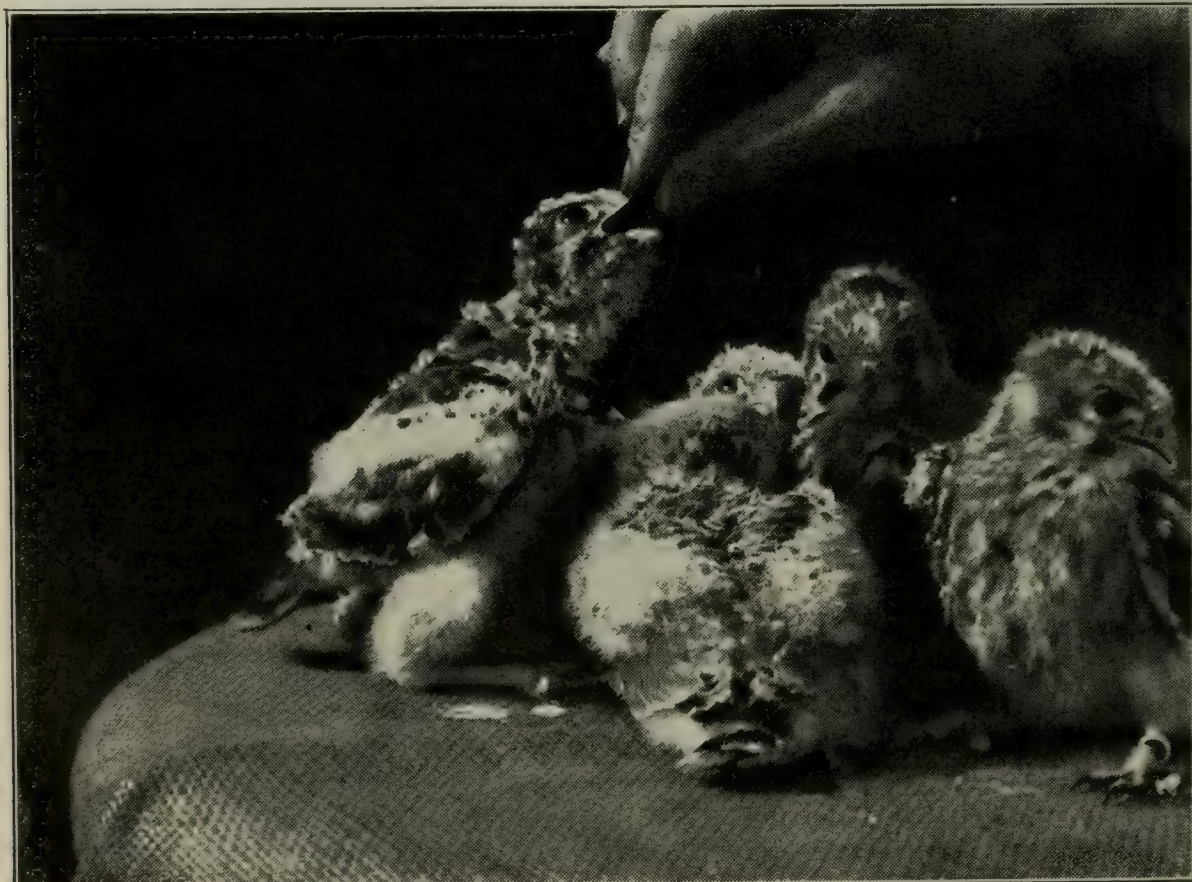
It would seem almost incredible, without convincing evidence, that a strange bird should assume the duties of incubating a set of eggs which were not her own, but similar instances have been cited by careful observers; for instance, Mr. James N. Baskett in his "Story of the Birds," as well as accounts by other reliable authors.

We felt much apprehension, however, fearing that the self-sacrifice of this devoted second mate might be all in vain, for on two successive mornings after the tragedy the eggs seemed thoroughly chilled. But it is perfectly possible that our neighbor is to be thanked for saving the lives of the family, for the nest was directly over her apartment and not more than eight or nine feet above her kitchen range. However this may be, about two weeks after the stepmother had taken charge five helpless little chicks, covered with white down, were found in the nest, the period of incubation being thirty-one days.

Development was so rapid that when they were two days old their eyes were wide open and they looked about with an air of considerable intelligence. For the first five or six days, so far as we could see, the food of the young birds consisted entirely of insects, dragon-flies, grasshoppers, beetles, etc., but later fragments of larger game were carried into the nest.

Every day or two the young were carefully taken from the nest for examination, and were always rewarded with a few bits of raw meat. And how different their table manners from those of young song-birds, who expect the food to be thrust well down their throats, while at first sight the hawks reach out and seize the food voraciously.

When they were four days old they sat, or awkwardly tumbled about, for their first pictures. Even at this early age they were beginning to manifest individual characteristics, and were therefore entitled to distinctive names. Two of them were particularly individual in physique as well as psychology; the one, being perceptibly the largest of the family, with a rather more than correspondingly



From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.

"Big Bob," as usual, gets the first piece of meat. "Little Runty" in the middle foreground—twenty-first day.

large appetite, who generally managed to get the first piece of meat and jostled his companions about with small consideration; the other, a little under size, with no undue amount of self-assertion. It seemed, therefore, that no better names might be chosen than "Big Bob," "Rob," "Roy," "Remus," and "Runt."

taken. Then, after being rewarded with a few bits of raw meat, they were quickly returned to the nest. Like most young things they were very good sleepers and often, after being fed, would suddenly drop off into dreamland before reaching their comfortable hole in the wall.

During these operations the old birds



From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.

"Big Bob" wears a badge of honor on the left leg—twenty-third day.

On days when the light seemed favorable for photography an old hat, in which the young birds might nestle, was taken to the roof of the house. When they were a little older a piano-stool, with a piece of burlap thrown over it to give a more picturesque and comfortable surface for young bird-feet, was provided. The camera was then set up and focussed on the piano-stool. The ladder, previously made secure with ropes, was launched over the coping and the young birds, carefully deposited in a small basket, were drawn up to the roof where their pictures were

did not manifest the slightest anxiety, although the fierceness with which this species will often defend its young is well-known. Even the stepmother would often be perched in a tree within sight unconcernedly preening her feathers while these liberties were being taken. She was, no doubt, reassured by the confidence of her mate, who had enjoyed, I hope, a much longer acquaintance with us.

When the young birds were sufficiently grown to remain out for fifteen or twenty minutes without showing symptoms of being homesick, a treat was promised to

the Bird Club, which was composed of a company of possible ornithologists. The basket, instead of stopping at the hole in the wall as usual, was lowered with a long rope to the yard below, where the birds were enthusiastically welcomed by an excited and admiring delegation. It was later reported by one of the youngest members of the Bird Club that the hawks had given a lawn-party.

After being so intimately acquainted with this confiding and interesting little family, to think of its finally launching out upon the wing and never being seen or heard of again, so far at least as the identity of individuals might be concerned, did not seem perfectly pleasing. If only we could recognize the face of a bird as we do that of a human friend, so that we might know our birds even when found far from home! It is true that something is known in a general way of the movements of certain species of birds, and yet during the season of travel, either by day or by night, we hear a voice or the whir of a passing wing, but who can tell "from whence it cometh or whither it goeth"? A friend of song is with us for a season and is gone. Just when, and how far and where, in his boundless realm of blue, does he go? And will he come another season after biding his time on tropical shores? The winter guest at your window who became so trustful and fed from your hand—did he nest in an Arctic summer? And will he return with the snow and renew old friendships?

Many such questions will in time be answered by the Bird Banding Association, the management of which has recently been assumed by the Biological Survey at Washington. Indeed, even now interesting reports which add much to our knowledge in these matters are constantly coming in. These bands, in sizes to fit all species, are made of aluminum and are very light and smooth. They can be placed on the young bird's leg before the nestling is old enough to be frightened and will cause the wearer no subsequent inconvenience. Each band is numbered and properly recorded with all the data pertaining to the case.

Of course, the great majority of these bands are never heard of after the birds carry them away, but it is extremely interesting when it does happen that a bird

is found in Florida or South America wearing a decoration with which he was honored in your own home town of New York or Connecticut. We felt that five of these little bands would give us a certain legitimate claim on our young friends, but they have not as yet reported safe passage to any given point.

The young hawks were now three weeks old, and "Big Bob's" manners were even more boisterous than ever. This fact was disconcerting, for it was evident that a mistake had been made in early infancy. The rufus-brown wing-feathers which were appearing made it quite evident that "Big Bob" was developing into a female, while modest little "Runty" was growing the slaty-blue wing patches of the male. In most species of hawks the average size of the female is perceptibly greater than that of the male. Unfortunately this rule does not hold in the case of the sparrowhawk; hence the blunder. But a name with which one passes from earliest infancy into youth is not to be discarded.

As they grew older it was discovered that matters might be facilitated by sitting in their doorway impatiently squealing for the return of their parents from the hunting-field. At least, so they seemed to think, for one or two of them might be seen thus engaged at almost any time.

On the 14th of June, when they were twenty-five days old, there was much excitement when "Big Bob," the first to desert her birthplace, launched forth to test her untried wings. Taking short flights from roof to roof she could see, if interested, the trolley-cars rumbling by in the street below. But an inherited taste drew her toward the greener landscape in the rear of the buildings. Flying to the near-by trees, assuming no responsibility for the direction of her excursions, she trusted entirely to her devoted parents to come and feed her where she might be found. Later in the day a second adventurer sallied forth.

All of the following day the parents were hard pressed for game with which to supply the unusual demands of the two young birds who were indulging in new and violent exercises, so that the three remaining nestlings were of necessity just a little short in their allowance and did much squealing in the doorway. And it should be noted, much to the credit of

the second mate, that during these strenuous times she seemed quite as devoted as the male.

It was not until four days after "Big Bob" had set the example that the last nestling took flight. By this time the task of providing was somewhat simplified by the fact that the young birds were stronger in flight and lost no time in being drawn together by a common interest when fresh game was brought

July they wandered away from our immediate neighborhood.

They were indulging in many new experiences since emerging from the very limited horizon of earlier youth, and were undoubtedly beginning to enjoy a degree of independence. Just when a young hawk becomes entirely self-supporting is a matter of some conjecture, and how much of this ability is acquired by experience and how much is inherited instinct



"Big Bob" and "Little Runty" squealing in the doorway—twenty-fifth day.

home. On one occasion there was much scrambling and flapping of wings while three hungry youngsters were awkwardly balancing themselves on a branch, all endeavoring to devour one small mouse, while at a little distance a fourth member of the family was greatly enjoying his ration alone. Suddenly losing balance, he fell into a tangle of vines and disappeared, which caused some alarm on the part of the old birds. He soon emerged from retirement but lost his precious morsel in the tangle.

For a number of days we saw members of the hawk family frequently, but as the month of June waned the circle of their range was rapidly enlarged and we recognized our friends only occasionally, and it seems likely that after the first week in

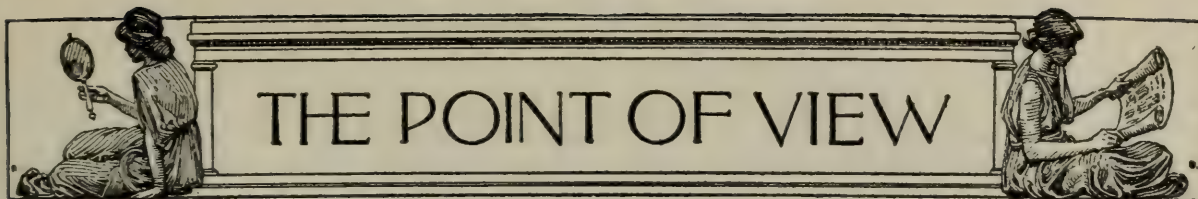
is an interesting problem. Song-birds are certainly much more rapid in their development. The young robin, for instance, is hatched in about eleven days, and in another eleven or thirteen days is off on the wing. Between two and three weeks later a second brood generally demands the undivided attention of the parents; and the members of the first brood, which seem quite mature only a few days after leaving the nest, must be ready to shift for themselves. In the following spring these young robins will assume domestic responsibilities of their own. While, as a rule, the hawks do not breed until the second year, and as they raise only one brood in a season, the young birds undoubtedly enjoy a much longer term of parental assistance and oversight.

The Grandfather

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THERE'S a kind of morning prayer
 In the air
That recalls the song and praise
 Of other days,
And the lilacs all in bloom,
And the sunny breakfast-room—
Open windows to the ground
 All around;
Lawns a-glitter with the dew,
Scents from many a field and flower
In that early, quiet hour
 Greeted you.
For, in coming down the stairs
You could smell delicious airs,—
The whole country-place seemed theirs;
Were they creeping in to prayers,
 Or passing through,
Or visiting the vases freshly set
On the mantel, in the corner cabinet?
Was it lilies, was it pinks or mignonette?
What they were I'll hardly say—
 Roses, roses anyway!
 I smell them yet.
Just a morn like this, and then
Came the maids (there were no men)
 One or two
Decent maids; then jolly children not a few.
And with shuffling of the chairs
They prepared the place for prayers,
 Romping through;
And scarcely grew more tame
When the silent moment came.
 For they knew
When Grandpapa appeared
He was little to be feared
 By the crew.
And their mothers were in bed.
(For surely for such notions
As family devotions
 There's little to be said.)

So the ancient prayers were read
 By that brilliant-eyed old man,
Full of reverence, full of grace,
 To the children of his clan
In the quaint old country-place
That had nursed the elder race
 With its bloom.
And he kneeled where they had kneeled,
And the odors of the field
 Filled the room.



AS I have no voice for singing, Christopher always politely assents when I announce my intention of going warbling and going alone!

I Go
A-Warbling

It is generally the second week in May that the thing happens, when the shadbush is coming into bloom and the delicate young green is beginning to clothe the woods. Rapturous season! The soberest human spirit grows young as the newest-born lamb and gambols ecstatically. Oh, unfolding flowers! Oh, pushing grass! Oh, shouting, darting birds! Bless ye the Lord!

Now, ideally, one should need no excuse for wandering indefinitely through spring fields and woods. But human nature is not yet quite ideal, and, disconcertingly, our careful virtues are sometimes found to be as mistaken as our faults. We consider it virtuous to be purposeful, to refrain from spending our time in pursuits that "get us nowhere." But, since a certain amount of irresponsibility is necessary to us, especially in the spring, we have had recourse to subterfuge and, by inventing the thing called "nature study," have silenced our scruples and got what we wanted. As if the sum of the world's welfare could be increased by any one's identification of a scrap of green and yellow feathers as a magnolia rather than a myrtle warbler! Particularly when, in order to make the distinction, one has to leave one's husband's bread unbaked.

There are various spots among which I may choose the scene of my warbler activities; but that which, on the whole, promises most is a patch of tangled bushes and young trees on the outskirts of a wood. Birds of all sorts love this place. It gives them both freedom and privacy, it supplies them with food, and it enables them to tease nature students to the top of their bent. That last is a very important point in warbler psychology.

Time was when I took a bird book with me; but I always felt uncommonly foolish, sitting down under the trees, turning the pages feverishly, murmuring, "Two white wing-bars—no, that's wrong—a yellow throat—well, maybe it is yellow, though it

looks white to me. A black line through the eye. Oh! the creature's laughing at me." Moreover, the book was in my way when I charged in among the bushes in yet another effort to trace that black line, and I dropped it and lost it and had the mischief of a time finding it again. So now I take only a small, shabby pair of opera-glasses which I can slip into my pocket. Details as to wing-bars and eye lines I defer till I get home, with the comforting result that I forget or confuse them a little and so am enabled to conclude, "Yes, that must have been a Philadelphia warbler," when probably it wasn't at all.

It will be perceived that warbling, as conducted by me, is an entirely shameless proceeding.

It is not wholly unmoral, however. On the contrary, I often perceive it to suggest and illustrate a complete philosophy of life. Patience, perseverance, good temper: those required attributes are obvious enough. And self-control. Only he who can rule body and spirit will ever get maddening tufts of feathers focussed long enough to see them at all. But the philosophy goes deeper than that. It finds its base in the great mysterious principle that the way to secure the best things in life is not to rush after them furiously but to wait on them with an open mind, and that he who seeks earnestly for some particular, explicit thing is quite as likely as not to find something else.

In my case, I find that I can generally manage to start out on my quest with an open mind. I enter the patch of bushes and give myself over to destiny. The sweet spring influences surround me, the hills stand grandly beneath the radiant sky, the sun broods warmly—how good life is, how infinitely peaceful! I feel my whole being relax and expand in the oneness which is the soul of creation. Then, presto! a flash through the young leaves of a neighboring tree, a mocking-bird call, a glimpse of feathers in rapid motion, and my struggle is on.

Not that there ought to be any struggle about it. The only rational thing to be done is to sit quite still. But this is not easy. Having advertised his presence, the warbler

betakes himself to a half-fledged tree in the middle distance, not near enough to be observed in detail. There he perches on an exposed limb which, if he were nearer, would make him an easy mark for the opera-glasses; and there, in spite of all his racial tradition and personal habit, he imitates my philosophy of sitting still. This is amazingly clever in him. He seems to know perfectly that if he stays there long enough—and not so very long, either—I will be tempted to rise and make my way cautiously to him, persuaded that, for once, my policy of quiescence is a mistake. Whereupon, if I do this, of course, with a dart and a flash, he is gone, either farther into the thicket or, more likely, back to the spot I have just left.

But quiescence has its delusions too. If, exerting my self-control, I resolutely stay where I am, my attention is besieged by conflicting influences. My gaze remains focussed on my chosen bird, but out of the tail of my eye I see—what? Something stirs in the bush close beside me, a nameless presence emerges and goes softly exploring the leaf buds not three yards away. Shall I look at him? The chance is so good. And perhaps he may turn out to be as interesting as the creature perched over yonder. After all, it is part of my philosophy to take the blessings which the woods provide. So I unrivet my gaze from the tree and glance quickly at the bush. A summer yellow bird—as familiar to me as a robin or a song-sparrow! Back goes my disappointed glance to the tree, only to find that the unknown warbler has as completely disappeared as last winter's snow.

It does not do, however, to yield to exasperation at this point. Rather, it is more than ever imperative to sit still. For most birds are curious; and, for all we know, they may have their own observations to make: "Forehead somewhat lined, shoulders stooping a little, ink-mark on the third finger—that must be a scholar." Or: "Streaks of paint irregularly disposed, absent-minded expression, negligent attire—probably an artist." Or: "Glossy black with a narrow white wing-bar near the tip and a white band around the neck—a clergyman." I flatter myself that it would take a pretty experienced warbler to classify me, my country life has involved me in so many avocations; and when I am in my best warbling humor, I sit and await the

return of my bird with zest. He always comes in the end and frequently brings his mate with him. Then, for as long a session as I have the heart to keep Christopher dinnerless, the two of them appear and vanish before me, beside me, above me, around me, resuming full warbler activity, so that I can seldom scrutinize them, but giving me innumerable glimpses from which to build up an impression. Meantime, they discuss me in a fashion which I dare say I might find embarrassing if I understood it.

So much for my days of wisdom and self-control. The other days are not so pleasant to remember. There was, for instance, one morning when I spent three solid hours in pursuit of a nondescript mite. What a chase he led me! Through tangled bushes and briers, over rotten logs, over the tussocks of a swamp, in and out among the trees. Never once did I see him clearly enough to get anything but the vaguest impression of his markings, and when I reached home exhausted, I could only sigh to the hungry but uncomplaining Christopher: "Well, it must have been some rare specimen migrating through." But the next morning when, still tired and vexed, I was puttering in the garden, the tricky fugitive of the day before came and sat on the gatepost and, seeing him plainly and hearing him sing, I knew him to be a "summer resident," supposedly long familiar to me. The humiliation of this experience was extreme.

On the whole, I am glad that the warbling urgency comes only once a year. May it never fail then, however. May no shad-bush season ever find me out of humor for going a-warbling.

I BELIEVE that there is a civic law which prevents situating an abattoir in a residential or business district. But the law, narrow as usual, takes into consideration killing-places of one kind only. Those who will inquire of their own minds will discover that there are abattoirs of many kinds, and that in each sort there is some very deadly work

going on. Once, in a college classroom, where lectures on literature were dispensed, amid all the dulness therein, the sly and wicked thought came to me that something was going through an operation: we who listened thought that we were the victims; he who lectured imagined that he was the

Wood-Thrushes
in a Factory

patient; but I really think that literature was the sufferer. "The operation was successful, but the patient died." Now, that place was a very sinister kind of abattoir, and situated on a campus near the houses of intellectuals; moreover, it was a place managed by a Ph.D. And the menace of such a fatal rendezvous lies in the fact that it may have a specious and inviting charm which all the more surely betrays.

A consideration of the foregoing experience will lead one to believe that the place to kill literature is a classroom. I am persuaded that it can there be done to death very genteelly. Of course, all lectures on literature are not chlorine-like in their effects. I do know of teachers of English and of literature who are genuinely inspirational. But there are others; and these others may really be indicted for murder. I say "murder" advisedly. It is not a criminal charge which can be brought against a butcher; but it is a true indictment of many teachers. I say this with an understanding heart, for I am a teacher myself. However, like all malefactors, I hope some day to reform.

If those who in their private abattoirs kill literature are criminals, then first-degree murder is the charge to be brought against those who kill incipient writers. I hasten to explain myself. In every school there appear, at intervals, strange solitary specimens. Even in their early 'teens they are subtly marked by the divine afflatus. After an experience of twenty years in a preparatory school, I believe I can say that perhaps one student in seventy-five has that indefinable quality which makes me say: "Here is a future author. Here is a timid wood-thrush, strayed from mountain-dells of the soul into this roaring factory where the crowd is manufactured into automatons for passing college examinations. Here is a shy spirit, delicate with that divinity which comes from an early and an accurate understanding of much of the meaning of life, and who even now yearns for utterance. I must be careful. In this abattoir, God keep me from killing this young poet—this lad who has it in him to be a writer!"

I really speak conservatively when I say that this matter of a teacher's recognizing and ministering to these waif wood-thrushes is possibly the most urgent and delicate matter that demands his attention. On the stupid, the slothful, the banal, the futile,

the first-one-in-his-family-who-has-ever-read-a-book he must spend endless hours of tedious patience. Ixion had a May-day festival compared to the teacher of English tied to his wheel which grinds in the factory. But now and then the compensation comes. Some day, in reading a composition, amid much dreary plodding through such labor, the arresting moment arrives. I give this example of what I may term a clear proof of the elusive presence of genius. The assigned subject for themes had been prosy enough—"A Sunset." I had read perhaps fifty descriptions of "the sinking in the west of the great red ball of fire." (Please note that the youthful mind, desperately earnest, always gravely supplies the amazing detail that the sun sets *in the west*). But now I come to something different: "The peace of the silent hills gives me a sense of things eternal. The hermit-thrush, like a calm elegist of light, melodiously grieves over departing day. With wondering eyes I gaze into

"The golden vertex of the west
Over the foundered sun."

And as I watch the beauty of earth fade, and the first stars glimmer like raindrops on the petals of the red rose of the west, I feel that beauty never dies. Its forms fade; but they are renewed, or else they are replaced by other forms as lovely. And this thought is the real reason why twilight brings me peace."

Of course, perhaps the description is overdone. But the age of the writer is only sixteen; and the work was done offhand. I am hardly exaggerating when I say that young writers of this type fill me with awe. They may never develop into authors; but they have that true feeling, that mental alertness, that clairvoyant penetration of insight which are some of the characteristics of genuine writers.

This is a second example of what I mean. The subject was "A Soldier." I read innumerable themes of ordinary soldiers—trite stuff that anybody can write. Finally I came to this picture: "I saw him standing in the railroad station at Nancy; and instantly my heart made deep obeisance, for I knew that my mortal eyes were gazing at the Spirit of France. He was only a Poilu, and he was greedily munching a sandwich stuffed with onions. But he was the Soul of France. I marked, under his rough ex-

terior, the indefinable gaiety of spirit that belongs to the people of his race. I saw the bright flash of merry blue eyes, softened when they turned southward toward his home in Provence, but vindictive when they sternly shifted to the north where lay the enemy. . . . After the onion sandwich came a cigarette—a long and vile one, which he smoked with an avidity too ingenuous for grace. . . . His shoes were almost gone; his trousers were muddy with the mud of the Argonne; his coat was torn and dishevelled. His beard was of startling growth. Nevertheless my heart made obeisance to him, there in the railway station—dirty, onion-eating, cigarette-smoking, homesick, dauntless, indomitable, glorious Spirit of France!”

But it is not only by composition that these thrushes reveal their presence. They are, almost without exception, the most silent and unobtrusive members of a class. It is usually painful for one to recite orally. They are retiring, unwilling to offer to answer questions, whose answers they know far better than anyone else, and singularly given to blushing and stammering when called upon to explain the simplest matter. But if given a chance to write, these boys, one and all, will bashfully and with unerring ease, make a mark of 100 per cent. . . . Nor is it difficult to distinguish between the real thrushes and their imitators—the blue jays who have a great deal to say, but who, after all, are more or less impostors.

Out of the classroom, the gifted boys of whom I speak usually seem to be lonely fellows. They try to withdraw from the roar of the factory. They eschew football, as I think they will always turn from spectacles of violence. They are not only in spirit retiring but in body also. These are the lads who take the long solitary walks, who, in so far as they are able, love to live as Milton did during his happy Horton period, or as lived the Boy of Winander. I do not mean that they are necessarily odd or curious; they are merely different. And to me they are the most interesting people in the world. Of a mature author it is possible for us to take the measure; but these lads are exciting in their nameless promise. The honor of interpreting the coming generation is theirs if their spirits are not broken by the grinding of the mill of education.

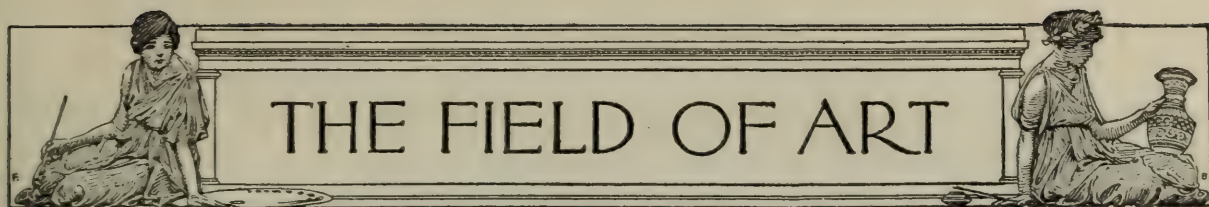
“Much,” said Johnson, in one of his many flings at Boswell, “can be done for a Scotchman if he is caught young.” I am

persuaded that much can be done for a poet if he *is not* caught young. When I see a lad of sensitive spirit, modest demeanor, and grave with that pure sadness that comes with a true if limited understanding of life, entering a modern American school, where a cruelly efficient system destroys individuality in order to produce a type, my heart misgives me. And I hope that my feeling in the matter is not foolish sentiment. I honestly feel that I am having to do with a youth who has it in him to become one of the authentic voices of the race. I feel, in a certain way, that it is a pity to “educate” such a boy. A stereotyped course in school or college will usually do a lad of great promise more harm than good. He comes, to use Kipling’s fine phrase, “in all the loneliness of wings.” The danger is that he may walk out with the crowd.

And what do I do for such a lad? I hardly do anything. My great aim is to keep him from being caught young by the Juggernaut of the system. I talk to him a little about the mere mechanics of style; but I seldom make an attempt to form it for him. I know that if I let him alone his own personality will take care of his style. I lend him books—those especially of a type to stimulate his imagination. I try in a most unofficial way to recommend Malory, Spenser, the great legends out of lands other than England, and thus to fill his mind with “huge cloudy symbols of a high romance.”

There are, then, these wood-thrushes in the factories of our schools and college. I think we do too little for them. Perhaps it is not possible to prevent them from feeling strange and lonely; for such an attitude toward life is probably natural in many young men of genius. The hustling efficiency of the modern school hardly provides for them. Indeed, I am sure that a school does more for a plain fool than it does for a genuine poet. The old truism that a poet dies young in every man is a rather insipid saying. Should we not say: “A poet is killed young in every man”? And, paradoxical as it may seem, education is most frequently the executioner.

I have no remedy; perhaps there is no panacea. But I think that every school and college should be singularly solicitous to detect and to minister judiciously to its shy wood-thrushes who, alone amid a world of perishing things and people, have the magic to confer immortality.



Reminiscences of Jacque's experience as a soldier.

Rare Sketches by a Famous French Artist

BY WARREN WILMER BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED SKETCH-BOOKS OF CHARLES JACQUE

SOMETIME about the middle of the last century, George A. Lucas, an American gentleman who had decided to make his home in Paris, formed the nucleus of a collection of art destined to rank among the unique museum possessions of his native country.

Mr. Lucas continued ceaselessly to add to his art treasures during the fifty years he remained in the French capital, and when he died there a decade or so ago he bequeathed them to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, which was his native city.

His reputation as a patron of the arts and as a connoisseur gave him an influential position among Americans living abroad, and it is stated by those that knew him best that from the first he kept in close touch with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Walters Art Gallery, and many of the important private collections in this country.

He was on terms of the closest intimacy with many of the men who loom large in the history of modern art, notably those of the Barbizon School, and consequently was

able to secure examples of their production that ordinary collectors could not get for any consideration.

In view of the facts, it is not surprising to find that the collection, which is now housed in the Maryland Institute's handsome Renaissance Building, is of the most

not so very long ago, of the Charles Jacque sketch-books.

Jacque was born in Paris, May 23, 1813. He seems to have had no instruction in art save that he picked up from the engraver of geographical maps with whom he was apprenticed in his early youth.



This page reveals the sketching methods employed by Jacque in his mature period.

diverse and, in some respects, the most unusual nature. It comprises paintings (among which are two Corots of modest dimensions, one of them, "Road to Ville d'Avray" being a particularly fine example), palettes, prints, drawings, and intimate memorabilia in almost inexhaustible quantity.

The portfolios contain literally thousands of separate pieces and, since the tabulation of them has been in progress, a number of rare works have been brought to light.

The examination of this rich storehouse of art proved a task of no mean order. It was started several years ago and is being enthusiastically continued by Alon Bement, director of the Institute.

Especially noteworthy was the discovery,

He did not waste much time with that "master"—none of the biographies I have read even mention his name—for he soon found a way to escape from the boredom of a life that was insupportable. This was by enlisting in the French army, and while his military duties doubtless occupied most of his time, his pencil was by no means idle, for the sketches comprise numerous vivacious references to his experiences at the front.

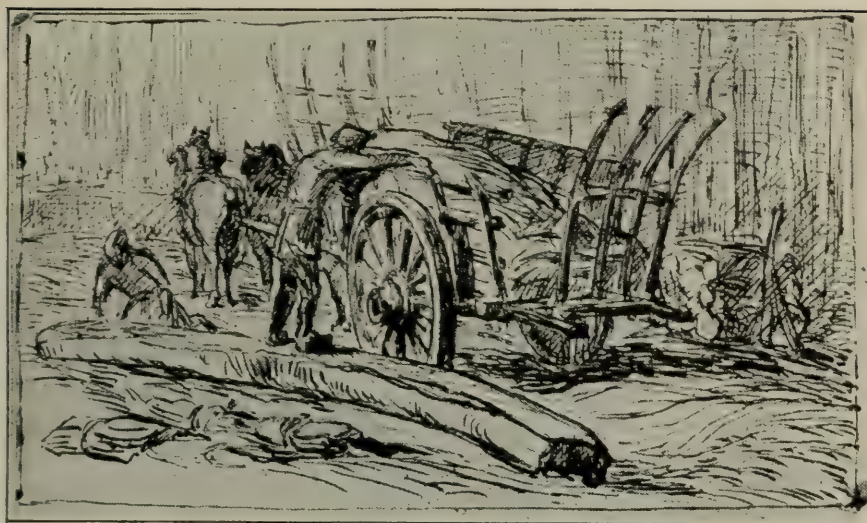
After a period of about seven years, he returned to civilian life and turned his attention more earnestly than ever to his art. He painted considerably, but as time went on he paid less and less attention to his palette and brushes, directing his energies principally to etching.

Jacque was a man of the most versatile temperament and practical adaptability. At one time he was absorbed, heart and soul, in cabinet-making; at another, chicken-raising was a hobby to which he was passionately devoted.

Doubtless he found, as sometimes has happened to other amateurs, that poultry as a pragmatic proposition is a delusion and a snare, but at any rate this phase of his career supplied him subject-matter for a curious and now seldom seen book called "*Le Poulailleur*," two beautiful editions of which, copiously illustrated with his own engravings, were published in Paris in 1858 by the *Librairie Agricole de la Maison Rusique*.

It was very difficult for him to stay settled in any one spot. First he was at Barbizon with Millet, then he was back at his studio in the Boulevard Clichy, Paris, or else at Croisic, Brittany, where he had his chicken-yards and his furniture work-shop.

Despite his wandering proclivities and his varied occupations, he was an adept in concentration where his craft was concerned,



A familiar scene in rural France—a fine example of the dignity and simplicity that characterizes even the quickest of Jacque's sketches.

and his artistic progress was steady and rapid. In a surprisingly short time, he was known not only as a fine painter, but as one of the foremost etchers of his day. To him was attributed the re-establishment of etching in its old place of distinction and he was further declared the pioneer of its modern development. Many honors were paid him, culminating in the Grand Prix in 1889, twenty-two years after he had been made a member of the Legion of Honor.

Jacque was an exceedingly prolific genius. His etchings alone numbered more than four hundred and it has been declared that at least half of them are of the first order.

He died in Paris in 1894 in the studio he had built adjoining that of Gérôme, another of the celebrated contemporaries who shared his friendship.

With the sketch-books, Mr. Lucas had carefully preserved a clipping from *Figaro* of his obituary notice, written by Charles Chincolle.

"One speaks of the etchings of Jacque," M. Chincolle said, "as of those of Rembrandt, Callot, and Claude. On a plate of ten square centimetres he evoked all Nature."



Studies of horses from the sketch-book of the sixties.

He had been described during his lifetime by one of his companions as a man who had a "mania for moving." The remark was in reference to his inability to remain long in a settled condition and, as has already been indicated, it was unquestionably true.

Like unedited letters never intended for publication, his sketches emphasize many facts regarding his artistic temperament and habits, and, in greater or less degree, they help to establish an understanding of his personal characteristics. A study of his sketches makes possible an entirely new concept of Jacque, both as a man and as an artist.

The books are evidently of different creative periods, the smaller one—almost a vest-pocket affair—apparently being the earlier of the two.

The subjects are those of which he was pre-eminently fond and in which he "specialized," and they furnish a clew to the secret of his eloquent style—a style that was realistic yet always poetic and redolent of pastoral charm.

Jacque, one would say, never went anywhere without seeing a hundred things that

clamored simultaneously for separate attention, and his cahiers with their closely crowded pages—a dozen drawings sometimes being found in the space of a few inches—suggest that he did his utmost to make his fingers keep pace with his lightning powers of observation.

He took the most minute care to conserve his impressions, and step by step the studies trace the route by which he arrived at the superb achievement of his dry-points and etchings.

The effect is astonishingly vital and stimulating. Here, for instance, is a quiet barn-yard scene—a pen-and-ink sketch—representing a peasant standing beside a loaded wagon, while close by a woman is kneeling on the ground, busy with some task of her own.

Almost the whole range of farm life is recorded, not by any intricate, analytical method, but merely by a succession of detached, often extremely fragmentary, comments.

And how vividly, how sympathetically, and how lovingly it was all set down! Men at work in the woods; hay-making beneath



Jacque loved to draw peasants at work in the field.



Chicken-farming was one of Jacque's pet hobbies.

bright summer skies; horses tugging heavy burdens; luncheon hour at the manger; village streets where chickens are scratching in blissful peace; fagot-bearers, peasants and their wives engaged in chores of all sorts.

These and many more of like nature were the subjects Jacque loved, and one fancies that in noting them he was filled with the ecstatic joy of the poet who finds a universe of wonder and beauty in the simplest things, for are not all the worshippers of nature closely associated in spiritual kinship?

There are only one or two nudes in the sketch-books, and they are so rapid in stroke, so concise, that they must be considered only as memoranda scribbled off to fix in mind some particular movement of an arm, a leg, or the beautiful bend of a torso.

Nowhere in the drawings is there a hint that Jacque was either a satirist or a reformer. It has been pointed out that "he discovered the peasant before Millet"—who incidentally was one of his closest friends and whose influence is sometimes reflected in his style—but it was not at all in the same way.

If he were the least concerned with making a cult of the peasant or "interpreting" him in the fashion of the painter of "The

Angelus" and "The Gleaners," or some of his other colleagues, the proof cannot here be located. On the contrary, it is plain that he was studying the human figure chiefly as an essential in the scheme of things and that, broadly, when he decided to introduce it in a composition he gave it no more importance than belongs to secondary details. Predominant traits of both individual and type, however, were infallibly suggested, even in his sketchiest efforts.

It was domestic animals and fowls in which Jacque was primarily and most insistently interested, and his sketch-books are fairly alive with them, beasts of burden predominating very decidedly. He was evidently particularly concerned with perfecting his knowledge of the anatomy and characteristic attitudes of horses. On page after page appear drawings of their heads, their hoofs, their bodies, from every possible angle and in every possible position.

Problems of action, of foreshortening, or of modelling and values, are solved with a few lines, without any attempt, usually, to work over details or to polish down the rough places. If he did not get what he wanted the first time, he would hastily finish another sketch.

More than once one comes across the

expression of a broad, and it must be said, occasionally vulgar, sense of humor, but if he did indulge in a joke once in a while for his own amusement, he could also suggest a great deal of pathos.

A memorable example is a sketch of an old horse.

There is no sign of hesitancy nor of uncertainty in the majority of the drawings. They pulsate with the buoyancy of life in the open.

The larger of the books bears Jacque's signature and is dated July, 1865. Its contents are all pencil-drawings that proclaim much broader technical proficiency than the others. They have, as it were, a more even sequence and are more orderly, some of them, in fact, being almost meticulous. All are "right side up," whereas those of the smaller book were entered in the most helter-skelter, haphazard fashion imaginable, in whatever way the page happened to open and with no thought in the world for tidiness.

The later sketches show powers approaching maturity. Indeed, there is but little of the empiric or the tentative about them. The draftsmanship is masterly and the style

of the utmost facility, but a tendency is noticed now and again toward the "finicky" that inevitably meant a greater or less sacrifice of vigor.

While Jacque paid close attention to landscape when making these sketches, he studied it principally for background and environment purposes. There are, however, a number of charming *paysages* in the collection—wide meadows with low sky-lines (a pencil note on one was to remind him of a "*ciel jaune*"); bits of forest with trees in strong silhouette, long avenues shaded by poplars; pleasant farm lands with houses and barns in the distance (three of these, one of them a "detail," are marked Marly, July 9, 1862). He would also mention, as occasion demanded, peculiarities of village and rural architecture.

His was a painstakingly progressive method that took nothing for granted and that left nothing to chance or to instinctive understanding. One catches the dynamic impulse of untiring purpose in all this endeavor. It was Jacque's unroyal road to Parnassian virtuosity, and familiarity with it leaves no wonder in the flawless accuracy of his technic.



Jacque could be extremely effective in purely lyric expression.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Problems of a European Conference

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the United States the outstanding fact in the recent drift of the financial and economic situation has unquestionably been its evidence that the burden of hard times was gradually lifting in the

**The
Situation
of the
Moment**

agricultural West and South, that debts were being paid whose early payment had seemed impossible, and that production and consumption were slowly moving toward normal relations. In Europe the outstanding fact has been the rapid progress made in readjustment of the balance of current trade indebtedness with the rest of the world. But from time to time even the markets would pause in perplexity over the larger political aspects of the situation.

Since Germany's surrender and the end of the war, when the mind of the whole world was turned to the problem of reconstruction, the most clearly evident and yet sometimes most obscure consideration has been the interplay of events political and events economic. In forecasting either the immediate or the longer future, the two sets of influences could at no time be separated from one another. Even at the present day the disturbances in Ireland and India have had to be taken into reckoning along with the fall in cost of money, the signs of American trade revival, and the recovery of investment markets. Against the Washington Conference and the Senate's ratification of the treaties, there had to be placed the economic predicament of Germany and Central Europe, the world-wide unemployment, and the discontent of labor.

Our own financial markets have struck the balance on the side of cheerful inference, apparently believing that economic recovery must precede political, industrial, or social stability, but that economic recovery was visibly under way. The ad-

vance on the Stock Exchange has seemed to ignore the disturbing elements in the news, and to fix its eye on the 40 per cent advance in prices of farm products, the increase in railway gross earnings over the previous year, for the first time in ten months, the expanding of the country's steel production to the highest rate in a year and a half, and the overtopping of the preceding year in the weekly and monthly exchange of bank checks, for the first time since the middle of 1920.

All these considerations had been reflected in the prolonged upward movement of financial markets between November and March. All of them had a hand in promoting that advance. The halt in all the markets toward the end of March probably signified not at all disappointment over what had already occurred in the field of politics and industry, but hesitation over the course of events in the next few months. If the markets had risen or fallen on the scale of their midwinter movement, such action would have indicated the financial community's expectations. But a time had apparently come when the future was growing somewhat more perplexing.

IN no respect was this attitude more evident than in discussions of the Genoa Conference. A very clever Washington correspondent, closely in touch with opinion at the capital, wrote to his newspaper at the end of March that "the world has not made any appreciable progress toward

**Europe
and the
United
States**

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normal economic conditions" and that "the present paralysis of international relations and of the failure of the world to be well on its way toward some kind of economic stability, is largely on our own shoulders." The ground for this conclusion was that, after the United States had insisted at Paris on the adoption of its own lines of political rearrangement, and after having "started the world in the direction we indicated, we thereupon halted, hung fire for two years, and then threw the whole thing overboard." Hence "the failure of the world, three years and six months after the end of fighting, to have made much real progress toward normal conditions in an economic sense, is chiefly due to the United States."

The judgment will not be accepted without dispute, either that no progress had been made since 1918 toward European economic recovery, or that much greater progress would have been made if the United States had remained in the League of Nations. That our Senate's rejection of the Versailles Treaty, in the manner and with the motives which accompanied that rejection, is each year taking its place more distinctly in the public mind as a discreditable chapter in American history, most people who can discern the drift of popular sentiment agree. That our government's attitude has to a considerable extent discouraged the League of Nations, which we deserted, and has in a measure handicapped its operations, is probably true.

But this does not prove, on the face of things, that Europe would by this time have got any more surely on its feet in an economic way if the United States had been a member of the League. Our presence in that organization could hardly of itself have disentangled such problems as the currency depreciation of Germany and Central Europe, the reaction in trade after the whole world's extravagant misuse of credit in the speculative days of 1919; or the political and economic chaos of Russia. Yet these have been the admitted barriers to European recovery.

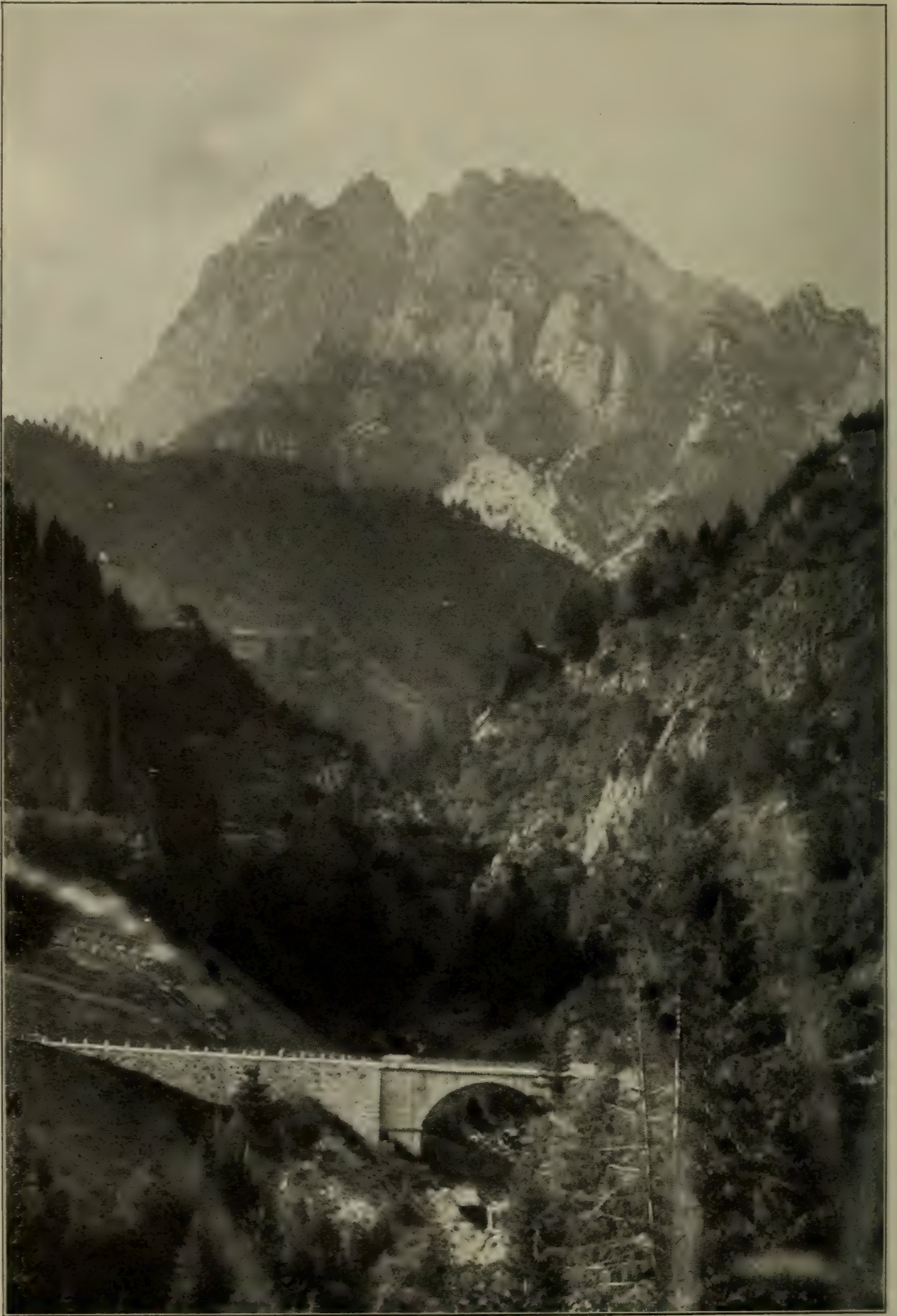
AMERICAN representation in the League could not have settled the question of inter-governmental debts, be-

cause that settlement belongs to the governments immediately concerned and can be adjusted only through their arrangements with one another. Except, indeed, for the thorny question of German reparations payments, the League's functions are political, not economic. Mr. Lloyd George's ideas regarding the Genoa conference have plainly been based on recognition of the fact that the League of Nations could not deal with the purely economic questions, with or without American co-operation.

Plans for
the Genoa
Conference

To what extent an economic conference can itself reach any real solution of the problems to which I have referred, is itself a question on which opinions have differed widely from the start. It was not even clear how far the Genoa economic conference could keep away from purely political discussions. Our State Department's letter of March 8, declining the invitation to the conference at Genoa, based its refusal on its view that the plan for that conference had excluded from consideration certain questions which were vital to economic readjustment, and would, in fact, "be a conference of a political character." What was evidently meant by Secretary Hughes was that the key-note of the programme seemed to be the admission of the Russian Soviet Government to international deliberations and agreements. As the time of the conference drew near, this judgment appeared more and more to be correct.

The British Government's general purpose was no mystery. As compared with a year ago, the shrinkage in British trade with the rest of Europe has been very large. During the full year 1921, that country's shipments to the Continent decreased £313,000,000 from 1920, or nearly 60 per cent. A good part of that decrease was caused by the fall of 25 per cent or thereabouts in average prices, but the decrease in quantity was even greater, and it was quite in accordance with his traditions that the British merchant should be looking for means of restoring old-time business conditions, whether in Russia or in Central Europe or anywhere else. This has plainly been the basis of Lloyd George's plans for Genoa.



A VIEW ON THE AMPEZZO ROAD, BELOW CORTINA.

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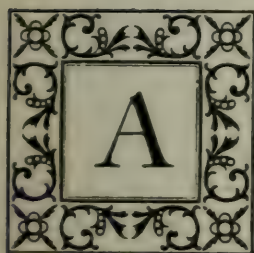
New Alpine Highroads

A SUMMARY OF RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE DOLOMITES AND ELSEWHERE, BASED ON A JOURNEY OVER NEARLY FIFTY PASSES

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and author of "The Highroads of the Alps."

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ALPINE highways continue to multiply apace. They represent, in fact, one of the very few things in which the world is richer since the European War; for new roads were built in Tyrol from 1915 onward, over passes that were formerly but footpaths; while one important development, at least, was fructified only a few months ago. And where freedom of locomotion is concerned the conditions are ampler in other ways than was the case in 1914. Since Italy acquired the major portion of Tyrol, various Alpine roads that were previously closed to automobiles have been widened and made free to all; and be it mentioned that the new province of Venezia Tridentina includes the whole area of the Dolomites.

Then, too, the fact may be chronicled that Switzerland at last is falling into line with other Alpine countries. The triumphant way in which motor-trucks and staff cars ran up and down the lofty mountain roads of France, Italy, and Austria during the war served as an object-lesson which could not be ignored, and now we see motor diligences on the Furka, the Grimsel, and other Swiss passes on which only slow and cumbrous horse-drawn vehicles were erstwhile allowed. Especially interesting is it to note that the farce of automobiles travelling up

and down the Italian side of the Grand St. Bernard, but being barred altogether from the Swiss side, is now a thing of the past, and one may drive right through from Aosta to Martigny, or *vice versa*, without let or hindrance.

Not merely in America, however, but in England itself the idea prevailed during the touring season of 1921, that travelling on the Continent of Europe was still undesirable, if not impracticable, even after a long period of peace. With the double object, therefore, of studying post-war conditions in Alpine regions, and also exploring on the spot such new developments as had been rumored from afar, I planned a journey on as comprehensive lines as possible, to include all the newly made or newly liberated passes, together with a number of old favorites on which the war might or might not have left destructive imprints.

The list was added to *en route*, as the result of one or two unexpected discoveries, and in its final form is printed on page 660.

To those who knew aught of the Alps before the war, the first point to arrest attention in the appended list will be the preponderance of Italian passes. Of these, however, the following were Austrian up to 1918—namely the Pordoi, Falzarego, Jaufen, Rolle, Tonale, Campolongo, Campiglio, Broccone, Ampezzo, Reschen-Scheideck, Brenner, Mendel, Toblach, San Lugano, and Gobera. Sev-

Pre-war routes —————
 New routes - - - - -
 5 10 15 20
 Kilometers



Northern routes.



Southern routes.

Sketch maps showing new routes north and south of the Dolomites Road.



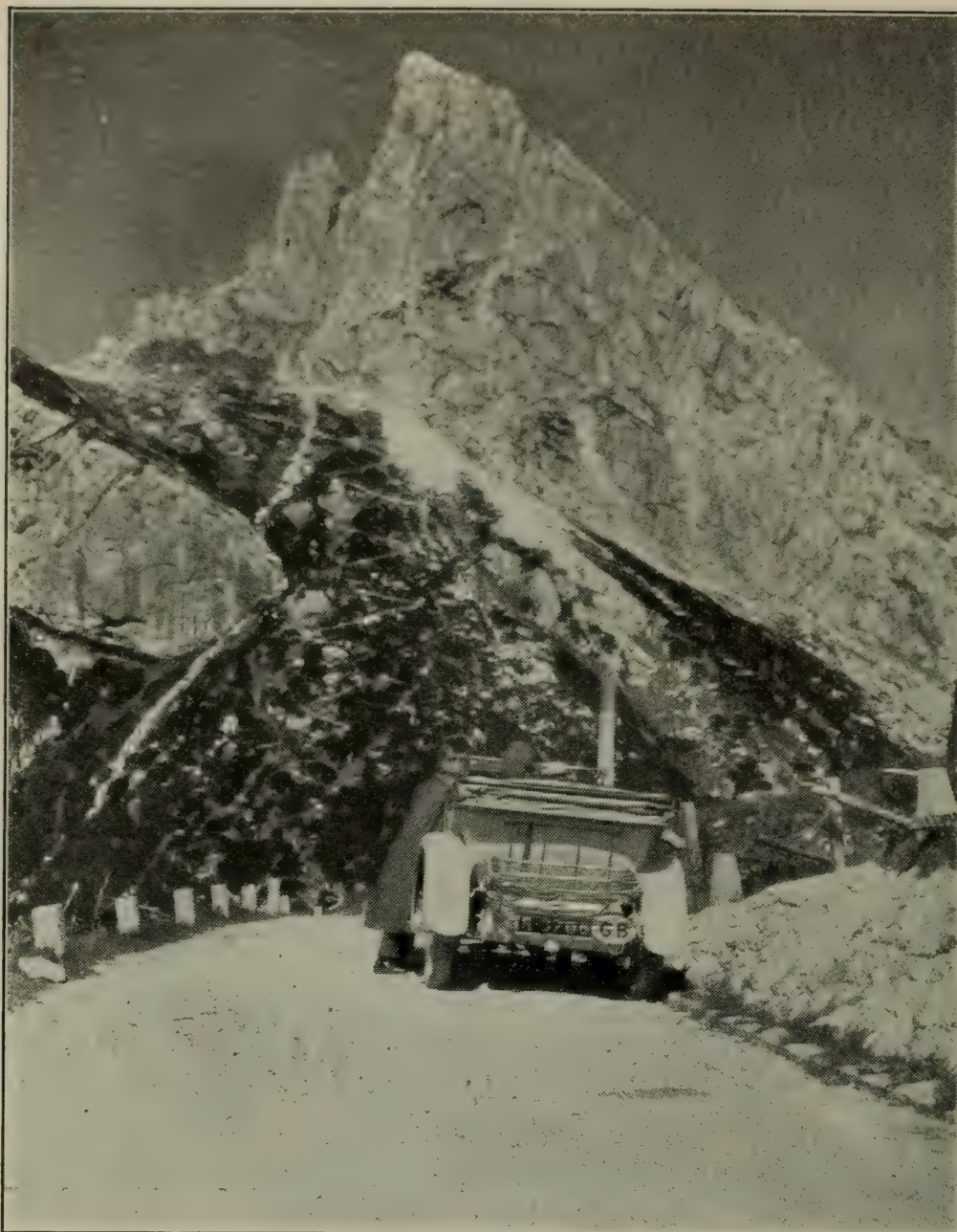
At the summit of the Grand St. Bernard Pass (8,110 feet). This famous road is now open to automobiles.

eral other Italian passes that are now available, either as new creations or as routes widened and thrown open to cars, are on ex-Austrian territory—namely, the Sella, Grödner, Tre Croci, Forcella Staulanza, and Costalunga. The Stelvio, moreover, formerly half Italian and half Austrian, is now wholly Italian, and the Brenner, once wholly Austrian, is now half Italian.

Before descending from the general to the particular I may state that I did not encounter one solitary factor which precluded safe and comfortable touring, in pre-war fashion, throughout the entire

journey, save, perhaps, for the presence of more timber wagons than was normal. An exceptional amount of tree-felling was carried on during the war and for some time afterward, and, though the cutting itself has been stopped on Italian territory, there was a surplus amount of wood still to be carted during the whole of 1921.

That even pass-climbing, however, apart from ordinary touring, is now perfectly feasible, and even simple, is plainly manifested by the fact that, though the journey above indicated extended to 3,150 miles, it was easily accomplished in



A communication trench on the Falzarego Pass.

four weeks, and the tale of the passes themselves was completed in three. No daily journey was begun or finished at an unusual hour, nor did the party fail to utilize the countless opportunities which the good weather vouchsafed for photography. On three occasions, moreover, we rested for half a day, and furthermore we enjoyed a whole day's motor-boating on the Lake of Como—all within the three weeks devoted to the passes. Nowhere was there any lack of food, and hotel accommodation was plentiful. The only difference, indeed, between 1921 and 1914—apart from the painful lack of British

and American tourists—was the fact that the Dolomites area everywhere displayed the evidences of artillery warfare among the mountains. But though sundry villages had been battered, the work of reparation was all but complete; trenches and dugouts were nearly all filled in and, with scarcely an exception, the roads themselves were in their pre-war state of superexcellence. Above all the glorious mountains towered in superb and unimpaired grandeur, and, as I may proceed to show, are now more than ever accessible to tourists, owing to the provision of new roads.



On the new Forcella Staulanza road.

One of the most familiar features of Alpine territory is the prevalence of the *cul-de-sac* road as a type. It runs up a valley for a few or many miles, but comes to a stop at a point where only skilled engineering and the expenditure of much money could carry it across a mountain barrier. Often enough there is a kindred local road on the other side of the range, but no means of bridging the gap. When a government or canton can be brought to see the desirability of making a through route, the engineers are set to work, a fine highroad with suitable gradients is built across the pass, and a new artery for loco-

motion is added, of which the highest portion is better graded and better surfaced than the original local roads.

Now it may happen that the bridging of a gap in this way may open up quite a large tract of country which was formerly a *terra incognita* to the road tourist who had not time for divagations up and down by-roads of the *cul-de-sac* variety. Striking illustrations to the point may be found in the region of the Dolomites, where scores of miles of road may now be covered in a continuous journey, not a yard of which was known to the average tourist before the war, and simply as



Corvara, on the Campolongo Pass; a new through route in the Dolomites.

the result of building a few miles of new road.

No motorist, for example, ever saw the village of Caprile before the war, unless he approached it from the south, although it only lies a short distance south of the famous Dolomitenstrasse, or Dolomites Road. There was a narrow track from Andraz, on the Falzarego Pass, to Caprile, but it was hardly fit even for rustic carts, and in any case was barred to cars. During the war, however, a fine highroad, similar in width and quality to the Dolomitenstrasse, was built between the two points above named, and by the bridging of this gap there is now available an unin-

terrupted and exceptionally beautiful route from Andraz to the Lake of Alleghe and the Agordo Valley, and thence down to Belluno through the impressive defile known as the Canal d'Agordo. This route opens up Dolomite views of a character entirely unsuspected by those who had known only the Dolomitenstrasse and other famous passes.

But this is not the only new development of importance in the highly picturesque area that lies between the Via Ampezzo and the Rolle Pass. From Caprile there was a local road to Pescul, with another further south from Fusine to Longarone, but there was no carriage



The summit of the Grödner Pass (6,970 feet). (The newest mountain road in the Alps.)

road over the Forcella Staulanza (5,817 feet) between Fusine and Pescul. Inasmuch, however, as an excellent highway has been built over the Staulanza Pass, another through route is now available, from Andraz to Longarone. It further provides the means of a charming circular tour from Cortina as follows: Over the Falzarego Pass to Andraz; thence to Caprile, Pescul, Fusine, Forno di Zoldo, Longarone, Belluno, Canal d'Agordo, Agordo, Alleghe, and Caprile, whence the Falzarego Pass may be rejoined for the homeward run to Cortina. The new road over the Forcella Staulanza, it may be

added, passes right under the foot of Monte Pelmo, which towers impressively above a well-wooded scene, and the journey throughout confers an even more intimate idea of the picturesque resources of the Dolomites than does the Dolomitenstrasse itself.

Save for the portion above Caprile, all this new circuit is on territory that was Italian even before the year 1914; but during and since the Great War important developments have been effected on the north side of the Dolomites road, in the region that was once Tyrol but is now Venezia Tridentina. New roads have



The local road leading to the Grödner Pass.

been built over two lofty passes, while a third route that was barred to motor vehicles has been widened and rendered free to all. The last named begins with the Campolongo Pass (6,165 feet), from Arabba, on the Pordoi Pass, to Corvara, a distance of ten miles. From there it was not permitted until last year to continue northward to Bruneck in the Pusterthal, and consequently few tourists took the trouble to go over the Campolongo to Corvara and retrace their wheel-tracks. I may mention, however, that the road over the pass is excellent, while the removal of the embargo on the Corvara-Bruneck road provides an alternative way of entering or leaving the Dolomites

region, in lieu of the route through Toblach and Cortina.

The two passes over which new roads have been built are the Grödner and the Sella, at altitudes of 6,970 feet and 7,277 feet, respectively. For several reasons they represent a development of high importance. The Grödner is another illustration of the difference effected in one's travelling opportunities by the bridging of a lacuna between two *cul-de-sac* roads. There was a local road from Corvara to Colfusch on the one side of the great barrier of the Grödnerjoch, and on the other a road ran from Plan to St. Ulrich and Waidbruck, on the Brenner route. St. Ulrich was the centre of the toy-making



Nearing the summit of the Sella Pass (7,277 feet). A road built by Russian prisoners in 1915.

industry of Tyrol, and was often visited as such by those who had time for a horsed carriage journey from Waidbruck; but the motorist, who naturally prefers through journeys, owing to the great distances he has to cover in a comprehensive tour, may henceforth take St. Ulrich in passing from the Brenner to the Dolomitenstrasse, and at the same time be under no necessity to go round by Bolzano (Bozen).

Of the new road over the Grödner, it may be said that it is engineered on modern lines, and though the surface has not yet settled down it will eventually rank as a fine road. Unfortunately, however, the

previously existing local road between Colfusch and Corvara has not as yet been built up in keeping with the character of the new pass; not only is it rough and extremely narrow, but it is intersected by several five-barred gates at intervals. At the same time, it is quite practicable for those who do not mind driving a short distance over somewhat undesirable ground as a means to an end. And the road over the Grödner affords striking views not only in retrospect but in prospect, and one sees the Langköfel at closer and more impressive quarters than from the Pordoi side.

Similarly the Sella group appears an altogether different entity as seen from the Sella Pass. It is massive enough, one would have thought, from the Pordoi road, but on the Sella Pass one winds right round it at its very base, and finds it to be one of the most majestic massifs in the Dolomites.

The genesis of the new Sella road is

continued to roll down and had rendered the road all but impassable by July of last year (1921), and on the north side of the summit I crossed one patch of boulders, some fifty yards long, at considerable risk. A few weeks later the road had become impassable; in fact, I have since met a leading Italian official who walked over it in September, and who refused to believe



Summit of the Jaufen Pass (6,869 feet).

different from anything else in this region. It was built for the Austrians by Russian prisoners of war, in order to provide a direct means of transit to the Dolomitenstrasse from the Brenner. Its gradients and corners are properly engineered, but there is not a full complement of channels for the automatic carrying off of stone-falls. During the war these would be cleared away as soon as they were formed, but after the armistice it was a moot point as to whether the new road would be allowed to fall into decay or would be taken over and maintained by its new owner, Italy. Meanwhile, the stones con-

tinued to roll down and had rendered the road all but impassable by July of last year (1921), and on the north side of the summit I crossed one patch of boulders, some fifty yards long, at considerable risk. A few weeks later the road had become impassable; in fact, I have since met a leading Italian official who walked over it in September, and who refused to believe that I had crossed it on a car until I showed him a series of photographs which I had taken at various points *en route*. I hear, however, that the Italian Government has decided not to abandon the road—and nothing could well be more foolish than to sacrifice so useful and picturesque a highway; consequently one may hope that the road will be in practicable condition by the time the next touring season comes about.

In any case the tourist in the Dolomites should go up the Sella Pass from Canazei, even if he can get no farther, to enjoy the magnificent view of the Mar-



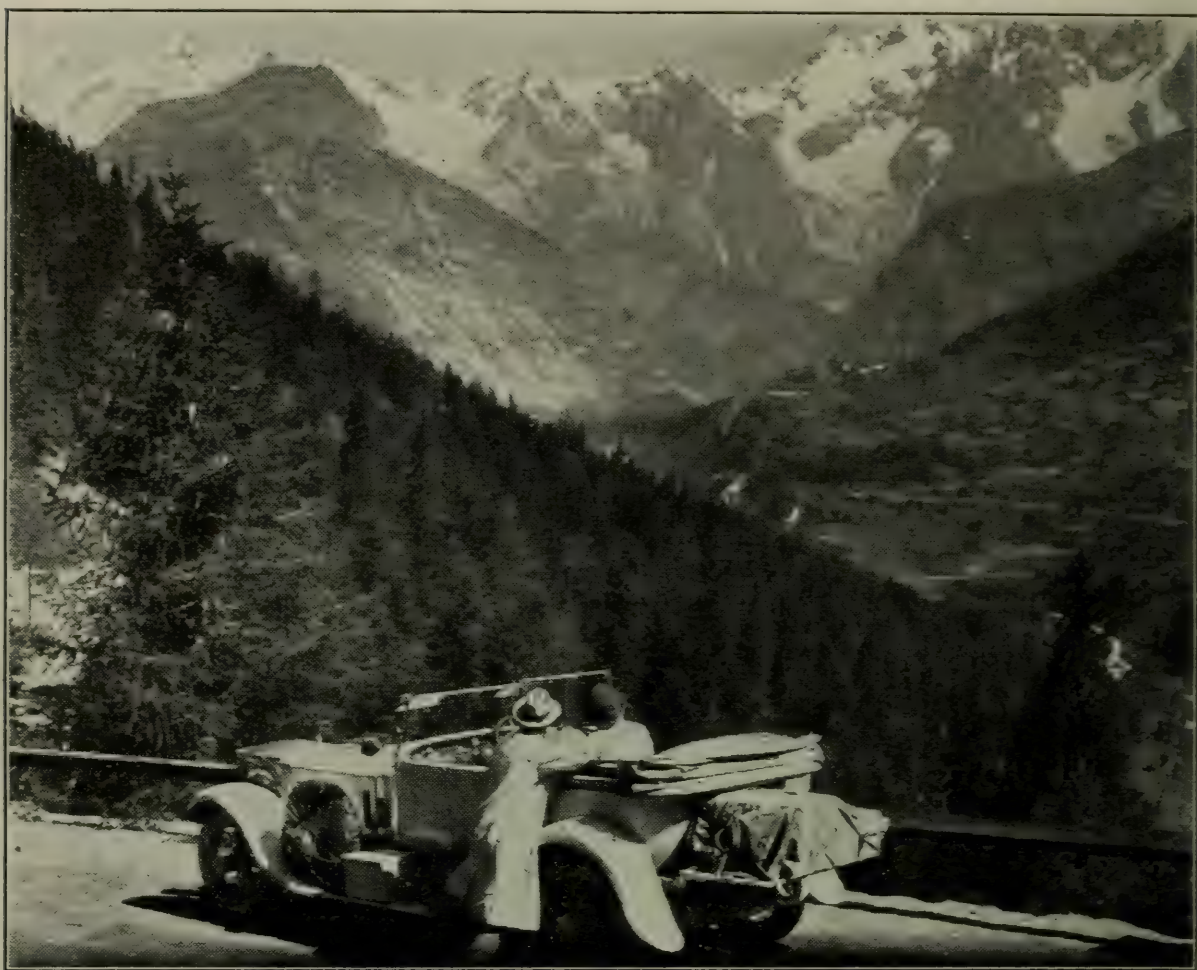
Karneid Castle, on the Karer Pass.

molata from the summit. It is one of the finest prospects in the Dolomites, and should on no account be missed. But if the road is put in order over its whole length the summit will be best approached from the Grödner side, for then the Marmolata bursts dramatically into view just as the summit of the Sella is attained.

A barred road which is improved and

Monte Cristallo, up which the Italians dragged six-inch guns and then held the position for two years.

If the tourist has previously crossed the Ampezzo Pass on the way from Toblach to Cortina, there is no particular reason why he should go beyond the Lake of Misurina on the Tre Croci journey. The descent to Schluderbach is stony,



The Mont Blanc range from the Petit St. Bernard (7,178 feet).

thrown open to cars is of the same practical effect as a new highway in adding to the sum of touring convenience, and of the former class two noteworthy examples must be mentioned. The motorist is now free to make a round trip from Cortina over the Tre Croci Pass to the Lake of Misurina, descending thence to Schluderbach, and then returning to Cortina over the Ampezzo Pass. The Tre Croci road has not only been widened and made quite suitable for motor vehicles, but is also highly picturesque. It runs, by the way, close up to the base of the rugged

and it is preferable to turn the car around by the lake and return to Cortina.

Another road which was closed to cars while under the Austrian régime, but has been thrown open by the Italians, is the Karer or Costalunga Pass. This, it may be remembered, was part of the Dolomites Road itself, but motorists had perforce to make a *détour* by the San Lugano Pass when proceeding to or from Bozen, and only knew the Pordoi and Falzarego sections of the Dolomitenstrasse.

The Karer Pass is not particularly interesting on the east side, nor at the sum-

mit, but is very attractive between the latter and Bolzano. There is first the Karer Lake to be inspected, nestling in a wood below the level of the highway. It is only a pond in size, but its coloring is wonderful, reflecting every shade from emerald-green to lapis lazuli blue. Then comes the Latemar mountain group, seen to remarkable advantage through the

acted on the Jaufen and the Campiglio Passes, as well as on the Karer and in the town of Bolzano itself. In every case, however, where the tolls exist the road surface is less satisfactory than on the toll-free roads. I can only assume that national assistance is accorded to certain roads and that the maintenance of others devolves upon the locality; and, as the



A scene immediately below the summit of the Stelvio Pass (9,041 feet).

trees at one point on the descent; and lower down, in the Eggenthal defile, there is a memorable picture of the castle of Karneid standing high upon a rock. For the future the San Lugano route, which is not essentially picturesque, may be discarded in favor of the Karer Pass. The road itself, it may be added, is good on the west side, but more stony than is desirable between the summit and Vigo, although tolls are levied twice between Vigo and Bolzano.

Mention of tolls leads me to state that these have been abandoned on the Pordoi and the Falzarego, but are still ex-

Dolomite district suffered heavily during the war, administrative funds are none too plentiful. There is another road, by the way, on which a toll is charged—namely, from Lavis, above Trento, to Cembra and Cavalese, and I found it very bad, but it would probably have been even worse, or closed altogether to motor-cars, if no toll had been imposed.

The fact remains, however, that the post-war condition of the Alpine roads is for the most part vastly better than might have been expected. Only the Jaufen Pass displayed a lower quality of surface than on previous visits. The Stelvio was



For taking a photo at this spot on the Tonale Pass in 1909 the author was detained in a fortress.

as wonderful as ever, the surface of the road throughout being splendid, albeit one could see, as on all the ex-Austrian passes, adjoining trenches, dugouts, and the remains of barbed-wire entanglements, while the custom-house at the actual summit was in ruins. A notice-board warned the wayfarer not to approach too near by reason of the presence of asphyxiating gas shells.

Other Italian roads which had surfaces like billiard-tables were the Broccone, the Gobera, the Mendel, the Brenner, the Reschen-Scheideck, the Ampezzo, the

Campolongo, the Pordoi, the Col de Sestrières, and the Tonale. I shall never forget the glorious romp up the first-named—one of the last and best engineered roads built by the Austrians before the war—although the ascent was prefaced by a momentary qualm, when one found the central arches of the great bridge at the foot blown entirely away, presumably by a retreating force. A temporary structure and a temporary road, however, were discovered lower down the river, and the pass was gained after a short, if somewhat awkward, dé-



This is all that is left of the fortress in which the author was interned in 1909 by the Austrians.

tour. On the south side of the pass, again, it seemed as if one had reached an *impasse*, for reparation work was being carried on to such an extent that the main street of a village was all but blocked with masonry. However, it was possible to wriggle through the obstructions, and I doubt not but that here and everywhere else in the Dolomite area the destructive effects of artillery warfare will have disappeared completely before the coming summer.

Especially gratifying was the state of things on the Tonale Pass. I had expected to find it in poor condition, if open

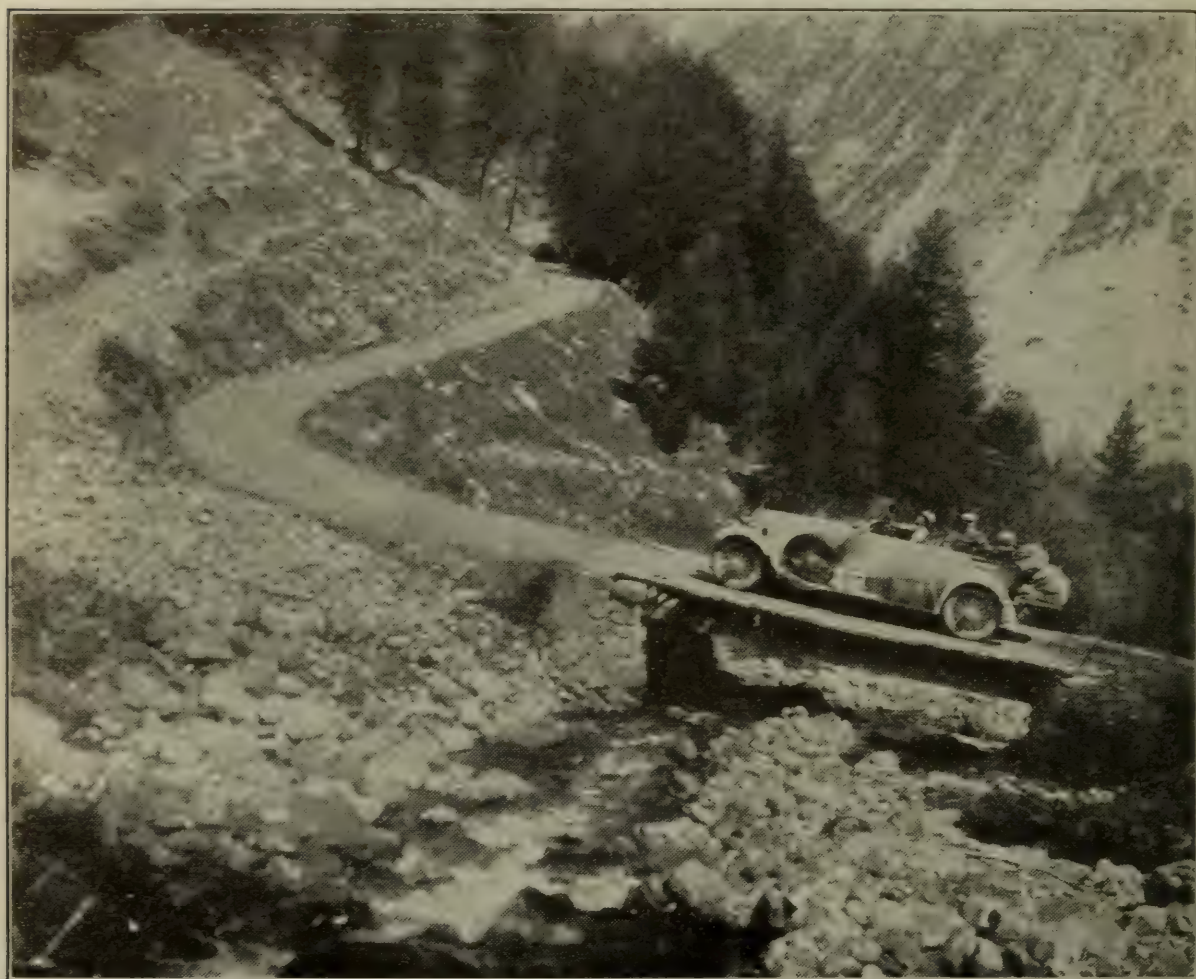
to traffic at all, as part of this fine highway had been shot away during the war. Artillery fighting on this route was serious, and no fewer than 6,000 Italian soldiers were blinded by the effects of shell-fire among the rocks. The town of Ponte di Legno, moreover, was badly battered. It has nearly all been rebuilt, however, while the surface of the road is perfect.

At 4,000 feet on the way up the pass I saw the remnants of the fort of Strino, in which I had a temporarily disconcerting but amusing experience in 1909. Two or three hundred yards before it is reached

there is a glorious view of the Presanella peaks and glaciers, which I duly photographed, not knowing that there was a fort around the corner. A sentry had seen me wield the camera, and falsely reported that I had photographed the fort itself—a physical impossibility from where I stood. When I had reached the

less. Twelve years later I photographed the mountains and the dismantled fort with melancholy satisfaction.

Touring, I may mention in passing, is now vastly more pleasurable in the region of the Dolomites and the approaches to Tyrol by reason of the fact that they are all under one government, and there are,



The Pont du Bérard (6,049 feet) on the Col du Parpaillon (8,671 feet). A rickety bridge and a 15 per cent gradient.

top of the pass, where the Austrian custom-house formerly stood—it is now in ruins—a telephone order had been received from the fort to send the car back. The descent was somewhat comic, as a couple of infantrymen boarded the vehicle a short way down, and stood precariously on the springs at the back like a couple of footmen. On reaching the fort, moreover, I found a squad of soldiers across the road, presenting fixed bayonets at the tires of the car. Nothing more unpleasant happened, however, than the compulsory development of my negatives to prove that they were harm-

therefore, no customs barriers to be crossed. Until Venezia Tridentina was created as a new Italian province, the Austro-Italian frontier ran through the very heart of the Dolomites. One had to pass two custom-houses if approaching Cortina from the south, or leaving the Via Ampezzo by the Della Mauria, and again on the Tre Croci Pass, and though there was no motoring road to Caprile, any one who entered it on foot from the north had a frontier to cross. Then there was the Tonale to be reckoned with, while the Stelvio had also a frontier line at its summit. In the old days it was even

worse, for until the road over the Broccone Pass was built one had to cross two frontiers to reach the Rolle Pass. Now, however, every pass in what was once Tyrol is entirely Italian save for the northern half of the Brenner, and one may journey over all the most beautiful mountain roads east of France and Switzerland

berg Pass. Now that the Dolomites are Italian the simple course is to confine one's journey to France and Italy in the main, and merely cross Switzerland by way of the Rhone Valley and the Simplon Pass.

Still, if one wishes to see more of Switzerland by road than has aforesaid been



The third stonefall on the Col du Parpaillon, about 8,000 feet up.

without having to consider custom-houses at all, once Italy has been entered from the west.

Nor is this all that has to be said concerning the enhanced resources of the motoring mountaineer. The fact that the long-standing embargo on certain Swiss passes has at last been removed has increased materially the tourist's opportunities of varying his routes. The gain is not so great, perhaps, as it would have been if effected earlier, for Tyrol was formerly one's chief objective, and as one had perforce an Austrian triptych it was natural to enter or leave Austria by the Arl-

feasible, there is a considerable tract of new country to be visited. Instead of turning off the Rhone Valley at Brigue, for the Simplon Pass, one may continue in a straight line to the Rhone Glacier and cross the Furka and the Grimse! The Klausen Pass, moreover, which would have been highly useful to any one proceeding to the Arlberg, is now open to automobiles under certain conditions, but will not be extensively used by the average tourist from the west. As for the Grand St. Bernard, the fact that it is now free is a noteworthy concession, though the route is much less picturesque than

the Petit St. Bernard, and the surface is somewhat rough. Of automobile locomotion in Switzerland generally, I may say that it is still subject in parts to total or partial embargoes, too numerous to detail, but every tourist who enters the country with a car is handed a manual, for which a charge of three francs is made, and which sets forth in full all the regulations as to Sunday travelling and barred roads throughout the whole country.

As for France, the Alpine roads are more numerous than ever, and mostly in grand condition. Nothing could be better than the route from Grenoble to Turin by way of the Col du Lautaret, Mont Genève and the Col de Sestrières. The new road over the Col de la Cayolle is now available, though I like it less than the alternative route over the Col d'Allos. The north side of the Col du Galibier was not in good condition in 1921, but is magnificently picturesque at all times and worth a somewhat adventurous journey. One road there is, however, which should be definitely avoided, and that is the strategical route over the Col du Parpaillon, the highest road in France. It has been allowed to lapse into a terrible state of disrepair, being of little or no military importance, and though I crossed

it in a sporting spirit last year I found it blocked, in four places, with avalanche falls which had to be severally cleared away by gangs of laborers before I could proceed. In many places, moreover, the "road" was barely as wide as the car, and had unfenced and crumbling edges throughout.

Inasmuch, however, as the Parpaillon road is not conspicuously beautiful, and inasmuch as it is a mere side road which is in no way essential to a through journey, the fact that it is undesirable as a climb is of no particular consequence. It serves, indeed, by force of contrast, to emphasize the excellence of the majority of the Alpine highroads. Their charms are as great as ever, and even intensified after years of enforced absence owing to the war; incidentally, I may mention that I have never seen wild flowers by the roadside in such prodigal array as during 1921. The available routes are more numerous, as we have seen, than in 1914, and frontier formalities are much less frequently encountered. Gasolene is everywhere obtainable, and garages are to be found in plenty. Everything, in fact, points to a great revival in Alpine motoring, unquestionably the finest of all forms of touring.

ALPINE PASSES—LOCALITY AND ALTITUDE

PASS	LOCALITY	ALTITUDE IN FEET	PASS	LOCALITY	ALTITUDE IN FEET
Stelvio,	Italian,	9,041	Campiglio,	Italian,	5,413
Col du Parpaillon,	French,	8,671	Broccone,	Italian,	5,305
Col du Galibier,	French,	8,530	Col de Viste,	French,	5,266
Grand St. Bernard,	Swiss-Italian,	8,110	Ampezzo,	Italian,	5,065
Col d'Izouard,	French,	7,903	Col des Aravis,	French,	4,915
Col de la Cayolle,	French,	7,716	Reschen-Scheideck,	Italian,	4,901
Pordoi,	Italian,	7,382	Brenner,	Italian-Austrian,	4,495
Col d'Allos,	French,	7,382	Mendel,	Italian,	4,475
Sella,	Italian,	7,277	Col de Porte,	French,	4,429
Petit St. Bernard,	French-Italian,	7,178	Col de la Faucille,	French,	4,331
Grödner,	Italian,	6,970	Col de St. Cergues,	Swiss,	4,051
Col de Vars,	French,	6,939	Toblach,	Italian,	3,965
Falzarego,	Italian,	6,913	Aprica,	Italian,	3,875
Jaufen,	Italian,	6,869	Col du Cucheron,	French,	3,871
Col du Lautaret,	French,	6,790	Col de Plainpalais,	French,	3,871
Col de Sestrières,	Italian,	6,660	Col du Frêne,	French,	3,818
Simplon,	Swiss-Italian,	6,594	San Lugano,	Italian,	3,599
Rolle,	Italian,	6,424	Gobera,	Italian,	3,339
Tonale,	Italian,	6,181	Col de Savine,	French,	3,248
Campolongo,	Italian,	6,165	Col de Leschaux,	French,	2,966
Mont Genève,	French-Italian,	6,100	Col du Mont Sion,	French,	2,592
Tre Croci,	Italian,	5,930	Col de Vence,	French,	2,461
Forcella Staulanza,	Italian,	5,817	Col du Chat,	French,	2,100
Costalunga,	Italian,	5,751			



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Headquarters of the National Woman's Party, facing the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

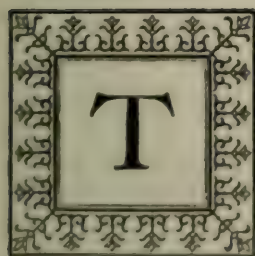
The Prison Special

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT

BY LOUISINE W. HAVEMEYER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[SECOND PAPER]



THE ship flashed out its lights up to the very night before our defeat in 1914. It had been a great campaign and had developed our political instincts, it had "toughened our sinews and summoned up our blood" for the greater campaign to come when we had become a National Woman's Party, with Susan B. Anthony's federal amendment as our only platform; when a little band of women had to fight an administration and a political organization armed cap-a-pie against them.

Now, every one knows that it needs a great deal of money to carry on a political campaign. Publicity is the great active

agency, always publicity, publicity! You must keep your cause always before the public, and in some way or another you must get the public interested in your cause.

The Congressional Woman's Party (which started in 1913 and became in 1916 the National Woman's Party) was headed by Alice Paul, a remarkable young woman of Quaker descent, inheriting the valiant, stern determination of her sect and gifted with a wonderfully keen political instinct.

When she assumed the head of the National Woman's Party, she had worked for some time with the Militant Party in England, but her efforts here were unflinchingly directed to the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, which

said: "The rights of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged in the United States, or in any State, on account of sex." Her intimate knowledge of the President's attitude toward us convinced her that only drastic measures would avail. She felt that women would have to make a supreme sacrifice—would have to conquer in a hard battle—or go under. Through the entire campaign Alice Paul uncompromisingly held the party in power responsible for the fate of the amendment.

In order to make you understand the situation, I must, as concisely as possible, speak of the President and his attitude toward us during our struggle. The President dominated in Washington; he had a Democratic Congress supinely yielding to his will. We were opposed by a President who felt himself absolute, and to whom the thought of mobilized woman-power was as a red rag to an infuriated bull. His education and commitment to suffrage was a long and difficult task. When the President was asked to help suffrage in 1913 he answered that "suffrage was a question to which he had given no thought."

Immediately work was begun and carried on so vigorously that in 1915, when the four Eastern States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, made an effort to acquire suffrage through a referendum to the voters of each State, the President, at the last moment, decided he would cast his vote for the referendum in New Jersey himself.

I well remember that campaign! It illustrates how little we had to hope from our President. The last mass-meeting had been called for New Jersey, "the antis" had even called off their workers, knowing our cause was lost; but we valiantly kept on; the round-up was in Hackensack, where we gave a big luncheon and held a huge mass-meeting in the evening. Doctor Anna Shaw and I were to be the speakers. At the luncheon it was announced, for the first time, and as a great bit of news, that the President had said he would come out for suffrage and vote for it upon Election Day. I recall saying at the mass-meeting that for once I could wish the incumbent in the White House had been a woman, for she would not have been able to have kept her secret so long.

Well, the President voted, but whom it helped most you can better judge for yourself when I tell you that only one other man voted for us in his precinct; but the next autumn, in his presidential campaign, one of the slogans was: "Vote for Wilson! He is for suffrage! He voted for it in New Jersey."

Alice Paul made appeal after appeal to the President, but she brought back to us nothing but hopeless disappointments. In 1916 she sent the "Suffrage Special" to the Western States begging the enfranchised women of the West to help us with their votes. This "Special," after a successful trip, with receptions, demonstrations, and publicity of all kinds, ended in June, 1916, in Chicago, where the Republican convention was held. Then and there the National Woman's Party was formed; as I have said, it was a step which politicians called an astute political move, and in truth it seemed so, for each political party, almost at once, adopted a suffrage plank in its platforms.

The end, however, was not in sight; the amendment was not passed until three years later. There was a strong feeling in many of the States against the amendment, and a desire for each State to settle the matter for itself through a referendum. There were strong advocates both for and against the amendment, but the opposition to it in Washington was intensely bitter on account of the administration's attitude.

My intention is not to give you a history of suffrage. Others will do that far better than I can; they will tell you "of the underlying strategy" which often influenced Miss Paul's plans, often caused her to put on more pressure; they will describe to you that renowned room in the "Little White House," as our headquarters were called, where every one who could affect suffrage had his record kept of his words and attitude, of his actions for or against our cause; and the testimony of those little slips of paper sometimes made it a dangerous thing for the offender to be a candidate for re-election.

Naturally the scene of action was transferred to Washington. The National Woman's Party, after difficulties which were deliberately thrown in its way and which would have discouraged any less

valiant body of women, secured a building for headquarters on Lafayette Square, a small park directly in front of the White House. From these headquarters issued the women who were to carry the banners with Wilson's contradictory words upon them, and to picket the President; the women who were to make demonstrations

Nevertheless, when Miss Paul called me up from Washington and asked me to take part in a demonstration, and to bring my "grip" in case we should have to go to prison, I did just as she requested, for how could I do less with such examples before me! I asked the family if they needed me, and told them I was going to



From a photograph copyright by Underwood, Lo & Underwood.

A group of suffragists who were imprisoned for picketing.

in the park at Lafayette's statue; those who were to burn the President's empty words without facts spoken in Paris; and lastly those who were to take part in that demonstration on the Sunday afternoon before our last defeat in a Democratic Congress and which led to The Prison Special, that entering wedge which helped to pass the amendment a few months later when the new Republican Congress had assembled in Washington.

That last demonstration was the one I took part in—the only one—for I had always laughingly said to Miss Paul: "No picketing and no prison for me. I don't like the thought of either one."

Washington for a few days. Our list of requirements was simple, a warm wrapper and a bottle of disinfectants. As I made my way toward headquarters, I noticed there was much activity on Lafayette Square, where groups of men and women were talking excitedly; other groups had assembled by the watch-fires which were always kept alive before the Little White House, to burn the President's faithless words. A great crowd had lined up on Pennsylvania Avenue. Something was to happen! There was too much preparation and expectancy to doubt that. My heart began to beat, for I had no more taste for my job than Ancient Pistol had

for his leek. "Oh, there is Mrs. Havemeyer now!" I heard several exclaim as I entered the Little White House. "Mrs. Havemeyer, Miss Paul is looking for you!"

I put down my "grip," which hurt my arm, and stiffened up a bit, for there was a call-to-arms look about the women, and no one likes to be a slacker! Alice Paul took me into her office and explained that while there was still hope that the Senate might pass the amendment on the morrow, the chances were against us. The President had sent no help from Paris; she said she deemed it best to make the demonstration. If the amendment were to go through, the probability was they would not arrest us, and no harm would be done. If not, they would arrest us, the country would be inflamed through publicity, and we would start as soon as we were released on the Prison Special, and seek supporters of the suffrage amendment from coast to coast to come to our aid.

As Miss Paul finished she said: "We need you, Mrs. Havemeyer, for our speaker on the Prison Special. If you remain in prison only a short time, you are qualified; of course, all the members of the Special *must* have been in prison. Now, will you carry the American flag and lead the procession? I think the crowd will be friendly, although it is known we are going to burn the President in effigy. We have to do something drastic, or they—the administration, who are beginning to feel uneasy under criticism of their treatment of American women—won't fight us." Alice Paul looked at me with her great dark, earnest eyes and the little ninety-pound figure was erect and expectant.

"Yes," I answered. "What am I to do?"

"Lucy Burns has charge of the demonstrations. Do as she says, and leave your bag where we can send it to you."

Well, there I was—can you imagine how I felt?—heading the demonstration, when fifteen minutes before the very thought of it had sent my heart beating as I saw the crowd assembling in the square. There were many of us there; I cannot venture to say how many; I think a hundred went out. All were greeting me

and I was trying to look unconcerned, but I assure you I don't think I ever had such a struggle for poise in my life. Fortunately, it did not last long, for suddenly Lucy Burns put a flag in my hand and said:

"Mrs. Havemeyer, start right on. Go to the end of the square, cross the trolley and go down Pennsylvania Avenue and stop directly in front of the White House; say what you have already said about women demanding their freedom. It doesn't matter much what you say. We have your written speech here for the press. Sue White will take charge of burning the effigy and leave the rest to me."

Sue White, a bright mischievous chairman from Tennessee, gave me a peep at the effigy, which was nothing more than a small cartoon of the President, making some unkept promise as usual. Then the word to start was given. I stepped out and I instantly felt as placid and calm as if I were going out to play croquet on a summer afternoon. I crossed the trolley and turned down Pennsylvania Avenue. The crowd was dense, but I felt the middle of the Avenue was the only place for *this* demonstration, and I headed right at the crowd. They fell back on each side and it was fine, I can assure you. I lifted my head high and my flag higher, and looked about. I even began to think, which reassured me, for at first it seemed as if my brain just would not function. I saw a line of policemen so long that in the perspective it made them appear small. Also there were many of the military police, but they remained at a distance. My attention was attracted by something bright shining upon the pavement and I observed rows upon rows of fire-extinguishers. Those fire-extinguishers, to my astonishment, saved the day for me! What could they be there for, what part were they going to play in the demonstration? Was this to be a game between the bluecoats and the petticoats? I was so interested, I almost forgot my part. It was Lucy Burns who "put me on the game" again:

"Here we are, Mrs. Havemeyer! Now your speech," she said. I stopped suddenly. I planted my feet firmly, held up my flag, and very deliberately repeated our message to the President and people,

while a great round, red-faced police captain with the brightest of gold braid and buttons stared at me, without opening his mouth. It was a jolly, good-natured captain of the administration who remained my faithful "serviteur" and well-wisher as long as he lived—poor fellow, he died the following year. The game began. I withdrew to the railing to protect my flag and await developments. An urn about as big as a twelve-inch flower-pot was produced and placed upon the ground,

and dragged their resisting leaders across Pennsylvania Avenue to the curb, when quickly another row began and my attention was drawn to the curb. The military captain was taking a hand in the game, and in our favor, too. He tackled "old Flathers," the chief of police, and let him know jolly well he had fumbled. *His* patrol, the military patrol! It was not there to be used by Flathers to take women to jail. Let him get his own patrol-wagon, he said. It was not his job to



The arrest of suffragists.

Thirty-nine of us were arrested that afternoon and taken to the station-house.—Page 666.

and a fire started in it; then the bluecoats rushed upon it, but the petticoats were too much for them. The fire brindled and kindled and crackled as if Logi the fire-god himself were on our side. The bluecoats became rough and the extinguishers were called into service, and played not only upon the fire but upon the women. I saw Sue White at the urn—the flames flashed. She gave me a nod; I knew the deed was done. The bluecoats were grabbing at everything in sight, hoping, I presume, to salvage the effigy, but what could you expect with those active little fire-extinguishers shooting in all directions, and so many brass buttons, so many yards of gold braid to be protected! The insignia, the great insignia, all that was left of manhood and the dignity of their rank, was to be guarded; and, not getting the effigy, they grabbed at the women

and dragged their resisting leaders across Pennsylvania Avenue to the curb, when quickly another row began and my attention was drawn to the curb. The military captain was taking a hand in the game, and in our favor, too. He tackled "old Flathers," the chief of police, and let him know jolly well he had fumbled. *His* patrol, the military patrol! It was not there to be used by Flathers to take women to jail. Let him get his own patrol-wagon, he said. It was not his job to

arrest women, nor his men's either, and he wouldn't do it. And, bowing politely to the ladies, he helped them out of the patrol-wagon. The women remained long enough to give him a salvo of applause, and then in a brilliant dash were back at the game in an instant.

Lucy Burns came to where I stood watching it all and said: "Now, Mrs. Havemeyer, I think it is time for you. Will you take this bundle and strike a match to it?"

"Of course I will," I said. "Shall I throw it on the urn?"

"Yes," she answered. "You can push those bits of lighted wood up with your foot, too."

I tried to light the match; it broke, and Flathers caught sight of me. In an instant he was by our side. "Please, Miss Burns," he pleaded, "don't let her

do it! You know we don't want to take her. Please don't. . . ."

"Go on, Mrs. Havemeyer," said Lucy Burns, absolutely ignoring Flathers. "Don't pay any attention to him. Here, take this," for another bundle appeared

patrol-wagon, which by this time had come up from the station and was full of prisoners.

Thirty-nine of us were arrested that afternoon and taken to the station-house. How can I describe all that happened in

the next two or three days!

As soon as we entered the station-house, one of our members, an athletic young woman, took "French leave." Her excuse to us was she was "needed at headquarters." Political prisoners we never failed to consider ourselves, although subjected to infamous treatment as common criminals. As we waited in the entrance-hall of the police station the captain disappeared, and one of our party followed him up and reported he was talking with the White House. Of course, only Tumulty was there, as the President was in Paris. A woman reported she had heard Flathers reply to a question over the phone, presumably from the White House. "Oh, indeed, sir, it is hard to tell, but a great many. They won't stand still long enough for us to count them. I guess there are a hundred."

The police wanted instructions. The plot began to thicken and we began to scare the authorities by our number. What should, would, or could they do with

us? Thirty-nine women! The greater part having had experience and knowing and intending to exact their rights as to lodging and food. It was Sunday, every place was filled, and the house of detention was overflowing with the Saturday's crowd. The country was pretty well aroused at the treatment and the abuse of their women at Occoquan, and the great club of publicity was in our hands and we were only waiting for an opportunity to brandish it.

After an hour or two of consultations



The District of Columbia Workhouse in which the suffragists were imprisoned.

They put us in a jail discarded ten years before as unfit to hold a human being.—Page 670.

from nowhere and another, an endless, ever-ready supply coming to us as if by magic. Poor old Flathers! He almost wrung his hands, and implored Lucy Burns to call me off, but I, knowing I *had* to qualify for speaker for the Prison Special, kept on throwing bundle after bundle toward the urn. I whispered to Lucy Burns: "I believe I will have to kick him, to keep in the game." Then Flathers said with a groan: "Well, if you will have it, here, take her," and he laid his hand upon my shoulder and I was led to his



A huge room, long and high, with dirty, impenetrable windows . . . a steel box like another black Maria, with stairs at one end leading to many rows of galleries giving entrance to the cells.—Page 670.

by telephone and parleys, during which time the officers would come in to look at us and endeavor to identify us, so as to be able to make a charge in court against us the next morning, Captain Flathers finally announced to us that we were to occupy the police dormitory on the second floor of the station-house and that it would soon be ready for us. "And," he added, "ladies, I want you to come and see the beds made yourselves. Don't say they are not clean. I will hold my flashlight on them while you look."

"Very well, captain, but how about our supper?" asked Lucy Burns.

"Oh, we don't feed you," he said despairingly.

"Oh, yes, you do," answered Lucy Burns; "milk and sandwiches to-night and poached eggs and coffee for breakfast."

The captain capitulated and sent for milk and sandwiches. After the inspection of the beds one member said facetiously to Captain Flathers: "You make us so comfortable, captain, I think we will want to spend thirty days with you." He clapped his hands to his head and fled without a word. After supper, reinforced by good things from the kitchen at headquarters—for Alice Paul was too good a general not to look after the welfare of her

fighting forces (and here let me say that the hilarity and the simple jokes and remarks were in reality proof of the strain we were under, for prison and a hunger strike are still formidable to the oldest and most hardened campaigner)—we were taken to our quarters by the matron who was detailed to guard us, a suffragist herself, with nine children. It was not bad at all—beds and lockers, that was all, and a clean—fairly clean—lavatory just outside. I was given the choice of beds. I could close my eyes and choose, as there was no choice. They all seemed to think I should mind it, but they didn't know how tired I was.

"If I had about twenty more feathers in my pillow I should sleep like a farmer all night," I said.

"Oh, Mrs. Havemeyer, take my pillow. I never use one," and a dear little slip of a factory worker passed hers over to me. Two years later, when I was speaking in Pennsylvania, she timidly came up to me and asked me if I remembered her. As if I could ever forget her, the dear child fighting for woman's freedom! The windows were flung wide open; the matron turned out the lights, and I had not time enough to connect up my thoughts from Fifth Avenue to jail before I fell asleep.

"Ladies! Arise!" It was the voice of

the matron, and some one called out sleepily:

"Is it seven o'clock already? Oh, dear!"

I was soon dressed, for I knew I would have first call on the lavatory, and it would take a long time to do thirty-nine "back hairs." When ready I sat down upon the steps, wishing the poached eggs and coffee would soon come. I noticed a

I think, before I proceed to tell you what happened to us, that I should state that the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the District of Columbia, decided: "That we had a constitutional right to picket and that it was illegal to arrest us, illegal to take us to jail, illegal to sentence us, and illegal to imprison us." We, of course, brought large damage suits, but in quick succession two commissioners, the



Arrival of the Prison Special in Charleston, South Carolina, 1919.

row of chairs had been piled up to bar the entrance to our dormitory and a huge sign had been placed on them. I looked at it. Some wag, I suppose, had put it there. It read: "No man's land! Keep off!" One tardy officer tore up the stairs to get at his locker. He looked at me as I pointed to the sign, threw up his arms, and fled.

We were soon in the jail attached to the court-house, and from the moment we entered the doors our hunger strike began. We were quite sure we should receive short sentences, for public opinion had to be respected—days only, not weeks nor months—such as hundreds of others of our party had received during the past year.

chief of police, Captain Flathers, and Zinckham, the warden of the jail—he who could not remember who planned the night of terror, although admitting that some one did—died or had been removed. A *higher* court was to settle our wrongs and we dropped this case, as we could gain nothing, and it would be an expense to carry it on. The administration must assume the responsibility of these unlawful acts committed in the very heart of our capital, the city dedicated to law and justice.

To return to the jail, we were none of us hungry. We were crowded into a small, ill-ventilated room already well filled with negro women, the culls of a night in the slums, with one or two in-

teresting cases which the ladies began investigating, hoping for future reforms. There we waited until two o'clock, when Mrs. Lawrence Lewis came in from headquarters, telling us there wasn't a chance of the amendment going through, although, she added with professional enthusiasm, "the new senator from South Carolina had spoken for us as if he had been rocked in a suffrage cradle." We

I stood quietly and answered his questions only by a movement of my head and received my sentence. As I passed out I felt some one catch hold of my coat and pronounce my name. I turned; it was Captain Flathers. "Mrs. Have-meyer," he said; "remember if ever you want a friend, send for Captain Flathers!" There was a laugh, I thanked him, and joined the group outside. As the



The Prison Special arriving at Chicago.

had expected this and knew the judge was only waiting for news from the capitol to send for us. We were called into court one by one and sentenced to "five dollars fine, or five days in jail." Of course, no one thought of paying the fine. When it came to my turn, a young patrolman took off his cap and answered the judge, who asked what the charge was, "She struck a match," looking toward me. Even the judge had to smile, and those in court told me that he said, after I left the courtroom, that he was in sympathy with us and thought we should have suffrage. I always said afterward in my speeches that I supposed, if the match I struck had lighted, I should have received a life sentence.

door opened to let me in with the other prisoners, a red-haired man exclaimed hotly:

"I wouldn't blame you women if you blew up the capitol!"

"You are from Jersey?" I asked.

"How did *you* know?" he questioned.

"Oh," I answered, thinking of my experience at the referendum; "there are men and *men* in New Jersey. *You* are one of the *men*."

The next step was to file out into the prison van—the black Maria—a huge tin box on its side with slits—just a few on top for gasping air only—and narrow seats that you slipped off of. We did not, for they crowded us in so tightly that there was one row on the seat and another

row on that row's knees. Perhaps that was a good precaution, for when we started we went lickety-slip, bouncing around corners, bumping into the curb, almost tipping over; we should have been black and blue—if not injured—if we had had room to move. It was a long ride, but we finally stopped and some one who had been in prison before said:

"Oh, I hope they let us out here! I don't think they would dare to put us in that old jail where we were so ill last summer."

But they did—that is just what the authorities did. They put us in a jail discarded ten years before as unfit to hold a human being, and when they knew that several of our members had almost lost their lives there from poisonous gases on a former occasion. Let those who are responsible for it read these lines, and may posterity judge them as they deserve!

After a few minutes' wait we started on again, and the black Maria was backed up to the door of that pestilential jail. I entered with the other prisoners, and as the great double doors rolled with a rusty, clanking sound and closed behind me, there came over me a feeling which made me plant my feet together and stiffen up as if it were not I but the reincarnation of those heroic women who could rise to sublime heights of sacrifice and daring. I would have dared anything. My very heart stood still for an instant, and then bounded beneath my ribs and crackled as the sparks of indignation snapped within. Where was my Uncle Sam? Where was the liberty my fathers fought for? Where the democracy our boys were fighting for? I understood what nerved the hand of Judith, what enabled Jael calmly to drive a nail through Sisera's wretched head, or the courage of Corday to spill the blood of the cruel French tyrant. I was fairly lost in admiration of the possibilities that I knew were within me. I felt I must "come back," and I softly said to myself: "And our flag flies over every building in this great city! A flag a *woman* made! Is it possible that only men shall be allowed to wave it?"

Some one spoke to me and I was glad, for my very soul was out of joint. "Mrs. Havemeyer, you must choose 'your suite.'"

Come this way. Here are the stairs to the first floor."

I looked about and saw a huge room, long and high, with immense dirty, impenetrable windows. From end to end, from floor to roof, was a steel box like another black Maria, with stairs at one end leading to many rows of galleries giving entrance to the cells which were back to back, one sheet of steel serving for walls to both rows, to divide them. The cells had running water, a disgusting closet, an iron support for a straw bed, one chair, and no light. I tried to collect myself and fall in with my companions' cheerful mood.

"I won't take the ground floor," I said; "it is too damp and cold, and those great doors might slip and close us all in. Those cells are for 'solitaries' and work automatically. Let me go up one flight," and I chose No. 7 on the first tier. The numbers were the only distinguishing difference. An Irishman might say: "As there was nothing to settle, we had soon done it." As no other prisoner was bad enough for the administration to put there, that entire jail was to be ours. The warden, with a greasy, moth-eaten coat and a head to match it, had said that we were to be quite alone there—and he would *not* lock the cells—as a great concession! The truth was that there was no room for us in the other jail and they put us in this one, and probably not a cell door would lock if he had tried to lock them.

The floor of the jail was many feet below ground level, and the cells were only about half the width of the building. This left a long, damp, dark space on each side where there was a long table with benches. Your feet would become so cold it was impossible to sit there long, and as there was no question of touching the bread or the tins of soup that were placed upon the table, we huddled about the cells, trying to make the best of it. Although some good voices sang quartets, it was a dreary outlook. Two miserable little gas-jets flickered up from below, and the windows were black, as night set in. In describing it later for the benefit of the Prison Special, I always said: "Everything escaped but the prisoners." The gas vapors from the sewers escaped; the fumes from the furnace escaped; the

water escaped; and the gas escaped. The guards paced up and down, opening the great door as some prisoners came in, to throw another bucket of coal on a fire that might have been composed of atoms. Still the bucketful was enough to set us all coughing, and I had a suspicion that that was what it was done for.

I was glad to cover the dirty straw of my bed with a sheet and lie down, and

democracy abroad like a belated edition of an evening paper, and giving it to any little nation that would stand still long enough to receive it. Even those pretty, languorous, long-eyed Hejazians had it. Any "cutie" on the other side of the Atlantic could have it, but it was denied the stout-hearted American women whose self-sacrificing mobilization for the great cause was the admiration of all and



Senator Harding listened attentively while Mrs. Havemeyer made her appeal for a solid Republican vote in Tennessee.

as a dear member came in to say "Good-night" she slipped a real little pillow she had smuggled in, under my head, and I was alone in a prison and in a cell, and for what? Because I demanded for my sisters in America the democracy our boys—yes, *our* boys, for many of our members had husbands and sons in the trenches—were fighting for. "Fighting to make the world safe for democracy," said our President. Whose democracy? And who got it? The enemy, of course! Many German women were actually sitting in legislative bodies, and every nation in Europe had suffrage but Spain and France. The women of America were to languish in a dirty, discarded prison, because they dared to ask for *their* democracy, while our President was hawking

one of the wonders of the war. I thought of my work for the hospitals, of the thousands and thousands of pounds of jam and other contributions to be sent abroad; of my work for the Liberty Loan, for food conservation, for the land army; of my taking my pictures down from my walls and sending them to the Metropolitan Museum so they might have a Courbet Centennial Exhibition as requested by the French Government; and I almost laughed as I said aloud:

"And here I am, lying on an armful of dirty straw."

"Are you all right, Mrs. Havemeyer?" called out my neighbor in the adjoining cell.

"Yes, fine," I called back. "But isn't it too funny?"

If you intend doing anything out of the ordinary, you better take a look at the "family tree" first. If you have not any family tree, why, go ahead; but if you have one of those wide-spreading, interlocking branching affairs with shallow,

in the headlines on the front page, and I do admit it was hard for my children to read in the morning papers that their little mother was in prison. But those telegrams, oh, those telegrams! From them I gleaned I had stripped the family



"Not on your life, captain," I exclaimed. "We are not going to be photographed like that. They might think you were arresting me. We will be taken shaking hands."—Pages 675-6.

wobbly roots, look out; it may give you a lot of trouble. Mine gave me trouble. The next morning telegrams began to arrive. I blushed as I read them, for I knew that Zinkham, the greasy warden of the prison, must have read them too, or he would never let me get them. Telegrams from everywhere and every one. I suppose the Woman's Party, with professional instinct, had done the publicity feature of the demonstration in New York. I was

tree, I had broken its branches, I had torn up its roots and laid it prostrate in the sorrowing dust. What had the whole treeful of innocents ever done that I should treat them thus? Did I realize I had lost my citizenship? That telegram forgot that citizenship (real citizenship) was what I was fighting for—and theirs as well as mine! Did I know I could never sign a legal check again? I didn't and I haven't learned it since. Did I

know I could never, *never* escape being on an oyster-shell in society? Sacred Mammon! the curse was crushing! But there were other telegrams which did hurt—tore at my heart and made me decide to return home at once. Also there were comforting telegrams: Was I safe? Could they do anything for me? Don't mind *us*, although we are heart-broken, if you think you should stay. And my little grandson went sobbing to bed because his grandma was in prison, and he loved her so because she was "a real sport." That gave me great pleasure. Then another about my sister: "Auntie is very ill, if you could only come to her," etc., etc.

Alice Paul was perfectly satisfied that I should pay for the remaining days and leave. I had done the trick and was qualified for the Prison Special. I promised, if I could prop up the family tree and put a little life into it, I should be ready to go the following Sunday, and then I returned to New York. I remember I was very anxious to be off, and waited and waited for a taxi. When the great door was rolled open for me, I found outside a miserable little taxi and as miserable a chauffeur, a small colored boy. I was quite cross and roundly took him to task for being so long in answering my call.

He began to excuse himself and he stuttered badly: "You see, ma'm," he said; "I-I drove up a-a-and d-d-down, but-but I c-c-couldna find your *hotel*!" I followed his glance, for I had not seen the outside of my "hotel" myself. It took but a minute to see where they incarcerated American women—that ugly red-brick pile. I jumped into the taxi and made for home as quickly as possible. When I arrived, as my chauffeur took my grip and led me to the car, I saw my daughter and my little grandson had come to meet me. I also noticed that instead of standing by the door and waving to me as usual, the little fellow was peeping from the farthest window at me as if he feared I might look different or be changed in some dreadful way. I took care to be quite "as usual," and made no reference at all to prison and he was soon on my knee and we were chatting merrily together. I went at once to my sister, who was really ill, and as she held me in

her trembling arms, as if I had come back from the grave, I cursed our Congress and the administration, and the family tree, and my mind made a dash to think of some reassuring words. From the chaos of my brain cells I drew forth the following: "But sister mine, don't you know John Bunyan went to prison?" That broke the ice, and I tried to explain why I went into the demonstration. I walked all about that prodigiously important family tree, and I didn't touch a twig nor a leaf, nor harm it by any remark, and my sister even laughed when I told her about the darky chauffeur who "couldn't find my hotel."

After having been welcomed back to the "main" part of the family, naturally there were just a few who thought I could cast a prison shadow still which might darken their escutcheon. I returned to my home and my own fireside, feeling a greater sense of fatigue than I had known, even in my hard campaigning days. I was glad to be alone and think it over in the comfortable glow of the fire. But I fear my brain was restless, and suddenly I thought of John Bunyan.

"Certainly," said I; "John Bunyan went to prison and what a good thing it was he did! Without it we should never have had that good man's manual and the bad man's guide, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'" At least, there is one instance where prison helped the things of this world. "How about others?" I queried to myself. Galileo seemed to rise from the fire and passed before my mental vision. "Ah, there's another," I said, "who feared not prison, who was willing, like the genial old soul he was, to let his knees crack as he recanted old theories, determining all the time that the world *should* move on, and the pendulum *should* swing. Bravo, old Galileo, the world is much the better for you and *your* prison experience. Who next, I wonder?" I gave the logs a sharp rap, and who appeared but Martin Luther himself, his great books under his arm, his inkstand in his hand.

"Oho," said I; "the Samson of the Middle Ages. He who feared neither Pope nor devil. If all Protestant people from his day to this can take their prayer-books in their hands and worship God as they see fit, without regard to creed or

sect, they owe it to Martin Luther, the man who cared naught for prison nor all its bars."

"But these are men," thought I. "Is there no woman who was not afraid of prison to help her cause?" I glanced at the flames. They leaped up brightly, crackling as they broke and burned. I saw a figure rising from them, a figure sitting firmly upon her horse, holding aloft her blue banner, and her dark hair framing her innocent peasant face. "La Pucelle, Joan! Joan of Arc!" I exclaimed. "You are indeed she, the brave girl who feared not prison, the leader of armies in the mighty assaults and attacks that level all obstacles and make you victorious over your foes; the tender woman nurse, as darkness finds you on the still bleeding battle-field; the woman of her banner and of her vision! Ah, *she* knew no fear of prison! She knew her cause only. You, dear child, who could cry when spoken to harshly by rough soldiers, you could draw your sword and refuse to sheath it until you had crowned your King and France was free! To-day, in this great war, it is not to their kings nor to their generals that the French soldiers cry. 'Joan of Arc, we're calling for you,' they sing as they move into the trenches, or go over the top. Their woman, their guardian, their saint. Oh, Joan! Dear little martyr, the world to-day is better, much better and nobler, because there was a peasant girl in Domrémy who was not afraid of prison."

The next week with only the qualified consent of the "family tree," which by this time had stiffened up a little from its storm-and-stress experiences, I again took my grip and started for Washington. I had just time to board the Prison Special, which was about to start for its trans-continental trip. The car accommodated twenty-nine and there were twenty-nine of us on board. (The judge, after sentencing twenty-nine, asked how many more remained, and when told the number dismissed the cases. It was all in the day's work. He was tired and was it possible justice had given out?) Each one was assigned a specific duty to perform; for the organization of that trip—the planning of our schedule, the custodian-

ship of the car, the arrangements for each day—was a little masterpiece, and, as far as I know, there was not a hitch from start to finish. Mrs. Helen Hill Weed made our schedule, and she showed how admirably she could do it. As I used to say in my speeches: "Here are the militants, and nothing broken. We haven't even broken down. But we have broken the record, for General Sherman on his great march marched only to one sea. We have marched to both seas and everywhere, like him, we have conquered." The time-table was so perfectly arranged that my family could reach me at any hour by letter, telegraph, or telephone. The special was certainly a marvelous bit of publicity, and I don't wonder it attracted the admiration of old political campaigners, who told us we had accomplished with that Prison Special what they could not accomplish with all their millions.

Imagine a gaily decked car with its busy crew—our press chairman dictating to her stenographers in one stateroom; the treasurer and banker combined clicking her coins taken from collections, etc., in another; the news committee selling *Suffragists*; the speakers for factories or designated parts of a city preparing their speeches or writing their reports. Oh, and the "home" was not forgotten. We could not forget that woman's place was in the home. We had a housekeeper, good Edith Ainge, a co-campaigner with me in the lost referendum days in New York in 1915. She shared my stateroom. Administering hot-water bags, pills of all dimensions, headache powders, bandages, and simple remedies of all sorts, it was her mission also to call us down on neatness and order. She was a marvel at dress-hooking, a good hairpin contributor and custodian of lost articles. She was also the presiding judge of fair play when we had but one room in a hotel, and that for a few hours only, and there were applicants for twenty-nine baths with one tub, and twenty-nine naps with one bed; we could afford no more. I can see her smoothing up pillows and tidying up the bath. Lucky for her, we were all too busy to quarrel and no matter what "private opinion" might be, there was very little or none of it expressed aloud.

Our "stops" were a clever bit of political strategy, planned in headquarters. We threw out anchor in any State where senators or representatives could be won, or where it was necessary to win over constituents to instruct their senators or representatives in Washington. I won't tire you with too many details. I was to speak whenever Lucy Burns told me to speak and I did. I was usually placed on the programme as the first speaker, probably, as I told my audience, on account of my size—I would make a difficult target in case our audience were disposed to be hostile. You must remember we were in the enemy's country—in the South—and our itinerary carried us directly to South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, etc., and on to San Francisco, returning by Colorado, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and disbanding in New York City. I can honestly say I never experienced any trouble of any kind—no cat-calls nor hisses; my audiences were invariably quiet and respectful, interested, and often enthusiastic. Chattanooga, under the very shadow of Lookout Mountain, where the great Battle in the Clouds was fought in the Civil War, was I think the least sympathetic of all the places we visited. We heard there "might be trouble," but if true it missed fire. We marched into a hall not packed but well filled, and as usual I had to speak first. I began by noticing that the hall was not packed, but I said I thought there were as many present as there were when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and I hoped they would sign ours, etc. They seemed to like the idea—they warmed up to us and to our cause. Of the sentiment in that State against us you may form some idea when I tell you that at the large luncheon arranged for us I sat by the leading and one of the wealthiest ladies in the city. Asked to contribute, she told me under her breath she would give us five dollars, but that her husband would turn her out of the house if he heard of it! Don't you think she needed the vote?

While we were on our trip the deplorable Boston Common affair occurred—an affair which awakened the indignation of the country. I must briefly relate the

circumstances, in order that you may understand the little incident which happened to me in Michigan. Alice Paul desired to have the women make a protest to the President upon his hurried visit to America in 1919. The President for *some reason* decided to land in Boston. Therefore, a delegation of Boston women, carrying banners which as usual had his words inscribed upon them, lined up in front of the State House, where he was to make his speech. For a long time they were allowed to stand there. Then suddenly they were told to leave. Knowing they were well within their Constitutional rights, they refused to move. The police fairly fell upon them, handling them brutally. They were thrown into jail and later thrown out again, some even without their clothing, which was flung out after them upon the street. Never, since the days of witchcraft, did any incident to women cause so much feeling, and no doubt the sympathy it gained for our cause led to Massachusetts being one of the first States to ratify the suffrage amendment. When I spoke in Boston a short time after this disgraceful scene, one of the ladies who took part in it sat in the theatre where I spoke and I could see how badly she had been hurt. Her eyes had been blackened, her forehead had been jammed and scraped, and she had an ugly bruise upon her cheek. As for publicity, it had aroused the country, possibly as much as the Prison Special itself. After that the sentiment among the police force, wherever one went, seemed to be strongly in our favor. When we reached Detroit the traffic force asked permission to be our escort during our sojourn in the city. As I stepped out of the car in the Detroit station, I was told that the captain of the traffic police was there and would like to meet me. The welcoming committee begged me to make an exception and for the sake of publicity to be photographed.

"Just this once, Mrs. Havemeyer," they pleaded, "and do be photographed with the captain. It will make such a good cut for the papers." I consented, and the captain stood straight and severe beside me. As I looked at him a thought flashed through my mind and I saw a way to help publicity. "Not on your life,

Captain," I exclaimed. "We are not going to be photographed like that. They might think you were arresting me. We will be taken shaking hands." We shook hands, and of course the photographer snapped us in while we were still laughing. The cut was in all the papers, and I received a great salvo of applause when I told of the incident in Carnegie Hall, for in New York also the police had handled the women brutally and shown themselves to be little better than thugs disgracing their uniform.

Miss Paul had prepared the way for us, and everywhere we were received by the mayor or his representative who, whether a sympathizer or not, recognized better than our President did the futility of opposing us and the great voting force which was gathering impetus every day. From our opening night in Charleston, South Carolina, when the opera-house was packed from floor to dome, and the overflow blocked traffic at two street corners, and the committee beckoned to me to leave the stage in order to go out and address them, to our great final mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall, we had immense audiences who evinced for us large sympathy and keen interest. In New Orleans, the very heart

of the anti feeling, the mayor had ordered a platform built in the city park, and from two in the afternoon until six o'clock we held a crowd so dense and packed that as I rose to address them it seemed to me it was a mass of heads as solid as the ground beneath me. After an hour the crowd grew beyond the possibility of hearing us, and again, as in Charleston, we went from the main platform to speak to the newly formed crowds in other parts of the park. The crowds did not disperse until we had to desert the platform and go prepare for the "big dinner" and the evening meeting. Twenty-nine days were consumed in the trip, and we pulled into the terminal in New York City having acquired nation-wide publicity, having won many friends—sometimes as many as a hundred telegrams would be paid for and handed to us to be sent to a senator or representative or to the President in Paris, to ask him to work for the amendment. I think I may truly add we accomplished our task without an unpleasant incident. The typewriters were still clicking, and the coins still chinking, and the busy workers were "finishing up," as I hurriedly left the car to go speak at Carnegie Hall.

Country-Bred

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

HIGH in the cañon walls men call the street,
 He reigns in sleek seclusion, potentate
 O'er half the earth, cocooned in gilded state
 And silken ease that once a monarch's suite
 Alone endowed; and at his bidding meet
 Trade's commandeers, on whose bluff debate
 Not only marts, but kings and councils wait
 To know if hungry nations yet may eat.

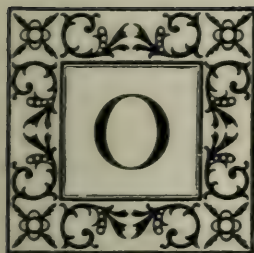
But now he sits, head bent and eyes a-dream,
 A lonely man there in his lofty room,
 And wonders if along the old home hill
 Dogwood's in snow, and o'er the purring stream
 A haunted wind breathes of the wild-grape bloom
 While all the dusk mourns with the whip-poor-will.

A New Power in University Affairs

BY WILFRED SHAW

General Secretary the Alumni Association of the University of Michigan

I



OUR American universities are changing these days; changing so rapidly that we have hardly had time as yet to realize just what is taking place.

Not only have they doubled—even tripled—in size, almost overnight, as we reckon historical periods, but they have appropriated, as coming within their proper field, almost every phase of knowledge necessary to our complicated up-to-date civilization.

In a general way, of course, we have been aware of this development, but we have been slow, not to say reluctant, to acknowledge the new points of view it has set for us. Nor do we recognize just how and why these changes have come about. That little group of older colleges on our eastern seaboard, the direct heirs of the traditions and curricula of the mediæval universities of Bologna, Paris, and Oxford, have so fixed their traditions upon our conception of university life that we find it very difficult to see how different things really are nowadays. Yet it will not be hard to prove that our modern universities are farther from the little institutions our grandfathers knew than they in their turn were from the porticos where Abelard taught in Paris.

This implies, of course, many new and puzzling elements in our whole scheme of higher education. Some of them, such as the expansion of the general field of knowledge, the growth of popular education, coeducation, the interrelation of the university and our national life, and the ever-present necessity for increasing resources, are well recognized. But other factors, such as the developing organization of undergraduate life, "student activities," the unavoidable complications of university administration, and, above all,

the influences which have underwritten, so to speak, these developments, are not so generally apparent. It all means that we are still in an era of transition, with all the maladjustments of such a period aggravating the difficulties facing the university executive.

It is the aim of this article to discuss one of these factors, a new element everywhere at work in our university system, but one that nowhere has been recognized for the force it really is. First of all, however, it may prove profitable to suggest, very briefly, some of the changes of the last few decades in which this new element already has had its profound influence.

In the first place the average college man nowadays finds his field immeasurably broader than did his grandfather—or even his father. We do not include the college woman because she herself is one of the evidences of the new dispensation. The classics, mathematics, rhetoric, philosophy, and a modicum of specialized theology satisfied our forebears. Science as we now regard it never bothered them. A few lectures upon "natural philosophy," botany, zoology, and geology might be heard in the more progressive institutions, but laboratories, experimental apparatus, applied mathematics, and physical and chemical formulas were almost unknown. Modern languages were in disfavor, and historical studies were confined to the Greek and Roman world. Of the thousand and one subjects that fill a modern university catalogue this was all that came within their ken. Still they were satisfied that they knew what education was, and, moreover, they were able to make sure, apparently, that the educational bolus was really swallowed and digested. We of to-day cannot be so certain in these matters.

It is also significant of this new era that our university students are increasing at a rate, proportionally, far in excess of the

growth of our population. This is in harmony with what Doctor James B. Angell, so long the dean of American college executives, used to call our "American passion for education." This was, with him, no flimsy theory; for even in 1871, when he came to the University of Michigan, one person out of every two thousand three hundred inhabitants of the State was a student at the State university. Now, after a lapse of fifty years, and in spite of an enormous increase in population, the proportion has almost quadrupled, one in six hundred and thirty-six.

This record, of course, is far from unique, it is only one specific example of the extraordinary increase in the enrolment in our universities, which runs, in the larger institutions, from five to twenty thousand students. Some will doubt whether it is a "passion for education" that is inspiring these student throngs; it may be merely training, or perhaps social advantage—just because it is "the thing to do"—that is the impelling force. But whatever their aim, their very presence is an inspiring justification of our *credo* of popular education and a challenge to our ability to prepare them adequately for life in our complicated modern civilization.

This profound change in the educational bill of fare, and the eagerness of young America for the feasts spread in the halls of learning, which we may at least infer from our ever-mounting attendance figures, suggests inevitably another element in the situation. This is the extraordinary physical growth of our universities which has answered these new conditions. It implies, necessarily, an enormous increase in their actual and potential resources.

How have our educational institutions managed to keep up, even measurably, as they have, with the demand for the new libraries, laboratories, recitation halls, and dormitories necessitated by our all-inclusive educational programme? And, even more, how have they done it, when the students demanding these facilities have been increasing at such a constantly accelerating ratio?

The answer is rather obvious—through the support of their former students. Gifts, of course, have come from other sources, particularly in the case of the en-

dowed institutions; but, either directly or indirectly, it is from the graduates for the most part that the money is coming. With the state universities this support, at present, may be less evident; but it will be forthcoming to-morrow. Meanwhile, their alumni are active in securing the legislative appropriations that support the institutions, appropriations which, if capitalized, would in many cases far surpass the resources of even the wealthiest of the endowed universities.

This means that the alumni are now a part of the university body. Not so many years ago, when we used this phrase, we implied the trustees, and possibly the faculty, in a rather close and self-satisfied corporation. Sometimes a very literal interpretation included the students as a third element in the academic fellowship; though their position was ill-defined and uncertain. But of late years, the alumni are insisting, and insisting effectively, that they, too, are a part of the university. Not content with words, for such a statement of his relationship to his alma mater probably would not occur to the average graduate, they are acting, and acting so effectively, and with such ample cash reserves, that their new status cannot be denied them. However, we may feel about it, the alumni are in university affairs as they have never been before—and they are there to stay.

II

THE great drives which have been made for funds to support many of our leading colleges and universities furnish a concrete illustration of the power that lies to-day within our great bodies of college graduates. At a meeting of alumni officers in American universities, held at Cornell University, May, 1921, an effort was made to ascertain roughly the total amount of gifts made since the close of the war to American universities through alumni efforts. As far as was ascertainable from those present the total was something over one hundred million dollars. It should be understood that this sum did not represent by any means all the colleges and universities in the country, nor were individual gifts, whether from friends or from alumni, included. It

involved only the actual cash result from general alumni "drives." It might be added, too, that before some of these efforts are completed the total will probably reach fifty million dollars more.*

Here we have a result of alumni support expressed in its simplest and most tangible terms. But what are we to say of the intangible element which is a corollary of this effort—the personal interest and intelligent support of the graduates, as individuals, which this vast sum represents?

One of our leaders in the university world—he was a college president—was once asked what he thought of a proposed effort toward the organization of the alumni of his institution. "What is the good of it?" he replied; "besides I have all I can do to manage the faculty and students." This was formerly the usual attitude. Even now there are those—especially within our universities—who still profess to believe that the less the alumni have to do with the institution that fostered them, except to furnish funds for an occasional building, sit on the bleachers at the big games or gather once a year to sentimentalize at commencement, the better all around.

We are fast coming to see things differently, however, though here we are not concerned particularly with the correctness or falsity of this view. The truth is that it is a delightful example of what is usually called an "academic question." The alumni of our American universities, not only in the persons of occasional able and influential graduates in their councils, but as organized bodies, are beginning to know what they want, and are going after it systematically.

Almost every university has had some taste of the power of this new element. Instances might be given where the alumni have risen in opposition to faculty or administrative policies, and have won their point. Sometimes the issue has arisen over a gift with certain conditions attached; sometimes it has been the maintenance of various "good old traditions"; while not infrequently student affairs, particularly athletic policies, form the basis for the argument.

* Some of these facts were stated by the author in an address published in *The Oberlin Alumni Magazine*, July, 1921.

It is fortunate that these divisions in our academic families are infrequent, comparatively; though every university man who understands anything about the problems of his alma mater must recognize that such struggles are possible at any time. They are, essentially, the logical complement of the support our universities are accepting from their graduates. With some sort of a financial interest, no matter how small, in the affairs of his institution, an increasing personal interest on the part of the graduate is not strange; rather it must be accepted as inevitable. In fact, it is not only welcomed, for the most part, but it is even stimulated, and it is coming to be exerted in places where it is not a question merely of financial support. Thus, for some time we have had alumni representation—sometimes exclusive representation—on boards of trustees, alumni committees of investigation, and separate alumni bodies, as well as the organization of the whole alumni body into associations, with subsidiary class organizations and local alumni clubs. In fact it is safe to say that there is no avenue open to alumni participation in university affairs that is not followed somewhere; but it is equally true that nowhere, at present, shall we find graduate support carried to its fullest logical development. It is a force that, as yet, is only finding itself. What it will become and what it will mean to our universities in the future, time only can tell. All we can say is that the alumni have already become active partners in the affairs of the universities, and they promise to be more active in the future.

III

It is not too much to say that this relationship of the graduate to his alma mater is an expression of the two sides of the American genius—its idealism, sentiment, if you will, and its ability for organization. Were our whole educational system maintained by the State, as is the case in France and Germany, perhaps we, too, might have less of this enthusiastic and sympathetic support and co-operation. True, many of our largest and strongest universities are State institutions, but they came into the field at a comparative-

ly recent date, and the essential relationship between graduate and university had already been established in the older endowed universities.

For the graduate of a continental university, the word *alumnus* has little meaning. Practically no ties of sentiment bind him to his alma mater. It is the outstanding teacher, or course, that attracts the student, who passes easily from one university to another. In Germany, whatever university sentiment the graduate has is reserved for his "corps," the equivalent of our fraternities, or for the partly academic, partly convivial, *verein* which centres about the branch in which he is specializing. Even these slender ties are lacking for the French university man. Save as a citizen, he has no voice in the management of his university, nor does it ordinarily even seek to keep in touch with former students.

In the English universities it is somewhat different; particularly at Oxford and Cambridge, where the different colleges, with their time-mellowed quadrangles and ripe traditions, form the basis for ties in some respects even stronger than we find in many American institutions. Yet with all his love for his alma mater, the English graduate finds few opportunities for its practical expression; though the convocations of the different colleges, composed of the faculties, fellows, Masters of Arts, and A.B. men who have retained their membership in the college, can exert certain legislative powers in college affairs. This, in effect, produces a limited body of loyal and interested graduates who prove their vital concern in many a well-attended session where warm debates are held upon college policies. An annual gathering is also held, which corresponds in many ways to our alumni reunions in American universities at commencement time. Certain of the English colleges also publish some sort of a journal, which appears annually or semi-annually. Systematic organization of classes and local alumni clubs, however, or the solicitation of funds, for the most part is unknown. Our scheme of organization is more nearly paralleled in England by the former students of the great public schools, whose graduates, known as "old boys," meet annually for dinner,

publish journals, and, in general, set great store by their status as old "Etonians" or old "Paulines."

With the Scotch universities and with English municipal universities such as London, Manchester, and Liverpool, all of more recent organization, the case is somewhat different. There the alumni have a practical share in the control of the university. In the Scotch universities, which may be taken as representative, the graduate body, known as the "General Council," in addition to certain advisory functions has the prerogative of electing four representatives upon the governing body of the university, the lord chancellor of the university, and a member of Parliament. This last privilege results in the careful maintenance of lists of graduates. But here, again, the alumni organization goes little farther. There is none of the appeal for funds to which we are accustomed, and such things as a class reunion or a local alumni association are almost unknown. Few alumni journals are published, and as for the great gifts which the American *alumnus* lavishes upon his alma mater, it simply "isn't done."

Not unnaturally, therefore, the first steps toward alumni organization in America were very modest. In fact, it is difficult to find any reference to alumni activities in any except the most recent of college histories. We know that the graduates of some of the older universities made their influence felt in various ways even before the Revolution, but conscious co-operation did not begin for many years. Probably the first effort that has survived was the system organization at Yale, where the class has always had a greater relative importance. Practically every Yale class has been organized with a secretary as executive officer since 1792, and the published records, the first of which appeared in 1821, now amount to over seven hundred volumes, not including small pamphlets and address lists. It was not until as late as 1854, however, that the Yale alumni began to organize local associations.

The purpose of this organization, in its early days, was probably more or less social, simply an effort on the part of the members of the different classes to keep

track of one another, though doubtless there was also some effort on the part of individuals to keep in touch with university affairs. Similar organizations existed in a few other early American colleges, but nowhere, apparently, did this system grow as rapidly or as consistently as at Yale. Far more common was the usual form of organization we are familiar with to-day, the "societies of alumni" or "alumni associations," which gradually began to appear during the first half of the nineteenth century.

It is interesting to trace the genesis of a sense of responsibility toward the institutions which gradually developed in these bodies. In only a few cases, apparently, was it a desire on the part of the graduates to have a voice in directing the policies of the college—it was before the day of universities. Ordinarily it was simply an effort to revive old ties. One of the very earliest of these associations was founded at Williams College in 1821, "that the influence and patronage of those it has educated may be united for its support, protection, and improvement."

That there was some conception of a constructive relationship between the college and the graduates may be gathered from a statement as to the purpose of the proposed organization in the formal summons for the meeting called "at the request of a number of gentlemen educated at the institution who are desirous that the true state of the college be known to the alumni."

When we turn to the South we find that the society of alumni organized at the University of Virginia in 1838 was less specific and possibly more convivial in its aims, for the committee was instructed "to notify the alumni to form a permanent society to offer to graduates an inducement to revisit the seat of their youthful studies and to give new life to disinterested friendships founded in student days."

We may take this as the beginning. Other organizations slowly followed. An alumni association was organized at Princeton in 1826; Harvard's came in 1840; those at Amherst and Brown in 1842. Columbia did not follow until 1854. In the Middle West the colleges of

western Pennsylvania and Ohio were the first to develop, and in some of them at least, alumni organization followed closely upon their establishment. Thus there was an alumni organization as early as 1832 at Miami and in 1839 came associations at Oberlin and Denison. The State universities naturally came later, though Michigan organized an alumni association as early as 1860—only sixteen years after the first class was graduated. An *Alumnorum Catalogus*, however, with the names given in the Latin form as far as possible, had been published for some years. The value of the movement was quickly appreciated elsewhere, and in the case of practically every institution founded within the last fifty years the alumni organization has followed quickly upon the graduation of the first class.

It is, therefore, fair to conclude that by the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century the essential features of our present system of alumni organization were well established throughout the country, though even then there was little to suggest the extraordinary momentum this movement has acquired more recently.

IV

OCCASIONAL graduates of outstanding personal, or financial, ability had a certain share undoubtedly in the very early growth of some of our universities. Owing to the fact that practically all of the Eastern institutions were privately endowed, and their alumni older and more influential, it was only natural that with them graduate opinion became really effective at a much earlier period than elsewhere. Their first constructive effort in many cases was to insure to the graduates a share in the determination of university policies. After a long struggle Harvard's alumni were successful, in 1865, in securing the privilege of electing the members of the board of overseers; at Princeton, however, the alumni were not represented on the board of trustees until 1900. At Oberlin, as far back as 1870, three alumni sat with the board of trustees, and in 1879 a provision became effective for the election of one-fourth of the trustees by the alumni. These efforts were duplicated at Cornell, Dartmouth,

and many other of the endowed institutions.

With the State universities, the problem of alumni participation in university policies is more difficult. Ordinarily in these institutions the graduates may exert only an advisory and indirect influence, though on occasion it can be remarkably effective. As a matter of fact, particularly among the older institutions, a quasi-representation of alumni interests is secured through the fact that a good proportion, sometimes a majority, of the trustees or regents are former students. While the possibilities of support by individual graduates were fairly well recognized in some universities many years ago, the difference in status of those graduates who are appointed by the university authorities and those who are elected by the alumni to represent the body of graduates, as is now the practice in many institutions, is not so well understood. It is the general alumni organizations that best represent the new era. While in most places they have come into effective existence only recently, and as yet command only qualified recognition in the general scheme of university affairs, they have existed long enough to demonstrate the power that lies within them. A brief survey, therefore, of what they are accomplishing should be worth while.

The first thing to be noted is the wide variety of the interests in which graduate enthusiasm has found expression. Wherever there is a striking need, there the alumni are apt to concentrate their efforts. In a composite picture of alumni activities, few academic preserves can be found where the graduates have not dared to tread. Thus we have those aggressive campaigns for endowments, for buildings, for salaries, which have been so spectacular and successful; the maintenance of alumni address lists, no small task in the larger and older universities; the publication of alumni journals, as semiofficial organs; the election of trustees; exhaustive surveys of existing conditions in various institutions; the interesting of prospective students; the correlation of the facilities of the institution with the needs of the community; the securing of gifts or funds for special purposes, a general task that covers a host of enterprises; and,

finally and invariably, the support of athletics.

The peculiar problems of every college and university vary necessarily with the emphasis placed upon different curricula, as well as with the size of the institution, its geographical situation, its type of students, and its plan of organization. It is obvious that a State college of agricultural and mechanic arts in the Middle West finds itself in a very different situation from an endowed college of the same size in the East, where a century or more of traditions and a strong body of alumni have given it a certain stability and individuality. Yet both are eager, nowadays, to receive and encourage support from their former students.

In most institutions, therefore, there has developed a general and flexible scheme of organization which has been widely adopted. Almost every college and university now boasts a general alumni association, or, sometimes, an alumni council, to which every graduate is eligible. This organization furnishes through its many activities some outlet at least for the expression of the average graduate's desire to "do something" for his university, though the responsibility for constructive action rests naturally upon the officers, who are chosen to represent the alumni point of view. In other words, these bodies ordinarily maintain themselves apart from the institution in order to be free, on occasion, to assert themselves in whatever way may seem desirable.

In many colleges and universities alumni advisory bodies have also been created to supplement the work of the association and to co-operate, as far as it is practicable, with the university administration. In some places these have come to be a most important and powerful vehicle for the expression of graduate interest. The board of overseers at Harvard, one of the most powerful alumni bodies in any American institution, is an outstanding and most successful example of this form of graduate participation in university affairs.

The method of selection of these officers varies widely; in some schools they are elected by means of a ballot sent by mail, though more commonly they are elected

at the annual meeting. In some institutions they are elected, or appointed, as the representatives of the different schools or colleges which comprise the university.

In practically all the larger universities, too, the development of these associations has brought into existence a new type of university executive officer, the alumni secretary, as he is generally known, who devotes his whole time to furthering the interrelated interests of the institution and the graduates, as well as the maintenance of friendly co-operation and sympathetic relations.

Though the possibilities for service which confront the alumni organization and its agent, the alumni secretary, are almost innumerable and vary widely, there are certain particular fields in which graduate effort almost everywhere has concentrated its efforts. Probably the most important single task is the publication of an alumni magazine—sometimes a quarterly, more often a monthly or a weekly—which gives university news, comments on university affairs and, most important, personal items regarding individual alumni. Usually such a paper is published as an official journal of the alumni organization and is edited by the alumni secretary. As such it becomes a valuable semiofficial university organ, which reaches a wide and discriminating constituency, though in some of the older universities it remains in the hands of a group of alumni, who maintain it for the good of the cause and seek no personal profit from the enterprise. There are at present nearly one hundred of these alumni publications, some with more than eight or nine thousand subscribers. Of these the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, established in 1891, was the first to appear, followed by the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, a quarterly, a year later. The next alumni journal to appear was the *Michigan Alumnus*, established in 1894 as a monthly, which became a weekly in 1921.

Alumni organization by classes and by local groups forms another phase of activity—the one based upon an emphasis of old associations and sentimental ties, the other, more practical in its outlook, stressing the relation of the university to the world in general. The class organization, ordinarily centred in the class

secretary, is focussed upon the class reunion, held usually every five years at the commencement season. So far as advancing years make it humanly possible, the restraints which time imposes are thrown aside at this season and the older graduate seeks, sometimes almost pathetically, to recall the atmosphere of a halcyon period long past, while the younger classes express their exuberant spirits in picturesque costumes, parades, and general hilarity. Underneath all the gaiety, however, is a real appreciation of a certain responsibility toward the institution that often results in constructive efforts for its advancement.

In case of local associations, the horizon is apt to be somewhat wider, including national and civic affairs as well as the broader university interests. Originally, these bodies foregathered annually and semiannually, in more or less convivial sessions with reminiscences and the latest developments in athletics as the topics of interest. But now there are many alumni groups everywhere, holding weekly or monthly luncheons, at which, along with university affairs, questions of outstanding public interest are discussed by specially invited speakers. Here we have a significant evidence of the realization on the part of our college graduates that, as a select body of citizens, they have a responsibility to their communities as well as to the university.

Another undertaking which usually falls to the alumni organization, particularly in its earlier years, is the maintenance of the addresses of the graduates. This is an important task that increases in difficulty with the passing of time and the growth of the institution; so much so, in fact, that the list arrives almost invariably at a certain place where, owing to the expense, the institution itself finds it desirable and necessary to assume this important work. Almost everywhere, however, this was originally undertaken by the alumni, and is still maintained with graduate support in all but the largest of our universities.

So much for the past and present of graduate influence in our colleges and universities. What of the future? That does not lie within the scope of this dis-

cussion. The writer has attempted merely to suggest that we have here a new element in our university world, an organized and aggressive element, that must henceforth be considered as an integral part of the general development of our system of higher education. Without it we should not have arrived at the place where we find ourselves to-day, but in accepting its support so generously extended we must recognize the conditions that go with it.

This implies in the future an even closer participation, on the part of the alumni, in college and university affairs. Our graduates are not only acquiring a new power, a power which they hardly realize themselves, but they are assuming a great responsibility. The problem of how they can best use this power is, as yet, hardly settled satisfactorily. There are those who insist, and with reason, that this force may not always prove beneficent. The views of the graduate may not march with the highest ideals of the academic fraternity. The assumption is easy on the part of the average graduate, that any movement is for the good of the university, if the alumni body is behind it.

The charm of the ivy-covered quadrangles of the older English universities never fails to strike a responsive note in the heart of the American visitor. They are the visible embodiment of our ideal of the academic life; yet they breathe a conservatism only recently touched by the modern spirit. This reverence for the traditional and time-honored thing has not been, perhaps, the defect many critics of Oxford and Cambridge have believed it to be, but undoubtedly the heavy hand of conservative alumni long kept them in the old ways, from which nothing short of such a cataclysm as the World War was able to waken them to modern progress.

In America, too, we sometimes see the same spirit; the buildings, studies, and traditions that were good enough for our fathers often seem good enough for us. But not seldom we have the other spirit, progress, up-to-date ideas, business methods, efficiency, call it what you may, that

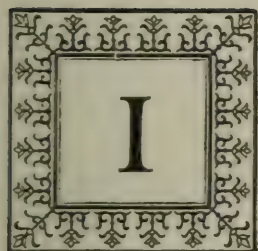
imposes false standards in purely academic affairs. New ideas are launched, upon alumni initiative, sometimes to the great benefit of the institution, and sometimes to the serious impairment of its effectiveness as a centre of culture and the highest educational ideals. And when the effort sponsored by the alumni fails, it is not the alumni body, but the university, that suffers. That is a sobering thought, that once understood should limit the active participation of the alumnus in university affairs. After all, university education is a highly specialized business, and the average graduate must insist that his organization is so ordered that it shall insure the selection of men of the highest qualifications to represent him.

Likewise the university must take thought for the future. The student of to-day by a wave of the presidential hand becomes the alumnus of to-morrow. Does the university consciously prepare him for his new relationship? Very rarely, we fear. And yet it should not be difficult to infuse into a certain portion, at least, of the recipients of the annual grist of diplomas something of that broader, finer, "university" spirit which views the institution as a living and sentient force within the souls of its students and alumni. Drop but once this high standard, make too many concessions to the immediate and obvious—athletics, prestige, "popular" subjects, and "practical" courses—and the birthright is gone. The ideals which sustained the fathers will be lost forever to the children, when it becomes their turn to sit as graduates in the university councils.

But that is for the future. For the most part, as we view it to-day, the alumni support of our universities has been not only progressive but intelligent. It has brought new currents into many a university backwater. In return we know that the campus, with its idealism, and devotion to truth, wherever it may be found, has not been without its wholesome stimulus to those who, having passed its portals, have returned once more for renewed inspiration.

The Social Influence of the Automobile

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT



IN Oklahoma, at a country club outside the city of Ardmore, not long ago, a score of us were celebrating a wedding anniversary with a supper. Moving through long windows to the balcony, we came upon a scene of such quiet, warm beauty, there in the late spring, as made many of us draw in our breath.

Organdie dresses here and there, in pink, or lavender, or cream, were bright with the soft color of flowers. The air was fragrant with sweetbrier. In the early evening, while we watched three cowboys whooping after a tractor on the country road, we had heard the singing of mocking-birds through the grove.

Host and hostess called me to the railing to look into the deepening shadow of the rim-rock, miles away, at the horizon. Above it they pointed out the gleam of a double star, and as we looked the star moved, steadily, in and out among the shadows, down, down, to the plain beneath us, growing larger, and coming toward our feet.

Other double stars appeared at the same notch, or at notches to the right or left, and converged upon us through three or four channels. Twenty minutes later automobiles were whirling one after another into parking spaces beside the house. The supper had become a dance, the evening had darkened into night, and the slow-moving shooting stars of a purple landscape had developed into twentieth-century chariots bearing friends.

I do not know that ever before had the social significance of the automobile been so dramatically presented to me. It has come to us all. Of course.

We look along a perspective of lights dazzling in their intensity and realize wearily, any hot evening, that the pro-

cession along the boulevard will not cease till bedtime. Or we jerk ahead and wait, jerk ahead again and wait again, in a choke of purring cars after a football game. Or we look up from a hardware counter and see a farmer who has driven five miles from the harvest-field to get a ball of twine. Or we hunt for a parking space outside a Chautauqua tent. A dozen times a year, in as many situations, the newness and far reach of the motor-driven vehicle catch up our thought as does the airplane which lands in the field near our house.

"It is so wonderfully new," we say to ourselves time and again. Still we do not appreciate how new it really is!

I was in high school in the early '90's. The automobile was then unknown.

Less than twenty years ago, in Washington, D. C., I attended a dinner given to manufacturers licensed under the Selden patents. There had come to be, at that time, some seventy-five thousand cars in the United States, and we were all amazed at the growth of the industry. As evidence of its progress, the president of the company manufacturing the highest-priced American car told me at that table—with the smile of a man confessing to some exaggeration—that he thought he might use that year some two tons of steel.

Less than ten years ago, that is to say in 1915, there were in the land some three million three hundred thousand cars.

By 1925 there will be fully fifteen millions.

No one of us can measure such a development in transportation. Perhaps you recall Macaulay's saying: "Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing-press alone excepted, those that have shortened distance have done the most for humanity."

Are you still shocked by reading "Auto Bandits" in the head-lines? Have you

passed at the side of a country road a car with no lights and two young figures shoulder against shoulder in a corner of the rear seat? Do you know that banks are still refusing to make loans for the buying of cars? Have you observed the bootlegger in the automobile, the doctor in his little coupé, the rural carrier in his Ford, the children in the school bus?

We have in 1921 about nine million motor-cars in the United States, hardly a third as many as our horses. Yet I think there can be no serious question that the motor-car has come to be more important to us socially than the horse.

The most comprehensive change it has wrought for us has been the general widening of the circle of our life. City folk feel this in the evening and at the week-end. Farmer folk feel it from early morning till bedtime every day.

Our mail comes to our R. F. D. box usually not later than eleven in the morning, and ours is the last delivery but one on our route. Some who work, in every town, now have year-round houses in the country. There is, in fact, a tangible and powerful movement directly opposite to that of the retired farmer. He came to town to rest; city folk are going to the country to rest, and in the era of the automobile they do not lose the diversions that appealed so strongly to the retired farmer.

We may expect these new country homes to affect the quality of American farm life positively and fundamentally. It is the younger generation of business men who are building country houses outside our smaller cities, and wherever they build they are enlivening the countryside with visiting, and landscape-gardening, and the giving of parties.

They are the spark-plugs that start the rest of us to the band concerts every Thursday. Being started, we ourselves have fallen into the habit of sitting comfortably in our cars through the programme—which is a growing habit, once formed. You can find us, two rows deep, around the Chautauqua tent, often fairly cool while those under the canvas are melting the starch out of their clothes. Likewise you can find us outside the store being served at the mercy of the clerk.

There are absorbing stories in the rusty little cars parked these days before the high school in the county-seat. This one brings two brothers eleven miles from a farm where neither parent had more than four months of schooling in any year or passed beyond the sixth grade. This one bears the daughter of a dairyman, who tells you with a steady look into your eyes that she has never learned to milk and never intends to learn. This one picks up the high-school students of three families from Wintergreen Bottoms, a community hopelessly sullen and lawless unless its children save it.

Farm men race to town to meetings of the farm bureau; farm women to meetings of the domestic-science clubs; all of them to the circus or the movies or the winter concert season. In our youth such expeditions would have required half a day in travel. In our motoring middle life they require less than half an hour each way.

We have the doctor within easy call. We can patronize the steam laundry. Our butter and poultry customers do their own delivering. In some of the older farming sections now, as in most of the new, some of us whose children have absorbed high-school standards find ourselves joining the country club and playing golf in hours when our fathers would have been chopping feed or mending fence.

Whether in the midst of many houses or few, we have accepted as commonplace a dozen important changes worked in our every day by this new conveyance.

We have seen our architecture develop the garage in lieu of the old carriage-house and livery-barn. We have heard our speech enlivened with automobile terms, as when our children describe a teacher of undistinguished personality as a "flat tire." We have noted the entire disappearance of the victoria before the "chummy car" or the "roadster," and some of us have sighed for an aristocracy that is never more to be.

Strange-looking driveways called "filling stations," with glowing lamps at night, long railroad-trains of tank-cars, streets painted with white lines to mark

zones of safety for pedestrians and parking spaces for cars—how almost without a pause in our thinking have we adjusted our lives to these factors new since yesterday!

I wish I could believe that our new ease of transportation had strengthened the church by widening the radius of its service. Some of our farmer families do in fact drive eight or ten miles to worship, but not many of them. And as an offset to these few, any town clergyman can cite the loss of leading families of city members who automobile away most of their Sunday mornings excepting Easter.

Combined with golf, the automobile is frequently denounced from the pulpit as one of the deadliest enemies of the church. I have heard the two assailed as though cloven hoof, forked tail, and horns had been supplanted by golf-bag, pneumatic tire, and wind-shield. In good motoring weather I have attended Sunday-morning service from Waycross, Ga., to Manistee, Mich., and it would be hard to find any pews any emptier anywhere.

We of the motor era do not bow to each other in passing on the highway as once we did. The car makes that impracticable. Sometimes we recognize the approaching machine and sometimes we make out the person who is driving. Before there can be any exchange of recognition, however, we have flown past each other.

Once it was the custom to slow down and offer help to a car stalled by the road. Then we read of hold-ups from automobiles, and now the old, leisurely clap-clap along the highway with a slow and kindly nod alike to acquaintance and stranger has given way to a fear of stopping even for such as need our aid.

Something corresponding to this has happened in the cities. Two of us were lately guests in a great town, and had a limousine at our command. We actually ended our stay without once rubbing elbows humanly with any of the people in the streets, shut away from our fellows in a glass box, lifted out of the very life we had come to live, as though we had been looking on at a movie.

Workmen nod to the street-car conductor. Walkers have a word for the man who is cutting the grass or shovelling

the snow. The motorist is too busy with his driving—and too high up in the air.

Let us be careful not to distort the social values involved in all this. Without the automobile or some similar new agent of transport, probably we could never have had any advance in co-operation so worth while as the farm bureau, the woman's club, and the parent-teacher association. The motor-carriage isolates us as it transports us but it gives us more of fellowship at the end of the journey.

The point is that the cost of such a gain should be paid knowingly and kept as low as possible. Our car-owners who take no part in community movements are making the community poorer by paying the cost without any compensating gain. And I, for one, do not expect it ever to be established that the welfare of any such community movement necessarily involves the weakening of the church.

Automobile outlawry and lawlessness are now more serious, I believe, than they are to be hereafter. It is absurd to expect a great new social agency to come into use without abuse. Almost invariably abuse is the concomitant of use.

The same machine that hurries the surgeon to the bedside of the child with a broken foot will hurry the yeggman in his getaway from a hold-up. The boy who acts the pig in his home will not suddenly become considerate of others when given absolute control of a vehicle swifter and heavier than the others on the street. Traffic squads are already making his control far from absolute in the more travelled thoroughfares. Within such limits it is to be expected that he and his highwayman associates will shortly be checked by some device that will stop all vehicular movement within a fixed limit on the sounding of an alarm. The car that persists in shooting ahead will thus be brought into clear view, while if the joy-rider or the thief stopped with the others ordinarily, he would only await capture.

In the country the control must come by other methods. State constabulary is the means most often urged. What the "Mounted" do in Canada and the State police in New York and Pennsylvania, it is argued, can be done on a larger scale

for the making safe of our country roads.

Present systems, headed by sheriffs and manned by constables, are for practical uses of patrol, non-existent. The plain truth is that on this continent there are only small areas in which the rural highways are not totally undefended against wrong-doers.

When the new defense is provided, as surely it will be, perhaps it may modify one of the new problems of education produced by the automobile. In an older day it was feasible for the college authorities to keep some sort of watch over their students. Now a boy at school in Connecticut can motor to New York City and back between his last lecture of one day and his first class of the next.

What are campus regulations to students who have the range of an extra-campus radius of one hundred miles? Assuredly the best answer will be the development of a motive in the life of the student that will keep him safe wherever he is. But while we wait for that approach to undergraduate perfection, there will be a value no male parent will question in the student's realization that the automobile thoroughfares around the campus are patrolled sensibly and sufficiently. Longer motor journeys will hasten the day of such control.

Bus lines are reporting to our village squares with little or no preliminary announcement. They make about the same time as accommodation trains, they travel more direct routes, they traverse a landscape unspoiled by cuts and fills and tracks, and they deliver us if not at our exact destinations into the very heart of town rather than at railway-stations away from the heart of town.

Electric interurbans are holding their own against the new competition somewhat better than the steam roads; but not invariably, and not on many routes

with success to warrant hope of any imminent extensions.

General touring by motor-car has, of course, only begun. It must be expected to double and quadruple within a few seasons. Its increase will include a series of social changes of the greatest interest to those who love the picturesque.

Most of our municipalities will have auto camps by to-morrow. The wayside inn is even now being restored to its prominence of stage-coach days. Those who have seen the blackboards in front of farmhouses may share my expectation of an important if not a radical short-circuiting of present methods in marketing farm produce.

Best of all and most important of all, we shall steady down as a people more and more out of our rushing from place to place and come inevitably nearer, I think, to an appreciation of the beauty of the countryside.

The really good roads for the present are only the more heavily travelled arterial thoroughfares, largely paved, and so filled with cars that driving from Boston to New York, or Cleveland to Chicago, is almost a citified experience. Even so, there are thrills of beauty long to remember in each of those journeys, thrills not to be found in my abundant acquaintance with the railroad routes between the same points.

Roads are improving farther from those busy streets. Touring-cars are improving likewise. One need not move around like a farm-hand on a load of hay, almost swamped by bulgy equipment. Compact outfits, touring vehicles as ingeniously designed as yachts, hotels cleanly kept and courteously managed, all promise a freer movement of the people to every interesting section of the country. In that freer movement the automobile will justify itself most of all, I believe, as an agent of wholesome sociability in our modern life.

The Depths of the Universe

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington;
Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"Below lay stretched the boundless universe!

There, far as the remotest line
That limits swift imagination's flight,
Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,
Immutably fulfilling
Eternal Nature's law.
Above, below, around,
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony—
Each with undeviating aim
In eloquent silence through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way."
—SHELLEY, "The Dæmon of the World."

ON the night of the 7th of January, in the year 1610, Galileo first directed his telescope toward Jupiter. In doing so he literally took his life in his hands. Ten years earlier Giordano Bruno, disciple and public expositor of Copernicus, had been burned at the stake in Rome. The agents of the Inquisition, with unrelaxed vigilance, still watched eagerly for new victims among those who ventured to question their doctrines. Galileo had already taught the Copernican theory; he was now about to demonstrate it beyond room for doubt. The pages from his note-book which

reveal the successive steps of his great discovery are among the chief documents that mark the turning-point from mediæval to modern thought.

Jupiter was shown by the telescope to be accompanied by three unknown stars, two to the east and one to the west. The mere detection of unfamiliar fixed stars no longer surprised Galileo, as his telescopes had multiplied such objects a hundredfold. But their arrangement in a nearly straight line, parallel to the ecliptic, struck his attention. The next evening,

chancing to look at Jupiter again, he was astonished to find that the three stars, still in a straight line, were all to the west of the planet. This impressed him deeply, as the motion of Jupiter, at that time retrograde instead of direct, should have produced an apparent displacement of fixed objects in the opposite direction. The next night, much to his disgust, the heavens were covered by clouds. On January 10 only two stars were seen, both to the east of the planet. The third, he suspected, might be concealed by its



Fig. 1. Two of Galileo's telescopes, preserved in the Tribuna di Galileo at Florence.

A broken object glass, with which the four satellites of Jupiter were discovered, is mounted in the centre of the ivory frame.

Fortunately for human progress, no law of man can overthrow the truths of nature, though the history of the Middle Ages shows that their acceptance can be retarded for centuries. The contribution of Galileo was not merely an intellectual feat, a delight to the *cognoscenti*: it was literally a revolution in human thought.

read Aristotle's writings from end to end many times, and I can assure you I have nowhere found anything similar to what you describe. Go, my son, and tranquillize yourself; be assured that what you take for spots on the sun are the faults of your glasses or of your eyes." Writing to Prince Cesi in 1612, Galileo said: "I



Fig. 3. Milton visiting the Blind Galileo.
Painted by Tito-Lessi.

MEDIAEVAL MINDS

When Copernicus, years before Galileo's discovery, presented his arguments against the geocentric system, they were received with universal scorn. Church and school men were wedded to the past, and Oxford had decreed that "Masters and Bachelors who did not follow Aristotle faithfully were liable to a fine of five shillings for every point of divergence, and for every fault committed against the logic of the *Organon*." When Scheiner, the rival of Galileo, informed the provincial of his order of his observation of sunspots, this worthy remarked: "I have

suspect that this new discovery (of sunspots) will be the signal for the funeral, or rather for the last judgment of the pseudo-philosophy—the funereal signals having already been shown in the moon, the Medicean stars (Jupiter's satellites), Saturn, and Venus. And I expect now to see the peripatetics put forth some grand effort to maintain the immutability of the heavens!" *

True to his words, he was bitterly attacked on all sides, and soon afterward denounced by the Holy Inquisition.

* For the above and other pertinent illustrations of mediæval methods see Fabie's interesting "Galileo, His Life and Work."

It would be interesting and profitable to recall the extraordinary characteristics of the mediæval mind, which tested everything new by a comparison of ancient texts, and refused to appeal to the simple and direct proof of observation or experiment. In rescuing the world from this deplorable state Galileo initiated the

fact, he required the entire stellar universe to revolve around the earth—a demand which even to the cardinals of the Inquisition might have seemed preposterous if viewed in the light of a little knowledge and a little reason. But their minds were closed, and no conclusions of science could penetrate them.

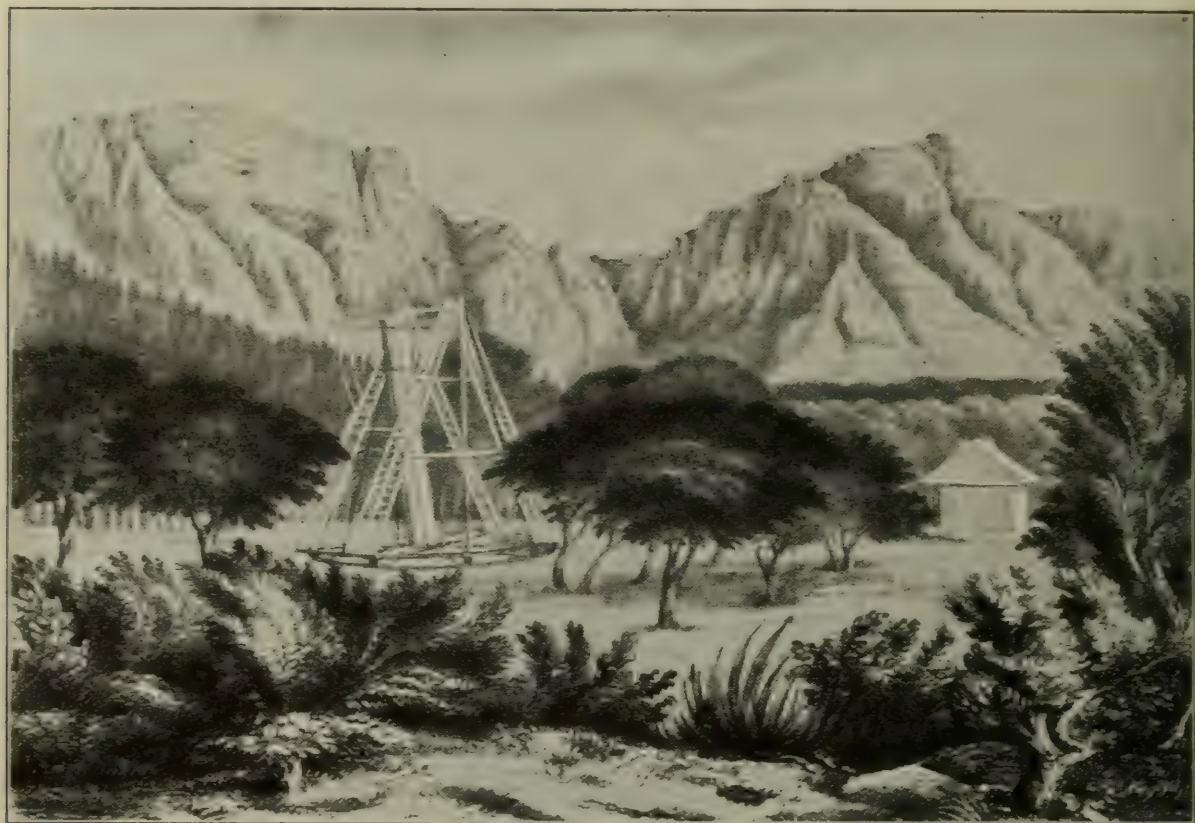


Fig. 4. Sir William Herschel's 18-inch telescope, with which he made his studies of the structure of the universe. Shown at the Cape of Good Hope, where Sir John Herschel extended his father's work to the southern heavens. He estimated that this telescope would show about five and one-half million stars in the entire sky.

development of modern science and stimulated the discoveries of the explorers and investigators of the Renaissance. Once more, as in the early Greek period and again in the Alexandrian School, astronomy led the way, and by its great discoveries encouraged research in all other branches of science.

Copernicus was not the first to assert the heliocentric hypothesis. Aristarchus of Samos, about 250 B. C., maintained the central position of the sun and, like Galileo, was therefore accused of impiety. Thus man has insisted on personal supremacy from the earliest times. To enforce the central and controlling position of the earth, he did not hesitate to make the sun and planets subsidiary to it. In

THE DISTANCE OF THE STARS

Up to this time, indeed until the closing years of the eighteenth century, the problem of the stellar universe had never been attacked. However, as we have shown elsewhere,* the telescope had steadily grown in aperture and power, until Herschel, with his 18-inch reflector, could count in both hemispheres some five or six million stars. By his method of star gauging he endeavored to determine the structure of the sidereal system, and actually succeeded in reaching a fair conception of its flattened or watch-shaped form. But try as he might, he was utterly unable to measure the distance of even the nearest of the stars.

* "The New Heavens," Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

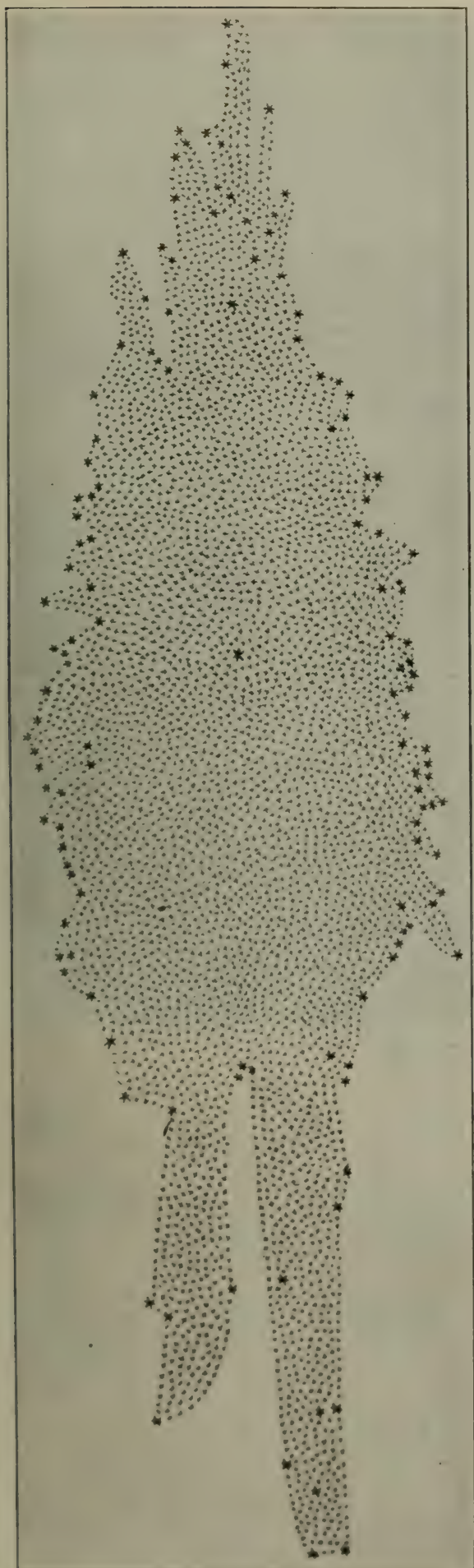


Fig. 5. Herschel's cross-section of the stellar universe. The place of the sun is indicated not far from the centre.

The one obvious method of measuring stellar distances, when tested with inadequate instruments, had invariably failed. Indeed, if the annual parallax of the stars could have been detected at the time of Ptolemy, the fiction of an immovable earth, with sun, planets, and stars revolving around it, might not have dominated human thought for more than two thousand years.

Sit before a window, fix your attention on some speck on the glass, and mark its position against a building on the opposite side of the street. Then move your head to the right or left, parallel to the glass, and note the displacement of the speck on the opposite building. Step farther away from the window, and repeat the process. The displacement of the speck becomes smaller. Thus at a sufficient distance from the window the speck would appear fixed, even when seen from two points a considerable distance apart.

Substitute a star for the speck on the glass, and imagine it viewed against a background of very distant stars from two points 186,000,000 miles apart—the diameter of the earth's orbit. It is plain that the star must be very remote if it shows no shift when observed from the ends of such an enormous base-line. But up to the time of Bessel, even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes and the best devices for measurement, no shift of any star's position could be thus detected.

Herschel himself used his utmost efforts to apply this method. In his sweeps of the heavens he had catalogued many very close pairs of stars, in some of which one member appeared much brighter than the other. Assuming the faintness of the lesser star to be caused by its much greater distance, he tried to detect the parallax of the brighter one by careful micrometric measures, made six months apart, of its distance from its faint companion. No evidence of a semi-annual shift was detected, but an important advance nevertheless resulted. For Herschel found that in

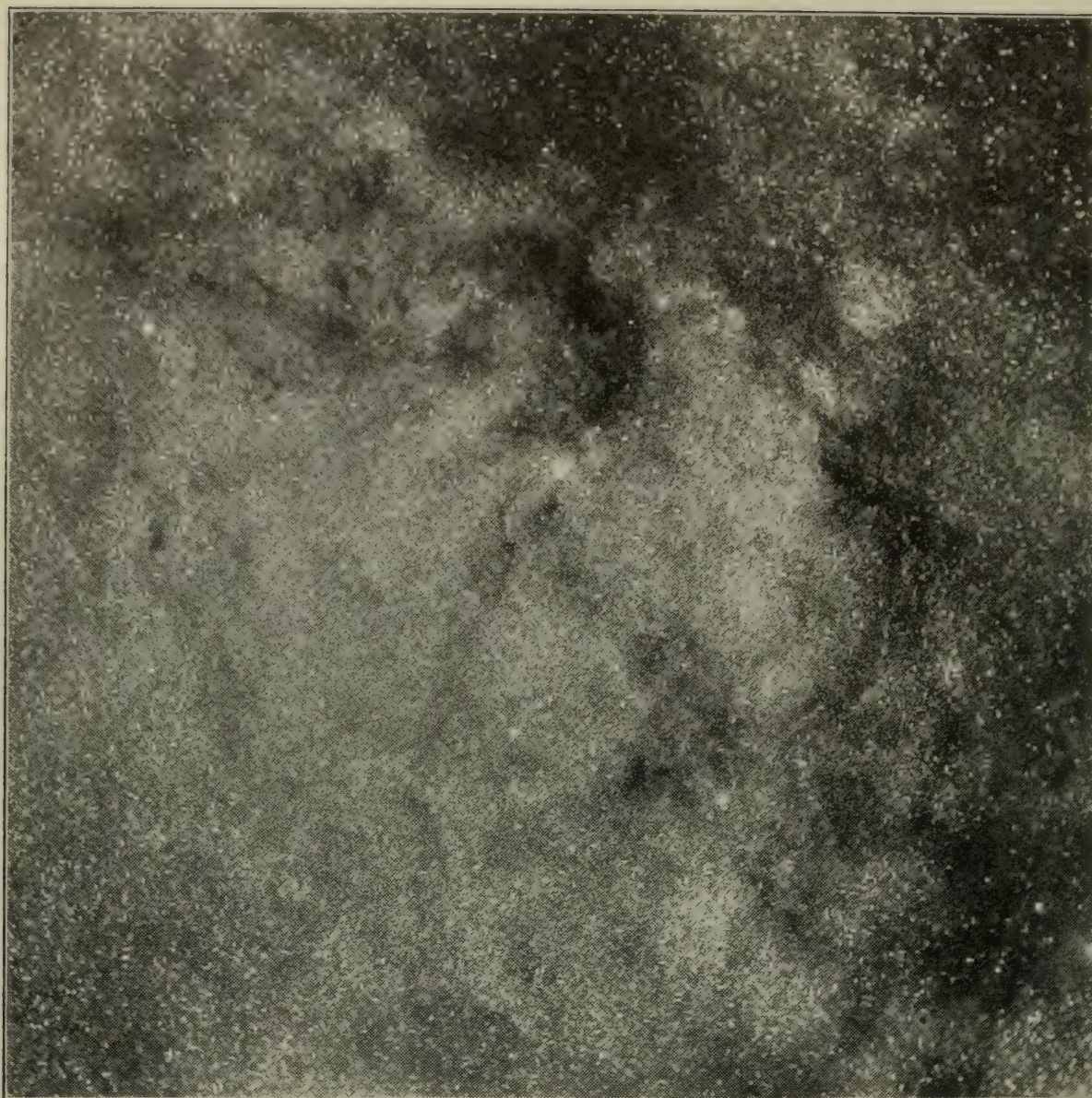


Fig. 6. Barnard's photograph of great star clouds in the constellation of the shield (Scutum).
The cluster Messier 11 is just above the middle of the picture.

many of these pairs one star was apparently revolving about the other. Thus were discovered those extraordinary systems, in which two stars, comparable with the sun in diameter and sometimes surpassing it, revolve about their common centre of gravity. Millions of such stellar pairs exist, differing greatly from our solar system, in which the sun is the one luminous and all-dominating body, incomparably greater than the many planets, which revolve about him like little satellites.

HERSCHEL'S EXPEDIENT

Determined as he was to discover the structure of the universe, and unable, because of their remoteness, to measure the

distances of the stars directly, Herschel was forced to adopt a different expedient. Consider some brilliant star, such as Vega. Its brightness to the eye must depend upon two things: the total amount of light it radiates (its absolute brightness) and its distance from the earth. Imagine Vega to retreat into space, until it reaches a point ten times its present distance from us. Instead of appearing as one of the brightest stars of the heavens, it would then be barely visible to the naked eye. Suppose it to move still farther away, where it could be followed only with a telescope. At 900 times its present distance, according to Herschel's estimate, it could still be seen with his most powerful instrument.

Thus if all the stars were of the same absolute brightness, their relative distances could be determined by measuring their apparent brightness. We now know that stars differ enormously in size and in brightness, and Herschel himself did not assume them to be all alike. What he did

the Milky Way over 900 times the average distance of a first-magnitude star, and less than one-fifth of this distance in the direction at right-angles. But he had no means of determining the average distance of a first-magnitude star. In fact, so great is the variation in absolute stellar



Fig. 7. Lunar craters Archimedes, Aristillus, and Autolycus.

As the scale indicates, the diameter of Archimedes is about fifty miles. The sun is on the right, so that the crater walls and mountain peaks cast black shadows to the left.

assume was that by dealing with very large numbers of stars, using averages for hundreds or thousands instead of single values, his results would come close to the truth. And in this he was not far wrong. His picture of the stellar universe, based upon soundings made in every direction, is not very different from that of the present day, though he was, of course, unable to penetrate into the remote depths since rendered accessible by great modern telescopes and the photographic plate. He concluded that our stellar system is like a flattened or watch-shaped disk, extending in the direction of the star clouds of

brightness that certain very faint stars are actually much nearer than some of the brightest ones.

This became evident in 1838 when Bessel finally succeeded, by the most refined instrumental means then available, in measuring the parallax of the star called 61 Cygni, which is barely visible to the naked eye. Its displacement, when observed from opposite ends of the earth's orbit, is four-tenths of a second of arc—the diameter of a one-inch ball at a distance of eight miles. This means that 61 Cygni is about 40,000,000,000 miles from the earth, and affords a first glimpse of the

enormous scale of the stellar universe. For this is one of the nearest of the stars.

SCALE OF THE UNIVERSE

In the light of this result and of late measures of stellar parallaxes, let us see where we stand in our survey of the universe. We must first form some conception of scale if we are to appreciate in any degree the stupendous distances involved.

tance from the earth to the sun, 93,000,000 miles. Neptune, at the outermost limit of the solar system, is 2,800,000,000 miles from the sun. But the moment we pass to the stars no ordinary unit of measurement is large enough for satisfactory use.

We therefore substitute the light-year, nearly six million million miles. Light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per

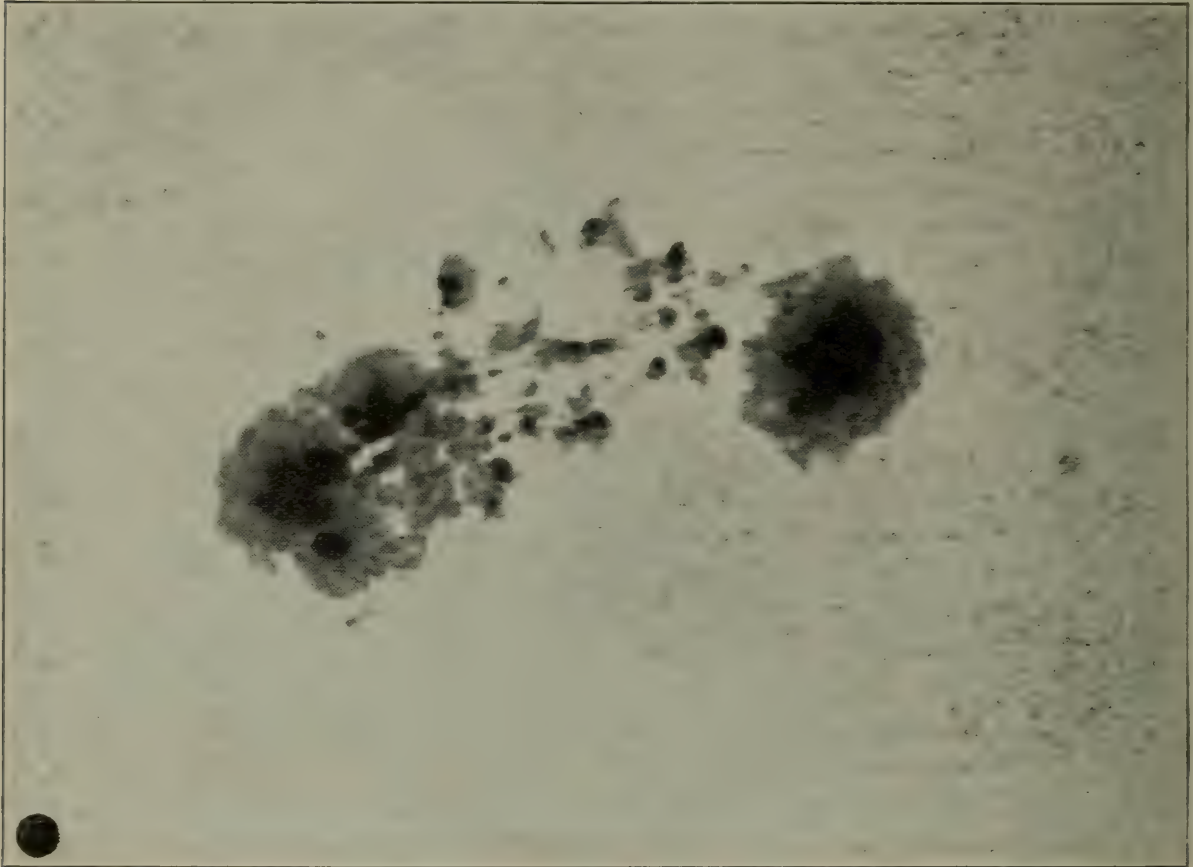


Fig. 8. Great sun-spot group, February 8, 1917.
The comparative size of the earth is shown by the disk in the corner.

Even the earth seems a fairly large body, when we remember that its entire surface has not yet been explored, and reflect, for example, on our impression of the remoteness and peril of expeditions seeking the Pole. Yet its diameter is only 8,000 miles. Place the earth beside the sun, which is more than 100 times greater in diameter, and it becomes a very insignificant object, much smaller than the larger sun-spots or the enormous flames of glowing gas that rise from the sun's surface. The mile is still a practicable unit of measurement, however, and we may even retain it in describing the great dis-

second would pass around the earth in less than an eighth of a second, it reaches us from the moon, our nearest celestial neighbor, in 1.2 seconds, and in about 8 minutes from the sun. Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the stars, is $4\frac{1}{3}$ light-years distant. Sirius, 26 times as bright as the sun, is 8.7 light-years away. Only four stars, in fact, are known to be less than 10 light-years from us. Procyon's distance is 11 light-years, while that of Altair is about 15 light-years. Vega and Arcturus, each about 60 times as bright as the sun, are about 30 light-years away. The spectroscopic binary star Capella,



Fig. 9. The Pleiades.

The distance from the earth of this well-known cluster of stars, enmeshed in nebulosity, is about 325 light-years.

each of whose components is about 100 times as bright as the sun, is 54 light-years distant. Rigel, about 13,000 times as bright as the sun, is almost 500 light-years from the earth. The well-known cluster of the Hyades is at a distance of about 130 light-years, while the Pleiades, a cluster of from 300 to 500 stars, over 30 light-years in diameter, is about 325 light-years away from us. The group of blue stars in Orion is nearly twice as remote (600 light-years). Thus we may begin to appreciate the meaning of Herschel's expression that the telescope penetrates into time as well as into space. When a new star suddenly blazes out in the Milky Way, and passes rapidly through its

changes of light, we are watching events that transpired hundreds of years ago. In fact, we sometimes see a star long after it has ceased to shine.

SPACE PENETRATING POWER

But great as these distances are, the objects thus far mentioned must actually be looked upon as our near neighbors in space. Beyond them the stars stretch away in countless numbers and decreasing apparent brightness into enormously greater depths. As our telescopes increase in size we penetrate farther and farther into these remote depths, and thus bring to view hundreds of millions of stars beyond the range of previous instruments.

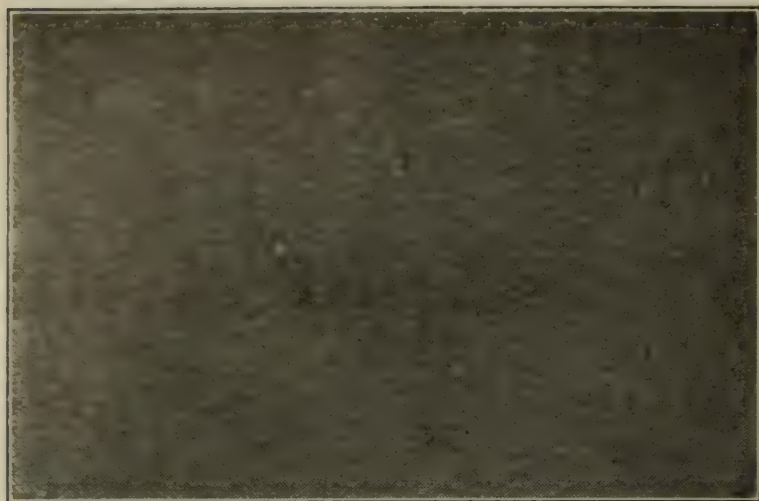


Fig. 10. Star field in Auriga.

Only one star appears, though the exposure was sufficient to show stars to the ninth magnitude.

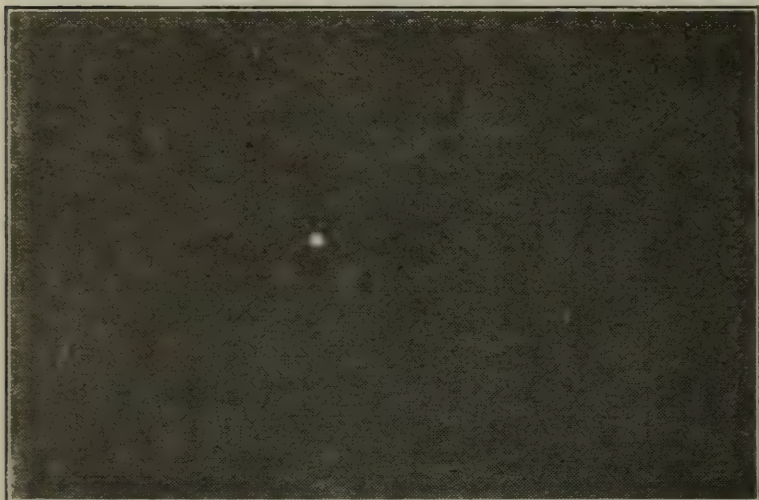


Fig. 11. Star field in Auriga.

The exposure was long enough to show stars to the twelfth magnitude, beyond the limit of Galileo's telescopes.

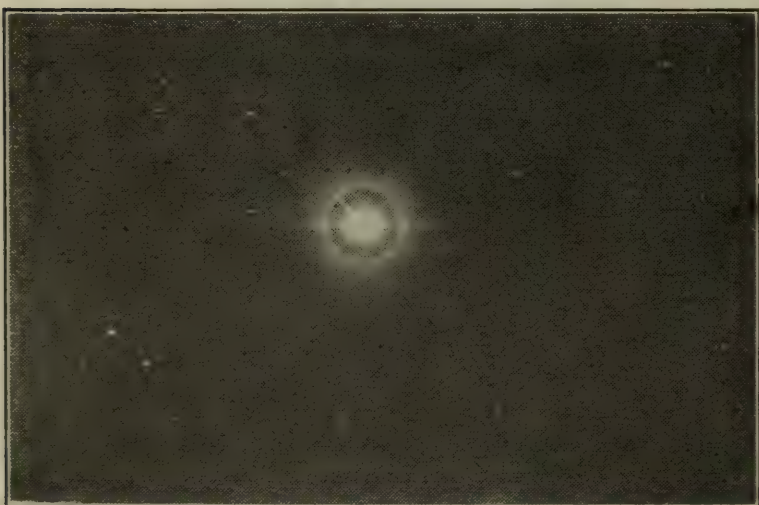


Fig. 12. Star field in Auriga.

Showing stars to the fifteenth magnitude, the limit of Herschel's 18-inch telescope.

Look, for example, at the region in Auriga illustrated in Fig. 10. The brightest star shown is of magnitude 3.3, and is thus visible to the naked eye. No other star appears, though the exposure was long enough to include stars of the ninth magnitude. The next step (Fig. 11) takes us to the twelfth magnitude, beyond the limit of Galileo's telescopes. Fig. 12 includes all of the stars within the reach of Herschel's 18-inch reflector, which attained the fifteenth magnitude. The next photograph (Fig. 13) includes much fainter stars, while Fig. 14 shows stars down to the eighteenth magnitude. All of these pictures were taken by Seares with the 60-inch reflector on Mount Wilson, with increasing exposure times. A long exposure with the 100-inch telescope would show many more stars in the same region. Over the whole sky the 60-inch would probably record more than 1,000,000,000 stars, while the 100-inch should add fully 500,000,000 more.*

The method of trigonometric parallaxes, which measures a star's displacement as seen from opposite ends of the earth's orbit, is limited in its application to the nearer stars. This is because the angular displacement of stars more than a few hundred light-years distant is too minute for measurement, even with all the exquisite refinement of the

* The larger size of the images of the brighter stars on photographs made with increased exposures is due to a purely photographic effect, and has no relationship to the true diameter of the star. The circle in Fig. 12 results from reflection of the light from the back of the plate. The straight lines, like rays, that project from the largest images are diffraction effects caused by the metal bars that support the small mirror at the upper end of the telescope tube.

latest instrumental and photographic methods. In penetrating greater depths of space we must have recourse to still more powerful means, which fortunately have recently been discovered and applied.

Consider the bright star Sirius, and call its distance unity. If it were moved to distance 2, its apparent brightness, which decreases as the square of the distance, would be one-fourth. At distance 4, it would be one-sixteenth; at distance 8, one sixty-fourth, etc. If, then, we knew the absolute or intrinsic brightness of a star, *i. e.*, the brightness it would have at unit distance, its easily measured apparent brightness would give us at once a measure of its actual distance.

But how are we to determine its absolute brightness? This apparently insoluble problem has recently yielded to a vigorous attack, which has greatly extended our means of sounding space. By the new method of Doctor Walter S. Adams it has become possible to determine the distance of a star of known apparent brightness from simple estimates of the relative intensities of certain lines in its spectrum.

SPECTROSCOPIC MEASURES OF STELLAR DISTANCE

Strontium chloride, when placed in the blue flame of a Bunsen gas-burner, colors it a brilliant crimson—the effect of a strong line in the red part of its spectrum. This line, with several others of smaller intensity, can be seen with an ordinary one-prism spectroscope. These radiations are characteristic of the strontium atom, which recent investigations have shown to be composed of thirty-eight electrons, presumably rotating about a positively charged central nucleus.

We can change this spectrum very decidedly, however, by placing some stron-

tium chloride in an electric spark, which ionizes the vapor. This means that the intense electric discharge tears away one of the electrons circling about the nucleus of the atom, leaving a positively charged system minus one negative electron. In-

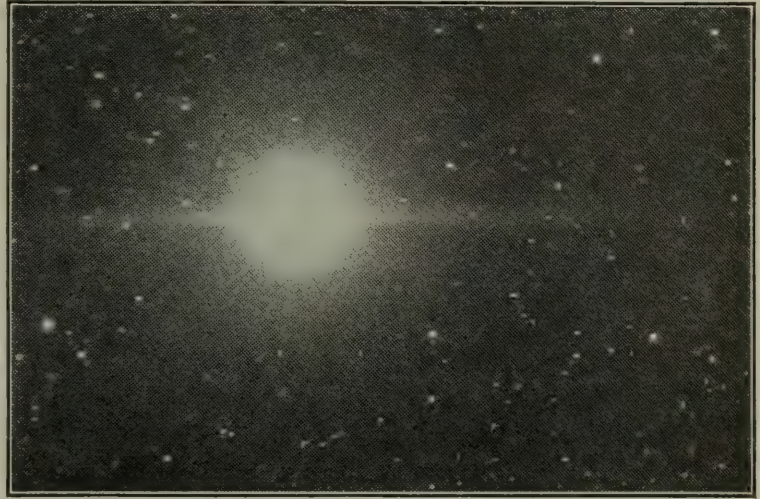


Fig. 13. Star field in Auriga.
Showing stars to the seventeenth magnitude.

tense heat is also competent to produce this disruption of the strontium atom and to give rise to certain lines in the spectrum that are weak or wholly absent at low temperatures. Two of these “enhanced”



Fig. 14. Star field in Auriga.
Showing stars to the eighteenth magnitude.

lines, in the blue part of the spectrum, known to spectroscopists as λ_{4077} and λ_{4215} , when contrasted with a line of calcium (λ_{4254}), which is strongest at low temperatures, are able to give us an extraordinary amount of information re-

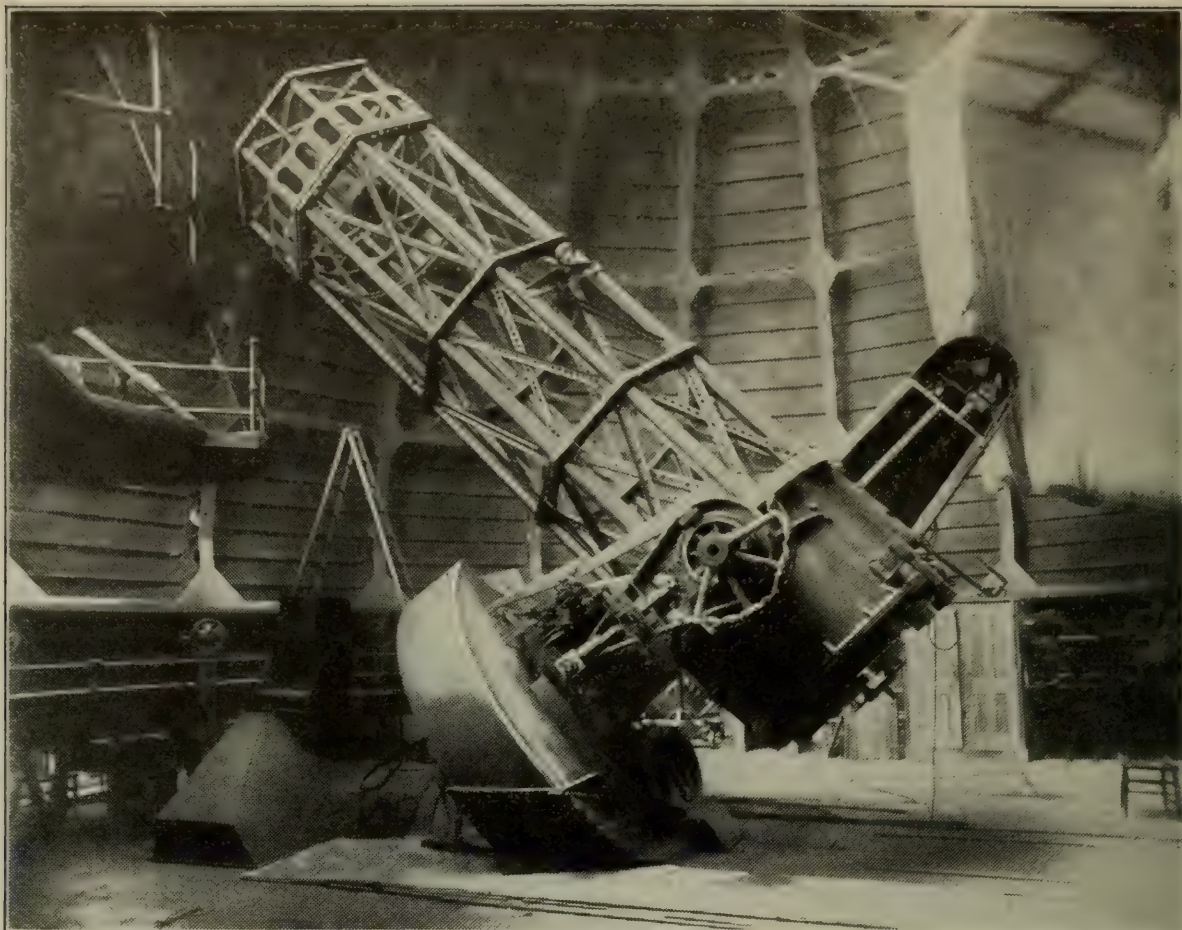


Fig. 15. The 60-inch reflecting telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

In this arrangement of the instrument the light from the star under observation, after falling on the 60-inch concave mirror at the lower end of the tube, is reflected back to the smaller convex mirror near the upper end. This returns the narrowing cone of light to a plane mirror at the intersection of the declination and polar axes, which reflects it upward to the focal point at the side of the tube. Here it passes through the narrow slit of the spectrograph, then through a collimating lens and two prisms and finally through the camera lens to the photographic plate, where an image of the star's spectrum is recorded. The task of the observer is to watch the slit through a small auxiliary telescope throughout the exposure, and to move the large telescope slightly from time to time by an electric motor, in case the driving-clock fails to maintain the star's image exactly on the slit.

garding the absolute brightness, and hence the distance of the stars. These lines are mentioned merely as typical examples of the two great groups of enhanced and low-temperature lines, which are exhibited by many different elements in varying degrees of intensity in the various stages of stellar life.

Stellar spectra are photographed on Mount Wilson with the aid of the 60-inch and 100-inch reflecting telescopes. A spectroscope arranged for photography is mounted at the focus of the telescope, and the image of any desired star is brought to the slit by moving the telescope with electric motors. When exactly on the slit, through which its light passes for analysis by one, two, or three prisms, the star is held in position by the driving-clock of the telescope. The observer constantly watches the star on the slit so as to correct any wandering of the image

by means of a motor, which slightly accelerates or retards the driving rate of the clock. The exposure varies from a few minutes for the brighter stars to several hours for very faint ones. In this way the spectra of thousands of stars, down to the limit of visibility of Herschel's telescope, are photographed one by one for study.

While examining these plates Adams and his associates on Mount Wilson have given special attention to certain lines because of their changes of intensity in the hotter and cooler regions of the sun, and their corresponding behavior in laboratory experiments. The distance of some of the stars in which such lines were observed had been determined by the method of trigonometric parallaxes, and consequently their absolute or intrinsic brightness was known. It soon appeared that in stars of great intrinsic brightness

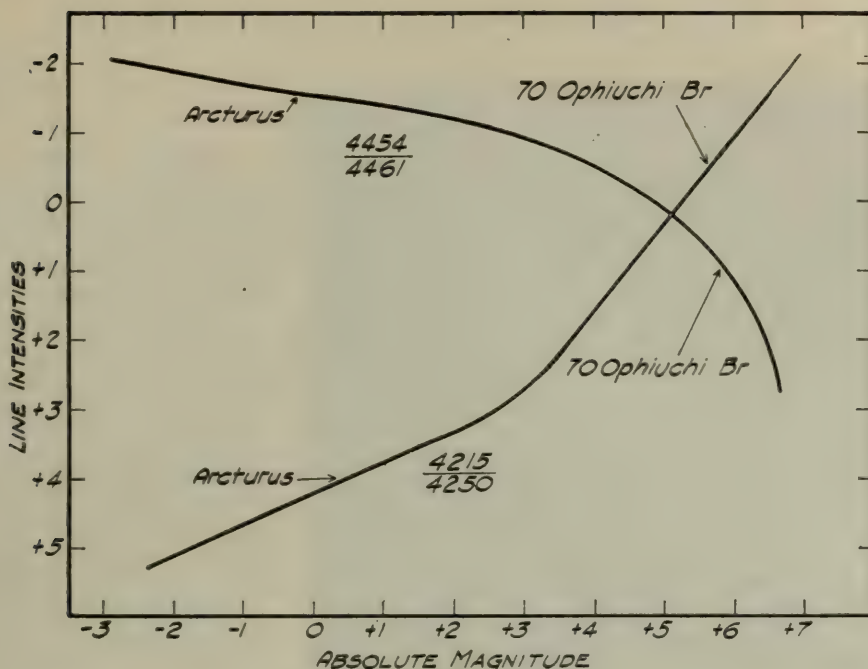


Fig. 16. Curves used by Adams for determining the absolute magnitudes and the distances of the stars.

The curves are made once for all by plotting the relative intensities of certain pairs of lines against the known absolute magnitudes of the corresponding stars. The arrows indicate how the absolute magnitudes of Arcturus and the brighter component of the double star 70 Ophiuchi are given by the curves when the relative intensities of the lines in these pairs are learned from the spectra shown in Fig. 17.

some lines are exceptionally strong while others are weak. In certain of these, for example, the "enhanced" or spark lines of strontium are very strong, while the calcium line λ_{4254} is weak. In intrinsically faint stars the reverse is true—the calcium line is stronger than the strontium lines. It thus became possible, in fact, to determine a definite numerical relationship between the intrinsic brightness of a star and the relative strength of these lines. Turning, then, to a star of unknown distance, a simple estimate of the

relative intensity of the calcium line and one of the strontium lines then gives a measure of its absolute magnitude. Knowing its apparent brightness, its distance at once follows.

The ease and quickness of application of this method render it very advantageous in studies of the structure of the universe. Unlike the trigonometric method, its use is not restricted to the nearer stars. It may thus carry our sounding-line deep into space, where distances are reckoned in thousands of light-years.

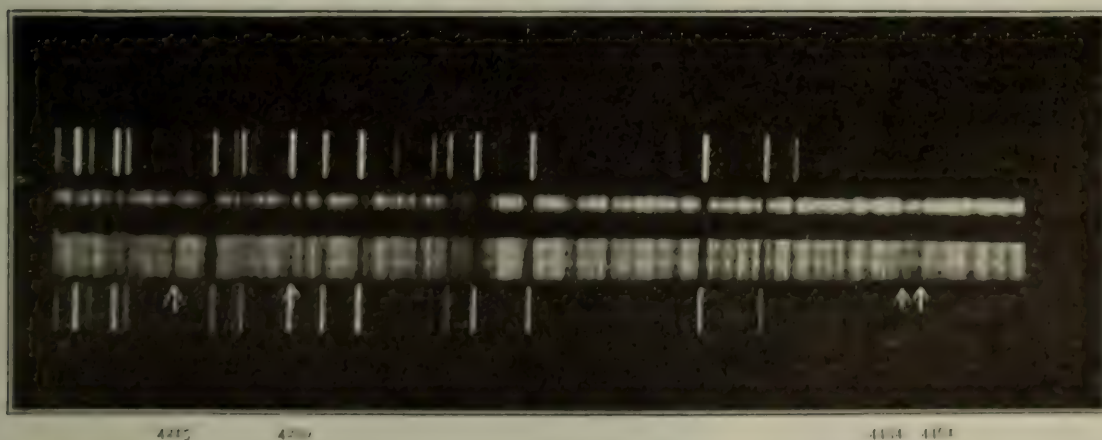


Fig. 17. Spectra of 70 Ophiuchi and Arcturus, between comparison spectra of iron. Note the relative intensities in each star of the lines indicated by arrows. These give the absolute magnitude and hence the distance of the star.

STAR CLUSTERS



Fig. 18. Globular star cluster N. G. C. 7006.
Shapley finds its distance to be about 220,000 light-years.

Prior to 1900 only sixty precise measures of stellar distance had been made by the laborious methods, for the most part visual, applied up to that time. The work of Schlesinger with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope initiated an American school of parallax measurers, whose efficient use of photographic methods added new and more precise determinations at such a rapid rate that the total number of trigonometric parallaxes is now about 1,400. In 1915 Adams and his associates began systematic application with the 60-inch telescope of his spectroscopic method, which was subsequently extended to the 100-inch telescope and has already yielded over 2,000 determinations of stellar distance. In a later article some of the important conclusions based on these new results will be described. They not only prove decisively the existence of dwarf and giant stars, but also throw a flood of light on the structure and evolution of the stellar universe.

Another method of measuring distances has been used by Doctor Harlow Shapley in his extensive investigation at Mount Wilson of globular star clusters. The constellation of Orion is one of the most beautiful of celestial objects, both to the naked eye and under closer scrutiny in the telescope. The brilliant stars that outline the figure of the giant hunter and mark his girdle are scattered over a vast expanse of sky, but all of them except Betelgeuse constitute a definite physical group, doubtless of common origin and still moving together through space. This is an excellent example of an open star cluster, repeated in Ursa Major and again in the more condensed groups of the

Hyades and the Pleiades, both of which are also true physical systems.

This clustering tendency is widely illustrated among the stars. The simplest case of stellar grouping is that of the binaries, in which we observe two stars,



Fig. 19. Globular star cluster Messier 79.
Shapley finds its distance to be about 85,000 light-years.

frequently larger than the sun, revolving about their common centre of gravity. Thousands of such double stars have been found, in some cases accompanied by a third member. Groups of this kind differ materially from open clusters of the Orion type, where the widely separated members do not revolve about a common centre, but move in nearly parallel lines through space. But the most striking of all stellar systems are the great globular clusters which have been used by Shapley for a study of the dimensions of the stellar universe. Only about eighty or ninety of these highly condensed clusters are known, and the problem of determining their distances and dimensions is of fundamental importance.

Several years ago, in an examination at the Harvard observatory of photographs of the small Magellanic Cloud, the late Miss Leavitt gave special attention to certain stars of the Cepheid class, which fluctuate in brightness in regular periods ranging from 1.25 to 127 days. By comparing the average apparent brightness of each star with its period of variation, she detected a definite relationship between the two. Thus, if in any star of this class only the period were known, its average brightness could be accurately predicted. As all of the stars in the Magellanic Cloud are at essentially the same distance from the earth, the differences in their apparent brightness correspond to differences in absolute or intrinsic brightness. Thus this simple method, if it holds strictly for all variables of the Cepheid class, should provide a means of determining the absolute brightness of such a star, however remote, from the length of its period. As we have already seen in Adams's spectroscopic method, as soon as we know the absolute brightness of a star a knowl-

edge of its apparent brightness gives us its distance.

DISTANCE OF GLOBULAR CLUSTERS

By this means, and also by other methods, Shapley determined the distances of all globular clusters photographed with



Fig. 20. Great globular star cluster in Hercules.

Shapley finds the distance of this cluster to be 36,000 light-years. On this basis over 35,000 of its stars are as bright as the sun, while the three stars in the small circles are one hundred times as bright. The length of the short line at the centre is four and one-third light-years, and the diameter of the large circle is ten million times the distance from the earth to the sun or 160 light-years.

the 60-inch and 100-inch telescopes. With long exposures these instruments show them to be composed of many thousands of stars, grouped in globular form. The great cluster in Hercules, for example, contains fully 35,000 stars as bright as the sun, and some of these are more than a thousand times brighter. Among them are many Cepheid variables, and by observing their periods and their apparent brightness, their absolute brightness and hence their distance has been found. This reaches the immense figure of 36,000 light-years.

If this measure is correct, and there is much independent evidence to support it, we take a tremendous leap into space and time when we reach out to this cluster. We have seen that light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second requires 1.2 seconds to reach us from the moon, 8 minutes to come from the sun, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ years to cross the space between us and the nearest star. Our views of such objects are thus contemporaneous, or nearly so: we see them as they are now or as they were within a few years. But the Hercules cluster is in another class. The light that left it 36,000 years ago, travelling at the rate of nearly six million million miles per year, has only just reached us. Thus, we cannot say how the cluster appears to-day, or whether it has existed at all since the dawn of our civilization. There is every reason to believe, however, that if we could see the present cluster—as astronomers will see it 36,000 years hence—it would appear essentially as it does in our photographs of its remote past. For 36,000 years is as a day in the cycles of the universe, where millions of years bring little change.

Look at the cluster as shown in Fig. 20. All of the stars that appear in this picture, as already remarked, are brighter than the sun. The immense size of the cluster is indicated by the short horizontal line drawn on the centre of the image, which represents the distance from the earth to α Centauri— $4\frac{1}{2}$ light-years. The diameter of the large circle is 10,000,000 times the distance from the earth to the sun, or 160 light-years. The total diameter of the cluster, which extends far beyond this circle, is more than 350 light-years.

This enormous star system, according to Shapley, is the nearest of the globular clusters. One of these lies at a distance greater than 200,000 light-years, and beyond this may be others still more remote. They appear to be isolated systems, not closely associated with the stars, but nevertheless so distributed that they belong to the great stellar universe represented by the Galaxy. The distance of the Hercules cluster is about the same as that of the star clouds of the Milky Way recently measured by Seares. These measures relate to stars down to the fifteenth magnitude, but many of the fainter stars must be much more distant, perhaps as remote as the farthest globular cluster.

SIZE OF THE GALACTIC SYSTEM

Thus we may think of the galactic system as a flattened disk or watch-shaped aggregation of stars, having a diameter of perhaps 300,000 light-years, with the sun at a very considerable distance from the centre. The thickness of the disk is about one-eighth of the diameter, or 37,500 light-years. These great dimensions have been denied by Curtis, who argues in favor of a galactic system about one-tenth as large. But more and more evidence is accumulating in favor of the larger conception of Shapley, which has already found wide acceptance among astronomers.

The question at issue, it should be emphasized, is the size of the galactic system of stars to which the sun belongs. This includes all the stars within reach of observation, together with the planetary nebulae and the irregular galactic nebulae, both bright and dark. It does not necessarily include, however, the very remarkable spiral nebulae, about a million of which can be photographed with the largest telescopes. The question has not yet been settled whether these are no farther from us than the more distant stars or whether they should be regarded as "island universes," isolated in the depths of space and comparable in size with the galactic system. Curtis, who holds the latter view, estimates their distance to range from 500,000 to 10,000,000 light-years, while Shapley, van Maanen, and others believe them to be much nearer. Interesting arguments have been advanced on both sides, but these are too numerous to be included in the present article.

The vast scale of the universe easily explains phenomena that were once obscure. Even the moderate distance of 350 light-years causes a star like Antares, more than 400 times the sun in diameter, to shrink to a tiny point too small to be magnified by any telescope into a true disk. Thanks to Michelson's interferometer, used with the 100-inch telescope, the diameter of Antares, and that of a few other stars have been measured by indirect means.* In this and other ways great modern instruments have rapidly advanced our knowledge of the structure of the universe and enabled us to sound its depths and to watch the evolution of the stars.

* See "The New Heavens," Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

For the Benefit of the Belgians

BY REBECCA N. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESTER RALPH



MISS MINERVA sat bolt upright in bed. She had heard a noise. It was the creepy kind of noise that is associated with burglars. Every nerve and muscle tense, she listened again. The stealthy footsteps passed the porch and went along the path to the rear of the house.

She threw aside the bedclothes, and slipping on stockings, slippers, and bathrobe, stole over to the chiffonier. There was no use in rousing Finnette. She had been working hard in the war-garden all day and needed her sleep. Besides, the old Frenchwoman under stress of emergency was apt to be more voluble than resourceful. Miss Minerva was not the timorous, swooning, scream-equipped spinster of a past generation. She lifted from the top drawer of the chiffonier something small and heavy which she stripped of its leather case. Then, clutching it in one hand, she glided down the back steps.

It was two o'clock and the air was heavy with the mysterious perfumes of night. The fragrance of orange-blossoms and jasmine enveloped "Goldacres" in an invisible mantle. She paused an instant on the lawn and listened again. Breakers beating against a distant bluff were the only sounds that broke the stillness. From the Santa Barbara lighthouse far away came the intermittent gleam of the big revolving lamp. And then, all at once, those stealthy footfalls again near the garage. She remembered all at once that George, who had a room out there up-stairs and was the chauffeur and only other caretaker on the place, was hard of hearing. Like a telegraph-operator on duty his attention was set only to the call of his own signal. The starting of an automobile engine would

have roused him at once, but the unobtrusive footsteps of a burglar were for other ears.

Miss Minerva followed the sound past the garage and out to where a row of rabbit-hutches lined the stone wall that separated "Goldacres" from the neighboring estate. Pedigreed Belgian hares were not to be regarded contemptuously in war-times when all patriotic citizens eschew red meats, and every hare sold nets a neat sum for the Red Cross. Next to the old family plate Miss Minerva knew that Cousin Ada Mills valued those rabbits as her most precious possession. Not while she, Minerva Garrison, was on duty should the territory of the Belgians be invaded.

There was no moon. Through the blackness she could see nothing and her defensive equipment did not include a spot-light. When the footsteps halted near the rabbit-hutches she halted too, and her voice rang out clear and authoritative in the darkness: "Stop! I've got a gun and it's pointed at you!"

There was a moment of silence and then the sound of some one trying desperately to scale the stone wall. A curious exhilaration seized Miss Minerva. She felt herself master of a tense, dramatic situation. It was not enough merely to ward off an attack; the marauder must be discouraged from ever making another entrance. Pointing the revolver at a spot which she judged to be about three yards from the escaping thief, and aiming at the ground, she fired.

There was a yell, a snapping of dry twigs, and the thud of a body on the soft earth. Exhilaration and calm authority forsook Miss Minerva. Without daring to approach the ghastly spot where her victim lay, she dropped her weapon and fled up the inside steps of the garage.

"George!" she cried in agonized tones as she beat with both hands upon his

door, "George, get up—I've killed a man!"

A moment later the door was wrenched open from the inside and the chauffeur stumbled dazedly down-stairs armed with a spot-light and clothes-brush. In his eyes was a sort of awed admiration. Miss Minerva on her first night of occupancy had given "Goldacres" the only thrill that it had known during his five years of residence. He was not blood-thirsty by temperament but five years of house-parties and golf tournaments and motor trips down to Los Angeles had paralyzed that hope of adventure which is the inalienable right of every male under thirty. Could it be possible, he asked himself now, that this attractive but conventional maiden lady from out of the East had murdered somebody? No, a broken leg was the best he might expect.

But even this spectacle was denied him. For beside the ivy-covered stone wall there lay revealed in the circle of light a spotted setter dog. He was quite dead. As Miss Minerva knelt with relieved pity beside him, she rejoiced that his agony had been brief. George's blasé eyes surveyed the victim with a gleam of genuine interest. "Gee!" he ejaculated, "some shot. He belongs on the next place. The Coulters brought him all the way from New York. He's just like one of the family. Pedigreed stock. Everybody in this valley knows that dog."

A little cry escaped Miss Minerva. She had caught sight of the three lifeless and mutilated bodies of the largest-sized bunnies. "*Look* at that!" she commanded. "Oh, to think that anything intrusted to my care should be butchered that way! I don't care if he is a pedigreed dog. He's evidently been hanging around here all night, and he'd have had the whole hutch overturned next. He deserved to be killed. I'm glad I did it!"

George didn't get all of this, but he judged by the tears in the assassin's eyes that she needed comforting. "Don't be too cut up about it," he soothed. "Bein' a lady, he can't say much to you."

"Who are these Coulters?"

"Why, he's some kind of a scientist. Writes books on mathematics or something."

"I don't care if he does. This will teach

him a lesson about respecting other people's property. Bury him, George" (her tone indicated that she meant the mathematician), "but leave these poor little bunnies where they are. If he comes over making inquiries in the morning, I'll show them to him."

It was only when she was back in her own room, away from the admiring eyes of George, that Miss Minerva's gallant independence collapsed and the taut nerves which she had come to "Goldacres" to relax, claimed their own. When at last she had dried her tears she lay sleepless, staring into the dark. The hours dragged toward dawn. From Santa Barbara came faintly the sound of the Old Mission bells calling the faithful to early mass.

"Finnette," she announced the next morning while the old servant and companion served her breakfast in the glass-enclosed porch off the dining-room, "I am not going into town much. I don't care to have it generally known that Cousin Ada has a relative out here on her place. Her friends might feel that they ought to call and I can't—I simply can't see people yet."

Finnette nodded with silent understanding. Once, in the days of her youth, when the brute whom she had called her husband mercifully died, she had suffered a nervous collapse, and so she knew that terror of chance encounters with strangers which only the nerve-racked can know. Now, with all the passion of her fiery old heart she longed to have Miss Minerva get what she termed "her chance." At thirty, she admitted grudgingly to herself, first youth is gone. It is gone even before that if one lives out the golden years in the sick-room first of a fretful mother and then as the sole companion of a complacently tyrannical father. But first youth is not, she had observed, an indispensable prerequisite for happy marriage, and never during all those reclusive years of Miss Minerva's youth had Finnette's sharp eyes ceased their search for eligible suitors. Several times had her vigilance been rewarded, and then, just as the cruiser was nearing shore, Miss Minerva had hung out a "no landing" sign, and it had sought a more hospitable port. "And now it is that she is so used

to wavin' 'em away," the old woman had complained bitterly, "that she's lost the knack—I'm afraid she's lost the knack."

Just why the unhappily wed should be the most ardent advocates of matrimony is a mystery which psychologists have never solved. But any unmarried man or woman who numbers such on the roll of friendship can bear testimony to the truth of this. Finnette, surveying now Miss Minerva's slender little figure in crisp black-and-white mourning gown, surmounted by irregular curves of dark hair, ventured a suggestion. "It is pleasant at the beach. One does not need to——"

"Oh, no, I don't care about going there," her charge interrupted hurriedly. "There is something about the water, a restlessness, an incessant effort——" She wandered off toward the steps. "No, I shall stay on 'Goldacres' during the two months that I am here. Why should any one ever want to leave such a place?"

"Down under the old sycamore is a pleasant place then," Finnette remarked. "I have never seen the nasturtiums growing high up in the branches like down there, and the little bench——"

"Yes, I mean to try it," Miss Minerva answered, picking up a floppy garden hat with a wreath of dull-tinted chrysanthemums around the brim.

But on her way down to the big sycamore she stopped at the garage, drawn thither by the morbid instinct of the murderer. George had gone into town on some household errands and would not be back until noon. The tragedy of the night had had a curious psychological effect upon Miss Minerva. From being rather indifferent to the existence of the Belgians, and coldly neutral concerning their ultimate end, she now found herself partisan to a violent degree. George had piled the victims of the massacre near the stone fence and Miss Minerva decided to obliterate the disaster from her memory by giving them decent burial. When she emerged from the tool-house with a sinister-looking shovel she found a man in a hat as floppy as her own leaning over the wall watching her through the ivy-leaves.

"Good morning, neighbor," he said genially, and completely ignoring the significance of the shovel.

"Good morning," Miss Minerva answered in the lowered tone appropriate to bereavement. Her habitual reserve was intensified by cold indignation. She began to dig in eloquent silence. "If he has a grain of sense he'll see that I don't want him around and will go away," she said to herself.

Evidently he hadn't, for he stayed and began peering inquisitively along her side of the fence.

"Are you looking for the fourth dimension, Mr. Math-Man?" Miss Minerva inquired at last.

"No," he answered still genially, "I'm looking for Euclid." There was a long silence and the pile of earth at the side of the grave grew steadily. "Why don't you eat them instead?" the intruder suggested at last.

Miss Minerva made no reply. She had stopped digging and was wiping her heated forehead. Without the slightest warning the Math-Man leaped over the fence and appropriated the shovel. "Let me finish," he commanded. "I think it ought to be deeper."

Miss Minerva relinquished the shovel without protest. It was the least he could do to offer to bury them.

"Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep," he sang buoyantly, and laid the Belgians in a straight row down the trench. "You raise them for the market, don't you?" he asked.

"I'll try to raise the *rest of them* for the market," she replied with mild irony.

"Well, if you're doing that," he went on pleasantly, "you'll have to do some clever advertising."

"My cousin, Mrs. Mills, keeps a card in the papers all the time," she told him briefly.

He waved aside the words with a touch of impatience. "Other people are raising Belgian hares to sell," he informed her. "Did you see this ad?" He drove the shovel into the earth and drew a clipping from his pocket. She read it silently. FOR SALE! Belgian hares from the famous Tracy Warren poultry farm. Fat, juicy, delicious. Hoover eats 'em. Nothing beats 'em. Phone 127.

Miss Minerva handed it back gravely. "It is a better ad than ours," she admitted.

"Oh, much better," he commented. "When I finished reading this I yearned for the flesh of a Belgian."

"Help yourself," she invited wickedly. "Those that you are burying are perfectly good. They were killed only last night."

He had finished the task now and was returning the shovel to the tool-house. "If he'd take off those owlsh glasses he wouldn't be bad-looking," Miss Minerva decided. "Thank you very much," she said when he came back.

"Oh, don't mention it," the Math-Man responded, and added with cheerful tactlessness, "I'll be glad to do it for you any time." He vaulted over the fence with athletic grace. "If Euclid comes over, send him home, will you?" he called back.

Miss Minerva was investigating the hutches. "If he wants to find out anything about that dog he'll have to ask about him," she explained to a black rabbit who occupied cage D all by himself. She wandered down the line of wire hutches, all lettered and showing the number of inhabitants in chalk figures on the outside. "Fourteen in C," she read. "Every hare has been numbered. How systematic George is!"

It was that same evening that George came up to the house after dinner to announce breathlessly to Miss Minerva that he had been accepted for the service and would leave early in the morning. "I have been tryin' for a year to get in," he explained, "but always my deafness has stood in the way. But I got a notice this afternoon. I'm goin' with a bunch of mechanics for repair work. In the place where they've assigned us they say everybody gets deaf in a month anyway. I know you're not the scared kind," he finished, "so you won't mind it havin' me go."

He gave her careful instructions in the care of the Belgians, and the next morning Miss Minerva filled the water-cans in each cage and replenished the feeding-bins from the barley sack in the tool-house. As an additional treat she stole from Finnette's vegetable war-garden lettuce and cabbage leaves. By the time she finished this task the Belgians had completely won her heart.

"Such dear, patient, innocent little

things!" she said to Finnette when the indefatigable old woman came out a few minutes later armed with a rake, a hoe, and other armament of the soldiers of the soil. But Finnette's eyes were fixed upon a tall figure in floppy hat who was irrigating long lines of beans on the other side of the fence. When Miss Minerva came in to lunch, after writing a letter to Cousin Ada down under the big sycamore-tree, she found the old woman in a genial, chatty frame of mind.

"It is that next-door man who knows about the vegetables," she began, as she set a raw egg disguised in orange-juice beside Miss Minerva's plate. "He shows me how to water a better way this morning. He covers it all up afterward to keep it moist. He has the biggest lettuce!" Finnette's two hands indicated a lettuce incredibly large. "It is a new kind he is trying and almost ready to pick."

Miss Minerva tapped one daintily shod foot absently on the soft rug beneath her chair. "I suppose he makes a specialty of it," she mused, her mind evidently busy with something else.

"Yes, Queen Alexandra is the name. Perhaps he may let us try a head when it is ready next week."

"I hope not," Miss Minerva said, suddenly alert. "I don't want to be under any obligation to him, Finnette." When she used that tone the old woman always subsided, but there was the gleam of a smile in her eyes as she went out to the kitchen for the dessert. Miss Minerva eyed her with sudden suspicion. She had an uncomfortable feeling that Finnette might have hinted for an Alexandrian lettuce. It would certainly be awkward to receive a present from the owner of Euclid.

But the next morning when she went out to feed the Belgians the sight that met her eyes routed all apprehension concerning a donation from next door. The fastening on hutch C was evidently weak and had yielded to inside pressure. The cage stood wide open. There was no sign of a prowler this time. Miss Minerva cast a wild glance under the row of hutches. Not a rabbit was in sight there. But her searching glance fell upon a wide hole which the departed Euclid had probably once dug beneath the stone dividing



Drawn by Lester Ralph.

"Why don't you eat them instead?" the intruder suggested at last. Page 797.

wall. Half fearfully she let her eyes travel to the other side of the partition. Then suddenly a little gasp escaped her. Crouched at irregular intervals down the aisle of Queen Alexandra lettuce, fourteen Belgian hares nibbled gratefully at the crisp, curling leaves, wet with morning dew.

Without waiting even to call Finnette, Miss Minerva drew herself over the fence aided by wires of ivy and bore down upon the army of occupation. The Belgians, surfeited by the spoils of war, made little effort to escape. Long captivity had deprived them of all power of defense. She had gathered a gentle, unprotesting robber into her arms and was reaching for another when she saw the Math-Man coming through the lemon-grove with a bucket over his arm. She scrambled to her feet, sinking ankle-deep in the soft moist earth.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Coulter," she began. "I just discovered that they had escaped. I don't know how long they've been here or——"

He set down the bucket of lemons and swept a speculative eye over the devastated lettuce-bed. "All night, I should say." He gave this estimate in a dispassionate, unhurried voice, as though he were calculating the duration of a railroad journey.

"I don't know what I can do about it, except pay for the damage, of course," she hurried on.

He was bareheaded to-day, and he stood looking down at her gravely from behind the owlish glasses. Miss Minerva mentally subtracted five years from the forty which she had given him at their first meeting, and wished desperately that he would smile.

"Let's catch them first before we discuss damages," he suggested, and nabbed a surprised little bunny by his long ears.

It proved a longer task than either of them had expected. The Belgians had lost their fleetness, but they had an aggravating talent for just eluding the grasp of their pursuers. Miss Minerva and the Math-Man bumped their heads together sharply several times during the pursuit and clawed wildly at each other over the heads of the Alexandrian lettuce. When the last of the fourteen had been safely

secured in cage C, they sought the cool shelter of the sycamore-tree, festooned with gaudy nasturtium-blossoms, to regain their breath. Miss Minerva took off the chrysanthemum-wreathed hat and fanned herself. The Math-Man noticed all at once that her eyes were gray, lustrous, blue-gray, not dark as he had first labelled them. It was the heavy black lashes, he decided, that had misled him.

"Were you raising them for the market?" Miss Minerva asked contritely.

"What? Oh, the lettuce? Well, I'll try to get the *rest of them* to the market."

She met it without flinching. "I'm afraid I was rude yesterday. But I was a little upset. You see, this place doesn't belong to me, and I feel responsible for everything intrusted to my care. Your dog—I ought to have told you about it yesterday— It was really an accident, but—I killed Euclid."

"Yes, I know."

"You knew about it all the time?"

"No, not all the time; but after I'd met you I began to be suspicious. Then I got George to confirm it. I'm glad you told me. I felt a delicacy about mentioning it. But I'm under deep obligations to you—I hope the lettuce tragedy will help to square my debt."

He apparently enjoyed the mute questioning of the wide-open gray eyes, for he spoke in drawling soliloquy now. "That dog had a family tree that could have shaded the whole Belgian nation, and he was the bane of my life. He has kept sick neighbors awake and stolen the property of well neighbors. Since he came into it, my life has been one prolonged apology. I couldn't kill him myself, for he didn't belong to me, and I couldn't give him away, but I could have yelled with joy when I heard of his timely end."

"I wish you had told me," Miss Minerva sighed. "I wouldn't have worried so much, but——" Her eyes lighted now with sudden fire. "I love animals, dogs especially, and I never killed anything in my life before, but I *enjoyed* firing that shot. It's the only thing I ever did that I didn't have to consult somebody else about first!"

"I see," he said slowly, and for an instant Miss Minerva was frightened for



"It was really an accident, but—I killed Euclid."—Page 710.

fear that he really did. "I'm sorry you worried about it," he said gently. "You're out here for your health, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"My dear lady, it's easy. I've seen enough worn-out war workers to——"

"It wasn't war work," she hastened to correct him.

"So much the worse. That's the only service that awards medals or honorable

mention. Listen. Resting is the hardest job in the world just now; but it's worth the effort. Don't worry about anything while you're tanking up on strength. Raise rabbits, and read, not war stuff, but something light and entertaining like——"

"Like what?"

"Well, try some of Rex Martin's short stories. He writes about burglars and highwaymen and piratical sort of chaps,

but they're such clever devils and so decent at heart that somehow they get you. I don't know of anything better than 'The Adventures of the Blackbird' to feed worn-out nerves."

At this moment Finnette appeared bearing a silver pitcher and glasses. Her face was inscrutable but hospitality radiated from the fresh cup cakes and fruit punch. When Miss Minerva came up to the house a few minutes later Finnette called to her sharply from the back screen porch.

"Why is it that you do not invite him to lunch?"

"How absurd you are, Finny. I don't know him well enough for that." She wandered out to where the old woman sat mixing salad dressing.

"It was terrible about our rabbits getting into that wonderful lettuce, but he was very nice about it. He simply wouldn't let me pay him."

"If he comes over to-morrow we will ask him to lunch." Finnette said simply.

The Math-Man did come over the next day to show Finnette a new kind of cucumber, but he was not invited to lunch. For Miss Minerva lay in the blue-and-gold bedroom racked with pain, the aching spinal pain that only the nerve-weary know. The next day she was no better, and then Finnette, coming up with her milk-and-egg drink, announced that the Math-Man had offered to take charge of the Belgians. "Already he is doing it since yesterday," she reported.

"He's very kind," the sufferer sighed. "I suppose I'll have to let him, but I hate to be under such——"

"He sends you this note telling how they get along," Finnette went on imperturbably. Miss Minerva opened the thin slip of paper. The message was concise and brief.

"Report from the Belgian front.

$2B + 8.4 + 12E = 0 \text{ K.}$

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"It is the lettuce that kills one whole cage." Finnette explained the tragedy of the last equation with tranquil stoicism. "He says green feed, if it is damp, will kill them every time."

The next evening the report came con-

cealed in the pages of "The Adventures of the Blackbird." It was more encouraging.

"Break in the Belgian line.

$B - 2 = \$1.00 \quad E - 9 = \$9.20.$

"No casualties."

"He sells them by the Red Cross salvage department in town," Finnette exulted. "He says they are at the age to sell and should go. And in this way it is not necessary to advertise."

"Thank goodness!" Miss Minerva sighed. "It's wonderful to have such a capable manager."

"What I always tell you," the old woman reminded her, "is that talent of a kind you may have, but you know little of business."

The next day, when the Belgian report came in on a note half hidden in a huge Alexandrian lettuce that looked like a colossal green rose, Miss Minerva wrote a message of appreciation which Finnette bore in triumph to the Math-Man. It expressed the hope that he would call the next day and allow her to thank him in person.

During the weeks that followed, he reported daily at the sycamore-tree, for, although Miss Minerva announced herself perfectly recovered now and equal to any task, he pointed out that the position of food administrator for the Belgians was too important a post to be filled by a novice. And so the Belgians continued to thrive, and the Red Cross continued to be enriched, and Miss Minerva and the Math-Man continued to chat under the friendly shade of the big sycamore. During the long mornings Miss Minerva sometimes wrote at the rustic table. There were frequent letters to Cousin Ada, in which she assured her in glowing terms that she was completely recovering her health, and that "Goldacres" was the Garden of Eden. She wrote other things too as the days passed, sketchy, fragmentary things, and one morning the lines of a poem began to write themselves across the table.

"I dare to take what my eyes desire,
And to keep what my heart holds dear."

There was a long pause after this assertion, and then other lines added them-

selves, and the morning was miraculously gone.

It was the next day that the Math-Man handed in his resignation as food administrator to the Belgians. They were standing on the rustic bridge that spanned a dry creek bed bordered with myrtle, and he had just finished superintending the carting away of a dozen marketable rabbits.

"I'm sorry to give up the position," he explained, "but I must get back to work. I gave myself two months to rest and they are gone."

"Work?" Miss Minerva echoed the word incredulously as though it were quite a new one. "Something, I suppose, along the line of—engineering?"

"Yes. Engineering the fortunes of the *Centennial Magazine*."

"You are its editor." Miss Minerva made the statement in a musing voice, looking down a vista of trees that ended in a patch of green-blue ocean.

"I thought," he said, "that you thought I was—somebody else."

"I did at first, but your name was in—that book you lent me, you know."

He smiled. "I wouldn't know an algebraic equation from the shorthand notes of a Czecho-Slav. My brother's the math. whiz. When he went into the service he suggested that I come out here and be caretaker for his place till I got a line on my nerves. But how did you know who I was?"

"I ought to know, if anybody does. I've had a great many letters from you."

"Letters?"

"Letters. But not so many of those as printed slips. Yours are the only ones I've ever kept. You write such delicious things on the margins. I suppose," she went on after a moment of silence, "that you came out here to get away from writers?"

He nodded dumbly.

"And I came out to get away from editors."

"You must write under a pen name." A kind of terror was gripping the editor of the *Centennial Magazine*.

"I had to. You see, my parents were the old-fashioned, conservative kind. They had very strict ideas about what a daughter ought to do. I didn't dare tell

them about—my work. And yet," her voice had sunk to a tragic little whisper, "I should have died during these last hard years, if I hadn't had—the Blackbird."

He was staring down at her, this demure, feminine little creature in the dainty black-and-white gown, as though he were seeing her for the first time.

"The Blackbird!" he murmured incredulously. His voice was awed. "You little woman you, do you mean that you—you write about——?"

"About robbers!" she cried passionately, "and highwaymen and piratical sort of men!" She faced him with a tremulous defiance. Thirty years of self-suppression and outraged youth and stifled dreams were in her voice as she hurried on. "Highwaymen and robbers and pirates go after what they want and take it, in spite of everything. They are not hampered by the fear of consequences, by fear of anything. It's glorious!"

The editor of the *Centennial Magazine* was not aware that his next words were spoken aloud. "I dare to take what my eyes desire, and to keep what my heart holds dear."

"But I don't," Miss Minerva said bitterly. "I never have." A wave of hot color swept her pale face. "How could you read—what somebody else wrote?"

He smiled shamelessly. "Reading what other people write is my business. I found that down under the sycamore-tree yesterday, and it gave me courage."

He reached out and took her two hands in a strong, masterful grasp. "As a caretaker, I'm a miserable failure," he confessed. "I haven't taken care at all."

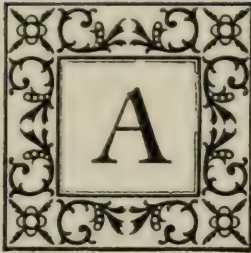
Through a mist in which the oak-trees along the creek seemed to dance grotesquely, Miss Minerva gazed at the patch of green-blue ocean that has lured artists from all over the world. But what she saw was a long, bleak trail of dead years slowly dissolving into the fog.

Above them on the terrace a fiery-eyed old woman scurried out of sight around a corner of the big house. "Fourteen Belgians and two rows of Alexandrian lettuce gone," she murmured wickedly. "Well, it was worth trying, and *Mon Dieu!* everything in life costs something."

Angela

BY EDWARD C. VENABLE

Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Six-Foot-Four," etc.



ANGELA is really very much like her great-grandmother. She doesn't know it and she would be furiously angry if I were to tell her; but nevertheless she is.

It is a most comforting resemblance. Sometimes I am inclined to think it the most comforting aspect of Angela. There is a portrait of her great-grandmother over the fireplace in the library, a lady in the tightest-fitting black "waist" I have ever seen, with her hair smoothly parted and drawn down over her ears and her hands prettily folded in her lap. I look at that picture and feel sure that no one who is, as Angela is, the spiritual replica of such a person can ever be what Angela assures me she intends to become. But I cast such glances furtively, for fear Angela should catch me at it and read my thoughts. To be told she resembles her great-grandmother would, I imagine, be the bitterest reproach she could receive—unless perhaps to be told the same thing of her great-great-grandmother, because Angela's ambition in life is to be new.

In many ways she is, but these are superficial ways and it is the fundamentals of Angela that I am concerned with, inasmuch as the laws of consanguinity forbid my marrying her, just as the laws of heredity compel me to be her guardian. This is, indeed, one of her grievances—that I am her guardian, I mean; she hasn't the slightest desire to marry me. She is not quite so new as that.

"Why," she asks me, "why should an intelligent human being of mature years (she is twenty-two) and without criminal instincts have a keeper?"

You should never answer Angela's questions. The only safe method is to ask her another. So I ask:

"Why don't you marry, then?"

"I shall never marry," she assures me.

"Don't, Angela," I implore, "be so disagreeable."

As a matter of fact, we agree on this question of the guardianship. Angela does not dislike it any more heartily than I. We both regard it as an imposition. To ask, as was asked of me—a bachelor of sober habits, with a tendency to dyspepsia—to regard an individual like Angela as his "own daughter" is more than an imposition—it is an absurdity. I could no more regard her as my own daughter than I could look upon her as my own airplane.

And yet how characteristic of her poor, dear father that he should attempt to establish such a relationship by pen and ink. Poor fellow, he tried to establish a new universe by means of pen and ink, and now the only existing evidence of this reformer's life is Angela, and she is exactly like her great-grandmother. Verily, for such it must have been written: "There is nothing new under the sun."

Apart from this fundamental absurdity in our relationship, however, Angela and I get on together not uncomfortably. In a way, I think, we rather like each other. I do not hesitate to give the credit for this happy state of affairs to my own acuteness in spying out that absurdity. If I had not, and if I tried to regard Angela as my own daughter, disapproving of her as I do, there would inescapably be friction between us. There would, to be quite frank, be rows, tremendous rows. I should probably lock her up to keep her from going to the sort of places she frequents, I should forbid my house to some ninety-odd per cent of her acquaintance, I should add about twelve inches to the length of her skirts, I should make an eternal ass of myself and a spiteful little sneak of Angela. As it is I do none of such things. By merely repudiating that snare of scriptural paternity I dwell in peace with Angela and even with her friends.

I add that final clause with dubiety. Angela's friends are difficult. In my opinion and her phraseology, they are a scrubby lot. They are not, I fancy, like their great-grandfathers. For practical purposes most of them, I am confident, never had any. I do not refer particularly to the men. I scarcely know them. They never call at the house, and when they dine there smoke in the drawing-room with Angela. The women I know better. Very much better. They call and dine, and especially they lunch. I have a suspicion they do not approve of my lunching in my own house, and so when I do they try to ignore my bad habit as completely as possible. This is very polite of them and it also gives me the opportunity of knowing them intimately because, I being conventionally not present, they talk among themselves. It is really very hard on the butler, though.

I ventured to point this out once to Angela, but not very clearly, I am afraid.

"You see, Angela," I said, "there is Thomas."

"What has Thomas got to do with it?" asked Angela.

"Well," I said, "Thomas is a gentleman—I mean, of course, a man."

Angela stared blankly. I went a step further.

"He is even," I suggested, "a bachelor. And do you think that the personal prospects of Miss Balch in the science of eugenics——"

"That," said Angela, "is the very class we want to reach."

Doubtless. But they will never reach Thomas, nevertheless. He will leave first. It is impossible to explain to Angela such an apotheosis of modesty as a bachelor who happens also to be a butler. This really exasperates me. To lose Thomas for the theories of Miss Balch is too much. And they are only theories, too. That woman hasn't any prospects. I told Angela as much.

"Mathilde Balch," said Angela, "belongs in the front ranks."

"Mathilde Balch," I replied, "belongs in the Litany, somewhere between the fury of the Northmen and the perils of childbirth."

It is after a luncheon such as this that, safely secluded in the library, I look up

to the portrait of the great-grandmother, from whence at such moments comes my only help. She was a beautiful woman in the fashion of her day. Her face is beautiful even now on the canvas, disfigured as it is by all the absurdities of that day's eccentricities. Just so, I reflect, Angela too is a pretty girl despite the efforts of her dressmakers. I am credibly informed that the lady on the canvas, when she moved under the open sky, wore on her head a sort of inverted bird's nest, and if the portrait were of a slightly different shape it would necessarily show a "bustle," or it may be a "hoop." I must by daily experience acquit Angela of a "bustle" and, only vague rumors to the contrary, of a "hoop" also. Can I in common honesty convict her of anything worse? Nay, even as bad? I review meticulously the wardrobe of Angela as I know it and must answer truthfully I cannot. No, on the whole the lady on the canvas in her demure black and her precise coiffure has no right to look so virtuously down, after all. What if I did the other day find a little brown curl on the hall table's drawer! Were there not in the other lady's day things known as "waterfalls"? How do I know what there is even now at the back of her smooth brown head? She doesn't show me in the portrait, and I doubt whether she was quite frank with the artist either.

This same lady was imprudent enough to leave a diary. It is a weakness which I assess as equivalent to Angela's recklessness with the kodak. Angela has kodak-albums which will some day be the joy of her irreverent descendants. A similar fate has already met her great-grandmother's diary. It opens with a record of the progress of an antimacassar. I lay the volume down an instant to visualize Angela and an olive-drab sweater. The unguent of Mr. Macassar balances against the chill mud of Flanders! The sleek head of a Nat Willis against the broad shoulders of a Victor Chapman! I think Angela has the better of her great-grandmother in that opening chapter.

I close the book there for the time. I feel that it has done me good, and I may return to the discussion of Miss Balch with greater equanimity.

If I were Angela's father, or even if I

were so silly as to take her real father's advice and regard myself as that, I would not take the trouble to seek after equanimity in my relations with her. I should never apply at all this antidote of her great-grandmother's diary. I should stamp and swear and say disagreeable things about friends like Miss Balch, but not being silly in this one instance I strive earnestly to retain balance.

So poised I perceive that the characteristic feature of this little group of thinkers—Angela's group—is unanimity. I have never seen so many people so completely in accord so frequently. And they not only agree among themselves but they refer ominously to "opinion," a vast gloomy background somewhere which is inexorably enveloping humanity and of which that particular luncheon-party is only a tiny detached portion. Miss Balch is the fuglewoman of the group. I have never heard any one of them disagree with Miss Balch in any instance. I can't altogether blame them for this; I would not care to disagree with Miss Balch myself. But nevertheless unanimity is a suspicious quality. There is something Teutonic about it. When I listen to these young ladies agreeing to the dot of an "i" on subjects as various as international politics and the nutriment of the human young, I sometimes awfully suspect the existence in this district of Manhattan of a central-office opinion-distributing or some such cultural establishment. A sort of intellectual Sears-Roebuck. How else could they each know so exactly what to think? It is curious that young ladies who are so very particular about the individuality of their frocks should be content to acquire their mental garments wholesale.

Yet, after all, did not their great-grandmothers acquire theirs in a precisely similar manner? Angela's did, I know. The garments, to be sure, were of a very different pattern—both kinds of garments, those for the body and those for the mind—but that is a matter of very small consequence. Angela's great-grandmother was one of the most incurably wholesale thinkers whose thoughts I have ever been able to get at.

"I feel every day," she writes under date of July 9, 1837, which was exactly

seventeen years and nine days after the date of her birth, "I feel every day how little the Life of the World and of Pleasure can take the place of Firm, Religious Faith." Angela is similarly certain of the inadequacy of fun. All young ladies of pleasing personalities have such certitudes—else there wouldn't be any fun. Angela, to be sure, is not quite so emphatic as her ancestors who called all who were not convinced of the inadequacy of fun "ungodly." Angela merely calls them "parasites." This is due to the fact that Angela patronizes Ellen Key, while the older lady shopped at the establishment of Hemans & Tupper, whose wares were more highly colored, I think.

It is comforting to me to observe too that Angela only shares her great-grandmother's disapproval of her spiritual pastors and masters, for Angela's disapproval of me, though in the main harmless, at times makes me nervous. She says I am antisocial. Miss Balch balefully refers to capitalism in the same connection. But what's that, what's capitalism compared to "infidelity"? And French infidelity at that! That was the charge her poor, dear great-great-grandfather lived and died under. The diary painfully records how it was necessary during holy worship to assume a position in the pew between the diarist's parent and the aisle. Otherwise apparently the old infidel would be out and away—to a race-track probably. It was even necessary, I infer, to pray, as it were, with one eye open and fixed upon the backslider, because she says her watchfulness was disturbing her devotions. I wonder if the old gentleman was capable of hurdling his kneeling offspring and escaping that way? Otherwise, why was not the blockade of the pew sufficient? Evidently he was a resourceful son of Belial, full of the traditional wiles of the children of darkness.

The relations between Angela and me are much less strained. We argue our differences of the sort and, on the whole, argue with amiability. The reason, I suppose, of this superior amiability is that our relationship is not complicated as were those others by such external superficialities as paternity. By strictly disregarding her father's dying wishes I have simplified our problem, made it of human

solution not only capable but even easy. Angela here is not my own daughter, not my foster-daughter. She is not my anything. She is simply the Woman in the House.

Before she came, an impudent little creature of sixteen, this position was occupied by a Mrs. Pusey. Mrs. Pusey used to look in at me at meal-times through a crack in the pantry-door. When I saw her doing it I would put up the newspaper. Later I believe she entered in and carefully counted the fragments that remained, thereby saving me tremendous percentages in monthly bills. A most capable soul! I trust she prospers somewhere.

Angela is different, quite different. I am confident too that when she came she intended, if she gave the matter any thought at all, to be even more different. She had no desire to occupy the position she at present holds. The dignity was thrust upon her, partly by me, I suppose, much more by Thomas. It was done as that silent, mysterious man performs all his works, noiselessly, almost imperceptibly, but irresistibly. The whole process must have taken place under my eyes and yet I had never so much as an inkling until the fact was accomplished. Thomas is not so much a man as a noiseless, irresistible force pervading certain latitudes of my household.

On that very first morning when Angela came to breakfast—the true significance of it all is clear to me now for the first time—she was late. This was bad. I felt apologetic toward Thomas. To my surprise, he did not seem offended. I know now he was absorbed in weightier matters. I did not realize that such business was afoot. I had even fancied in a vague way that Angela's plate would be laid around the corner from mine, and I had kindly intentions of placing upon it choice morsels of unusually crisp bacon and of otherwise being parentally condescending. It was not that I was regarding her as my daughter but as somebody's daughter. Thomas made no such blunder. His vision was farther-sighted. Angela's plate was not around the corner at all. It was at the other end of the table, and between me and it was a plated-silver coffee-urn that stood two feet high on the

table-top. And oh, vatic urn! It had belonged to Angela's great-grandmother.

It was a most impressive piece of metal. It must have been almost overpowering to Angela when she found it there that morning for the first time. I imagine Thomas felt something of the sort. I remember he stood very close to her elbow when she first stretched out her hands to it. I felt abashed, though not at all understanding why. Thomas's manner made me so. He bore that first cup of coffee the length of the table with a solemnity which he otherwise reserved exclusively for plum-pudding. He placed it before me as though it contained an elixir of immortality. Then he withdrew to the pantry. The hypocrite! I caught him watching through a crack in the door, just as Mrs. Pusey used to do. It was that gave me an insight into the true meaning of the occasion. Then I knew that unconsciously I had been thrust into a ceremony. Angela's eyes around the urn were fixed—blue, wide, and full of fear. I was almost overcome. My hand trembled. I scarcely dared lift the cup. I tasted it barely and put it down. It rang against the saucer. I looked fearfully at Angela.

"Is it," asked Angela, "is it—all right?"

"It is," I answered; "it is delicious."

Then the clock struck half past eight on the chimney-piece, and Thomas came in with the eggs.

Oh, Angela, Angela, it is not your fault or your virtue that you are so very like your great-grandmother! I fear after all it is only an ineluctable necessity.

From that day until this one I have never read the newspaper at the breakfast-table. I am, it may be, slow on the uptake, but once sufficiently instructed I have a proper respect for occasions. Surely, if Angela can lay aside the perfecting of the human race long enough to perfect that early-morning cup, I can lay aside the chronicle of those same creatures' mistakes long enough to thank her for her solicitude. That I firmly believe the solicitude is in no sense of her volition, that it is a necessity bound upon her, in no way lessens my responsibility in the matter. I lift that cup not to Angela, not even to her great-grandmother, but to a presence that both, in their genera-

tions, have—not unworthily, I am sure, though unconsciously—incarnated, the presence of the Woman in the House.

What a restless spirit she is! No sooner has she safely ensconced herself in this title and dignity than she begins to meditate a yet more adventurous attempt. She intends to become a woman in somebody else's house. Of course, being possessed of five normal senses, I have been aware of such meditation for some time. I was not, however, prepared for its sudden crystallization, as it were, into action.

Angela, unlike me, has no sense of occasions. She came into the library dressed for the street, even to her gloves, and after asking me if she could do anything for me up-town she added:

"I think I am going to marry."

"What!" I asked.

"Herby," Angela answered.

She meant, I discovered, Arthur Herbert Spencer.

I don't altogether like Arthur Herbert, which may possibly account for Angela's infatuation. At that time I didn't remember him. Later, however, he came to dinner, and I discovered I didn't altogether like him. To begin with, I don't like his names, any of them—Arthur or Herbert or Arthur-Herbert or Herby. Spencer is permissible but the others are altogether too smooth. Then I don't like his clothes. They are always too short—his trousers, his coats, his waistcoats, his collars—everything he wears. He suggests having been outfitted at some earlier period of his development. He retaliates by not liking my whiskey and tobacco. For my person he evidences a profound respect and some affection.

That first evening after dinner Angela left us alone together. That was how I discovered I didn't altogether like him. I suppose she had some groundless feminine theory that I had something to say to him. Of course I didn't. I never had less to say to a man in my life. The only common interest we had in the world was Angela, and I couldn't very well talk to a comparative stranger about the woman he was going to marry—especially when I knew the woman as I know Angela. He told me I knew his father. After a good deal of explanation I found out he was

right, only I thought he was dead. It was stupid of me, but when the boy first spoke of the man and added the hope I would soon meet him again I was startled and showed it.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"In Arizona," said Spencer.

I was relieved. I am never quite sure what one of Angela's friends is going to say. Fortunately she came in then and I covered up my blunder.

I don't altogether like Arthur Herbert and I imagine I never shall, and yet I feel sorry for him. Angela has deceived him. We never discuss Angela, but of necessity her existence is referred to by one or the other of us from time to time, and even by these very occasional flashes I perceive that Angela has imposed upon him the current misapprehension of her originality. The calm confidences with which he uses the preface "Angela thinks," as if he were thereby opening up some vision of a new heaven and earth, would alone give her away. And I further perceive that he is ever so slightly afraid of this newness. It at once enchants and affrights him. And as the days pass and the final day approaches his enchantment and his fright grow together.

We come up here to the library every evening for a half-hour after dinner, while Angela is busy elsewhere, and sit opposite each other by the fireplace. Between us hangs the portrait of Angela's great-grandmother. At first I thought that Angela insisted upon these conferences and he dutifully obeyed, but I was wrong. He seeks them. During them he often looks at me silently for whole minutes together, and he looks—I am sure of it—imploringly. "You," he beseeches, "you have lived with her for many years. Tell me. In the name of our common father Adam, speak." I grin in silence behind the cigar-smoke. What, I betray the hard-bought knowledge of my years, the secret of my generation to this impudent knocker at the door? All day long youth kicks at my heels, treads on my toes, pushes, hustles, insults me in a hundred ways, but for one short half-hour at evening age has its revenge. I weigh it out to the very grain. And the very precariousness of my power adds to its sweetness. There, not three feet above his head, hangs the answer to

his riddle, if he had only sense to read it. But I shall never point it out to him.

Meanwhile, I know Angela is hanging about outside somewhere. She imagines we are deep in self-revelation, he allowing me to glimpse his spiritual treasures momentarily, I revealing myself to his rare discernment in that rôle of not-as-cross-as-I-seem which Angela has cast me for of late. Poor child—if she only knew it—I am on such occasions malice incarnate.

Arthur Herbert is going away shortly, as soon as they are married, and for once in clothes that are fully large enough for him—khaki. It is cut in all sizes these days. Before he goes he is going to ask me to take care of Angela for him; not openly—he is different from that—but dumbly, incoherently, with words that mean nothing and would be quite superfluous if they did, with that stricken young face of his to speak for him. And I shall promise him in some similarly inadequate fashion, I suppose. What a farce! What will be taking care of Angela then will be quite beyond my power to disturb. And I shall watch it at work when she sits there across the fire—under the eyes of the picture on the wall. As a matter of fact, she speaks as if she were going with him, but that, of course, neither of us will ever permit. It is quite out of the question.

She looked in from the hall to wish me good-night just now on her way to bed. Arthur Herbert has just left. She was radiant. I have never seen her look more completely Angela. I wished her in my ponderous fashion pleasant dreams.

"I never dream," she answered, with a smile.

Ah, she will soon.

(By kind permission of the censor)

"July 22, 1917.

"DEAR UNCLE SIMON:

"Look up from those darned old books of yours for a minute and listen to me.

"Herby came a cropper last Thursday at Avord. He was trying a 'Vrille' for the first time and of course he muffed it. He always does. He muffed me the first time, the first three times in fact, though you were so book-blinded you thought I had pink-eye, or some antediluvian disease. Anyway he is laid up now. He is going to get well. Doctor G—— says it's certain. But he thinks I am not.

"That's the trouble. If he thinks I won't hard enough, he won't, and then I won't, or at least won't want to. I know I am not very clear, but you wouldn't blame me if you could see me writing on this board the nurse holds up with so many all around me who can't, who simply can't, get well.

"Now, the point is Herby wants—I want too—you to take little Angela if anything should go wrong. I know you think you have done enough for Angela. You have, but I want her to pour coffee out of that old coffee-urn; she has such pretty hands, Uncle Simon, even now. I wonder if you ever noticed mine when I did?

Devotedly, ANGELA."





Gardens of the Alcazar, Seville.

Some Spanish Gardens

BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

HOW comparatively little we know, in America, of the charm of the Spanish garden! Yet the exuberant *quintas* of Valencia, the gay, tiled courts and fountains of Seville, the hanging gardens of the Alhambra, the romantic and melancholy groves of Aranjuez, and the majestic vistas of La Granja might well serve as models for the settings of our country homes in Florida or in California or in the growing Southwest, so Hispanic both in color and in character.

The gardens of Spain, with a few notable exceptions, were not laid out on the grand scale of those of the Italian villas

near Rome, nor of the more magnificent of the French châteaux, but they have a romantic flavor of their own and a charm that is quite unlike that of any other European gardens—a charm that, in no small measure, can be directly traced to the influence of the Moorish occupation.

This Moorish influence is particularly apparent in the gardens of southern Spain (and they, after all, are the most characteristic), where the vegetation is semi-tropic in character, and where palms and myrtles and thickets of citron and orange trees give a truly African quality to the landscape. Perhaps as characteristic as

any of these southern gardens are the Jardines del Alcazar in Seville.

Of the original Alcazar, a huge fortress that formed the main military bulwark of

Giralda Tower alone remain. Upon the reconquest of Seville by the Christians the Alcazar was almost entirely destroyed, and was rebuilt by the Spanish sovereigns



Pavilion of Charles V, Alcazar Gardens, Seville.

the city, little or nothing remains. It had been built in the twelfth century by the Sultan Abu Yakub Yusuf, the same enlightened monarch who had caused the great mosque to be erected, of which the Court of Oranges and the world-famed

of the fourteenth century and their successors. Their architects, however, were either Morescoes or Spaniards inspired by the Mudéjar architecture that they saw about them, this influence still being seen plainly in the diapered wall-panels,

the cusped arches, and the *ajimez* windows of the Patio de las Doncellas that was built as late as the reign of Charles V.

The Alcazar Gardens, as we see them to-day, were also laid out under this same Emperor, and they exhibit the same tendency to borrow ideas from the Moors, so that, in them, we see Mudéjar fountains fraternizing with Chirriguerresque archways and tiled Moorish seats built along walls that might have been designed by Berruguete.

These gardens are usually entered through the long, dark, corridor-like Apeadero, from which you emerge with blinking eyes into a dazzling white courtyard with a wealth of flowers and potted plants ranged along its balustrades. From this court you descend a few steps, revetted like the seats that adjoin them, with beautiful azulejos, or tiles. Hence a cave-like entrance admits you to the vaulted Baños, where, according to tradition, Maria de Padilla used to bathe while her admirers gallantly drank the water she had used for her ablutions.

Opposite these baths an archway leads to the outer gardens, which are a perfect riot of light and color. They are laid out in a series of rectangular compartments enclosed by clipped hedges and planted with patterns in box, and further embellished with a profusion of flowering shrubs and plants: laurels, azaleas, jessamine, and roses. At the intersections of the paths the corners have been cut off so as to form octagons, in which are placed fountains set on octagonal bases made of tiles, mostly blue and white, but with occasional dashes of a rich yellow. In a far corner of the garden stands a little colonnaded pavilion or pleasure-house, erected by Charles V, also in the Moorish style—a gem of an edifice, whose walls as well as the seats that surround it are all faced up with brilliant tiles. Behind it is a mezquita or little mosque, whose image is reflected in a deep blue pool of water; so that, in this end of the garden at least, one might fancy oneself in Tunis or in Fez, or in some villa in the outskirts of Tangier.

But the walls that surround these gardens are truly Spanish, topped as they are with fantastic copings and enlivened with gateways of capricious design, sup-

ported by baroque buttresses and surmounted by broken pediments capped with obelisks and vases. Along their northern side the gardens are bordered by the varied structures of the Alcazar itself, while along their eastern end they are shut in by highly colored walls, finished with stalactic rustica and adorned with statued niches, with grottos, and with arcades whose white arches gleam dazzlingly against the lapis-colored sky.

Palm-trees of great height and luxuriance, varied with an occasional cedar of Lebanon or some other dark evergreen, project the only bits of shadow upon its glittering pathways, so that the beholder, on a sunny day, is struck with an overpowering sense of brilliancy and splendor, of color and perfume and rich southern exuberance.

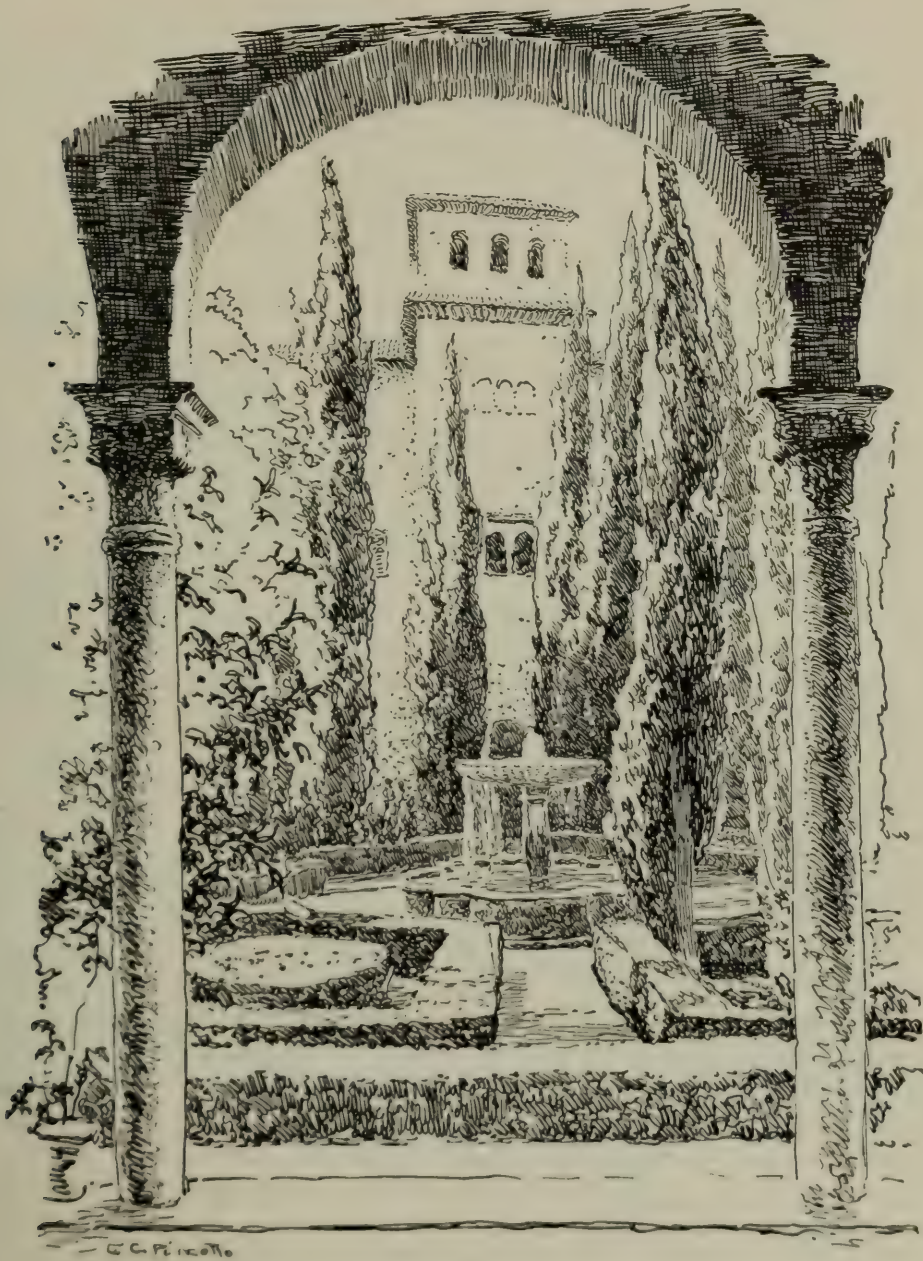
This same sense of tropic brilliancy is characteristic of the patios for which Seville has long been famous. They, too, are a heritage from the Moors, with their tiles and their fountains, their arcades and bright-colored *tondos*, or awnings, to protect them from the sun.

Every Spanish city has its favorite Alameda or Paseo. Seville is no exception to this rule, and the Paseo de las Delicias that leads to the Parque Maria-Luisa is a typical example of the shaded promenades, planted with sycamores or lindens, under whose cool vaults the people love to saunter at ease and take the air on the long summer evenings.

But the most beautiful of these Alamedas that I know is the one that leads from Granada up through the Valle de la Assabica to the gates of the Alhambra. It is planted with elms brought from England by the Duke of Wellington in 1812—trees that now, centenarians, rear their mighty boles aloft like the pillars of some vast cathedral, while their branches, meeting high aloft, intertwine to form a verdant roof, impenetrable even at mid-day, that excludes the rays of the summer sun and breaks the winds, leaving the floor of the valley cool, still, and shadowy. Three fountains decorate its leafy aisles. They murmur constantly with the sound of running water that gushes from countless springs in the hillside as well as from the Acequia del Rey that brings down the melting snows of the Sierras

from above the Generalife. To add to the charm of this mystic grove the air is filled with the songs of nightingales that, attracted by the cool shadows and the

designers have been able to impart a singular beauty and show how much can be done with a very small space. The best known of these is the Garden of Linderaja,



The Garden of Linderaja, Alhambra.

calm atmosphere, nest by hundreds in its dense foliage.

These beautiful groves lead us, at last, to the Moorish Palace of the Alhambra, which contains three small gardens that are usually neglected by the tourist in his interest in the palace itself. Two of them are really only courtyards laid out with garden features, but even to these the

lying in the very shadow of the Peinador de la Reina. From its centre rises the exquisite alabaster fountain whose praises have been sung by Washington Irving in his "Alhambra." About it the symmetrical beds are confined by thick hedges of box and shaded by orange trees and cypresses, while from above, between the high, protecting walls, falls a powdery,

sifted light like that from a studio skylight, that lends to this little garden a very peculiar charm.

The second of these Alhambra gardens, known as the Jardín del Cuarto de Machuca, lies at the western end of the palace. It also is laid out in geometric patterns, with clipped hedges and rose arbors, while through breaks in its massive walls you catch glimpses of the Albaicín opposite, with its church towers silhouetted against the sky and its red-tiled roofs descending the hill, pell-mell, in picturesque confusion, to the valley, worn by the Darro, far down beneath you.

But it is the third garden, the Jardín de los Adarves, or Garden of the Ramparts, that is the most characteristic and the most beautiful of the three. As its name implies, it lies imbedded within the very walls of the old Moorish stronghold in the shadow of the Alcazaba, or keep of the fortress. But even within these restricted confines, it manages to contain a world of pretty features: fountains enclosed in box hedges, pathways made of little rounded rocks, roses of Castile clambering in profusion over trellises of iron, whose arches frame fascinating views of the city, and the Vega lying far below, with the mountains of Elvira and the Albaicín rising opposite.

It is due to the choice of such spots upon the heights that the Granada gardens owe a large portion of their loveliness; for in them, shut off from the world and embowered in flowers, you feel an intimate solitude, a quiet sense of retirement as if you were secluded in a well-furnished room, yet when you look out of your window, so to speak, through an opening in the wall, cunningly devised so as to command a certain prospect, you have the feeling that all the world lies spread out at your feet for you to gaze upon and wonder at, while to your ear there mounts the creak of a distant cart-wheel, the bark of a dog, or the cries of children in the Albaicín to stimulate your imagination.

And it is at night that the magic of these gardens is most potent. This Garden of the Ramparts will always remain connected in my mind with certain enchanted nights in May, when, at his invitation, we met the Governor of the Al-

hambra and another friend of ours to make a visit to the towers by moonlight. We crossed the Plaza de los Aljibes to the door of the Alcazaba, which the *conservador* opened with a ponderous key. As we entered the Garden of the Ramparts we found its rose arbors and thickets of myrtle and hornbeam tipped with silver, while in them the nightingales sang exultantly. Almost on tiptoe, so as not to break the spell, we crossed it and clambered up the steep steps of the Torre de la Vela, the highest of the Alhambra towers, until we reached its roof-terrace, where we found that chairs had been set out for our reception, and cushions to lean upon had been disposed along the parapets.

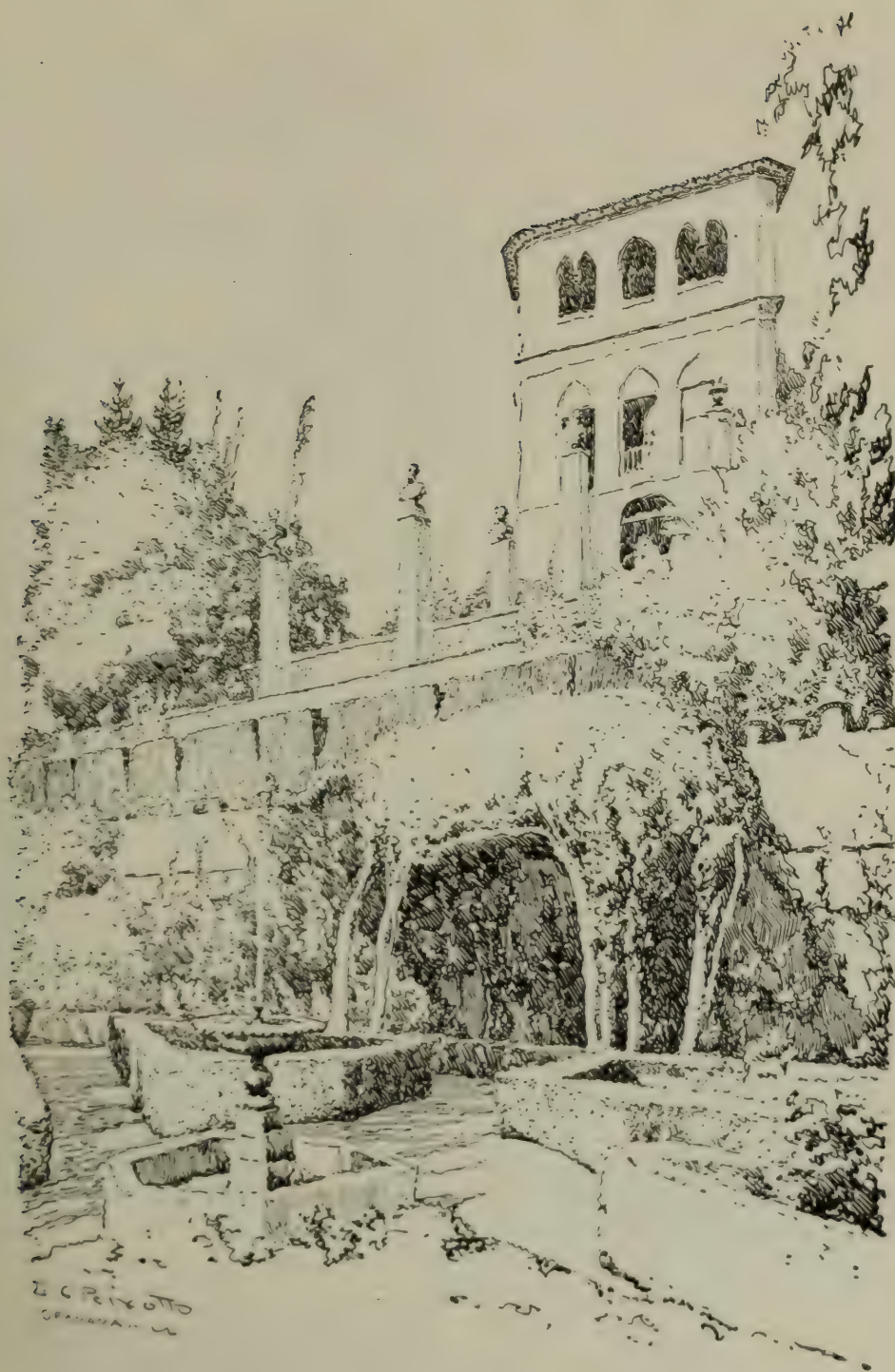
The roses in the gardens down below and the flowers placed in pots along the castle walls seemed to exhale a stronger perfume than by day. Far beneath us lay the city gleaming with its countless lights, the streets about the Puerta Real shedding forth a mellow glow. Opposite rose the Albaicín with scattered lights shining upon its pale white walls—a fairy city bathed in moonlight enchantment, while from its caves and houses the faint click of castanets and the strumming of guitars reached our ears and told us that the gypsies were dancing.

Above our heads rose the Espadaña, a turret that contains a great bell that tolls every fifteen minutes throughout the night and regulates the opening and shutting of the sluices, dating from the days of the Moors, that irrigate the farms of the Vega. A young girl rang this bell, a girl whom we had passed upon the steps—a maiden, our host had told us, still in her honeymoon. No one else lived in the tower or anywhere near it, and over its silent terrace there lay a magic spell.

The Alhambra hung like an enchanted palace against its hills, its silver towers restored by the pale moon's rays to all their pristine beauty,

“Forteresse, aux créneaux festonnés et croulans
Où l'on entend la nuit de magiques syllabes.”

The nightingales trilled their richest carols; the lights on the Albaicín went out, one by one; and the air grew more ethereal, quieter, and cooler, until one seemed to forget the body and live in a



Upper gardens of the Generalife, Granada.

beatific state, hung between earth and sky in the spell of some strange enchantment.

There are a number of other gardens in and around Granada that deserve the attention of the traveller. There are, for example, those of the Carmen de Arratía and the Villa de los Martires, situated on top of the Monte Mauror. The latter consists of three gardens placed one

above the other. The highest, lying wedged between the house and the hillside, is embellished with a grotto and a lake in which is set a rocky wooded island. The middle gardens are enclosed by walls of roses and planted with palm-trees ranged round a circular basin, while the old-fashioned lower garden is surrounded with dark, dense hedges, clipped close, against which a profusion of brilliant

flowers detach themselves like fireworks against a midnight sky.

Perched high above the Alhambra, clinging to a spur of the Cerro del Sol, hangs the Djennat-al-'Arif (Garden of 'Arif), corrupted into the word Generalife, by which name this summer home of the Moorish sultans is known.

To me the Generalife is a palace of enchantment, the most beautiful of the gardens of southern Spain. Restricted in area, overcrowded with features, somewhat confused in plan, it nevertheless possesses a potent fascination that makes it a delight to the lover of gardens.

From the entrance one steps at once into the main court, the beautiful Patio de la Acequia, traversed in its entire length by the Alhambra aqueduct that throws aloft a multitude of sprays and jets to nourish the myrtle hedges and orange-trees of the court. This aqueduct, built by the Moors, brings the water from the eternal snows of the Sierras to cool and freshen the Generalife Gardens; then to play in fountains and in runlets through the courts of the Alhambra and sparkle in its gardens, and at last to course merrily down the hillslopes through the beautiful groves that I have described bordering the Alameda of the Assabica. And even then its mission is not fully completed, for it still flows on to fill the cisterns of the city and water the rich farms of the Vega.

At the far end of the Patio de la Acequia rises the palace itself, now, alas, much fallen to decay and spoiled by tasteless restorations. The gardens, however, have preserved their Moorish aspect to a remarkable degree. They lie both to the east and west of the palace, that to the west being but a broad terrace, planted with venerable yew-trees, that adjoins what used to be the main entrance to the villa.

The principal gardens lie above the main court to the eastward. They are laid out in terraces one above another, becoming smaller and smaller as they ascend the hill. Each terrace is enlivened with busts or grottos, with arbors or clipped hedges or fountains. They are connected with each other by flights of steps divided into sections by platforms, on each of which a fountain plays, while

down the balustrades, in channels made of inverted tiles, course little streams of water that gurgle pleasantly and impart a delightful sense of coolness to the steep ascent. Perched on the topmost terrace rises a mirador, or belvedere, that commands a far-reaching panorama of the Alhambra with its many towers, of the city of Granada and its surrounding hills and mountains.

These Generalife Gardens, hung high upon their hillside, cool, fanned by the Sierra breezes, still convey to us a perfect picture of Moorish life—a life filled with a love for small things, but highly finished and exquisitely wrought; a life filled with intellectual quietude and a love for calm retreats where one might meditate, removed from the world, yet looking out over it on wide prospects and great expanses of varied landscape.

All these qualities I felt as I sketched in these delightful gardens. In one court there played beside me an alabaster fountain standing in a basin filled with goldfish; in another, walls of Bankshire roses hemmed me in, their beauty reflected in the turquoise waters of a quiet pool; white butterflies flitted from flower to flower, and the sound of running water was constantly in my ear, lulling the senses by its quiet murmuring. Aside from this no other sound broke the utter silence save, once in a while, the sound of the gardener's foot crunching the gravel walk, or the voice of a rare visitor, or, as on Sunday, when the bells of the city would wake to life and the chorus of their voices would rise to my ears, at first faint, then swelling deep and sonorous to a mighty diapason, then dying down again, fainter and fainter, till the jangle of a tardy bell would sound the final note. . . .

There are many Spanish gardens in the south that I might mention, but they all bear at least a family likeness to those already described.

As one goes north in Spain, however, the aspect of the country changes, and with it the character of the gardens. The landscape becomes bleak and arid. North of Cordova the Moor left little trace of his passage, and the gardens of the northern provinces were laid out under the Hapsburgs or the Bourbon kings.

The two most important of these northern gardens are Aranjuez and La Granja.

Aranjuez lies south of Madrid in the rocky valley of the Tagus. After travers-

A series of bends in the Tagus makes this verdure possible. In one of these bends lies an island, cut off from its surroundings by a little stream, La Ria, that



The Fountain of Apollo, Aranjuez.

ing the sun-baked plateaux of Castile, dry and denuded of all vegetation save where some little watercourse gives sustenance to a few stunted trees and shrubs, it is indeed a surprising transition to alight from the local train and penetrate the deep bosky groves and densely wooded parks of Aranjuez.

is controlled by a *presa*, or weir. This island has been occupied for centuries: first, by a convent of the Order of Santiago, then by a favorite summer abode of Isabella the Catholic, and lastly by the present palace of the Hapsburg kings, whose impress is plainly written on the romantic Garden of the Island, sombre as

the thoughts of the pietistic Philip II, who built the Escorial; mysterious and gallant as the pleasures of Philip IV.

The trees that shade its leafy aisles are for the most part those of the northern climes—poplars, lindens, oaks, and elms—brought over from England by Philip's wife, Queen Mary, but, in this southern climate, grown to prodigious size, with their roots tapping the waters of the Tagus. The broad Avenue of the Catholic Kings, bordered by a quadruple row of giant plane-trees, skirts the river itself and leads into the depths of this mysterious Jardin de la Isla, where fountain after fountain, dedicated to Venus, to Neptune, to Jupiter, and other gods and goddesses, and decorated with their statues, fling their jets of water into the air, or trickle streamlets from basin to basin adorned with sculptured ornament. The tinkling of these fountains, the innumerable dim vistas, the half-light—one might almost say the obscurity of these dark groves, even at midday—the songs of the nightingales that nest by hundreds in their leafy arches, induce, as a Spanish author puts it, an "*agradable melancolia*," or agreeable melancholy, that has inspired many a Spanish poet, like Calderon or Garcilasso, to sing its praises, and that induced Schiller to choose it as the scene of his "Don Carlos."

The other gardens of Aranjuez are less romantic. The Jardin de las Estatuas dates also from the time of Philip IV, but the other gardens were laid out at a much later period under the Bourbons, and are in accord with the taste of the great palace itself that vaguely recalls Versailles or Marly. Immediately about the palace are formal gardens and parterres laid out with patterns in broderic and decorated with numerous fountains and statues. Two of the best of these fountains, the Fuente de las Conchas and the Fuente de los Tritones (a painting of which by Velasquez adorns the Prado), were taken away from Aranjuez about fifty years ago and set up in the Royal Palace Gardens in Madrid, where they are now to be seen.

The fountains that have taken their places are bad, and for better taste one must look elsewhere and walk over to the Jardin del Principe that lies hemmed in between the Tagus and the Calle de la

Reina, a superb avenue of mighty trees that remains quite as Velasquez painted it when it sat to him for its portrait centuries ago.

The Prince's Garden contains the Casa del Labrador, that bears the same relation to the palace that the Petit Trianon does to Versailles. This so-called "Laborer's Cottage" is cold and formal in design and character, its rooms being decorated with elaborate paintings and marble mosaics, hung with silk brocades and crystal chandeliers and furnished with malachite tables and gilded chairs, the gifts of emperors and kings.

But its gardens are less formal, though they, too, have their vistas and avenues and fountains. In their general aspect, however, they resemble an English garden, with their winding pathways and watercourses, in which stand pavilions of fantastic shapes, a certain portion of their area being also reserved for the cultivation of the excellent fruits and vegetables—strawberries, peaches, asparagus, and the like—that grace the royal tables as early as the month of January.

The Jardin del Principe has a perimeter of nearly four miles, and much of it borders the swift-running Tagus, whose eddying waters are confined by stone embankments decorated with pots of flowers.

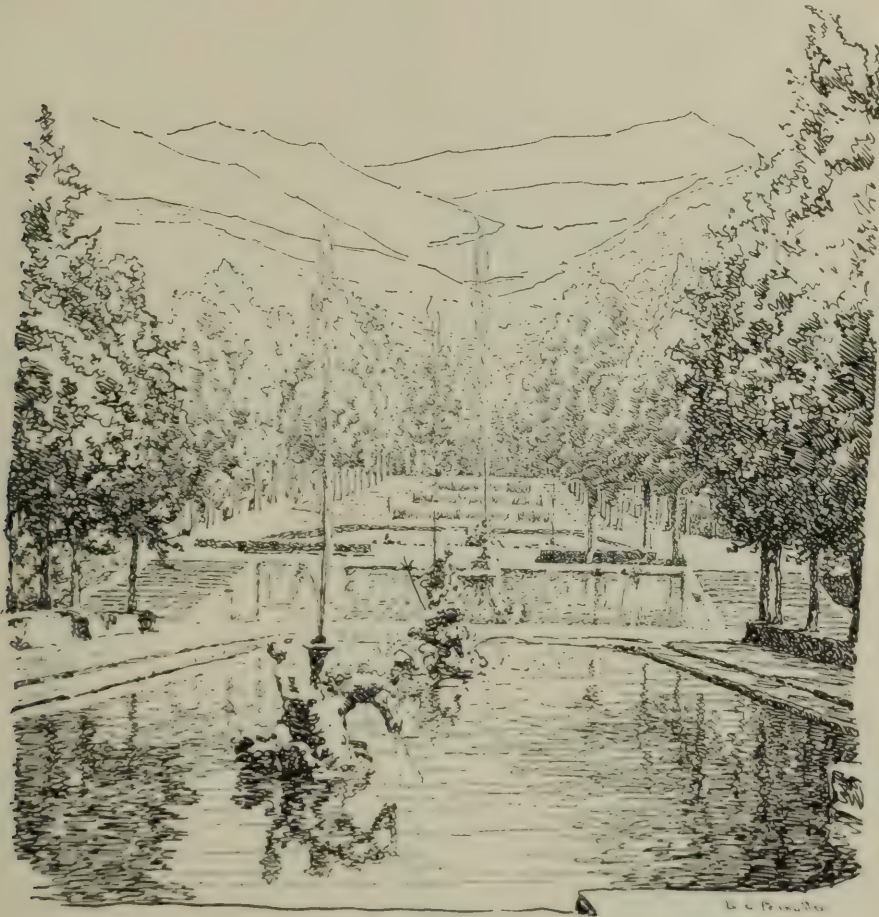
If the gardens of Aranjuez already have a northern character compared to those of southern Spain, the vast gardens of La Granja, surely the most extensive and elaborate in the Iberian Peninsula, have even more of this septentrional character, for they are situated north of Madrid in a fold of the Guadarrama Mountains nearly four thousand feet above the sea. They were laid out under Philip V, who built this palace in the mountains that is still the official summer residence of the Spanish King. Philip, first of the Spanish Bourbons, was naturally thinking of Versailles when he built it, and to lay out the gardens he summoned a Frenchman, Boutelet, who sought to impose upon these mountain solitudes in the Guadarramas, where the granitic hills are covered with dark forests of coniferæ, all the artificialities and regularities of the Le Nôtre Garden, and subject nature in her wildest mood to the rule of the T-square, and confine her with

symmetrical lawns and hedges reflected in circular or rectilinear pools and basins.

The result, if not congruous, is highly impressive, for in no other gardens that I know can one have such imposing vistas of towering mountain forms at the end of

Elizabeth Farnese who married Philip V, and held such sway over her weak husband, and who was responsible for so many of the costly features of these La Granja Gardens.

At first sight many of these features will



The Carrera de Caballos, La Granja.

noble avenues, nor the sight of such masses of water disporting themselves in stupendous fountains. Here at La Granja, instead of the laborious pumping-systems that are usually necessary to supply fountains with water, a great lake, El Mar, situated high above the gardens, yet fed by numerous mountain springs and streamlets, provides an inexhaustible water-supply, and the pressure is so great that some of the jets rise to a height of more than a hundred feet, and are plainly visible from Segovia, seven miles away.

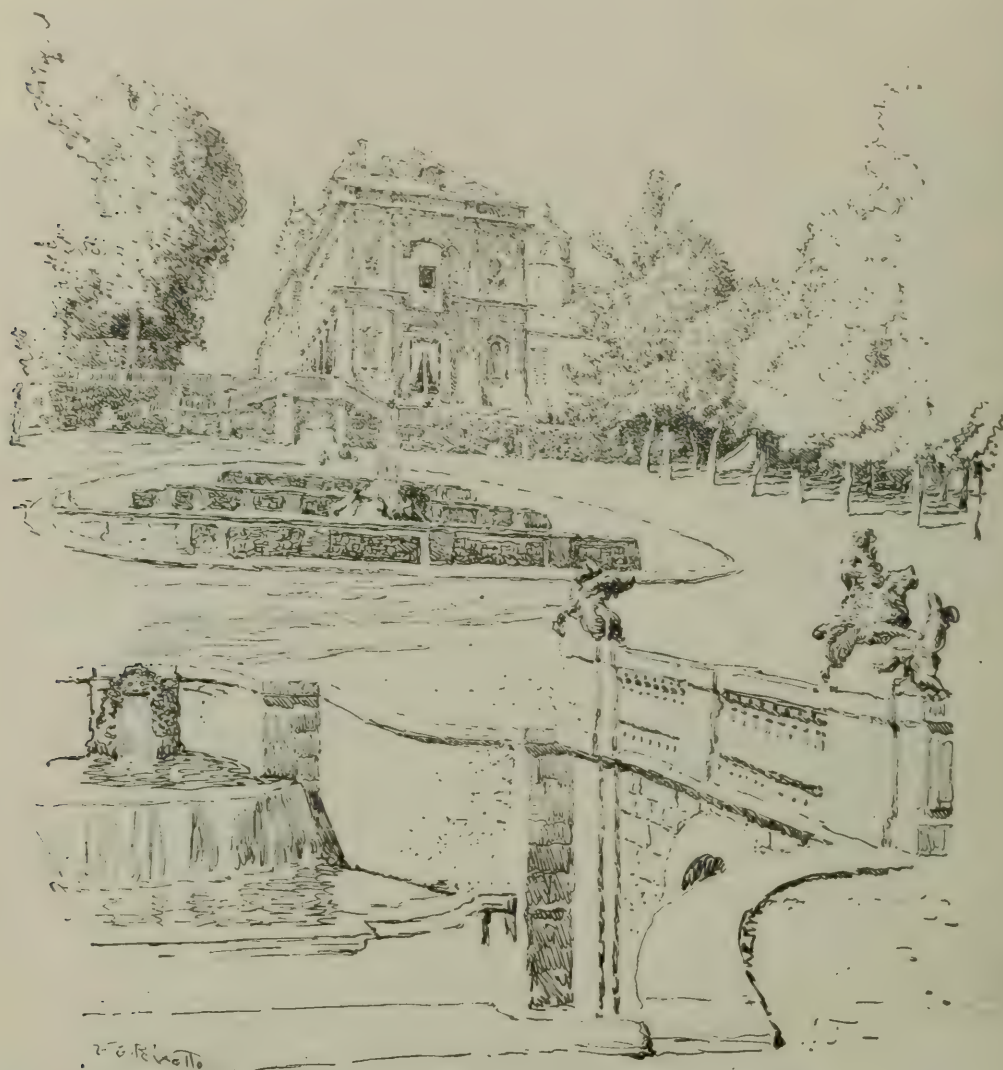
La Granja made us think of another garden far away in Parma, with its pleached alleys and parterres in the old French manner, laid out also by the same

undoubtedly be disappointing. One who knows Versailles or Vaux-le-Vicomte will be inclined to criticise the ornate and overdone Baths of Diana or the Fountain of the Frogs, so obviously copied from the Basin of Latona, and to remain somewhat cold before the Parterre de la Fama or the New Cascade, with their frigid and formal atmosphere. But even in these fountains the vast water-supply affords a possibility for superb effects that, as far as I know, are unsurpassed anywhere, and I defy any one to remain unmoved when first he beholds the fairy-like perspectives of the Old Cascade or Carrera de Caballos, for one is charmed beyond words at the sight of these basins—grander than

any at Versailles—mounting one above another, filled with careering horses attended by Nereids and Tritons and spouting water from their nostrils and from vases and sea-shells. Avenues of oaks and elms, bordered by hedges of horn-

tudes, are its sole inhabitants. For the greater part of the year, the royal palace sleeps silent in the sunshine, and the gardens seem lulled to slumber as if enchanted by a magician's wand.

One day—one of the very first I spent



The Royal Palace and terrace, La Granja.

beam, rise with the terraced fountains, mounting higher and higher toward the dark-blue mountains that girdle this terrestrial paradise.

For it is a paradise, this Garden of La Granja—a garden as it should be, fed by countless springs, whose crystal waters rush down its rose-colored terraces and through its murmuring channels in a constant flow.

But no one sits to watch their eddies. White nymphs, petrified in graceful atti-

there—I was sketching in a quiet avenue, when, of a sudden, the smiling heavens darkened, the mountains grew black and inky and, again as if by magic, the trees shuddered, and the smooth faces of the fountains quivered into innumerable ripples. Then a great blast of wind came down from the Guadarramas; the trees bowed their heads and bent before its breath; the rain poured down in torrents into the boiling basins, and the mountains resounded, echoed and reechoed with peal

after peal of thunder. Then, as if the sorcerer's anger had been appeased, all was over as quickly as it had begun. The shadows lifted, the heavens grew serene again, the rain ceased, and the sun burst forth.

But the air remained chilled as I walked up to El Mar and looked out over the retaining walls into the surrounding pine woods. Little patches of snow still lay in the hollows under the trees, and it seemed indeed strange, with this Alpine picture before me and the chilly wind fanning my cheek, to fancy myself in Spain in the month of June.

But it is this very Alpine quality of the atmosphere that renders La Granja so agreeable a retreat from the burning sunshine of Madrid, and for this reason it re-

mains a favorite resort of the Spanish King and court. Alfonso arrived a few days after we had come to see his royal domain, and with him came his brilliant cavalry, who took up their quarters in the big cuartel, or barracks, just behind our hotel. There was music in the plaza every evening, and each day the pink bloom from the chestnut-trees, late in this altitude, was carefully swept up in great piles and carted away. Several times we passed the little Infantas in the gardens, and one day saw the King himself come out of the palace on foot, dressed very democratically in a straw hat and outing clothes, and cross the square to the stables to give some sugar to his favorites. How different from the gloomy Spanish pomp of other days!

Diving the Bridge

BY GRANT HYDE CODE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



SPECS was a queer duck. So the muckers of Cambridge said, and their judgment of character is likely to be as acute as it is quick. In this case the description was apt in more ways than one. Specs was a "puhfessuh." In this fact alone there was nothing peculiar considering the presence of Harvard College. To speak as a mucker, Cambridge is lousy with professors. Some of them are a bit queer, though it is lese-majesty to say so. Be that as it may, to this latter group Specs belonged.

His queerness consisted in his familiarity with the muckers of Cambridge, the boys and girls who swarm about the streets and with whom the acquaintance of most self-respecting professors extends scarcely so far as to the affable pitching of a penny in response to the cry: "Scramble, mister?" Of course, it is not the mister who scrambles. The children do

that, piling up a miniature football scrimmage, from which one of them emerges with a penny and a liberal touch of that same muck which gives him a title to his generic designation.

Specs never pitched pennies and no mucker ever said, "Scramble, mister?" to him. He came among them quietly with an air of being one of the fellows. He spoke to many of them by name. He gave some of the little ones "lessons in flying," by catching them by the seat of the pants and the scruff of the collar and whirling them through the air while he spun round until he was dizzy. The afternoon he invented that game was a warm one for him and a happy one for the muckers. It was reported that he had not disdained to accept an invitation to play hide-and-seek near the Lars Anderson Bridge.

As for the duck part of it, he was to be found at some time during almost every hot summer day at one of the bathing places along the Charles River. Sometimes he swam from the park near the

bridge, sometimes on the other side of the bridge near the Weld Boat House, sometimes from the Weld float, sometimes across the river near the old boat-house, sometimes far away at the bend in the river near the spot marked as the Vine-land abiding place of Leif Ericson, called The Lucky, who probably never came nearer the spot than Labrador. Enclosed by a low iron railing, the plot where he is supposed to have built his cabin is hallowed ground. There is a superstition among the muckers that any one inside this railing is invisible to the outside world. So there they undress and put on their bathing trunks, quite sure that they are unobserved no matter how many people may be standing near by. Specs venerated this tradition and availed himself of it when he swam at the bend. Little things like this marked him as queer, but they also made him acceptable to the muckers, whose company he seemed to enjoy. He *was* a queer duck, as web-footed as they make them.

Not being a mucker, you would doubtless have been surprised to see a gray-haired man with the stamp of scholarship upon him stop on the Lars Anderson Bridge to speak to a little girl who was mostly sunburn, wet pink bloomers rolled high, and wet white chemise. She was seated astride the coping watching a group of sleek wet boys at the middle of the bridge. You would not have expected this fine old gentleman, bare-headed and clad in white flannels, black linen coat, and tennis shoes, to claim acquaintance with the little girl and with her smaller, red-haired brother, comfortably dressed in overalls and his own skin. Yet there he was, smiling as politely as if one of the first dames of Brattle Street were before him and saying: "Hello, Ethel. How's the water to-day? Hello, Dennis. Haven't you been in yet?"

"Hello, Specs," said Ethel. None of the muckers knew his real name and neither they nor the professor cared. "The water's great. Feels like a hot mud bath. Look at my legs. I just had a bath last night, and now they're as brown as the river. You'll need a bath too after you've had a swim. The water's dirtier than ever."

"What are you up here for? You are not thinking of diving the bridge?"

No mucker ever thought of saying, "diving *from* the bridge." You dive the gate and you dive the bridge, provided you have enough nerve. The coping of the bridge is at least thirty-five feet above the water. The gate by the old boat-house on the other side is a short fifteen.

"Not me," said Ethel. "I'm watching Jimmie. He's my fellow, you know."

"Yes, I know." Specs usually did.

"The men are giving him a quarter for a regular dive, and fifty cents for a swan or a sailor. The other kids only jump. They get ten cents for that."

"They'll get something else if the officer catches them."

"Aw, gee! He won't do anything but holler to them, and they'll get down and begin again after he goes. The cop's all right. There was a lot of kids diving bare-naked right where he tied his boat, and he didn't say a word. He drove his boat past and made waves for us too. He's all right."

"Where's Jimmie?"

"He's under the bridge now. He just did a swan. It makes me scared to see him, but I like it. I'd be afraid to dive off anything. I never dived in my life. But I can swim pretty good. I tried the stroke you showed me, but I ain't got onto it yet. I can't go fast at all."

"I'll give you another lesson if you stay till I swim across the river; I'm going in from the other side."

"I'll be here all right, as long as Jimmie keeps on diving the bridge."

Walking on, Specs met Jimmie, a little boy of ten or eleven, clad from head to foot in a coat of burnished tan, and girded about the loins with a wet wisp of something blue that had once been a cheap pair of trunks.

"Hi, Specs!" called Jimmie, with a lovable grin. Very much alive was Jimmie, too alive to be conscious of the brief transition from life to death he seemed to dare so gaily.

"Hi, Specs!" cried half a dozen others. "Gimme a cigarette," demanded one.

"They are very bad for you," said Specs, snapping open a silver case and offering it to the brown hand outstretched.

"You ought not to smoke them at your



Drawn by George Wright.

"Hi, Specs!" cried half a dozen others. "Gimme a cigarette," demanded one.—Page 732.

age," said the owner of the brown hand, very gravely, taking a cigarette and waiting for the professor to strike a match.

There was a howl of good-natured laughter and Specs grinned.

"Watch yourself, Jimmie," he cautioned. "Be careful there's no one below when you dive, and don't take a belly-flopper."

"Fat chances!" Jimmie was contemptuous. He was the best diver of his age in Cambridge, and he knew it.

Specs watched the light-brown figure climb to the coping, run along it to the centre of the bridge, and pause, graceful as a bronze figurine.

"Who's paying?" he called, looking about him.

"I pay," a young man replied flipping a coin at him. The shot was sudden, but Jimmie caught it, poised with one foot dangling over a thirty-five foot drop.

"Paddy's my banker," he said, passing the coin to a youngster seated on the coping. "What'll it be?"

"Just a straight dive, but make it a pretty one."

"Give him change," directed Jimmie, turning toward the river.

He glanced down at the water to make sure that two boys who had just jumped were out of the way. Then he performed the little ceremony no mucker neglects before diving. He signed himself with the cross. Now, when one of the common rabble of muckers crosses himself hastily, and with the same gesture seizes his nose between his thumb and finger and hurls himself feet first into the water with a mighty splash, the combination of the sublime and the ridiculous is too much for the person who beholds this ceremony for the first time. But with Jimmie the gesture had some of the grace and confidence of every movement he made. Specs was not prepared to suppose that Jimmie was more sincerely religious than any of his fellows, but when Jimmie made the sign of the cross it never failed to stir a little prayer in the heart of Specs and a thought of the real significance of the act. Not all who enter the waters come forth again.

Jimmie raised his arms. He seemed to reach upward toward the blue heaven against which he was outlined cleanly. He stood poised a moment for every one

to see, dropped his arms to his sides with a swift movement that was like a brief concentration of life and energy, then straightened out into flight. He seemed to balance on the air even as he fell swiftly. His was the clean downward swerve of a flying creature, as perfectly poised, as graceful, and as easy. When he disappeared in the water there was no splash, only a little spurt of foam. He rose to the surface gliding easily forward, tossed his head, and struck into the smooth sweep of his swimming stroke. Specs turned away.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully, looking at the ground. He even failed to notice Tom Hurley, the river police officer, who was ringing in at the police-box.

"Hi, Specs!" Hurley called with a good deal of surprise in his voice, but Specs walked by without noticing. He was deep among the thoughts that queer ducks have sometimes. He was thinking of death in the water and the mystery of drownings. There did not seem to be much danger of such an event here where the river was lined on both banks with good swimmers. Yet in almost every account of a drowning he remembered reading of spectators who were able to give the fullest details of the whole affair, who had apparently watched fascinated, but who had never stirred to help the drowning person.

"I suppose I should be like all the rest," he said aloud, fancying no doubt that he was thinking to himself. "I should stand here watching, and never move till the last struggle was over—and then I would run to telephone the police."

"Snap out of your dope." A boy was slapping him with a wet bathing-suit. "Where do you think you are? Sever Hall?"

Specs found himself among the gang and began to undress.

Specs could swim well and dive well. He dived the gate regularly and had been known to dive the bridge. He made no practice of diving the bridge, though, because it attracted too much attention. When he went in swimming near the old boat-house, he usually dived a bit just to be sure he was in practice, swam about a little, frequently changing his stroke, and then completed his exercise with a short



Drawn by George Wright.

"Who's paying?" he called, looking about him. — Page 734.

race for speed or a longer swim up or down the river. Sometimes on these long swims he visited the youngsters who were bathing at other places. Then he climbed out on the bank and sunned himself for a while, talking if any one showed a disposition to talk to him, smoking with any one who asked him for a cigarette, or thinking his own queer thoughts, alone in the noisy crowd.

This afternoon he emerged from the disorderly heap of his clothing, wearing, as usual, his short scarlet trunks. They were queer too. Every one else wore blue, and among the muckers, he who is different from the rest, especially in dress or speech, is taboo. But this tradition was invalid in the case of Specs. Everything about him was queer, and he was accepted with this understanding.

He did not plunge into the river as quickly as usual. Instead he paused on the stone river wall among the divers, and watched the bridge where the diving and jumping were still going on. He was deep in that same queer thought of the mystery that brings about death in the water when help appears to be close at hand.

Later it seemed unbelievable to him that he should have stood there staring, horrified, and inactive after his whole train of thought had prepared him for the thing that happened. There he was, a spectator, just like those incredible spectators about whom he had read. He was an expert swimmer. He was poised in the very act of diving into the water at a distance from the bridge that he could make in three breaths. Yet he stood there. Round about him other good swimmers stood, looking on, motionless with terror. Across the river on the float of the Weld Boat Club were other swimmers, not terrified children nor queer professors, but active young men and women from the summer school. Yet they all stood watching and making no move.

It seemed to Specs afterward that he perceived the whole accident out of some depth of thought that was abnormally transparent, for he saw with clarity unusual in a man who is condemned to wear spectacles at all times except when he swims. Yet that depth of thought

seemed to weigh heavily upon him like the paralyzing heaviness of an anæsthetic.

He saw a brown figure erect on the coping, a figure that could only be Jimmie. He saw the form shorten and knew that Jimmie had lowered his arms preparatory to springing into the air. He saw the boy launch himself into the arc of his flight. Then, with a flash of fear that came like sudden physical illness and weakness, he was aware of a rowing shell, a single, stabbing through the water under the dark central arch of the bridge. A second of time could not have intervened between the perception of the danger and the crash. Yet in that second Specs felt the air heavy, moist, and hot about him, the air sickened with a taint drifting down the river and having its counterpart in the brown pollution that left its stain on swimmers.

Jimmie, as he dropped, saw the shell beneath him and tried to deflect his course in mid-air by a sudden wrench of his whole body. To the spectators he seemed to strike the shell a glancing blow, overturning it and disappearing into the water. The oarsman floundered up, clutched the shell and hung on, dazed no doubt, unable to understand what had happened. Ten feet away on the opposite side of the shell something inert rose sluggishly to the surface, and disappeared. The oarsman worked round to the stern of the shell and began to push it ahead of him toward the float, swimming with his feet and one arm. The silent watchers still looked on motionless. A murmur of fear arose from them. The professor's voice came strangely to those near him in the silence. Out of that queer depth in which he was powerless he phrased a line of some forgotten poem:

"And on some unexpected wind comes death."*

He spoke softly and no one moved.

Then from the farther shore along the coping there was a flash of running feet. Over the central arch of the bridge a figure too pitifully light and small for the tragedy beneath stopped and turned to the river, was launched into the air, curved, fell, entered the water, rose, swam

* I am indebted to my friend Alan Pope for permission to quote the line from his poem, not "forgotten," as the text has it, but unpublished.

to that terribly inert form that floated, grasped it, and began to make slow headway toward shore.

In battle, when a taut line of skirmishers is checked by superior force, one courageous leader springing out of the ranks finds himself followed by every one and the strong point falls. The first move to action is always the tremendous move. It is the overthrow of inertia. After that is accomplished, to act is not hard. The rescuer was scarcely in mid-air when the professor dived. When he rose to the sur-

face the river was full of strong swimmers converging to a single point near the central arch of the bridge.

Jimmie was brought to shore and placed in the hands of a doctor. Thanks to the effort of that wrench to one side, he had touched the shell with but one shoulder, and that broken shoulder was his only injury. His rescuer was mostly sunburn, wet pink bloomers, and wet white chemise.

Ethel, the child who was afraid to dive at all, had dived the bridge.

Life and the Librarian

BY ELIZABETH T. KIRKWOOD



AM an assistant in the periodical department of a big city library and hardly a day passes without some one saying: "This is such nice, clean work, isn't it?"

You get to read all the magazines, don't you?" The public thinks all I have to do is sit behind my desk and read the nice new magazines. Certainly a most ladylike occupation! There have been times when this department was no place for a lady. We cannot escape seeing life in the raw.

Before the war, when our city was full of unemployed, our room was more thickly populated than it is now, and some very unpleasant things happened. I have seen drunkards fall so swiftly that I feared that they would die before my eyes. One had a terrible coughing spell and hemorrhage of the lungs, but he had strength enough to get out of the room. I never saw him again. He had been coming to the library for years and I had classified him as an English remittance man. Three times men have had epileptic fits in our room. When a man feels this spell coming on he begins to moan and make the most weird sounds imaginable. I telephone for help, then go out into the room, and see what the readers have done for

the afflicted man. He is a most horrible sight. The thing that has made the most unpleasant impression upon me, when looking after a case of this kind, is not so much the man having the fit, as the attitude of the readers in the room; the listless, kind of sodden attention and utter lack of feeling that they displayed. There would be the man stretched out on the floor, foaming at the mouth, moaning and kicking, and people almost near enough to touch him would just glance at him and go on reading. They do not seem human. It seems impossible to disturb their apathy. These same people will read or look into space while the bands are playing and parades go by. When it was an event to see an airship and a convoy went over our city, these people stayed in their chairs and hadn't interest enough to go to a window. What has life done to them to leave them in such a condition? Two more events, not quite so nerve-racking, were reviving a woman who had fainted and stepping between two men who were on the verge of a fight. Both wanted to use the dictionary at the same time and one tried to pull it out of the hand of the other. They began talking at the top of their voices. I sallied out from my protecting desk and in a low, but intense tone, told one of the men to leave the room at once, or I would have him arrested. Our numerous other ladylike tasks are to quell

the loud of voice and the too socially inclined; request patrons to take their feet off the tables and their hats off their heads; not spit on the floor and not make a lunch-room of the library. I have laid aside my dignity and fairly raced after a woman who had cut a magazine, but she was too swift for me. Just at present, the disturbing element in our room is a man who either should have a keeper or be in an asylum. He is apparently harmless, but I always manage to keep a safe distance from him.

I believe the periodical department catches the worst class of library habitués, with the exception of the newspaper-room. There you find the worst type of down-and-outers. Seeing this class of people day after day has a more or less depressing effect. This was brought to my mind rather forcibly by a conversation I had with my dentist. On account of sickness I had broken an appointment with him three times, and when he had me safely wedged into his dental chair, he began his investigation of the cause. He said: "What is the matter with library work that it 'gets' so many of you people?" And he mentioned some of my friends who had broken down in health and had to give up library work. Just on the spur of the moment I could not give him a very definite answer, for being surrounded by more or less torturous-looking instruments and a regular jam of fingers in my mouth, I could not think very clearly on the subject of occupational diseases. Since then I have been thinking what there is about library work that would affect a person unfavorably. One's surroundings have a great deal to do with cheerfulness of spirit. A big library is sombre and oppressive. The air is stale and heavy. Books give out a rather peculiar odor—a dusty antique smell that makes me think of the past instead of the present or future. We have a patent system of ventilation that is supposed to purify the air. But we risk the wrath of the engineer and let in some of God's good out-of-doors, whenever we get a chance. The class of people we see constantly does not cheer us up, for the poor we have with us always. At times it seems to me that a library is not a place of learning, not a place to increase the intelligence of the community, but rather a place for the

poverty-stricken and the outcast, the halt and the blind; a haven of rest for the loafer and the derelict; and the favorite haunt of the religious crank. We look into the faces of life's failures from morning until night. They come in when the doors are open and do not leave until the lights are out. The same ones come to the library, not day after day, but year after year.

The question that has bothered me for years is, "Who takes care of these people?" Our room is always full of men. It is so crowded with them that, time and again, women have come to my desk and asked haltingly if only men were allowed in this room. A large per cent of these men are fairly well dressed and well fed. Apparently, they do no kind of work. They are with us so constantly that I wonder when they go out to eat. During the war it used to irritate me exceedingly to see these able-bodied men doing nothing, when there was so great need of workers. I longed for the state to pass a compulsory working law. It seems a crime that so many men are permitted to idle their lives away.

I used to live in Emporia, Kansas, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and ever so often my sister and I journeyed to Kansas City to take in the theatres. Our small-town sophistication was somewhat bored at what we considered exaggerations on the stage. We knew that no farmer, tramp, or a score of other eccentric characters could possibly look like these stage productions. But I can truthfully say that not any exaggeration that I have ever seen on the stage can compare with the human freaks and scare-crows that have passed before my eyes since I have worked in this department. Why they stray in here will always be a puzzle to me. The night brings out more peculiar ones than the day. For that reason night work is more depressing than day work. The room is very quiet and I have more time to observe our patrons. This is the time to see life's failures and to study their tired, hopeless faces. Some read, some just make a pretense of reading, and others just look straight ahead. It seems to me that the walls of this room must be soaked with bitter thoughts; and when it is so still they seem to descend on me like a pall, and I have to get up and do something to shake off the disagree-

able feeling of unreality. There is so much to learn concerning the subject of psychic influences. If a violin is soaked with the vibrations of the music played upon it, might not the walls of a room be affected by years and years of bitter thoughts?

This type of people try to find help and comfort from certain kinds of magazines. They ask for magazines on new thought, theosophy, spiritualism, and kindred subjects. It seems to me they are trying to get out of this world by an effort of the mind. They do not seem to be all here. Sometimes they do find comfort in these magazines, for a woman, who takes out the most unintelligible one of the lot, told me with tears in her eyes that it had done her so much good and she did hope that I would read it. To my practical mind, this magazine was just a jumble of mysterious, rather unfamiliar words, with no definite meaning. Expressed in simple language, it meant nothing. A lawyer happened to glance through this magazine while waiting for me to check out his selection. He laughed and said: "Great stuff that, but I would like to know what it means." He really touched their point of appeal to these people. It is their vagueness, their indefiniteness. They contain nothing exact or matter of fact. Hence they offer an avenue of escape from the real.

The great trials of a librarian are the number of people who take up her time telling their life histories. We seem to have the atmosphere of the long-lost, sympathetic friend, and we become the depository of a great variety of tales of woe. Even a college professor, with whom I did not have a speaking acquaintance, made use of my sympathetic ear.

We have a splendid chance to study human nature. When people come to the desk I can tell, fairly accurately, the type of magazine they will call for. I classify them as *Physical Culture*, *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Christian Herald*, or *Yale Review* readers. I very seldom make a mistake in these five types. But at times I get the wrong cue. One day a woman came to the desk and I classed her at once as *Christian Herald*, but her sanctimonious face altered when she turned an oily smile on me and asked for the *Astrological Bulletin*. That smile changed her whole

face and I could see the tricky fortune-teller. If I were a reporter I could find all kinds of material for sob stuff. We have the comic and tragic in abundance.

Some human peculiarities are beyond my comprehension. I do not understand why people rush past my desk, gaze vacantly around the room, wait until I sit down, then come to the desk and make me get up again. Perhaps I do not look so formidable when I sit. But it is certainly hard on my knees. My life is as full of ups and downs as the elevator man's. Sometimes patrons rush in, seem to get panicky, then go out in the hall, call up some kind of reserve courage, then come timidly up to the desk and ask for what they want. But others are far from timid. It seems to me people have given me their views on every subject under the sun. One even pursued me back of my desk and read a lengthy poem to me. I am a regular depository for pet theories for reforming the world. I have agreed with innumerable earnest enthusiasts. I feel a twinge of conscience for being so hypocritical, but agreeing with them is the easiest way to head them off. Not only is our patience taxed to the limit with this class of people, but we must show considerable ingenuity in library work, because so often people give most confused titles to articles and queer names for authors. It seems to me a person who is good at conundrums is especially fitted for library work. By constant practice we become great at guessing.

So far I have given only the gloomy side of our profession. The pleasant things far outweigh the gloomy ones. The derelicts and life's failures are very much in the minority. We meet some very pleasant people, and some very distinguished ones, who treat us with consideration and appreciation, but these do not stay with us long. They get what they want and are out of the library as soon as possible. I might say they dash in and out again. I like library work in spite of the drawbacks. I think I should choose it again from among the many kinds of work suitable for women. I like to know what people are doing and what is going on in the world. So, in a way, my business is my pleasure. I must keep up with current events. Besides, librarians make very good friends and congenial

associates. There is an *esprit de corps* that is not so strong in other professions, for we are not a large class and we depend a great deal on each other. It is our business to be unbiassed, and for that reason I do not think we take sides so strongly as other classes of educated people.

We acquire the habit of seeing both sides, and are more lenient with people whose ideas and beliefs differ from ours. Our training helps us to avoid the temptation of being dogmatic and thus we do not rub people the wrong way.

If we have such a thing as a slogan, it is, "Be tactful." In library school tact is preached to us morning and night. "Be tactful" is the first and last advice given to us and it is preached to us constantly throughout our library course. Be tactful has taken a place in our subconscious minds. I try to give people what they want and not what I think they should have. This rule is very hard for me to keep, for so few people really know what they want and what is best for them. Another rule is never to say off-handed we have not anything on that subject, for in a large library there is a great mass of unrelated material that sometimes comes in handy. It is as hard for a librarian to say, "We haven't it," as it is for a druggist. If we have not the kind of intellectual tonic the person requires, we try to hunt up a substitute. We cannot bear to turn people away empty-handed.

To my mind the most marked characteristic of a librarian is gentleness. The more I see of people of my profession the more I think of them as gentle. Although I consider them intellectual, capable, and a variety of other appropriate adjectives, yet always lurking in the back of my brain is the modifying word, gentle. I have come to look for this trait in nearly every librarian I meet. There is something in our temperament which makes us turn from the disagreeableness, the harshness, the more or less ruthlessness that must be met in business.

We think of the missionary as gentle. A good librarian must be imbued with the missionary spirit. We are the intellectual missionaries striving with all our might against the inertia of ignorance. Through the power of the printed page we open up new and better worlds to many perplexed brains. Carrying the missionary idea a

little further, in the matter of remuneration also we resemble the humble servant of Christianity. But on the question of salaries our missionary spirit weakens and we become very human.

At one time, in many a household, when discussions on the salary question had reached the acute stage, my brother said to me: "You librarians are a bunch of 'gentle Annies'! Why don't you raise a row about your salaries the way the teachers are doing?" This outburst of plain language was due to a bitter remark of mine because a page from our department, just a mere boy, had gotten a position at the city hall which paid a third more than I was receiving. The teachers of our city put up a strong fight. They made themselves felt, heard, and heeded. Our pedagogical sisters have become so militant that it would be a surprise to us if they ever stopped agitating for higher salaries.

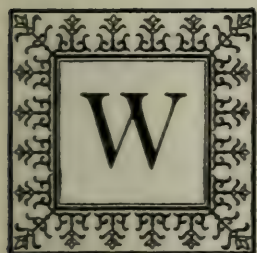
I heard a conversation on a street-car a few days ago which applied to librarians. It was between two women who were talking about the fight the teachers were making for another raise. One said: "It seems to me teachers are always getting raises. My sister is a teacher and she fusses about her salary and her work all the time. I told her if she stood on her feet all day, the way we do, she would have something to fuss about. They fuss worse than any other class of people. Look at the librarians. They are the poorest paid profession and you never hear them kicking about their salaries. Did you ever see anything in the papers about librarians being poorly paid? I was a librarian for eight years and I worked harder than any school-teacher, and I was mighty poorly paid, too, but I didn't fuss about it. Librarians are hard-working and poorly paid, but they don't fuss." She went on at greater length with her back-handed compliment. I shook my head mournfully. "Gentle Annies," thought I.

Christopher Morley says of us that we have delightful, demure, and public-spirited virtues. I like that word demure. It carries out my impression of gentleness. But I believe we would esteem ourselves more if a stronger tinge of the pugnacious spirit were instilled into our gentle temperament.

The Candor of Augusta Claire

BY CAMILLA KENYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT SHINN



WHEN Mr. Kipling announced with finality that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," he should have allowed for an occasional exception, such as the case of Oliver Roscelyn Thrale and Augusta Claire. Yet their encounter was so out of the natural order of things that it took no less than the Great War to bring it about. Oliver had had pneumonia in France, and his health demanded a mild climate. So instead of going on at Princeton in the authentic Thrale fashion he came out to California, where somewhat to his surprise he found civilization, even the institution of afternoon tea, fairly well established on the shore of the Pacific.

But except geographically this brought him very little nearer to Augusta Claire. Oliver's letters to certain transplanted connections of his mother's—who as a Roscelyn had the equipment of colonial ancestors and distinguished poverty which the Thrale formula required—took him at once into a circle as carefully shut off by a sort of Chinese wall from the vulgar, jostling world outside as that in which he had been reared. Needless to say, the frequenters of it were sublimely ignorant of the existence of Augusta Claire until she appeared among them in her own extraordinary fashion.

Oliver had dropped in for afternoon tea at Mrs. Adair's. He had formed the habit of doing this rather often, for which he is not to be blamed, for it was as delightful a house as any in the beautiful university town, and Mrs. Adair as delightful a person. She was, agreeably, a widow, still so young that the adjunct of an elder and invalidish sister seemed a concession to decorum. Her beauty wasn't undeniable—no devotee of the

obvious but would have denied it—but if you perceived it, it pleased you as did the beauty of a gray day or the taste of olives; you relished it, so to speak, lingeringly upon your tongue. Oliver perceived it, at least to the point of assuring himself that beside it mere prettiness would be cheap—especially short, plump prettiness; how she'd extinguish a woman of that sort with her height, her flowing lines! Oliver could, without dismay, picture Bernice Adair in the most esoteric drawing-rooms of his native Philadelphia.

In the company, then, of Mrs. Adair and of the invalid Miss Bart, becomingly arranged upon a sofa, Oliver was imbibing tea when Augusta Claire arrived. She did it by sending her car over the edge of the steep hillside street into the Adair garden, which was on the down slope of the hill. Nothing could be more surprising than the sight of Augusta Claire flying through the air on her way to the door, unless it were the spectacle of her aplomb when the horrified witnesses rushed out to view the remains. She was just picking herself up from the mat.

"I told that boob at the garage the brake wasn't working," she remarked. "I expect I've about ruined your calceolarias—hope you aren't too peeved."

Here she grew rather white, but stood smiling at them gamely if weakly. Clearly there was but one thing to do, and Oliver, after an uncertain moment, did it. He put an arm about her substantial little body and conveyed her into the house. She didn't faint—couldn't, she informed them, not if she were to hold her breath and inhale through her ears—but consented to be put in a low chair and refreshed with tea. It was some time before the color returned to her cheeks, but not once did her cheerfulness fail her. She was cheerfully apologetic about strewing Andrew over the flowerbeds so—Andrew, it appeared, was her

car, and a very good car, too—and cheerfully certain that not if you were to bet her a hat could she perform the same feat again. As for her own flight from car-seat to front door, well, she remarked, there was nothing for it but a parachute attachment if she were going to do stunts like that. But at least, she reminded them, there was room for thankfulness that she hadn't come in by the window.

"And bounced," she added, frankly smiling at Oliver, as the person most likely to be intrigued by this performance, "bounced and knocked things off the mantel. When I was small I was so fat that that's what I actually did, they say—bounced when I fell down, you know."

Mrs. Adair and Miss Bart, for whom bouncing at any time in their lives had been out of the question, looked at her curiously if remotely. She was short, dark, and plump, with a plumpness which had no suggestion of the over-ripe about it, but seemed rather a survival from a cuddlesome babyhood. She had a round face and extremely valuable assets in the way of big, long-lashed brown eyes and deep, come-and-go dimples. Health and vigor radiated from her; her tanned skin had a golden warmth, and the freckle or two on her short, straight nose was piquant as a beauty-patch. In her neighborhood Mrs. Adair looked, if increasingly distinguished, also a little angular.

"I expect it would have been a lot brighter of me to have broken a bone or two," Augusta Claire went on, letting Oliver get her a second cup of tea. "Because then mother would have been too busy being thankful I wasn't killed outright to fuss about Andrew. Oh, she won't grouch about the damage—what'll peeve her is that the ruin isn't complete! You see, since I was pinched that time she persists in believing me a speed-fiend, though the cop himself backed down and told the judge he guessed he'd got the wrong dope—when the judge talked of keeping me in the jug a day or two, you know. But there's no convincing mother—she says I've corrupted the police force somehow, and that's how I manage to keep out of jail. Poor mother! She couldn't understand how I *survived* being arrested and wanted to give right up and

go back to the ranch. I told her it made no difference in my young life—getting arrested was the classiest thing one did these days. But she balked at letting them have my picture for the paper, and they put in somebody that wasn't me at all—looked like a toothpaste advertisement. Well, I hope the reporters don't get to buzzing round this time. If they do, please tell them I'm dead and gone to the morgue—if they put in the toothpaste person as my corpse I shan't care. And—and thanks very much for being so nice about it, and not peeved about the calcelarias or anything. I'll get them to haul Andrew away as soon as I can."

She handed her cup to Oliver, with the gratuitous addition of a smile complicated by dimples and a sudden gleam from behind the long lashes. But she grew rather white when she stood up, and subsided again into her chair, her brown eyes suddenly wide and childlike and a little frightened. I won't say she looked at Oliver, but it was Oliver, at any rate, who caught this look, a look curiously appealing, coming after all her gay bravado. With polite precipitation, her hostesses suggested their car—oh, it wouldn't be the least trouble! Quite naturally, when the car appeared, Oliver accompanied her to it—and into it. Miss Bart watched the pair disappear into the intimacy of the limousine with a smile of amused approbation.

"The good boy!" she applauded. "He'll squire that little bit of Western crudeness home as devoutly as if she were a duchess—and never let her guess the bore it is!"

Mrs. Adair, having undergone the disillusionments of matrimony, didn't look so amused. She understood, better than the virgin Miss Bart, that streak of unregeneracy in the male which succumbs to eyelashes and dimples, in defiance of creed and code. Nevertheless she, too, had faith in Oliver; surely he was too entirely a Thrale—Mrs. Adair, having visited in Philadelphia, knew all that this implied—not to get the correct vision of Augusta Claire. You couldn't imagine a person more the antithesis of the Thrale tradition. And Oliver's attitude, when he returned—very promptly—strengthened this faith. He had delivered Au-



Clearly there was but one thing to do, and Oliver, after an uncertain moment, did it.—Page 711.

gusta Claire dutifully to an agitated and incoherent mother, and appeared to have no more to say on the subject.

Hence, some weeks later, the severity of the shock to Mrs. Adair of her first

glimpse into the double life Oliver was leading—could you call it less than that when the two halves of it matched so badly? She was taking her bulldog for an airing, and who should ride by, on

their way up into the hills behind the town, but Oliver and Augusta Claire. She recognized him at once; Oliver was very much in the Thrale tradition when it came to looks. He was tall, with a dart-like slenderness and straightness, an almost annoyingly regular profile, and thick golden hair. Mrs. Adair's handsome gray-green eyes could have distinguished Oliver at some distance. If her heart beat a little quicker when she saw him, it stopped altogether for a disagreeable moment when she made out his companion. It couldn't be! And yet it turned out, on nearer view, that it indisputably was. That little figure, sitting so firmly yet loosely in the saddle in the fashion of a Western cowman, was the little Thompkins, as Mrs. Adair had facetiously called her once or twice, Thompkins being the regrettable anticlimax to Augusta Claire.

The little Thompkins and Oliver rode by without noticing Mrs. Adair, who on a sudden unaccountable impulse had turned a corner quickly to escape. She didn't want to be overwhelmed by Augusta Claire's exuberant friendliness—and she didn't want Oliver to look as she foresaw he would look, a little guilty, a little defiant, a little resentful at being detected. For it was detection, wasn't it, considering that Oliver had never given them a hint of any continued acquaintance with the Thompkinses? He had said nothing of it even when she gave him that humorous account of Mrs. Thompkins and her daughter coming to call, to apologize all over again for the misbehavior of Andrew and the destruction of the calceolarias.

When Mrs. Adair made report of this phenomena Miss Bart raised her eyebrows.

"But it's *ridiculous*, Bernice!" she said with conviction. She spoke as if, thus labelled, the thing were done for.

"Ridiculous or not, Myra, it's true," returned Mrs. Adair with a certain sharpness. "To us, of course, her crudity is the salient thing; to him—well, if he had been going to mind it he would have minded from the first, wouldn't he? But he didn't; they never do, really, when there's youth, long eyelashes, that sort of *lusciousness*——!"

"And you mean that Oliver—with the generations behind him——!"

"Yes, I do!" She looked stormily at her sister. "Oliver's a *man*, don't you understand? A million generations of Thrales couldn't evolve anything else—without dying out in the process. Can't you realize that for dimples like Augusta Claire's a man will forget his ancestors?"

"And also, it would seem, his descendants," Miss Bart darkly remarked.

"By no means—it is probably because of his descendants that nature is on the side of Augusta Claire!" said Bernice recklessly.

It was in no premeditated treachery to the Thrale tradition that Oliver had gone, the day after the accident, to inquire for Miss Thompkins. Such a proceeding, he had assured himself, was no more than decency required. Mrs. Thompkins, who had received her daughter the day before in an agitation which ignored Oliver, greeted him now with effusive cordiality, with a gratitude, indeed, which thrust Oliver, against his own protestations, into the rôle of rescuer. When he insisted that he had done nothing, Mrs. Thompkins merely shook her head, a smile of mild obstinacy creasing her fair, faded face.

"Oh, but my little girl has told me!" she reiterated.

What, precisely, her little girl had told her didn't appear, but evidently in the narrative, one can only hope in the conviction, of Augusta Claire, Oliver had played an heroic and essential part. To a warier, more suspicious nature, there might have been a faint shade of the ominous in this fact. To Oliver it conveyed an impression merely of amiable absurdity on the part of Mrs. Thompkins, and when Augusta Claire appeared in visual evidence of her own undamaged state there was no trepidation in the alacrity in which he rose to greet her.

Oliver stayed longer than he had meant to stay, but then they insisted so on regarding him as, mysteriously, the rescuer of Augusta Claire. "But it was so kind of you!" Mrs. Thompkins kept repeating. "Picking her up and helping her into the house like that!" And Augusta Claire had looked at him devoutly. Absurdly, Oliver found it agreeable, though aware



Her hostesses suggested their car—oh, it wouldn't be the least trouble! —Page 742.

how ethereal was the foundation on which his reputation as a hero had been built. When Mrs. Thompkins asked Oliver to dinner, Oliver, opening his lips on a polite refusal, suddenly found himself accepting with thanks instead. Was it because of the soft, eager eyes that met his at that moment? Was it just that Mrs. Thompkins herself was so pathetically simple and friendly in her invitation? She might have been asking a country neighbor to run in. At any rate Oliver's no

became yes, and Augusta Claire's dimples, which for the moment of his obvious hesitation had disappeared, came into play again. She smiled with a warmth which seemed somehow to get into Oliver's blood, making it tingle a little.

Clearly, before the hour when Oliver fulfils this rash engagement is the time for the arresting hand of an ancestor to reach out from the grave to check the doomed young man in his course. But none did, and on the appointed evening

not excuses but Oliver arrived at the Thompkins' door.

Augusta Claire received him with cordial smiles. After a shy glance or two at his dinner coat she remarked candidly:

"You don't know how thrilling it is to have someone coming to dinner in evening clothes! Up at the ranch I used to read about people doing it, and think how heavenly it must be, and I even begged dad to send down to the city for a dress suit, and wear it just now and then, say when I was extra good and deserved it. But dear old dad—he would have done anything else in the world for me, I guess—just naturally drew the line at that. He said the party that got him into a dress suit would rope and tie him first. And of course darling dad would have burst out the seams of one in no time, I expect, he was so big and husky—they'd have just popped!

"But since mother and I have been down here we have been practising dressing up—not in full war-paint, you know, but just kind of half and half." Augusta Claire was in half and half now, a frilly pink thing that showed off her eyes and dimples rather bewilderingly. "Mother said she felt pretty foolish at first, remembering the time when she had had to hustle from the table whenever something boiled over on the stove. That was a good while ago, of course—Lin Chin was cook at the ranch from the time I was a little thing. But dad and mother began with just a cabin and a few head of stock. The other children all died—scarlet fever and no doctor, for the ranch was awfully remote in those days; now it's only twenty miles from the railroad. And dad and mother buried them themselves. Then I came along, and dad said I turned their luck—the cattle stopped dying, the rustlers were driven out, and things came our way at last. Well, it doesn't seem fair that I should have it all, does it? All that dad and mother worked so hard for, I mean, and that the other poor little things that were born in the cabin should have died, and I should come in for the ranch and everything. But I do love the ranch! You'll—" She stopped short, the dusky rose of her cheeks deepening. Perhaps it occurred even to Augusta Claire that she was going rather fast.

But she finished gamely. "I mean you

would love the place, too, if you were to see it. It's so big! I don't mean just in acres—but everything is so big—the mountains, the timber, the wonderful outlooks across the valley to more mountains, and more and more. Oh, sometimes I feel choked here among the houses!"

She put out her hands in a vigorous gesture—all her gestures were vigorous. And Oliver sat trying to digest the surprising fact that an Augusta Claire who had been born in a cabin and who openly exulted in his evening clothes was still somehow, mysteriously, not vulgar. Not vulgar, because—now Oliver had it!—she accepted her disadvantageous antecedents with such simplicity, with even a kind of pride. Could it be possible that those breeds which, instead of staying at home to accumulate traditions, had sought in every generation a new abode and a fresh adventure, had in fact their own tradition—that they even preferred it to another? When Mrs. Thompkins, wearing her company air, came in, he saw her suddenly in a new perspective. Fancy burying those babies, she and her husband all alone there at the cabin, burying them and then going on somehow with her life. Oliver had an illuminating moment when he perceived that very obscure, ordinary people, quite impossible people, according to Thrale standards, might have backgrounds rich as this. She was inarticulate, this plump, faded woman; she couldn't look or speak her tragedy, the sublimity of her final resignation, her recovered peace; she didn't suggest, as she stood there in her beaded lavender georgette, with artificial pearls on her fat neck, the anguish, the stark horror, the unassuageable hurt of the memories she must carry with her always. She merely smiled her kind, rather fatuous smile and remarked:

"Well, I guess Olga's ready now and we may as well go in to dinner." And she was frankly amazed, and looked in a disturbed way at Augusta Claire, when Oliver neglected that young lady to offer his arm to her mother.

Whether Oliver's culpability—from a Thrale standpoint—was henceforth of an active or merely passive order might be difficult to determine. A very firm little chin and beguiling eyes are an effective

combination, and Augusta Claire possessed it. Andrew, after his adventure in the Adair garden, had come out of the repair shop as good as new, and Oliver was a frequent passenger while Augusta Claire at the wheel sent the car whizzing along the hill roads. And he sat in the Thompkins living-room, where every detail cried aloud of a department-store decorator turned loose, while Augusta Claire entertained him with popular airs on the graphophone. He didn't even take alarm when Mrs. Thompkins withdrew, as she invariably did, for the obvious and undisguised purpose of leaving Augusta Claire alone with her young man. No, he continued to occupy the chair three feet from the davenport, where, in one corner, Augusta Claire sat looking rather small and isolated, with a significantly empty desert of velours beside her. But so far he hadn't offered to fill it.

This brings us to the day when Mrs. Adair, perambulating with her bulldog, received her shock. After her interview with her sister she went to her room, flung her hat on the bed, and began pacing up and down with that long, easy stride which Oliver had aforetime noted with approbation. Nature, in other words the primitive man in Oliver, might be on the side of Augusta Claire, but even at that the battle was not yet lost. There were forces, potent and subtle forces, which could be marshalled in array against her. Bernice, of course, took high ground in the matter. She said to herself that Oliver must be rescued, that he mustn't be allowed to spoil his life like this. Yet she paused in her stride before the mirror and looked into it for a long time reflectively. She was three or four years older than Oliver, seven or eight years older than Augusta Claire. But her grace and distinction, her enigmatic gray-green eyes, her heavy dull-black hair, had nothing to fear from the passing of youth. And of other weapons, of which Augusta Claire didn't even suspect the existence, she had a whole arsenal.

Augusta Claire and her mother were immensely pleased with the informal and friendly fashion in which Mrs. Adair dropped in on them. They told Oliver about it, and were innocently unaware of the somewhat mixed nature of his emotions. But can one, even so innocuously

as Oliver, lead a double life without suffering embarrassment when the veil of secrecy is rent? He went next evening to see Mrs. Adair and her sister, in the get-it-over spirit with which one visits the dentist. He might as well discover at once the degree of his black-sheepishness in their eyes, so typically the eyes of his own particular world. But Bernice received him charmingly; Myra wasn't so well and didn't appear. He didn't miss her, so pleasantly intimate was his tête-à-tête with Mrs. Adair. She spoke in a casual fashion of her call at the Thompkinses, assuming so simply that he would know of it that Oliver had a bewildered moment when he almost believed that she had been in his confidence all the while. He was quite sure, on reflection, that she had not; but it seemed equally certain that in some way she had known all along of this erratic deviation from his normal orbit, without realizing that she was not supposed to know. He did remember, yes, indisputably he remembered, that she had exercised her mordant wit rather unsparingly on the mother and daughter after they had called to apologize for the indiscretion of Andrew, but then on whom didn't she, when the freak took her, exercise it? Now she spoke of them in the kindest way, but without over-stressing the kindness. What more apparent than that here was the very friend for an Augusta Claire so unquestionably in need of forming? And what could be more delicately implied than the friend's willingness to undertake the mission? The touchiest admirer of Augusta Claire couldn't have taken alarm.

Naturally, then, that first friendly overture of Mrs. Adair to the Thompkinses proved only the beginning. Augusta Claire went half a dozen times to the Adair house, and drank tea, and listened to talk she in no wise understood, and was mysteriously oppressed in spite of understanding that she was very much privileged. Of course what gave the privilege its shining value was that these were friends of Oliver's, their ways his ways, their allusive speech his speech. And Augusta Claire had that in her soul which made her, yes, even Augusta Claire, tremulously, divinely humble. Mrs. Adair came half a dozen times to the Thompkinses, and dined once when Oliver

was there, and was utterly gracious and charming, while Augusta Claire and her mother struggled against a queer awkwardness which seemed increasingly to envelop them, and Olga, catching the eye of the lady guest, was stricken suddenly so maladroit that she spilled soup down Oliver's neck. Mrs. Adair steered them past this disaster skilfully—you felt that without her, utter wreck could not have been averted—and brought them with an effect of rescue through to coffee. She departed finally, carrying Oliver away with her in the limousine, leaving her hostesses at once thrilled with the distinction her presence had conferred, and depressed by a vague, baffling sense of humiliation and defeat.

It was on this evening that Augusta Claire, going rather silently to her room when the guests had departed, sat very still for a good while after she had taken down her hair. Augusta Claire was thinking profoundly, and the effort brought a small wrinkle to her smooth forehead and a compression to her soft lips. Was she thinking of two enigmatic gray-green eyes, plumbing them to find the meaning that lay behind them? Was she considering their mysterious power of making you see, as they saw, flaccid, flustered, inadequate Mrs. Thompkins as merely that, with all the kindness, faithfulness, heroism of her extinguished by their irony? Was she viewing Augusta Claire by the same light—as Oliver perhaps against his will had viewed her? Was she dimly, incredulously, but surely perceiving the significance of that friendship which she had so guilelessly and gratefully welcomed? Augusta Claire made no confidences to the little pink-and-white room which was the scene of her meditations, unless one might so translate a remark apparently addressed to the electric light as she extinguished it.

"And to think how you fell for it!" she cryptically murmured.

At the same time Bernice and Oliver were sitting before the fire in the library of the Adair house, over a confidential cigarette. Bernice had made it confidential, somehow, from the moment when with a relieved sigh she had taken her case from her desk.

"Of course one couldn't—before a woman who probably belongs to a

league against it!" she said with a smile which took his own sense of the humor-ousness of it for granted, and sank into the chair which, obedient to her gesture, he had drawn before the fire. Oliver hesitated, then sat down. Having accepted her invitation to come in, there was really nothing else to do. And it was certainly a charming room, satisfying, reposeful, exactly the right place for fireside confidences with a woman who had Bernice's gift that way. Indubitably two months before Oliver would not have been insensible to the agreeableness of it. Whether he was now was what Bernice couldn't, from the straight, impassive profile, quite determine.

Under such circumstances the rule is, play the suit you wish were trumps; it's ten to one your lead is returned. Bernice, therefore, with the intimate smile which included Oliver as so inevitably of her own point of view, reverted to the evening just past. "So good, so genuine, the very salt of the earth!" was her tribute to Mrs. and Miss Thompkins. And you felt at once that these excellent qualities cut them off hopelessly from others much more interesting. "It fills you with belief in our country, doesn't it, when you see how sterling they are, people of that class—" Bernice paused to light another cigarette. "Of course abroad they would be, in fact, peasants, with all the peasant sordidness, ignorance, servility," she concluded.

"I believe the Thompkins ranch contains some fifteen thousand acres," remarked Oliver, with seeming irrelevancy.

"Ah, that's just it—consider the chance they have had, in this country, to rise! In Europe they'd be still in a hovel, you know, with Augusta Claire herding the cows barefoot instead of going to college."

"Oh—" said Oliver ambiguously—then he, too, paused for a light. "Strikes me they are more in the class of the landed proprietor, aren't they?" he added, throwing the match into the fire.

"Ah, but that implies—well, backgrounds, ancestry, traditions!" She seemed to remind him subtly of his and her own possessions of that order. "The house of Thompkins may have them in a hundred years, but now—" Her light laugh evoked the mother and daughter in

unanswerable witness that they had them not.

Oliver said nothing, and Bernice, with another glance at his profile, allowed a long moment of silence to prelude her next remark. It was in a different key.

"I was so glad for you to hear, Oliver—your cousin Mary's letter came to-day—that you have been offered that fasci-

throbbed between them, distinctly as the spoken words, *Take mine!* Into the silence her soul projected it, on a wave of emotion which left her trembling, as though there had gone with it something of her life.

How clearly her message reached him she couldn't tell, didn't, indeed, dare look at him in that moment to discover. He



"You'll add distinction even to the Thrale name."

nating place in the diplomatic service. Of course if later you wish to practise law—well, there is always Mary's husband's office ready for you. But I have a feeling, a hope, that it will never come to that. Once in the diplomatic life—ah, that's the future for you, Oliver! Your gifts will ripen quickly—it's a perfect forcing-house for talent, that European atmosphere—you'll find yourself as a writer—yes, I know it's in you! You'll add distinction even to the Thrale name."

"In the diplomatic life a man needs money, and I'm poor," said Oliver bluntly.

Bernice said nothing, and yet there

continued to stare at the fire, his elbow on the padded chair-arm, the cigarette between his fingers. His emotions didn't come easily to the surface, Bernice knew. And, besides, could he, on so subtle a hint, do other than remain quiescent? If it bore fruit it must be later, when they could both ignore their consciousness that the impulse had come from her.

Oliver tossed his cigarette into the fire and stood up.

"Good-night. It's been awfully pleasant—thanks for letting me come in."

He was gone, leaving her to feel satisfiedly that the hour just ended had been

the closest and most intimate of all their acquaintance.

Within the week occurred the dinner which Bernice was giving for the Plornishes, and to which both Oliver and Augusta Claire were asked. The affair, indeed, might have been called the culminating point in Mrs. Adair's campaign against the little Thompkins. Myra Bart, not entirely initiated, had gasped a little over the invitation to Augusta Claire.

"But, my dear, to meet the Plornishes—and Bryce Duprey——!"

"No, Myra," said Bernice tranquilly, "to meet Oliver."

"Bernice, you're subtle!" conceded Miss Bart admiringly.

To meet Oliver, then, in all the merciless light of contrast, Augusta Claire was asked to the dinner where the other guests were so emphatically of the elect. The Plornishes were New Yorkers wintering in California, he a sculptor whom talent would have carried far if he hadn't married a wife so rich as to make effort ridiculous. Bryce Duprey was going through on his way back to the Orient, where he was usually to be found if you looked for him in the right place—often a very difficult place to look. For some reason, perhaps his eccentricities, he was credited with having more brains than he ever used, and they spoke of him in clubs all round the world as a fellow who might have been distinguished in any of a dozen ways if he hadn't been so damned clever in eleven others. He was undependable of tongue and temper, but, of course, to be insulted by him was a thing you told of afterward with pride. Naturally, to meet this trio Mrs. Adair had picked her guests carefully—down to the bottom of the list, that is, where occurred the undistinguished name of Augusta Claire Thompkins.

There was no disputing it—even Mrs. Adair admitted it as she glanced over the circle around the mahogany—Augusta Claire looked pretty. The big, long-lashed eyes, the roses, the dimples, all seemed more in evidence than ever, more apt to prove refreshing to the jaded masculine eye. But, then, Oliver's wasn't a jaded eye; it was an eye still young enough to be allured by a contrasting maturity, sophistication, finish. And Bernice herself was superb to-night. Be-

sides, Augusta Claire's prettiness might count for something now, but wait until the talk got moving! Bernice had seen her silent, bewildered, extinguished, with a mere half-dozen women at tea, subdued, by that comprehension of her own inadequacies which Bernice had subtly managed to instil, to a little stammering country girl, humbly watching her mentor for a cue. One would now have to wait, merely, to witness the final, satisfying eclipse of Augusta Claire.

It was in one of those lulls which will happen at the best-regulated dinner-tables that the voice of Bryce Duprey boomed forth. His apologists said he was a little deaf; those who had suffered too grievously at his hands maintained that he merely bellowed out his rudenesses for the sake of increasing their effect.

"Mrs. Adair, that young person over there—what's that, Miss Thompson?—well, whatever her name is, she's been watching me out of the corner of her eye for ever so long. What's the matter—did she expect to see me with a queue?"

The whole battery of eyes turned to Augusta Claire. Oliver's face flushed darkly. You might have heard the whole company holding their breath. Bernice's mind flashed ahead, foreseeing—any of the things that might have happened, but not the thing that did. For the voice of Augusta Claire, with a ripple of laughter in it, came clearly back.

"Queue? That would make you a back number even for China, wouldn't it? No, I just wanted to see what you were like, after I had so much trouble looking you up in the dictionary."

"Looking—me—up—in the dictionary?" The celebrity stared, and his eyebrows drew together, but not all the way, because Augusta Claire, showing her dimples, was too delectable a sight to be frowned at.

"Had to, you know, because Mrs. Adair called you such a long word. She told me you were—very wonderful, but a little—well, frightening—that, in fact, you were caviare to the general. And I said, 'Good land! is that an aide or an orderly? Anyway, it's a new one in the military line to me, and I thought I had the thing all doped out during the war.' And Mrs. Adair said, 'Oh, it's—just a phrase, dear!'" Augusta Claire repro-

duced with exactitude Bernice's pained but determinedly sweet air. "But I couldn't see how you could be just a phrase, so I went home and looked you up in the dictionary."

"And you found I was—?" The man before whom dusky potentates had trembled waited.

"Distinctly an acquired taste." Utter demureness was in the droop of Augusta Claire's lashes. Then laughter, whole-hearted, masculine, much too loud for Bernice Adair's dinner-table, broke forth, and Bryce Duprey laughed loudest. Some of the women laughed, Mrs. Plornish stared disapprovingly, and Bernice, though she smiled tolerantly, managed a slight, very slight shake of her head at Augusta Claire. But Augusta Claire, so biddable but a week ago, ignored the gesture. Quite openly and shamelessly she brought the whole effect of eyes and dimples to bear on the celebrity.

"And should you suppose it possible to acquire it?" he demanded, looking at her with frank delight.

"Isn't it possible to acquire almost anything—with practise?" she murmured, dimpling wickedly.

Bernice, recovering from her astonishment, hastily resumed command of the situation. No time now to reflect upon this extraordinary development, only to nip it in the bud.

"I want to tell you—may I, Oliver?—we're all such friends here!—about the prospect of Mr. Thrale's going abroad soon—and in such a particularly delightful way!" Further details brought a congratulatory chorus. Oliver received it ambiguously; nobody could have guessed what *he* thought of the delightful prospect. If you had been watching Augusta Claire you might have seen the sudden flushing of her cheeks, but she was quite herself again when in response to a remark of Mr. Plornish's, who sat beside her, her clear voice reached the listening roomful—listening because Bryce Duprey had at once rudely interrupted a remark of Mrs. Adair's to give his attention to Augusta Claire, and the others had followed suit.

"Yes, it must be lovely to get a job like that where you don't have to work for your living—just draw down your salary and go about to teas." At this picture of

his future Oliver looked down at his plate. "Now I shall have to work for my living awfully hard!" Augusta Claire turned a plaintive gaze on Mr. Plornish.

"Really? At what?" he inquired interestedly.

"Running the ranch, of course. Yes, that's what I'm going to college for—not to learn to write free verse in early middle English, or essays on 'Socialism under the First Babylonian Dynasty.' Snap courses like those are all right for the leisure classes, but I've got my job all cut out. Beef on the hoof is the topic that keeps me burning the midnight oil—electric juice, I mean. And, believe me, in Cow College you *work!*"

"And so you personally are going to run a ranch, Miss—ah—Thompkins?" Mr. Plornish's eye-glass was skeptical as he trained it on his diminutive neighbor.

"I sure *am!*" nodded Augusta Claire. "I'm getting ready to as fast as I can, for the place will stand more looking after than it's getting now, I'm afraid. There's a pretty good foreman in charge—good when he's sober, that is. But he's sober a lot oftener because he knows something's due to drop on him if things aren't going right when I come up in vacations. Twice a year, anyway, old Jake Peters knows he has to ride over every acre of the place with me, and if there's anything wrong I just stand him up and wade into him. He says he'd a lot rather have had dad land on him with his fist than get a dressing-down from me." Augusta Claire dimpled deliciously in the same moment that she tried to frown. You could see her from the eminence of her five feet dressing down old Jake Peters.

"That is a very interesting career you have marked out for yourself," said Mr. Plornish, "but I don't see what allowance you have made in it for the—yes, one can only say the inevitable husband! Suppose *his* career should take him in quite another direction—a long way, in fact?" As if on a sudden thought Mr. Plornish glanced at Oliver.

Augusta Claire's gaze may, for the fraction of a second, have taken the same course. As to Oliver, the portrait of Mrs. Adair's great-aunt on the opposite wall appeared to claim his full attention.

"Well," said Augusta Claire, with a certain deliberation, "I don't know that

he's inevitable—because sometimes two that—that like each other awfully let circumstances and—and people interfere. Of course nothing *needs* to interfere, because if he—the man, you know—had something really *big* to do in the world, the ranch would come out a poor second—Jake and mother would have to worry along by themselves. But his job would have to be the kind that counts for something—not a pink-tea snap. Because the ranch does count for something—you're doing your share of the world's work when you help feed it, aren't you? And I want to do my share—to feel every day of my life that I've earned my keep."

Mr. Plornish, who certainly did not earn his keep, found nothing to reply, which gave Bernice the opportunity to cut in smoothly.

"The husband, then—you know we can't help considering him inevitable, dear!—unless he can prove his own career of superior importance, will have to go and live on the ranch—and let you earn his keep, too? Ah, my dear, I'm afraid I can't congratulate you on the future—what shall I say?—Mr. Thompkins!"

Augusta Claire looked up quickly, and across the table the eyes of the two women met. For a measurable instant they held each other.

"No, he won't be Mr. Thompkins," said Augusta Claire clearly. "And he'll earn his own keep, you know. Because first he'll learn to run the ranch, and then he'll—run it. To begin with, while I was finishing college, he would go on the place as a puncher until he was ready for Jake's job—I mean to retire Jake on a pension as soon as I can. And from that he'd graduate to manager—and the man that manages Elk Rock Range—and me—will a lot more than earn his keep, I can tell you!"

"I believe you!" boomed the man from the Orient. "But it will be a job worth holding down!"

Augusta Claire's triumphant evening drew to a close at last. In the drawing-room she had sat between Mr. Plornish and Bryce Duprey, to whom with freedom and fluency she narrated histories of Elk Rock Range, while other rather languishing conversations were drowned out by their delighted laughter. Glowing and sparkling like a dusky jewel, with the aura

of victory still about her, she came to say good-night. She took Bernice's slender, unresponsive fingers into her strong little brown hand.

"Thanks so much for the *best* time! People are so nice when you take them as just human, aren't they—your caviare person, for instance? Of course I forgot all the lovely manners I was trying so hard to learn from you—they just don't fit me, I expect. I might as well give up pretending I'm a perfect lady, I suppose, and be—just candid."

"Ah, you're certainly that, dear!" returned Mrs. Adair in a slightly raised voice—Oliver was standing by, waiting to accompany Augusta Claire home in Andrew. "To take us all into your confidence so delightfully about the status of the future Mr. Thompkins! The first thing we shall ask, when we hear you're engaged, is what terms you've hired him on."

"I'm sure he won't mind telling *you*, dear Mrs. Adair!" murmured Augusta Claire with unmistakable significance, and again the eyes of the two women held each other, while abruptly their hands unclasped.

Augusta Claire and Oliver rode home in Andrew silently. They put the car in the garage and then paused to say good-night at the house door.

"I hope you'll like that—that d-diplomatic post, Oliver," said Augusta Claire in a shaking voice.

"Shouldn't," said Oliver briefly. "But let me tell you, Augusta Claire, if I chose to take it my wife would go with me, do you hear?"

"I—I expect she would, Oliver," gasped Augusta Claire.

"And I think a man had better hold down even a pink-tea snap on his own account than—than live off his wife's property, don't you?"

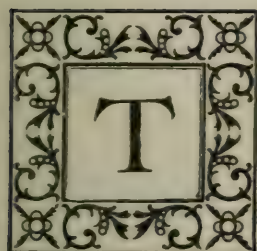
"B—but you wouldn't, Oliver! It would be a real job, Oliver! Oh, Oliver, I knew it was that, and I came out right there before them all—right when she was trying to make you see that I wouldn't do at all for a diplomatic post—I explained just how we'd manage, Oliver!"

"Augusta Claire, what wages do you pay a puncher?" demanded Oliver, as for the second time—and on a door-mat, too—his arm went round her substantial little figure.

Continuity

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. ENRIGHT



HERE was always a stir and movement among the leaves, in that strip of woodland beyond the empty house. The dim blank windows, with dusty scarfs of cobweb in the sash corners, looked into alcoves of green perspective where, at the bottom of the vista, clear twinkles of sky sifted through. No matter how still the day, how heavy the air, there seemed a gentle trouble in the boughs. Among the tangle of blackberry briars and dying chestnut trunks matted with robes of poison-ivy, were some dogwood-trees. In a light spring air their blossoms of four white twisted petals tossed and spun like tiny propellers. The tall oaks lifted rough gray rafters under the lattice of tremulous green. There was always an eddy and chiming under the eaves of that airy roof. What word is soft enough to say it? A whisper, a murmur, an audible hush, a sigh.

Paths that men have made persist surprisingly. Behind the old faded blistered barn a still visible way among the thickets led to a deserted dump-heap among the trees. Here, quietly rotting in a flicker of sun and shadow, lay the cast-off rubbish of former tenants—broken china, rusted cans, a skeleton umbrella, an old slipper, warped and stiff. Poison-ivy had grown up again along that path. The blackberries softened, and then withered, unpicked.

The two men who walked up the hill did not see all this. Their first glimpse of the house, seen by chance from the road, pleased them. The faint sadness of any dwelling, lonely and stripped, was at that moment only an agreeable air of strangeness. In the transparent blaze of light and warmth, under a golden pour of late afternoon sunshine, the place

was ideal for their bivouac. They had tramped far, were tired and hungry. The rich green of mint and cress on the hill-slope led them to the spring: when the paste of dead leaves and twigs and seed clots had been scummed off, the water was cold and sweet. There was dry hay in the loft of the barn. Here they spread their blankets. By an old log, scarred with axe-cuts, they lit a small cautious fire, made tea, and fried bacon. In the valley they could see opal shadows gathering, rising, a lake of dusk, a blue tide making up a green estuary. Daylight retreated on the great tawny hillsides, slipping quietly among scattered gray boulders.

"Now let Time stand still a while," said Dunham, lighting his pipe and stretching out at ease. "I didn't know how tired I was until I got out here, away from all the meaningless pressure of the office. I'm too tired even to think. I couldn't think if I wanted to."

"There's a good many in the same case," said Grimes, with a faint grin. "But not for the same reason."

They gazed about them with a sort of vacant satisfaction.

"My mind feels like that old house there," said Dunham. "A dusty shell, vacant, lifeless, and yet somehow aware that it once was alive. Just a foggy memory that I was, forty-eight hours ago, a hustling business man tied down by telephone wires."

"Yes, you're tired," said Grimes. "Everyone's tired. The world itself is tired. I'm glad it is. If it gets tired enough, desperate enough, it'll come to its senses. Think of a place like this, close to the main road, in this heavenly country, and lying empty. I suppose the people who lived here moved to the city. I can imagine them, huddled in some mean crowded street, going to the movies every evening."

There was a throbbing down the road, and round the curve that embraced the hillside flashed a big touring-car, lifting a swirl of powdery dust. They watched it disappear, with the small pitiful smile of two ghosts, just stepped off earth and reviewing the quaint futilities from which they were now released.

"These arcadian spots aren't always what one imagines," Dunham said. "It doesn't do to live too close to nature. I've always noticed, it's the loveliest places that lie vacant. That's just it—they're *too* lovely. People get frightened. There are days, like to-day, when the very harmony of air and sunlight terrifies me. Days so excellent they trouble the heart. They make you suspect that life is only a queer dream, one of those nightmares in which your limbs are paralyzed in the face of sure disaster. Perhaps we will wake up in the Fourth Dimension, who knows?"

"Yes, it's all a disordered mix-up. But life is rather like a detective story. No matter how badly written, or how clumsy the plot, somehow you generally want to read it to the end."

"You admit, then, it's a kind of fiction. Exactly. But if life is fiction, then what represents biography?"

Grimes laughed. "My dear boy, we're getting uncomfortably subtle for two tired loafers. Let's wash the frying-pan and take a stroll."

The rusty old pump, under the grape arbor near the back stoop, was found to yield water after some priming. And then Dunham, poking about, noticed that the outside cellar door was unfastened.

"Hullo," he cried. "Here's a way in! Let's explore. I never can resist an empty house."

Through a dark earth-smelling basement they felt their way gingerly. Grimes lit a match and they found the stairs. The door at the head of the flight was hooked on the inside, but not tightly: there was enough gap to insert a penknife blade and lift the fixture. They were in the pantry.

Nothing is more fascinating to a thoughtful mood than rambling through a deserted house, imagining it peopled with one's own domestic gods, and also conjecturing the life of the former occu-

pants. A home keeps so many subtle vestiges. The creak of the stair, the stain on the wall-paper, the hooks in the cupboard, the soot of the fireplace, all these are mysterious and alluring whispers out of that unknown household. You can feel the vanished reality, obscurely existent and yet dumb, intangible. There must be some way, you would think, of wiping the dust from that old mirror and seeing the lingering reflection.

"They were good housekeepers," said Grimes. "I never saw a place more scrupulously clean. No scraps of paper or curtain-rings or flabby tooth-brushes lying about. The woman had an up-state conscience, evidently."

"*Too* clean," said Dunham. "I don't like it. It's too—too naked. I don't think they loved the place. If they had, they'd have left something for it to remember them by."

"I'm going up-stairs before it gets too dark to see. It's interesting. I wonder why they closed all the shutters just on this side of the house and not on the others?"

Dunham was examining a large cupboard under the stairway. He heard his friend's footsteps go upward over his head. The heavy walking shoes moved slowly from room to room, he could hear them strike sharply on the echoing floor. At the back of a cupboard like this, he was thinking, would be the likeliest place for things to be forgotten. He groped carefully into the dark corner, with a curious feeling that he would find something. Above him was a sudden soft pattering. Mice, he thought. Then he heard Grimes calling.

"Here's some evidence!" he was saying.

Dunham turned—perhaps with an irrational feeling of relief—from the stuffy blackness of the closet. He went up-stairs, and found Grimes standing in a fair-sized room on the sunset side of the house.

"There were children. See the Mother Goose wall-paper, all scrawled over with pencil marks."

"Pretty tall children," Dunham said. He pointed to some of the scribbles, which were just at the height of his shoulder.

"They do it standing in their cribs."

Grimes smiled. "I know that from home experience."

Dunham opened a closet door in one corner.

"Funny," he said. "They left all their toys."

On the floor of the cupboard, neatly arranged, lay an assortment of childish treasures: a clockwork locomotive and battered tracks, building blocks, a tin shovel and pail, some small tools.

"Children had grown up when they moved away," Grimes suggested.

In the darkening room they seemed to see the little tin rails set out in a circle on the splintery floor, the toy engine clattering round until, like all such contrivances, it reeled over and lay with a loud buzzing, like a kicking beetle turned on its back. From some far-away imagined childhood the picture presented itself. The room seemed very lonely.

"Let's go outdoors," Dunham said.

They walked quietly up and down the rough driveway that lay between the house and the woods. Among the trees was an occasional blink of fireflies. The evening air was cool, and Grimes rebuilt a small blaze, but Dunham still paced around the house. The place moved him with a grave appeal. As the last green light drew westward, darkness crept in from under the trees, where it had lain couching. The wood itself drew closer and whispered more certainly. It loomed immensely high, like a wall of blackness, darker than the dark. The house seemed smaller and had lost that look of established confidence that houses have. Happy houses welcome the night, built to conquer it, their gallant windows hold swords of brave yellow lamplight to pierce our first enemy. But here, Dunham thought, this lonely steading quailed beneath the shadow. Darkness invaded it and triumphed over it; it lay passive, but still afraid.

At last he joined his companion, who was lying comfortably propped against a log.

"This is just the sort of place I'd like to live in," said Grimes.

Above them the ruddy shine of their bonfire was caught upon the boughs; it hung like a bright mist among the softly shaking leaves. Each way they looked

was warm glow, but the dark was always just behind them.

"Curious how much closer the woods come at night," said Dunham. "Sunlight keeps them at a distance, but now they press nearer. They seem to lean right over the house. If I lived here I'd clear out some of the trees. I like a bit of open space around me, to give the stars room to move about in."

"I don't like trees at night," he continued presently. "I'm not surprised those people shuttered their windows on this side. There's something strange about that towering blackness. You might think it goes all the way up."

"All the way up?" said Grimes, lazily tapping out his pipe. "It probably does."

"I guess not. It's only earth's little shaft of shadow, waving through the empty brilliance of space. There must be sunlight away up, or we shouldn't see the stars. They haven't any light of their own—have they?"

"My astronomy's rather vague. Come on, let's turn in; I'm tired. I'll pour a pan of water on those embers."

The barn loft was airy, with a faint dry sweetness a little ticklish to the nose. They swung open a big upper door that looked upon the yard, and arranged their blankets on the hay. Dunham was thinking of the people who had lived here once. A broken pitchfork stood against the wall: its wooden handle was dark and slippery from the moisture of many palms. As he settled himself comfortably he had a sense—with the sudden clear vision of the mind—of the Past, of all humanity's past: the endless broken striving of men, their fugitive evasions of disaster, their hazardous momentary happinesses. And when you realize (he was thinking) how everything vanishes, surroundings once dearly familiar pass out of one's life, with what an emotion you remember things you once loved and will never see again! This plain house, deserted under the dark profile of the trees, had once been filled with life. To some one, every sill and corner had had meaning. Now, in the tremulous summer evening, it had an air of defeat, of flight, the air of tragedy worn by abandoned things. This is a sadness felt by all, a personal and selfish sadness,

the universal pang of the race troubled by Time's way with men. To his mind came words half-remembered——

*"All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman . . . the ploughman. . . ."*

How did it go?

"By the way," said Grimes, "what was that you said about——" the hay rustled as he turned over.

"Said about what?"

Grimes paused.

"Never mind," he said. "I was going to ask you something. I've forgotten what it was."

They fell asleep.

Dunham woke as one does in middle night—not drowsily, but sharply, definitely, with a mere opening of the eyes. As he lay he could see out through the open door: everything was lovely with a pallor of moonlight. In that wan, delicate shining the trees were a milky gray: every leaf distinct and separate, limned upon seeping chinks of shadow. The crickets and other night sounds had fallen still. A comfortable calm possessed him. The feeling of sadness and oppression had passed. In this clear tranquillity he was necessarily placid. The old hypnotism of the moon, as she passes her silver mirror gravely before humanity's face, makes all passions and perplexities seem vain. He rose, quietly, for Grimes lay solidly asleep, and descended the ladder to the barn floor.

He walked out softly, for there was sure enchantment in the night. Moonlight never fails of her spell upon the imaginative; but this was a brightness so hushed, so secret, so crystalline, he seemed drowned at the bottom of an ocean of light. He trod, as he had dreamed in childhood of doing, on a clean sandy sea bed where light struck radiantly down through leagues of clear water, gilding corals and shipwrecks and green caverns with a tremble of pale colors. Again the tall proscenium of woodland seemed to have receded under the flow and purity of that thin gleam. A straight white barrier lay between the house and the trees.

He walked almost on tiptoe. This was a different world from that shadow of loneliness and trouble that had lain across the hillside a few hours before. Sometimes from sleep men rise like Lazarus from the dead; their eyes see newly. Fears and fevers were dissolved in this pearly lustre. Not with horror but with tenderness he saw the splintered lives of men, whose weakness alone makes them lovable; and even this poor shell of a house, once dear to men, shared in that generous emotion.

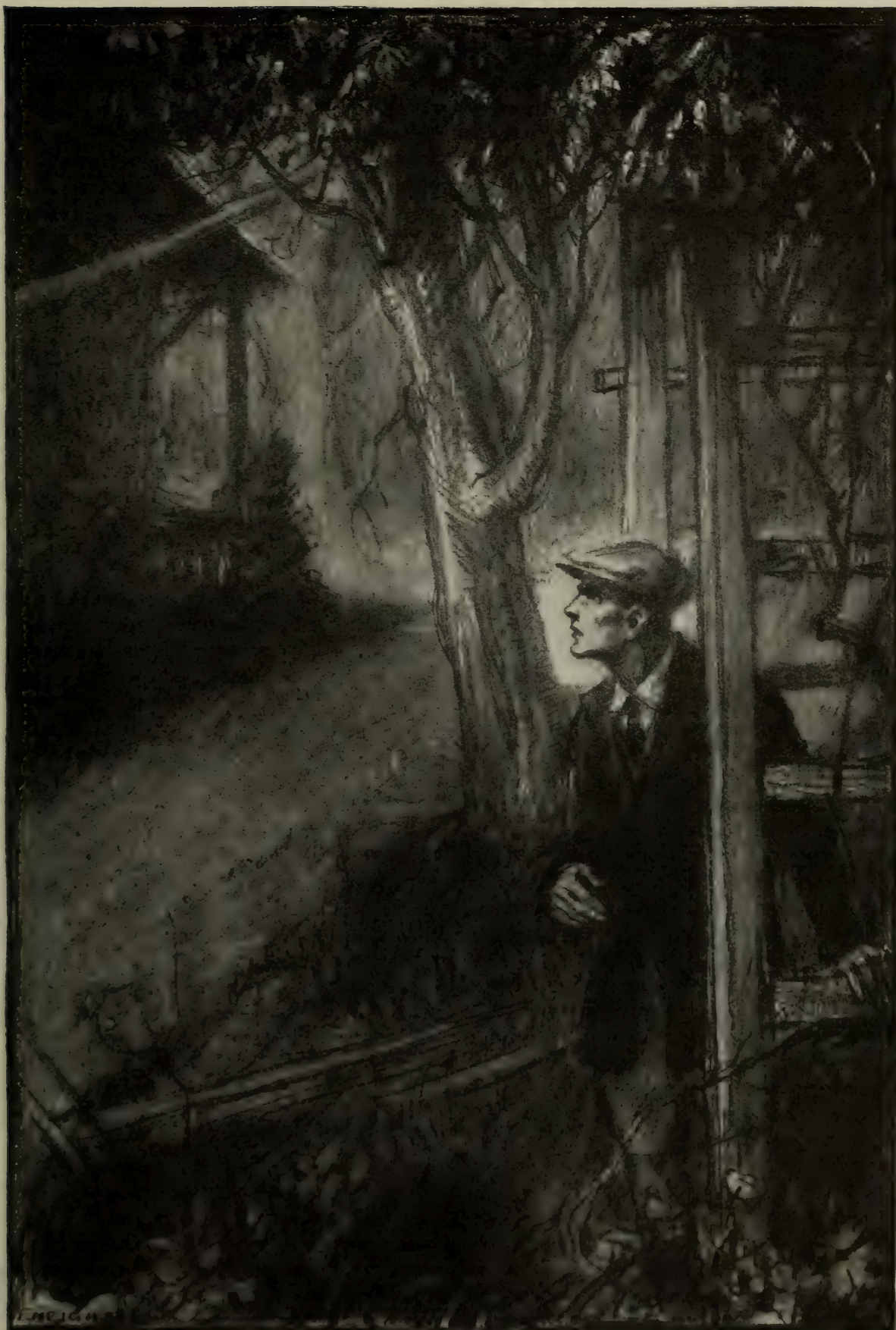
A faint reiterated rhythmical sound reached him as he strolled quietly beside the house. He wondered, at first, whether it was bird or insect. It seemed partly a whistle, partly a squeak; and as he halted to listen, it queerly conveyed a sense of something revolving. It was always on the other side of the house. A bat, perhaps, he thought idly. But then he detected in the sound a small rattling or jolting.

He stood under the grape arbor, with just a subtle prickling of nerves. The soft creaking seemed to pass now along the stony roadway under the trees. There was a suggestion of metal in the sound. It ceased and then was renewed, irregular, but with a rhythm of its own.

Men are easily frightened at night, but Dunham was not frightened. In some curious way he felt that this was part of the destiny of the evening. He felt only an unexplained sense of pity. He had known this was going to happen. Ever since he had first divined the quiet misery of this house under the horror of the trees, he had known——

But it was quite different from his expectation. Round the corner of the house, into a pool of moonlight, rode a child on a velocipede. He was about four years old and wore a sailor suit. There was a faint squeaking from the unoiled cranks of his toy. A crumpled sailor cap was carelessly tilted on his head; his face was bright with gaiety. With a kind of reckless dash and glee he twirled the tricycle round and rode briskly, with a merry up-and-down of bare knees, down the bumpy drive.

What on earth is that child doing here at this time of night? thought Dunham, his tension suddenly relaxed. Some



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

He stood under the grape arbor, with just a subtle prickling of nerves.—Page 756.

neighbor's youngster, strayed away from home? He followed slowly, not to frighten him. But the child, absorbed in his escapade, had not noticed any watcher. He had halted the velocipede, and was sitting thoughtfully, bent over the handle-bars.

"Hullo!" Dunham called, gently. "What are you up to, sonny? You ought to be in bed."

The figure turned on the saddle. Through the overhanging trees the blanched light fell hazily upon the small face: Dunham could see it change, first to shyness, then to alarm. He pedalled swiftly, bumping over the stones, down the hill to the highway, and disappeared in the mottled shadow at the turn in the road.

For no reason he could analyze, Dunham looked up at the house. At an upper window, white in the glitter on the pane, was a woman's face, colorless, staring, horrified; with a sudden dreadful movement her hands flew to the sill, as if to throw up the sash. Her mouth opened in a soundless cry.

Dunham ran to the bottom of the hill, and looked along the road. There was no one there.

As he walked up the driveway again, he looked, against his will, at the window where he had seen that anguished face. It was closely shuttered.

The next morning Grimes went among the trees to collect sticks for the breakfast fire.

"Look here!" he called. "Here's an old dump heap. More evidence!"

Dunham followed the old track among the bushes. There, quietly rotting in a flicker of sun and shadow, lay the cast-off rubbish of a vanished household—broken china, rusted cans, a skeleton umbrella. Among the litter, broken and badly twisted, lay an old velocipede.

After breakfast, while Grimes was packing up their kit, Dunham slipped into the house. In the morning light, that broke in golden webs across the dusty rooms, the place was only faintly sad. In the cupboard under the stairs,

far at the back, he found a child's sailor cap.

As they were setting off down the road, a farmer passed in a hay-wagon.

"How long's it been empty?" he said. "Oh, five, six years, I guess. The folks moved away after their little boy got killed by a car. They was all wrapped up in that kid, too. He was riding his tricycle, right here in the road. That bit of woods, you see, it shuts off the view of the curve."

The wagon was creaking on when Dunham turned and ran after it.

"Say," he called, "when will it be full moon, d'you know?"

The man meditated.

"Why, the full o' the moon was about two weeks back. Another fortnight, I guess. Nights are pretty black just now, I reckon." He went on down the road.

As Dunham joined his companion, Grimes said: "Oh, I remember what I was going to ask you. You said something yesterday about the Fourth Dimension. That interests me. Just what did you mean?"

"Lord knows," said Dunham. "Sometimes I've thought that the Fourth Dimension is what the moving-picture people would call Continuity. When you paste all the little shots of film together, it goes on and on and never stops. Everything that ever happened is happening still."

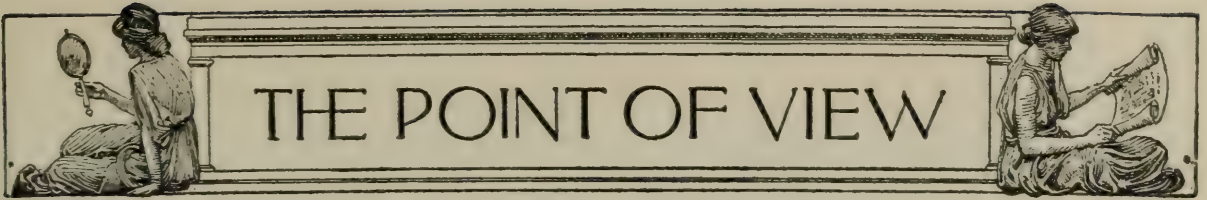
"In other words, the Fourth Dimension is Memory?"

Dunham looked off down the valley, where great areas of shadow were moving, subtending the silver floes of wind-drifting cloud.

"Put it this way," he said. "It's the shadow that life casts on eternity."

"Or maybe the other way round. The shadow eternity casts upon life?"

They walked on round the hillside, skirting the patch of woodland that hid the house from the road. An eddy and trembling rustle of leaves was chiming under that airy roof. What word is soft enough to say it? A whisper, a murmur, an audible hush, a sigh.



THE POINT OF VIEW

The Dangers
of Goodness

IT seems absurd to be troubled about goodness in a world that is being decryd more than ever for its evil. To me one of the most significant statements in that delightful history of Mr. H. G. Wells is a quotation from the writings of Mo Ti, a follower of Confucius in the fourth century before Christ:

"All this has arisen from want of love. . . . Men in general loving one another; the strong would not make prey of the weak; the many would not plunder the few; the rich would not make prey of the poor; the noble would not be insolent to the mean; and the deceitful would not impose upon the simple."

All this time many people have thought they were being good; yet the world to-day resembles very perfectly that of the Chinese philosopher 2,300 years ago. One feels oneself touching triteness on all sides or descending into the pomposities of didacticism the minute one discusses goodness, even its dangers; yet we all suffer from the good people we know, and it seems a pity not to analyze our troubles sometimes lest we fall into folly of the same kind.

It is not that the dangers of goodness are numerous; the trouble is they are insidious. To try to be good would seem innocent enough, but the first thing we know we are avoiding the whirlwind only to butt into the firmest of Scyllas. The only rule about it that seems to me of real value is that one can afford to be only so good as his disposition will bear sweetly; so many people are a little better than the traffic will bear. Thus they spoil themselves and become Marthas or martyrs or saints. Of the three I suppose the saints are worst, because they are intolerant, while the Marthas and the martyrs are merely bad company. The capacity for goodness varies, of course; in a few fortunate souls it is great. One of the most delightful men I have ever known is, I like to think, the most beautifully good. He is more than eighty, but even the endurance of old age—that most trying of all diseases—has made no blemish upon the utter sweetness of his nature. He is so genial, so mellow, so unselfish, so young in

mind and heart that he is a source of joy in any company. But most of us must exercise care in this matter of goodness. The supreme wisdom is that of the Greeks—Measure—to know when to stop. The Greeks were not too good; it took the Barbarians to be that.

As a rule we escape being saints. The Stoics are, I think, in greatest danger. Stoicism is a splendid virtue if only one can carry it off; but frequently the Stoic is one that thinks about it afterward. Very few people can endure to the end; one endures at the time with set teeth, and then, when it is over, dwells upon it. After all it is pleasanter to make at the time all the fuss one cares to, and then forget it. All honor to those that do endure to the end. For most of us there is a strain about our attempts at Stoicism that is not as perfect as the quiet endurance that does not set its teeth at all, and yet bears. The absence of strain is so truly the essence of art.

The greatest danger to most of us is that of becoming martyrs. When one discovers that one is sorry for oneself, then it is obviously time to go out and commit a dark, terrible, pleasant, wicked deed. When one's family seem unappreciative and hurt us more than usual, then it is time to leave them. We can be of no use to them; better forget them altogether, no matter how supremely important to them one may be convinced he is. When one becomes oppressed with a sense of how unselfish one has been to his friend, and how brutally unappreciative the friend is, drop him and forget him; if he really cares about you he will do the rest—unless, perchance, you can heap coals of fire and enjoy doing it. I have thought about the matter of coals, and I am certain the trouble is that most people are submerged under a sense of their own nobility when they are heaping coals, and thus they lose most of the pleasure and all the point. This is that they are deliberately putting the other person in the wrong and keeping him there, which is the most effective defense in the world and the most selfish. Incidentally it should be precious balm to the soul.

As for the Marthas, they are, in a way, a variety of both saint and martyr, the difference being that they themselves suffer so. They are forbidding on the face of it, and do not invite company. They are neither co-operative nor sociable; for the latter they are too busy, and for the former too competent. Therefore they are solitary in spirit and more or less sufferers in consequence. The joy of life escapes them, they are so intent upon the accomplished task. There are so many Marthas in America. Is there any other country in the world where prevails that inexplicable variety of virtue that expresses itself in being "so busy one does not know what to do"? Even the college professor is ashamed not to have it so.

The great shock-absorber for goodness is, obviously, a sense of humor, and, failing of that, good health. A great sweetness that no goodness can sour needs one or the other. The sense of humor is safer, but good health will do the trick. That is, however, retro-active. Good health very often depends upon one's not being too good. Too great goodness has wrecked quite as many constitutions as being too bad has. Incidentally this is another of the dangers of goodness.

Perhaps all that it amounts to is that it is well not to minimize happiness. The saints have usually tried to find it the wrong way, and the Marthas and the martyrs not at all. The best comrade is the one who is looking out for the joy of life, and does not mind telling you when he finds it. Emerson, with all his solemnity, knew this and smiled his "Why so hot, little man?" R. L. S. knew it, with his "It is my business not to make my neighbor good, but to make him happy if I can." And, as Marguerite Wilkinson says in her "People by the Wayside," Masefield knows it, with his

"The days that make us happy make us wise."

"ARE you married?" That seems to be the criterion by which a woman over twenty-five stands or falls.

Whenever my mother chances upon an old acquaintance she is met with the question: "Oh, and your daughter. I suppose she is married?" The reply being in the negative, the inquirer changes the subject.

Every time I run across a married class-mate her first query is: "You're married,

too, aren't you?" And when I answer "No," I feel like the little girl who was told to bring a written exercise to school—and didn't.

I am even beginning to wonder if St. Peter at the gate of heaven will not look at me kindly but firmly, like that teacher, shake his head and, saying gravely, "Ah—but where is your husband?" turn me away.

But whatever St. Peter's standards may prove to be, it is evident that this world favors the time-honored conception of spinsters as a separate species, not only a little lower than the angels, but a little lower than men and married women, too. We are less than men because we are women; and less than married women because we have no men. To a young married woman the singleness of a feminine friend is a skeleton-in-the-closet, to be glided over as hurriedly as possible, or in some way gilded. Now, I regret my husbandless estate as much as any one else could for me. But, popular expectation to the contrary, I will not hang my head.

At a social gathering in our town, where a number of unattached girls in the middle twenties were present, a married woman observed: "How strange that none of you have ever married!" But is it, after all, so strange?

I suppose each one of us grew up with the idea that some time, all in due season, a knight would come riding. But he never did.

In high school that future seemed too far away to worry about. Studying, "practising," and outdoor games occupied most of our time. There were boys, of our age and younger, to about half the number of the girls. On rare occasions after school we played hare-and-hounds or duck-on-the-rock together. Later, in augmented numbers, we went ceremoniously to dancing-school. The boys wore white cotton gloves, and brought water-pistols and fountain-pens that popped. But in the end we all learned the waltz and two-step on the square. Then, abruptly, higher education took us in hand.

The first girl I met at college was "corresponding with six men." I shall never forget the thrill with which I listened. For the first time romance seemed near and real, and I began to wonder if, around some un-

expected corner of the curriculum, mine own fair stranger might come riding. But curriculums are not built that way. Moreover, in contradiction to the girls' stories I had read in younger days, not one of the seven or eight girls I knew best at college had a brother!

Sometimes, in brief vacations at home, the old group of playmates got together for a party or two; then, before really getting reacquainted, separated again. Four years spent in building ideals passed quickly. In the next spring came the war. The boys left college, or the careers in which they were just beginning to get started, and went. When they came back, between two and three years later, to take up life where they had left it, we who stayed at home had scattered to positions of our own, and there we have remained.

Most of us teach in boarding-schools during the winter, and in summer go as counsellors to girls' camps, or live quietly at home in the town which the boys, in their turn, have left. And from one month's end to another we never see a man. Oh, *see* them—yes! At summer camp there is a riding-master; at home, the grocer and the iceman. In winter, on distant platforms, we glimpse stage heroes; at school there is the janitor; and at parties—other people's husbands. No, we have never married. But is that fact, after all, so strange? Is it, after all, so much to our discredit?

Almost without our realizing it, the time for true knights to come riding has slipped by, and we find ourselves on life's battlefield alone. The next question is what to do about it.

Mr. Roger W. Babson, the statistician, in a recent article,* states that "old maids are unfit for school ma'ams." Nor does he think they ought to go into business. What, then, is left for the unmarried woman over twenty-five to do but to slip unobtrusively out of life?

But I do not entirely agree. Perhaps if women were allowed to go to war that might be managed. Failing that, I do not see how it could honorably be arranged. For is not any other form of suicide an admission of cowardice? After all, life is an obligation, and must be met.

It is true that we have missed the one thing that, to a woman, makes life really

worth while. Yet, in spite of Mr. Babson, we must go on living. More than that, we must live to some purpose.

That means, first of all, work.

Whether we teach or whether we go into business, there is a deal of self-disciplining ahead of us. The young wife faces the necessity of adapting herself to the personality of one man and the requirements of a home. A spinster faces the necessity of adapting herself to a variety of people and places and to conditions that are unnatural.

We who teach or go into offices must, if possible, keep all the tact and patience that belong to us as women. They will be needed. But in mental alertness and physical stamina we must endeavor to be men. We must learn to work with other people; to know when to put forth our own ideas and when to give them up. We must be efficient and self-reliant; keen and quick, yet steady; untiring and unafraid.

At the same time we must be happy. The quick waves of emotion and tenderness that are part of a married woman's strength are to us only liabilities. These, and the dreams and longings that are most natural to us, are unbusinesslike. We must set them aside, and resolutely, determinedly, find pleasure in small things. Hardest of all, each one of us must learn to be her own source of comfort, inspiration, and inner strength. (Alas! so much easier to be those things for some one else!) We must meet hardships without complaint, disillusionment without bitterness, and sorrow without weakening.

A girl on the eve of marriage looks forward into a blinding radiance. The way ahead is as hidden as that before her lonelier sister. But whatever the possible hardships, she sets forth sustained by that abiding faith and hopefulness that only love can give. The girl on the eve of spinsterhood looks forward into emptiness, and falters; then, because she must, looks into emptiness again.

The lessons ahead of us are hard ones; and they must be learned alone. It is perhaps inevitable that we should fall short, or, in struggling to master them, acquire characteristics which mark us as a class distinct. But, whatever our idiosyncrasies, in the last analysis we, too, are human beings; we, too, are "carrying on." Whatever faults and failings may be charged to us as a class, grant us one thing, also, and that is—courage.

* *Boston Sunday Herald*, October 16, 1921.

On Public
Statues

THE achievement of greatness is likely to prove a sufficiently unhappy experience, but to be cast, for what one may have done, in "indestructible" metal or cut in "imperishable" stone, and to be forced to sit or stand immovable in the market-place like any Hindoo fakir, is undeserved by, as it is undesirable to, any thinking mortal.

If one could but consult with his sculptor as to the nature of his garb, for the clothes are as immortal as the pose! But fashions change and the amplitude of one's coat or the cut of his trousers cannot be altered. There is no escaping the unhusked voice of criticism, and the risible finger is pointed without pity. There is no changing of raiment for adjustment to the season, nor—to take a bath—and oftentimes one needs to go into the tub, clothing and all. One must be out in all weathers, in snow and rain, in heat and cold, and serve as bird roost besides.

Still, all this might be endured if, after one's unveiling, he might be remembered and recognized with the respect anticipated from the oratory, music, and flowers of that day. Of course, on that momentous occasion one must expect to divide honors, but not profits, with the sculptor, though when immortalized in three dimensions one can well afford to be generous. But the strains of the band have scarce floated away, the flowers have hardly faded, ere one is passed and repassed by the hurrying throng with barely so much as a glance of curiosity. Within a generation only the occasional antiquarian, or haply some thoughtful school-boy, stoops to decipher the legend written on the pedestal.

On the other hand, hoboes sit unwittingly in the shadow of the philanthropist, and anarchic demagogues lift their strident voices in the shadow of founders of republics. For those whose real selves were not appreciated in life, possibly a lofty and excusable sort of indifference marks the attitude of these images, but when one has been hailed by the mob and fêted by the elect, the neglect of his likeness must eat at a heart of stone.

Like animate life, statues must suffer from competition, but without power to struggle for existence. If there were fewer, each would be treated with more deference.

If one must stand forever in park or market-place, the small community will prove the more effective home. Every one in a village knows and looks up to (at least when exhibiting the sights to visitors) the likeness of its one hero, while statues in the metropolis jostle one another, and men rush by the images of a dozen more notable persons without so much as a glance. How grateful indeed must be the indwelling shade of one of these when the papers, orange peel, and remains of cigarettes are cleaned from his base by the impartial attendant!

Sentiment aside, from the point of view of public economy and of "education," it is most regrettable that there should be so little return, in public attention, for cash expended in setting great men on a public pedestal. The way to obviate this was long since pointed out, though only recently made possible. Every one knows Memnon—his statue—for did it not become vocal at dawn and, of course, by way of preface to what else it may have uttered, remark: "I am Memnon. I lived in such and such a time. I performed such and such feats, so worthy that you should not forget them nor him who did them"?

The mechanism of that early phonograph is lost, but there can be no question that the modern instrument will serve the desired end. The "speaking image" of a great man need no longer be a bit of hyperbole. Then, as the indifferent loll in the square or loiter idly in the park, their attention would be riveted by "I am George Washington, the Father of Your Country!" and there might follow, with good effect, a selection from the Farewell Address; or "This is Fulton, Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat. There are others who claim this honor, but the honor belongs to me!" Or "This is a statue (a mighty poor one) of George Peabody, philanthropist and builder of museums. The nearest of these is at —." So much for possibilities.

Nowadays, a record of the real voice (or a real record of the voice) might be secured and laid away "for insertion, should a statue ever be erected" to one's memory. A suitable saying, methods of winding the machine and starting it at the appropriate moment, and other minor details, could easily be "worked out." Suffice it to say that interest in public statues, and on the funds invested therein, would be assured.



Museums and the Factory

MAKING THE GALLERIES WORK FOR THE ART TRADES

BY RICHARD F. BACH

Associate in Industrial Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM

FOR reasons not far to seek we have drifted into a queer mode of thought regarding all the arts: fine arts and industrial arts are set off in separate categories. Fine arts are exalted and rare and no one can afford them; industrial arts are common week-day things and no one can get along without them. For an arrangement of color on a canvas, to be called "Snow and the Lonesome Pine, Pequannock, N. J.," only an "artist" will do; for a drapery fabric, of which fifty thousand yards will be made for distribution in the four winds of trade, a "designer" is good enough. Some one may buy that snow scene and a few of his friends may see it; but several thousand wives and mothers will *have* to buy the fabric, and it will become for their children part of the background of growing youth and slowly shaping ideals. Yet one of these is fine art, too often admired in ignorance, the open sesame to the exclusive precincts of that half-knowledge men call culture. And the other is just goods—you can get it in every shop, it

is as ordinary as your daily bread, and it is not necessary to have an intelligent opinion regarding its design.

But both are children of art, both truly are industrial art in descent, though the painting has not always run true to strain. The equally noble arts of daily life, the deco-

orative arts, have carried on from century to century responding to a myriad changes of fortune, and now serve to exemplify stupendous mechanical as well as artistic achievements.

The truth is that these arts, and we have taken but two out of hundreds to carry our point, are of the same stock. Their relationship is as close as that of blood brothers. Design is the backbone of each, the same æsthetic principles hold sway whether the composition is in millinery or metals, in pigments or in pewter, in silver or in silk.

The cause of the difficulty lies in man's queer ways—above all, his proneness to favor some leading thought that offers the greatest interest at any time. So during the nineteenth century various



A Greek mirror aided the designer of this wall bracket of antique bronze with alabaster bowl.

Designed by Walter W. Kantack.



A modern American Wilton rug woven in Worcester, Mass., from designs by Frank Haas. The source was a so-called Polish rug in the Museum dating from about 1600.

causes gave men's minds a mechanical turn. This was applied to manufactures of all kinds, art included. Had paintings been an absolute necessity of life, no doubt some whimsical genius might have found mechanical means to turn out "originals" as fast as we now turn out phonograph records. But chairs and rugs and dress-goods were necessities of life and, the mechanical interest being uppermost, these succumbed to the era of rapid production. The machine was young, it had its limitations, as it always will have, and so there was nothing to do but to create such designs as the machine could handle. Result—chaos, and the arts of the home all but disappeared in the quicksand of "commercialization." Now there *is* a business of art, there must be; but it is different from the business of making carpet-tacks, however similar the primary steps of production may seem. These men of mechanical turn of mind failed to see that point. They bought so much lumber and this made so many tables—or, as it is done to-day, they may have made so many table-legs, not even whole tables! Now it takes more than lumber and labor to make a table-leg. Algebraically, there is a factor missing to make our equation balance. Lumber and labor

must be multiplied by design. This is the appealing quality which satisfies the mind as the wood does physical needs. But, while the leg will live as long as the wood will wear, the design is deathless.

So these experimenters with complicated tools were too quick to snap their fingers in the face of fate. The machine became the master, and ever since then we have had fine arts *vs.* industrial arts, and they have agreed as the nations now agree on disarmament: each agrees to letting the others disarm.

Was there ever a time when such a distinction held favor? Think of Greece and Rome, and Amiens and Florence. Architects, sculptors, carvers of choir-stalls, mosaicists, mural painters, goldsmiths—they were artists all. But to-day? Show me a painter who can—and will—design a textile, and I will show you an emancipated artist.

What, in fine, is industrial art? Your watch-chain or necklace, your cloak or cravat, your lamp or humidior, your wall panelling, your stove, all are objects of industrial art, quite in the same degree as altars and metal gates, "suites" of furniture and "sets" of dishes. It includes alike the china service plate at ten thousand dollars a dozen and the wall-paper at seven



Velvets, cretonnes, brocades, and other fabric types have counted heavily upon Museum material as sources of design.

cents a roll, the tapestry at twenty-five dollars a square foot and the gingham at twenty-five cents a square yard. Nor does it exclude the work of the craftsman designing and producing a single item at a time and doing the whole work himself.

Decorative arts and industrial arts are one and the same. Some incline to limit

merically what it amounts to. The number of pencils that may be got out of a giant cedar-tree may be amazing, but such wonderful statistics are useful only to the pencil manufacturer. It is design that counts—not how many bolts of printed cotton from one cutting of the rollers, but the original design from which the rollers were cut.



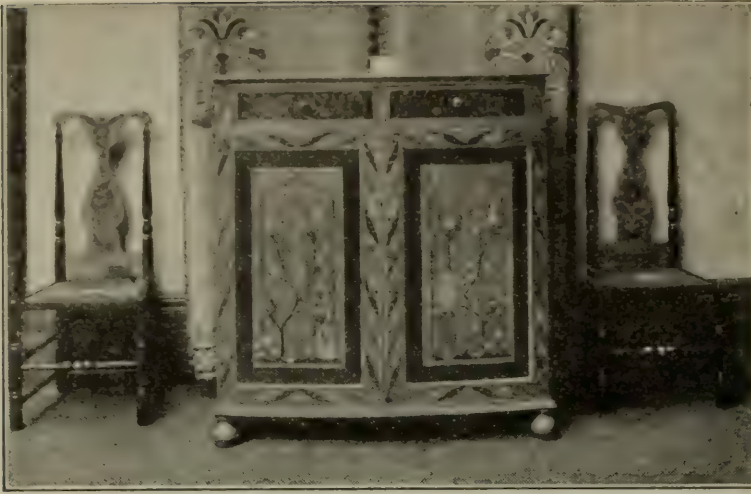
These are covers for a booklet about clothes for men and designed by Walter Dorwin Teague.

the term to designs turned out in quantity. But then, let some one first define art, and I shall know where to begin to define industrial art. [Our case is like that of medical practice in inner China. The patient consults a doctor who knows nothing about diseases; the doctor prescribes medicines about which he knows nothing; the prescription is made up by an apothecary who knows nothing of drugs. The patient takes the dose and gets well. But should you put that patient in a hospital and give him studied doses of tested compounds he will either escape or die.

Now the industrial arts are a giant territory, but it will not do to figure out nu-

Twenty thousand Martha Washington sewing-tables are a mighty army for good or evil. Was the first model good? Perhaps twenty thousand of anything, but dollars, is too many; but within limits let the original design be good and I care not how many duplicates you send out into the world. Each is then a messenger of good design, a silent teacher.

These are some side-lights on our present position: the machine and its attendant benefits and evils is the leading consideration; it is the beginning and end of the whole problem. Use it right and it will bring you wealth and perhaps the consciousness of duty well done. Fail to command it



The design of this furniture by Alice S. Erskine, was based upon doors of the Clehel Situn (Palace of the Forty Columns) erected at Ispahan at the end of the sixteenth century by Shah Abbas.

and you plot against public taste. This is a serious responsibility, especially when every flicker of taste must be assiduously fanned! The greater is this responsibility, in view of our lack of educational facilities for training not only specialists in design but also the appreciation of Jack and Jill in the schools and their descendants.

Until this vast educational machinery of the future begins to function, we must continue to get our appreciation second-hand from lecturers and from art criticism in the Sunday papers, and our manufacturers must continue to buy designs in Europe.

Our few schools of design cannot stem this heavy tide, and Europe can but hope that it will swamp us. Think what America could do to European commerce (and perhaps even the home industries of countries there) had we designs that could compete with theirs. Think of the millions our citizens could keep here that are now paid in profits to other lands.

Yet we can help a little—our art museums can help the industries. Efforts can be made to render collections accessible for close study by producers and designers, necessary red tape can be made less troublesome. The museum's attitude of helpfulness can be made less that of condescension and more that of co-operation. Objects can be interpreted, and a staff officer maintained to go into the factories and workshops to learn at first-hand the difficulties and successes, the problems, the processes, and the hopes of machine production. This is educational work, and museums *must* do

it. It is constructive work and *only* museums *can* do it.

Let us see how this works out in the one institution in which it has been given a thorough test. (I quote from an account in a current monthly.)

In certain galleries at the Metropolitan Museum, recently, one might have found the chiefs of our leading textile houses in amicable but animated discussion of their work. The occasion was a special evening at the Annual Exhibition of American Industrial Art, and the presence of these men most significant. They were long-headed business

men; they could discern the logical steps of progress in their industry while those steps were yet leagues away, and they saw in this exhibition an indication of their best thought in the difficult matter of design.

Here was a realization of hopes that promised little before the war, but gained much impetus from our splendid isolation in matters of design during the conflict. Here was the work of over one hundred firms and designers, in all some six hundred and thirty objects brought in evidence to prove that design is the leading commodity offered for sale in scores of business fields, and that to command its price it must be studied in the light of the best originals



An American china service plate with decoration in deep blue and gold, designed by Frank Graham Holmes.

available. For these objects were one and all of museum inspiration; that is to say, each owed some part of its design value to study of the collections in the Metropolitan Museum. There were silks and cottons, silver and iron, lacquer and lamps, cabinets and commercial containers, fringes and car cards, scrims, batiks, rugs, ribbons, blankets, bedspreads; in fact, a most varied collection of modern commercial material, each

how difficult to set up again when a welter of hybrid forms and garish colors has smothered them in the pursuit of "volume" and "turnover." But the number of these wide-awake producers is steadily increasing; in always greater numbers designers are learning the very first concept of all design, namely, that this pervasive quality cannot be evolved out of an inner consciousness, that it means work and study followed by



Lustre ware so well designed and executed as to beguile an unsuspecting collector, yet made by a worker whose purpose was to discover the secrets of Persian lustre decoration on pottery of the thirteenth century. The designer was Rafael Guastavino.

with an across-the-counter selling value, and each maintaining that value because in its production museum originals played a part.

Copies? Yes, a few; the trade will always demand some. And then, again, repetition is the mother of study, as the Latin text-book says.

But the real truth of progress lies in designs which are the result of what may be termed the inspirational use of the collections—when a lamp manufacturer gets ideas from Cellini bronzes or Greek mirrors—this means progress. When a neckwear manufacturer studies Chinese vases or French armor, or a tile designer studies Persian miniatures, we may safely say the clear light of a new day is dawning in American design.

These designers have found the open road to freedom, they have come to an understanding of first principles. It is surprising to discover how few these first principles are, how easily they are lost sight of and

more study and work before the foundation of knowledge is laid and the structure of wisdom erected on it. The foundation is not a collection of plates grouped in a selected number of pattern-books; the foundation is not a course in a school that does its best and then achieves but indifferently. The foundation is education *and* books; best of all, study of originals of other times, originals that have stood the test of years of use, and have passed the scrutiny of experts and connoisseurs not only of to-day but of centuries before us. For these designers and manufacturers the museum maintains a separate department, in charge of a "liaison officer," who acts as interpreter—and sometimes, alas, as mediator—between the collections and the active world of production. The results of this work are annually gathered together in a selective exhibition, all entries being in some way the direct result of museum study.

No better proof of our pudding could be found than that brought by every piece in this exhibition of current work. Each item is taken out of stock and is returned to the salesroom to continue the career for which it was destined. Each belongs to the here and now, and represents the outlay of a present-day American's salary expended in purchasing home furnishings, clothing, etc. Above all, each piece is a demonstration of the practical use of art collections for the improvement of current design, and represents a kind of study which leads to fresh conceptions in design, conceptions in which the identity of the original is generally lost. The crucible of the mind has melted down a number of motives and colors and other artistic requirements, and the mode of their blending has been determined by the ability and progressive thinking of the designer. Thus, a new thing has been evolved, a modern design produced. And the new thing is better because it is based upon study of the old. Progress is possible in no other way. To aim at truth by ignoring the world's interpretation of it not only now but in the past is folly—nay, more, lunacy. To "create" designs that do not respond to any chords of human feeling as shown in the artistic records of civilizations that produced our own is impossible, and those who try it add malice to folly.

The burden does not fall upon the designer alone; his soul is not his own. The manufacturer himself must grasp the value of study of originals, must realize the posi-

tion of the museum as an addition to his own facilities of production. And more—the dealer or distributor must in turn appreciate this value and by his own diligent study of originals bring his information to

such a point that he can sell his goods in terms of suitability of design, quality of design, form or color expression, as related to a customer's needs.


Manufacturer, dealer, designer—all are of the same company, all can help or hinder the improvement of American home environment, all can use or ignore the best facilities that have ever been made available.

If design sells the article, the design must be good. To be sure, this requires a degree of judgment which designers, makers, buyers, and sellers in nine cases out of ten do not possess; and among the purchasing public even the tenth has yet to achieve that pinnacle of appreciation. But these are stirring days. Producers and dealers, designers and public—all are beginning

to feel the leaven of a new growth. Somehow progress comes—though at any given moment there may be breakers ahead, we discern now and then through the confusion of miscellaneous designs some light that points the course. At any rate the findings at the Metropolitan Museum seem to give that promise. It is the most salutary evidence of our faith in ourselves, of the conviction of an always increasing number of producers, that the best design is good enough for America and that the best resources must receive constant use to achieve that end.



Flock wall-papers, designed by Frank E. Leitch. The sources used were old velvets with pile cut in patterns, Byzantine and other types of ornament being followed.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Changing Economic Scene

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT has been the peculiar history of this spring season that the attitude of financial markets was altogether hopeful while the actual course of political events was described as distinctly disappointing.

Political Events and the Markets

On one or two occasions the deadlock in the programme at Genoa and the collision of national ideas and prejudices were such as to inspire the British Premier (and with him some of the newspaper correspondents) to indulge in talk of another war; of something which Lloyd George described, in sufficiently gruesome language, as a new "welter of bloodshed." Yet the financial markets, although hesitating now and then in a kind of puzzled curiosity, presently resumed their movement of recovery. This was anomalous enough to require some explanation.

If the attention of the whole political world was fixed on the recent Washington conference, it converged no less anxiously on the conference at Genoa; but with this difference, that whereas Washington struck the note of resolute hopefulness and definite achievement from the start, Genoa presented confused alternations of feeling as to both purpose and possible results. This was the reason why the foreign exchange market, which measures the financial community's impressions of such events and in which sterling rose from \$3.63 to \$4.44 during the conference at Washington, moved irregularly back and forth at a lower level after the Genoa gathering convened.

THE proceedings at Genoa, although undoubtedly of high importance, fulfilled the prediction of our State Department that this would not be primarily an economic conference, but "a conference of a political character." They also

served from the outset to confirm the financial market's view that the problems of currency and foreign exchange could not be solved by such a conference on the lines laid down by the statesmen. In particular, the futile notion that foreign exchange rates might be somehow fixed at an arbitrary level and kept at that level afterward was at once rejected, as every intelligent person knew it would be.

Foreign Exchange at the Conference

The preliminary report to the conference by its finance-committee bluntly declared that "artificial control of exchange operations is useless and destructive." Lloyd George, when outlining to Parliament his programme for the conference, declared that trade and exchange rates could not be restored "until you have established everywhere convertibility of currency into gold or its equivalent." The British Premier had to admit that already in some countries (presumably meaning England, France, and Italy) "wonders have been achieved." But he added that "the world cannot afford to wait," and declared emphatically that the remedy "will involve the revaluation of currency."

So clever a politician as Lloyd George would hardly pin himself down to practical suggestions. Therefore he did not even hint whether he had in mind the scaling-down of the nominal amount of paper currency outstanding, or reduction of the gold in the standard monetary unit through which the currency was valued. But the finance committee of the conference evaded the question quite as resolutely; in the end, they shifted the whole question onto the shoulders of a future conference of central banks to be called by the Bank of England, a prospective gathering at which our Federal Reserve will

be represented, and which may have interesting consequences. Meantime, however, as might have been expected, the British Premier's orphic declaration brought upon the scene the volunteer economic doctors with their own prescriptions.

MR. MAYNARD KEYNES, on whom the great vogue of his "Economic Consequences of the Peace" had apparently imposed peculiar responsibilities for solving the world's economic problems in the light of his own ideas, produced his "stabilization plan for Genoa"; which, in substance, proposed that the legal redemption value of the paper currencies in gold should be reduced from the present statutory \$4.86 $\frac{5}{8}$ to \$4.41 in the case of the British sovereign; from 19 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents to 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ in the case of the French franc; from 19 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents to 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ in the case of the Italian lira; from 20 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, or thereabouts, in the case of the Czechoslovakian crown, and so forth. This was a change of front from last autumn's proposal of Professor Cassel and the London *Statist* for reduction of the gold content of the British sovereign from \$4.86 $\frac{5}{8}$ to \$3.63, while still declaring by law that the sovereign thus degraded was the pound sterling in which old contracts were to be fulfilled. Since that interesting suggestion of last autumn, however, the pound sterling had risen on the open market of its own accord from \$3.63 to \$4.44, the franc from 7 cents to 9 $\frac{1}{3}$, and the lira from 4 cents to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Clearly, in order to escape absurdity, the figures of the autumn experts had to be revised. But, as the foregoing figures show, even the ingenious Mr. Keynes had not been able to keep up with the automatic recovery of the exchange market, and meantime the cold response by the French, Italian, and Belgian delegates on the finance committee of the conference was that their governments had no intention whatever of "devaluing" their currencies, but proposed eventually to resume gold redemption at the pre-war parity.

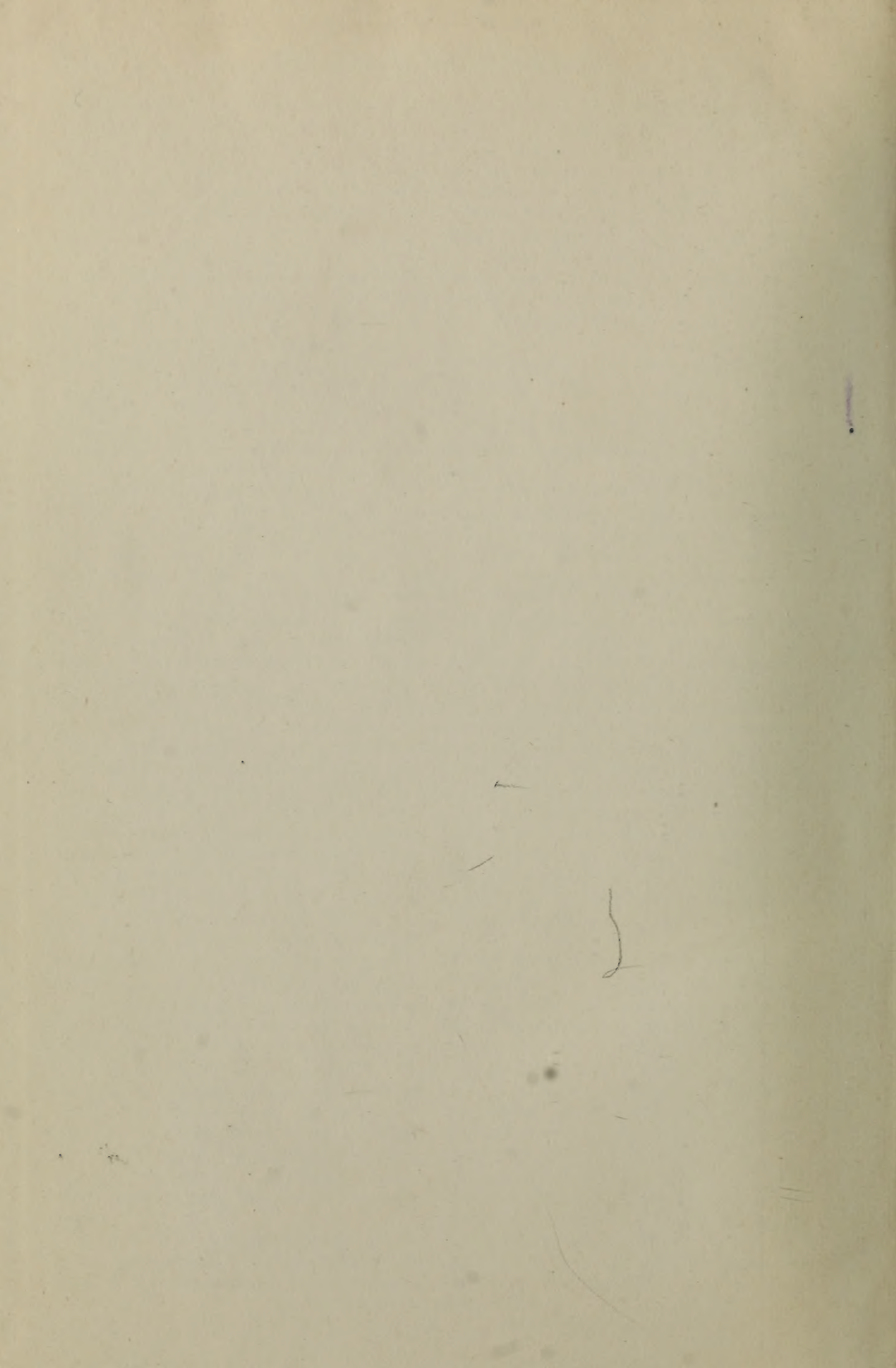
It was all a striking reminder of the mournful confession to Parliament by an English "devaluationist," in the depre-

ciated money days which followed the wars of a century ago. The exactly similar proposal of that early nineteenth-century philosopher went on the rocks because "we could not agree on what ought to be the amount of the new standard." The trouble had been that, while one expert was of opinion that the new pound sterling "ought to be £4, 10 or £4, 15 per ounce gold," his fellow-theorists "thought it ought to be £5, 5 or £5, 10"; and that, in fact, "the mind of the country, the strong opinion, and the moral feeling" were against the project.

Thus does history repeat itself. Even in political economy there is no new thing under the sun. To the real banking experts at Genoa, who had charge of the finance committee, these crude proposals merely meant repudiation—not in the straightforward way of cutting down the paper currencies, but through an indirect and purposely misleading by-path. In the last analysis, such a policy must have seemed to them to be what it is—the meeting of a government's debts by clipping or debasing the coin in which payment of those debts had been contracted—a familiar recourse of needy monarchs in the Middle Ages, when they were "the government" and when it became personally inconvenient for them to pay their war debts in pre-war values after the war was over. One of them is scornfully recalled by Dante, in explaining why the royal economic expert was not encountered by the poet in his journey through Paradise.

THE political aspect of the Genoa conference as an influence on the financial situation was another matter. Cordial co-operation in a common purpose by the Entente allies and the new Central European states was clearly a sign of promise. It is possible, despite the impracticable attitude of the German delegates, that important results will be found in the long run to have been achieved, simply through the fact of the presence of delegates from Berlin at an international council table. But it was evident from the start that at Genoa the real theme was Russia.

**Russians
and
Germans
at Genoa**



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